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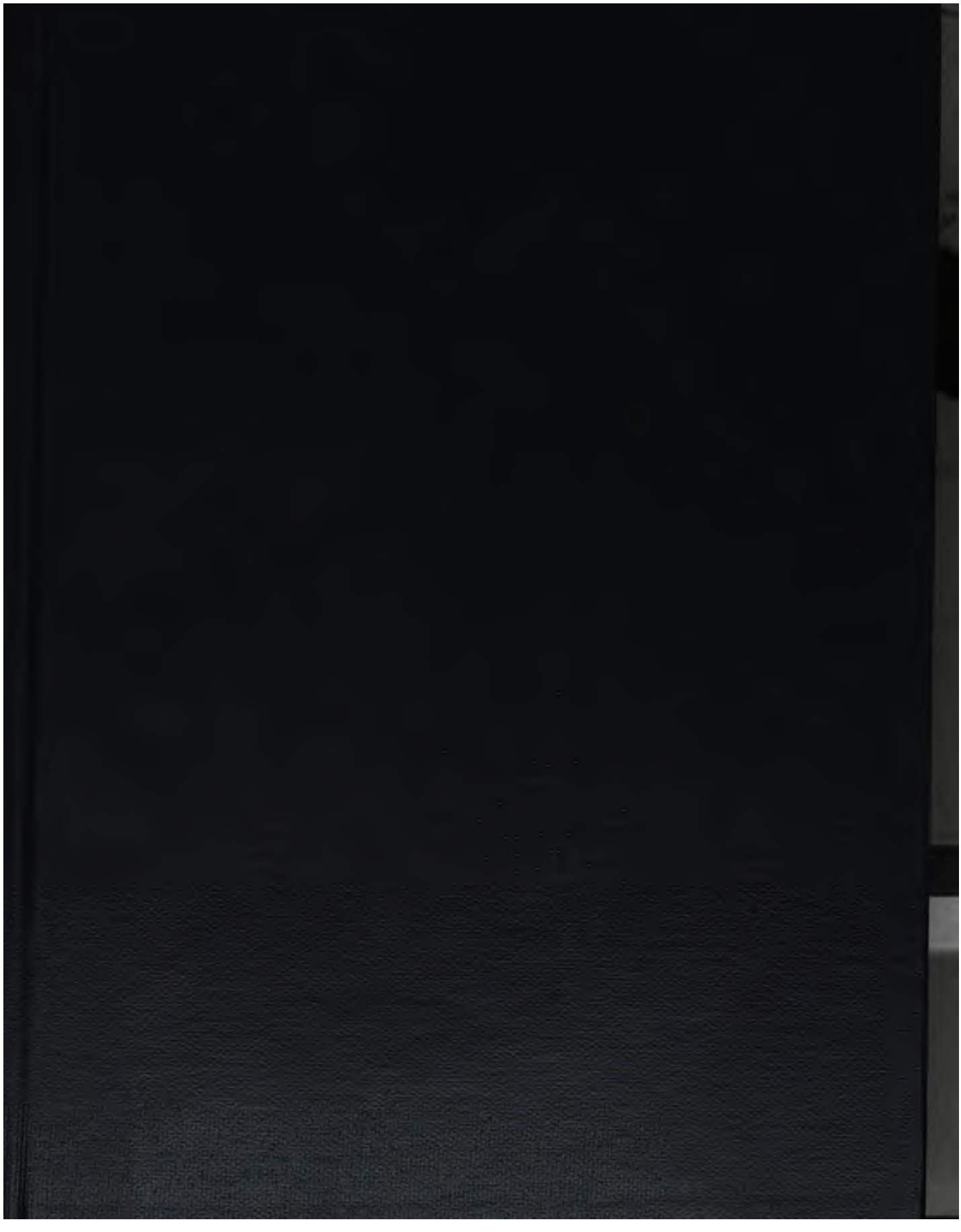

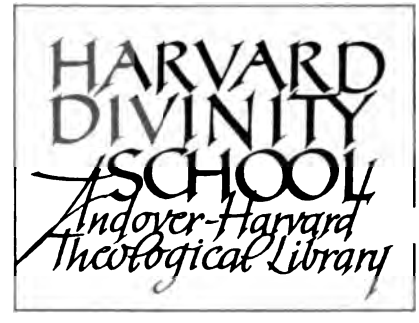
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CHURCH HYMNARY

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN PUBLIC WORSHIP

BY

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THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF AUSTRALIA
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HENRY FROWDE
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PREFACE

THIS collection of hymns, authorized for use in public worship by the Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church, and the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, has been prepared by a Committee appointed in equal numbers by those Churches. It is catholic, as including hymns by authors belonging to almost every branch of the Church from the second century to the present day, and comprehensive, as intended for the use of various Churches and congregations.

Particular attention has been devoted to verifying the text of the hymns; and, as far as possible, the words of the author have been preserved. Variations from the original or authorized text will be found recorded in the Notes appended to the large-type edition of the words.

The music for the hymns has been selected by another Committee similarly appointed. The duties of Musical Editor were entrusted to Sir John Stainer, to whom grateful acknowledgment is due for the cordial and painstaking interest he has shown in the work. At the request of the Committee he has procured for THE CHURCH HYMNARY a number of new tunes by composers of known ability, and has himself written and arranged several expressly for it. While seeking from all available sources the music best adapted to each hymn, the Committee felt it necessary in some instances, especially in the section for the young, to adhere to tunes recommended only by long association with the hymns to which they are set. In the case of a few tunes also, they judged it advisable to retain the form which, though a departure from the original, is that in general use. The transcription of the music into the Tonic Sol-fa notation has been made by Dr. W. G. McNaught, to whom thanks are due for the care and attention he has bestowed on the work.

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THE CHURCH HYMNARY is issued with the fervent prayer that its use in the praises of the sanctuary may be to the glory of God and the edification of His people.

April, 1898.

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,,	*Messrs. James Nisbet & Co.	217.
,,	*Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.	161, 237, 272, 303, 388, 581.
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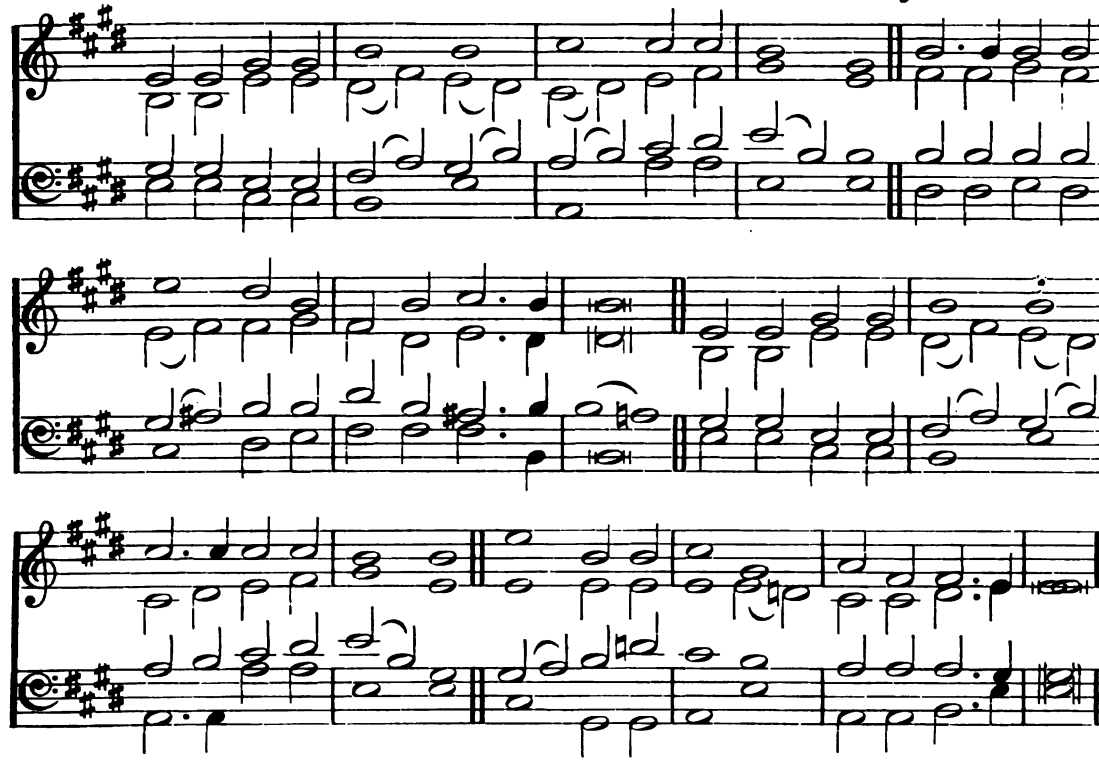
THE HOLY TRINITY

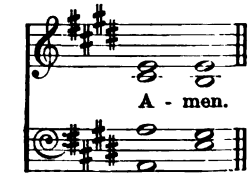
1

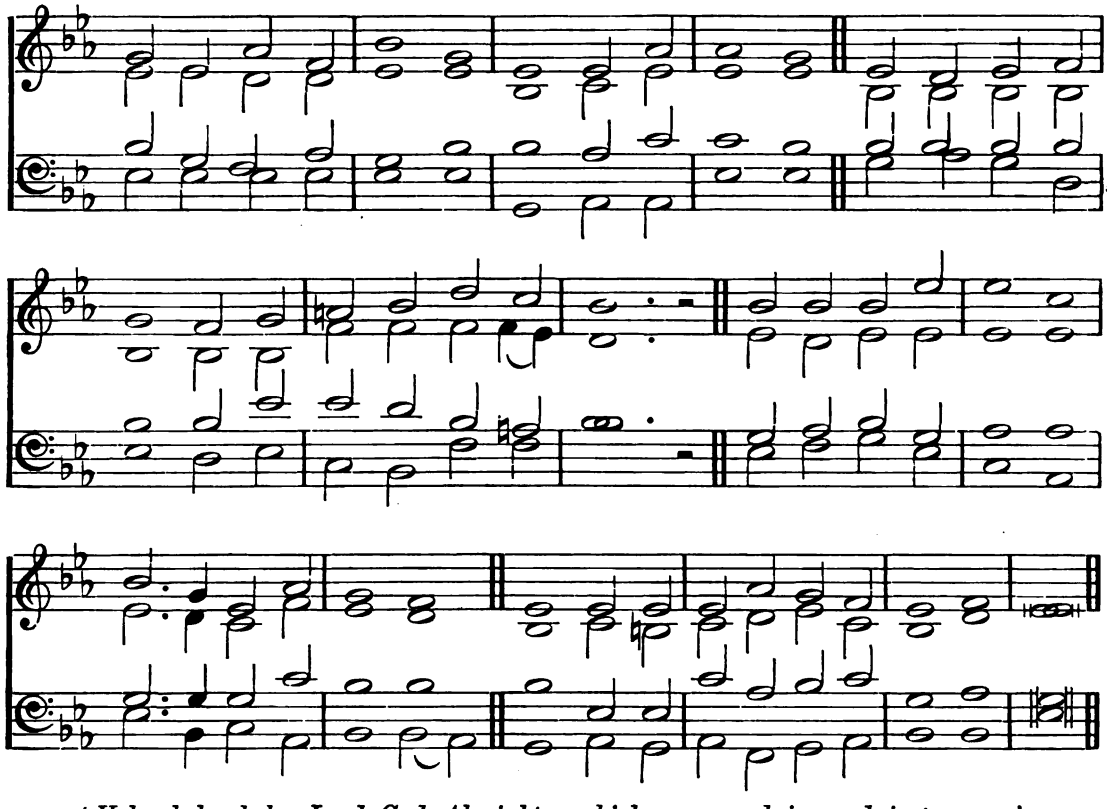
NICÆA. FIRST TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'

p c HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p c Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

mp 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
mf Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

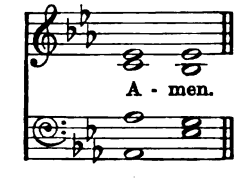
p c 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
mf All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
p c Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

1

TRINITY. SECOND TUNE. **S. S. WESLEY.**

'*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.*'

p c HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p c Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

mp 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
mf Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p c 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
mf All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth
and sky and sea;
p c Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
mf God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

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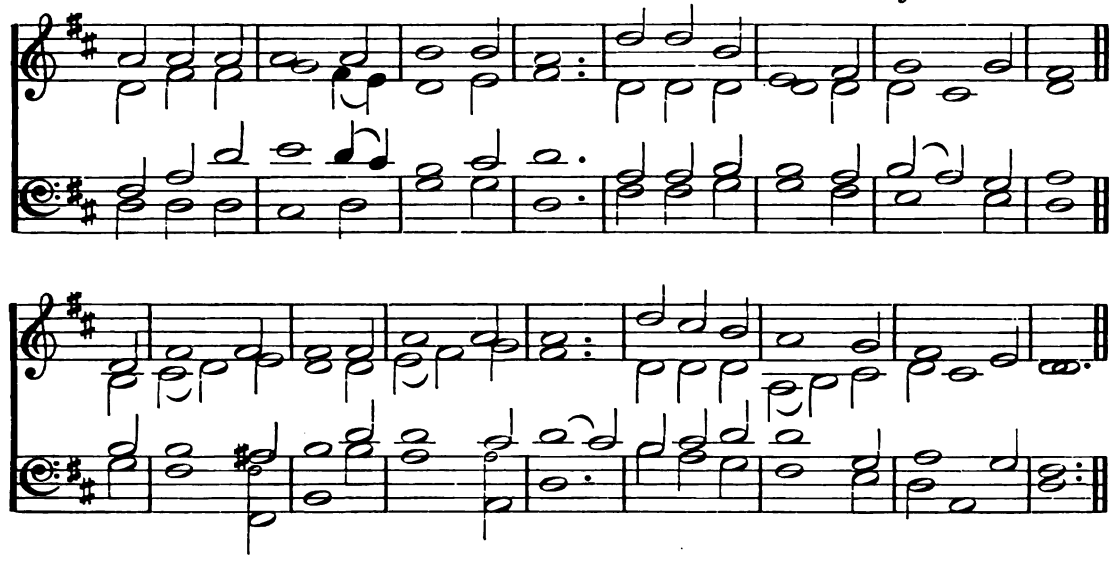
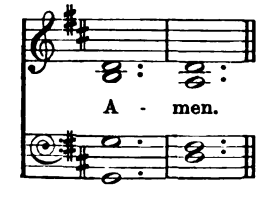
RIVAULX. J. B. DYKES.

'Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father.'

m FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
mp Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

m 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
mp Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

m 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
mp Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
c To us Thy quickening power extend.

m 4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
mp Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
c Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

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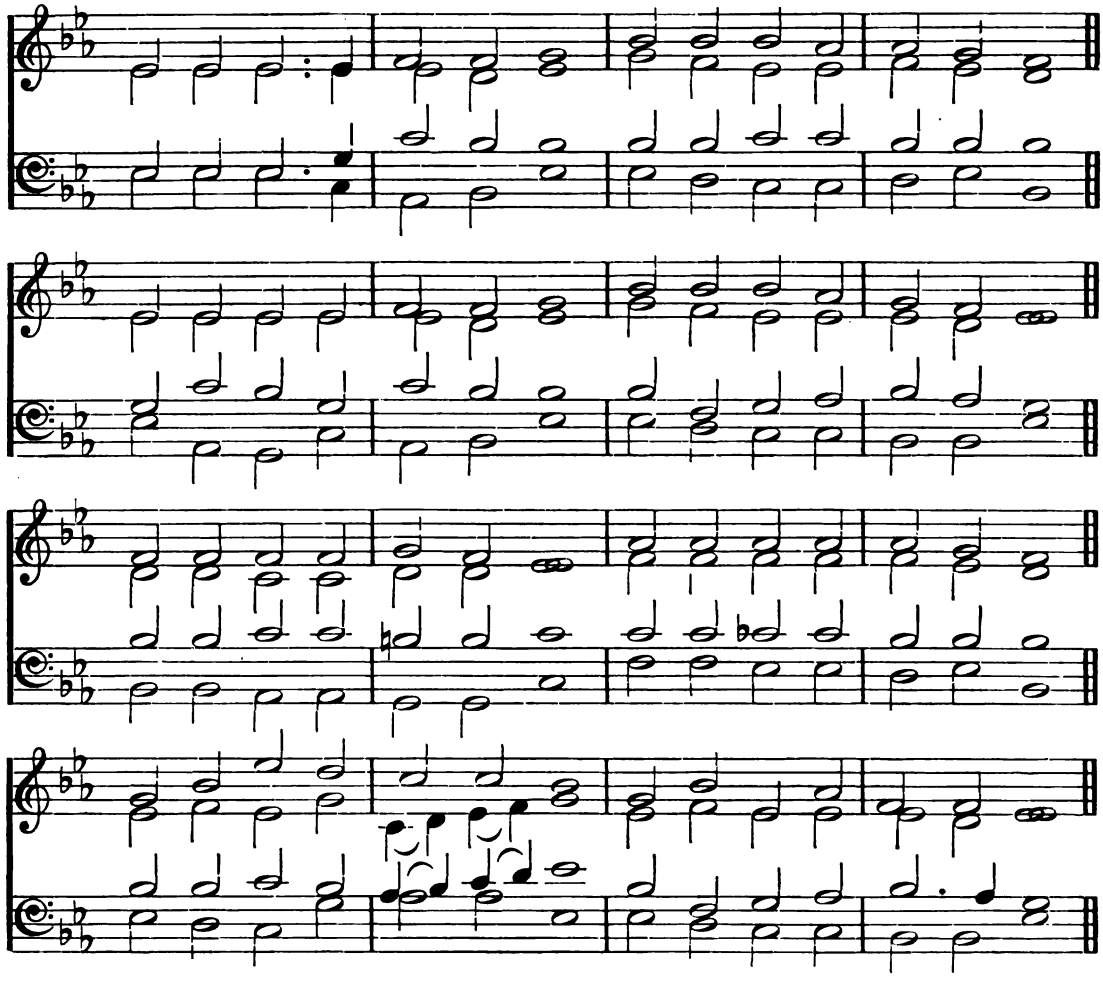
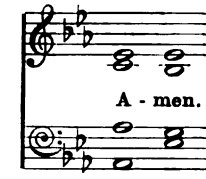
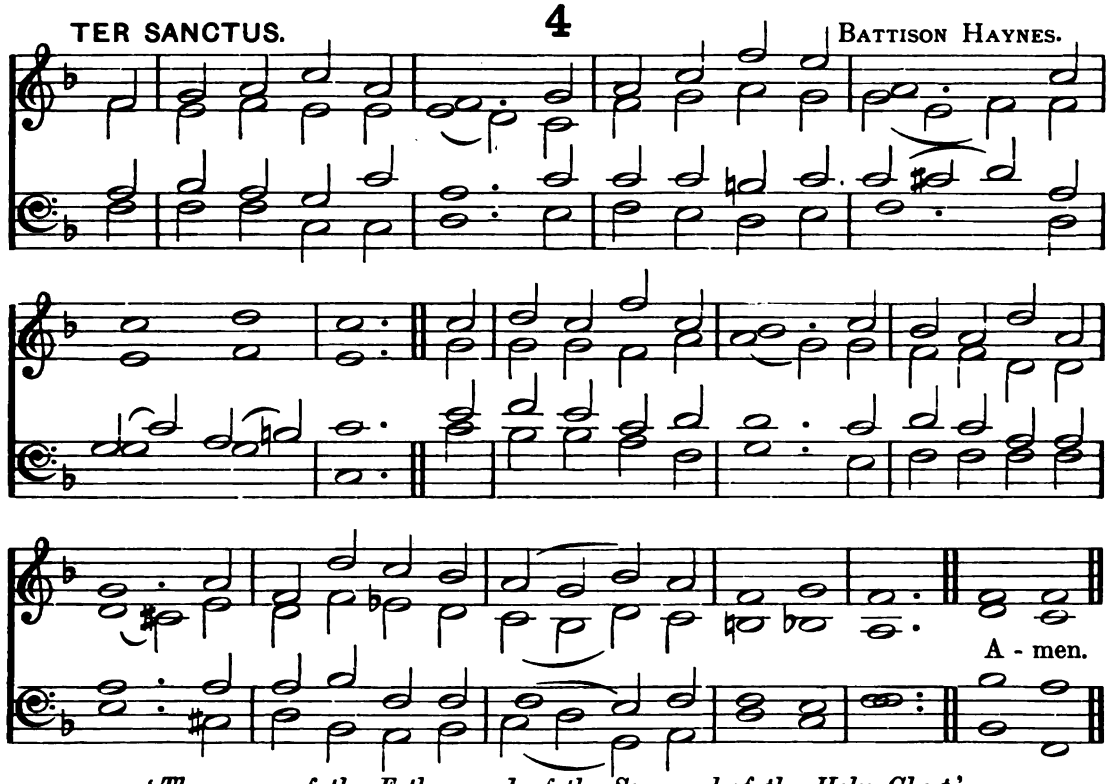
HONIDON. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **T. R. MATTHEWS.**

'Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thou only art holy.'

mp HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
m All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
mp 'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
c From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

mf 3 'Holy, holy, holy!' all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

TER SANCTUS. **4** BATTISON HAYNES.

'The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

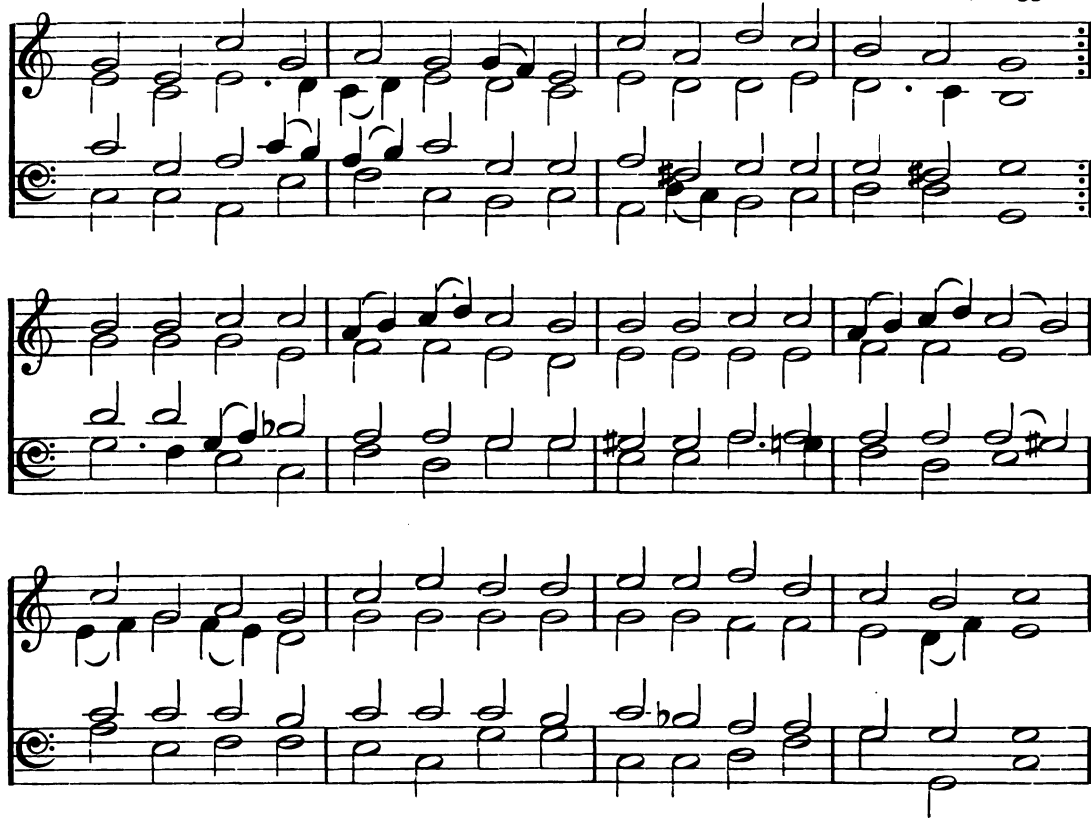
mp THOU, Lord, art God alone,
Veiling Thy burning throne
From mortal sight;
m Yet Thou our Father art,
c From whose all-pitying heart
Nor life nor death can part,
Nor depth nor height.

mf 2 We praise Thee, Holy One,
The Father's only Son,
His image bright;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who dost redemption bring,
Thy matchless grace we sing,
Thy saving might.

3 We praise Thee, Heavenly Guest,
Thou great and last bequest
Of love to man;
m O blessèd Paraclete,
Guide Thou our pilgrim feet,
Till glory shall complete
What grace began.

mf 4 We praise Thee, Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
God of all grace;
d Angels and cherubim,
With flaming seraphim,
Thy name, thrice holy, hymn
With veilèd face.

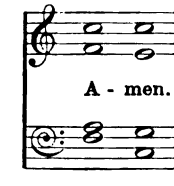
5

ST. NINIAN. KOCHER'S ZIONSHARFE, 1855.

'One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.'

m ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
mp Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

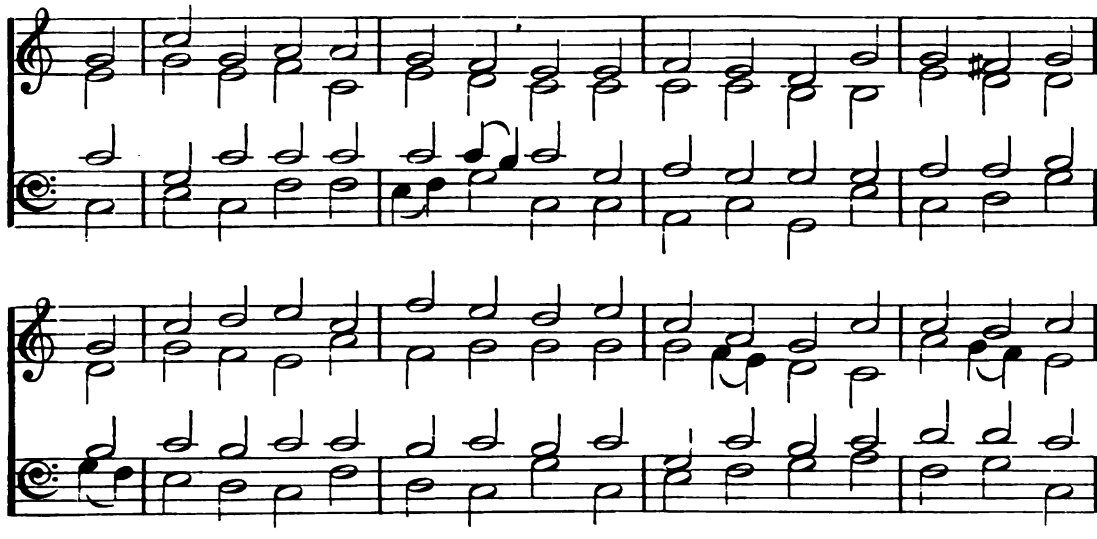
mf 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!
f Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
mp Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

m 3 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
f 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
mp Holy, holy, holy Lord!'



6

CRASSELIUS.

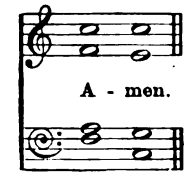
MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH,
Hamburg, 1690.

'Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone . . the host of heaven worshippeth Thee.'

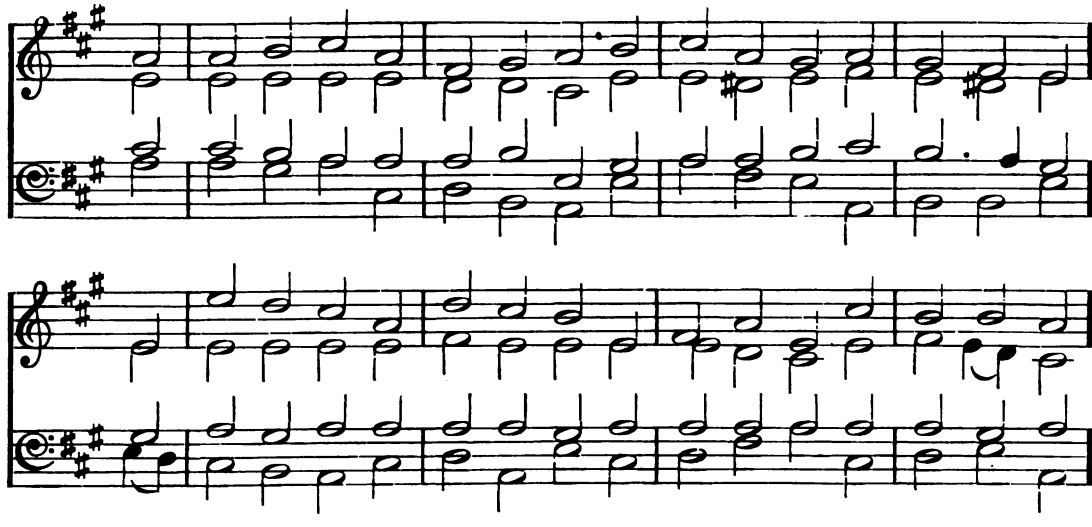
mf WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee the great Jehovah own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

mp 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
c Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

m 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
c And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

f 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high:
Father, we praise Thy majesty,
The Son, the Spirit we adore,—
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

7

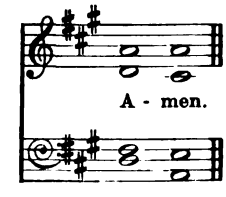
ELY. T. TURTON.

'Bless the Lord, ye His angels . . bless the Lord, all ye His hosts . . bless the Lord, all His works . . bless the Lord, O my soul.'

mf THEE God we praise, Thee Lord confess,
Thee Father everlasting bless;
The tribes of earth and air and sea
With wondrous voices worship Thee.

2 To Thee all angels ceaseless cry,
With all the princes of the sky;
The cherub and the seraph join,
And thus they hymn the praise Divine:

mp 3 'Thee holy, holy, holy King,
Lord of Sabaoth, Thee we sing;
f Both heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Father of boundless majesty.'

mf 4 Thee the apostles' glorious choir,
Thee prophets with their tongues of fire,
Thee white-robed hosts of martyrs bright,
All serve and praise by day and night.

5 Thee through the earth Thy saints confess;
Thee, Father infinite, they bless,
Thee, true, Divine, and only Son,
Thee, Holy Spirit—Three in One.

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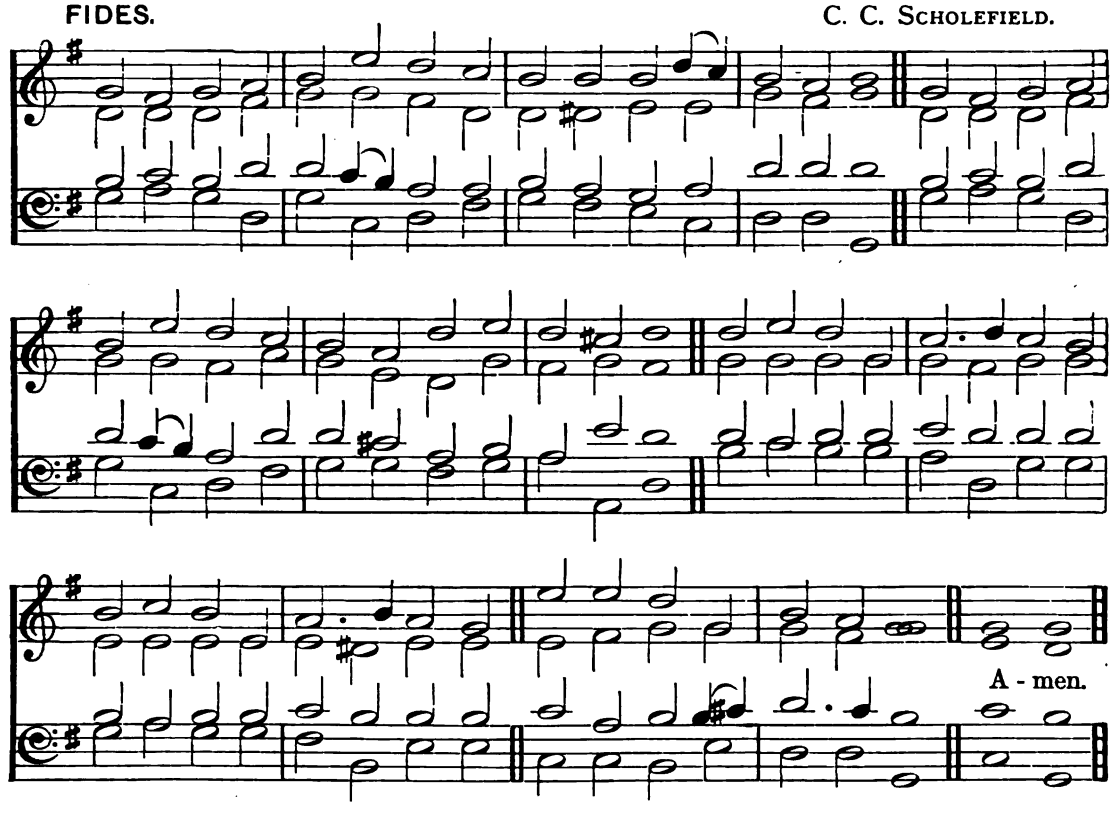
FIDES. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

'Sing praises unto His name.'

mf SOUND aloud Jehovah's praises;
Tell abroad the awful name;
Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,
Let the earth her God proclaim,—
m God, the hope of every nation,
God, the source of consolation,
mp Holy, blessèd Trinity!

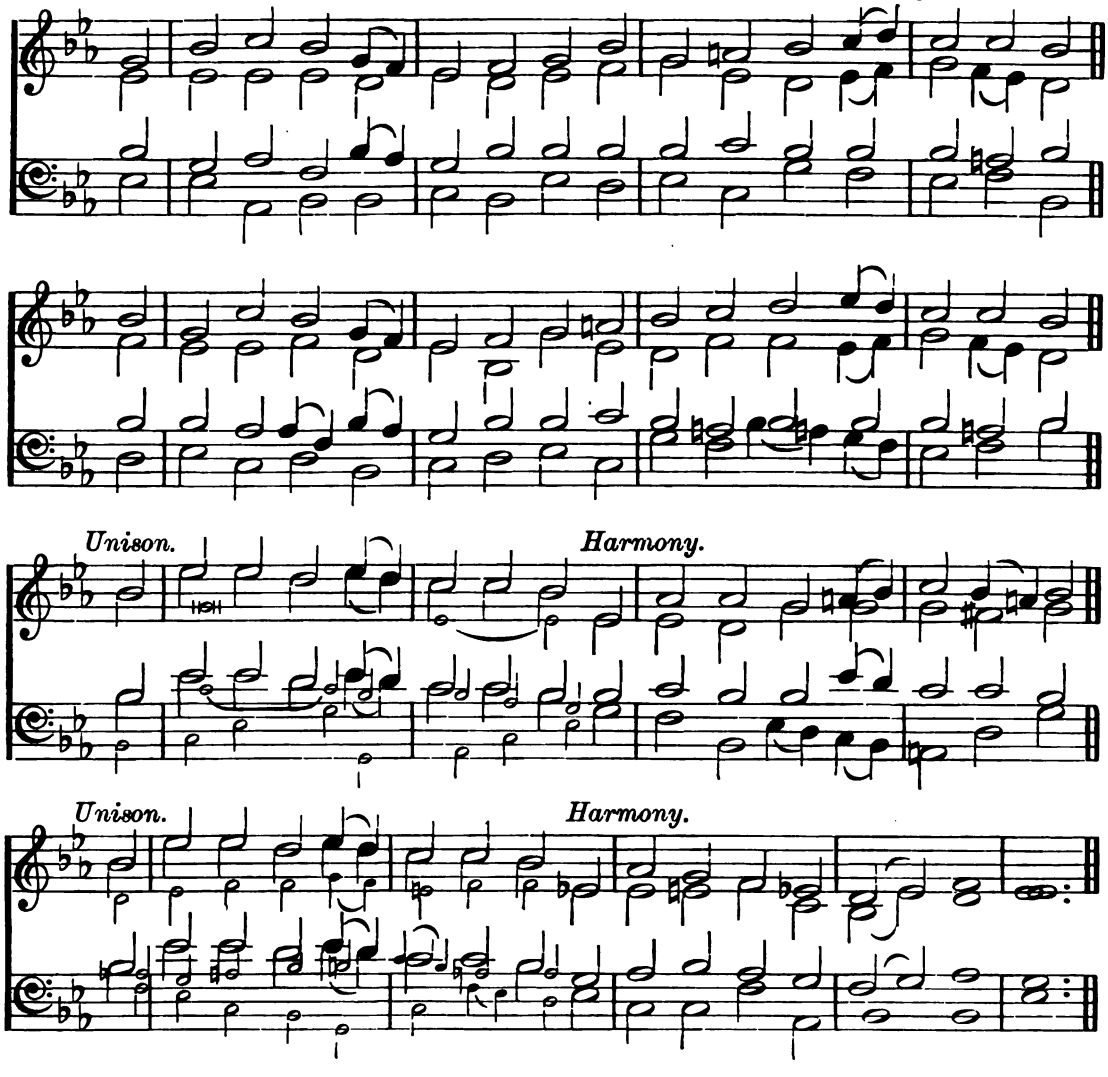
m 2 This the name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the name that kings and sages
Prayed and strove to know aright,
mf Through God's wondrous incarnation
Now revealed the world's salvation,
Ever blessèd Trinity!

m 3 Into this great name and holy
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
c Homeward, heavenward bids them rise,
Gathers them from every nation,
Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessèd Trinity!

m 4 In this name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer;
mf In this name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare,
Offering praise and supplication,
And the thankful life's oblation,
To the blessèd Trinity!

m 5 Still Thy name o'er earth and ocean
Shall be carried, 'God is love,'
mp Whispered by the heart's devotion,
m Echoed by the choirs above,
Hallowed through all worlds for ever,
mf Lord, of life the only Giver,
Blessèd, glorious Trinity!

9

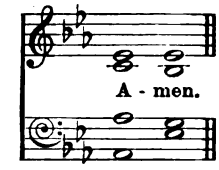
CANTATE DOMINO. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Sing forth the honour of His name: make His praise glorious.'

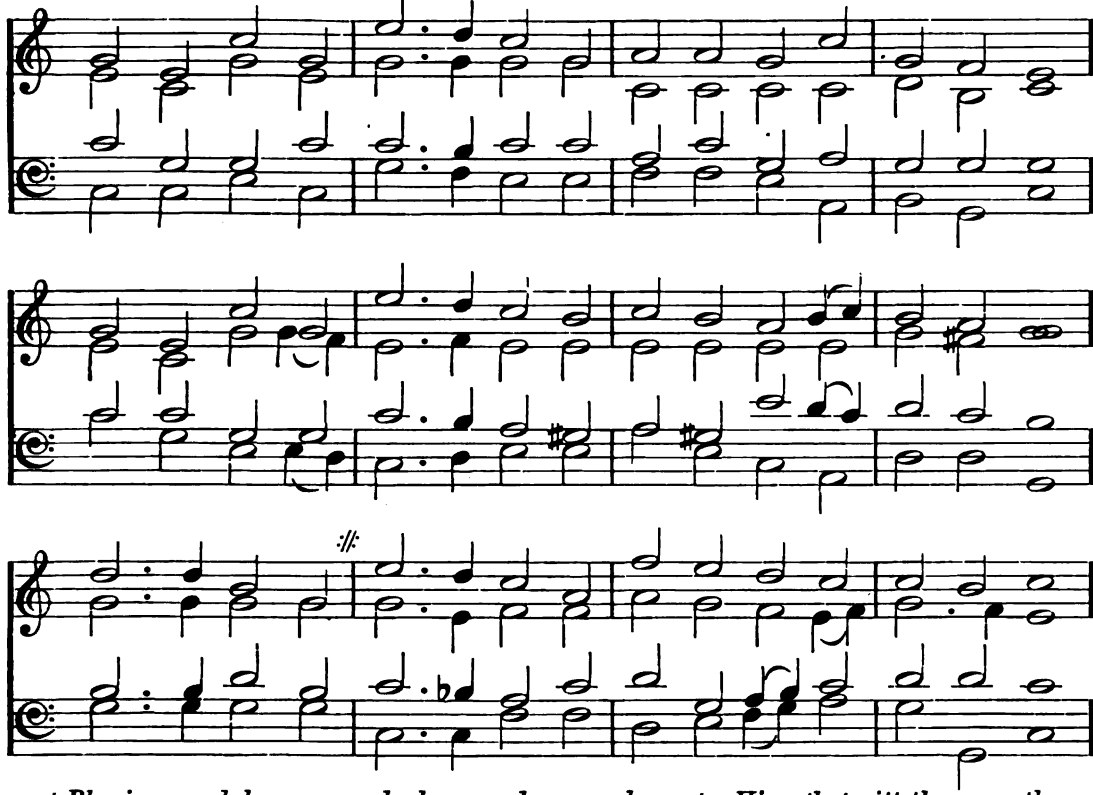
mf SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

f *For He is Lord of heaven and earth,*
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

m 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
mf Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

m 3 For strength to those who on Him wait
His truth to prove, His will to do,
mf Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His name, for it is true.

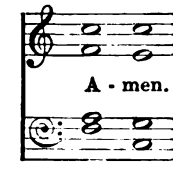
m 4 For joys untold, that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
mf Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

10

REGENT SQUARE. H. SMART.

'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'

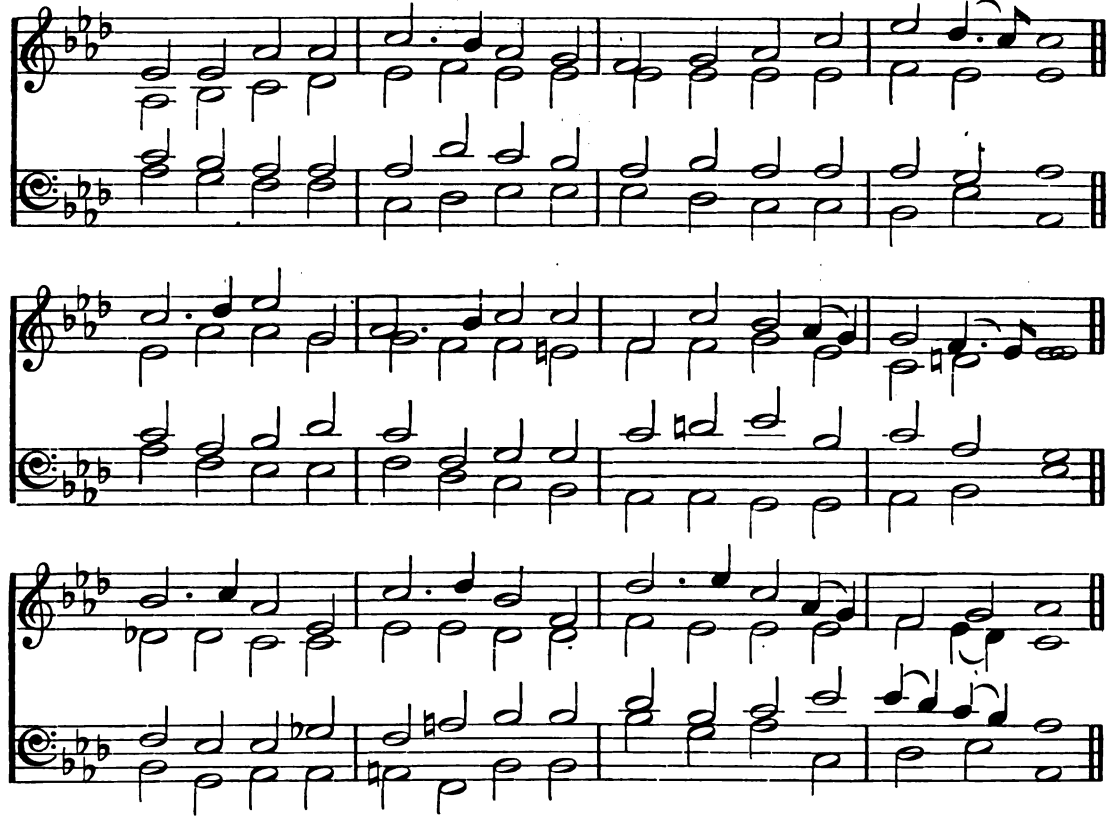
mf GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,—
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
f Glory, glory
While eternal ages run!

mf 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory
To the Lamb that once was slain!

f 3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
Glory, glory
To the King of Glory bring!



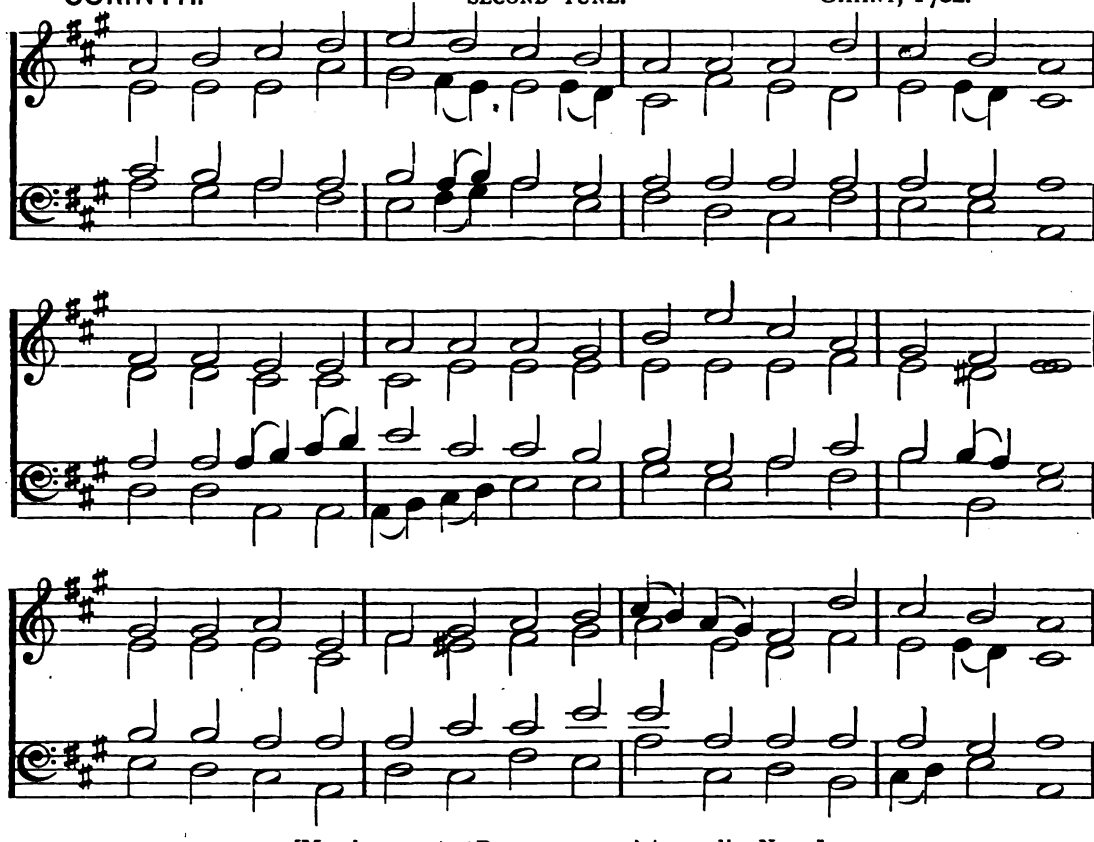
11

FENITON COURT. FIRST TUNE. E. J. HOPKINS.

'God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.'

m LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

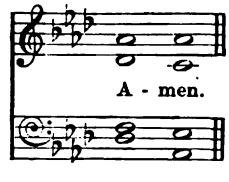
mp 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
p Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

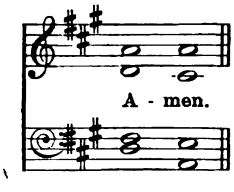
11

CORINTH. SECOND TUNE. ESSAY ON CHURCH PLAIN CHANT, 1782.

[May be sung to 'BRAYLESFORD,' Appendix, No. 1.]

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
f Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

FIRST TUNE.

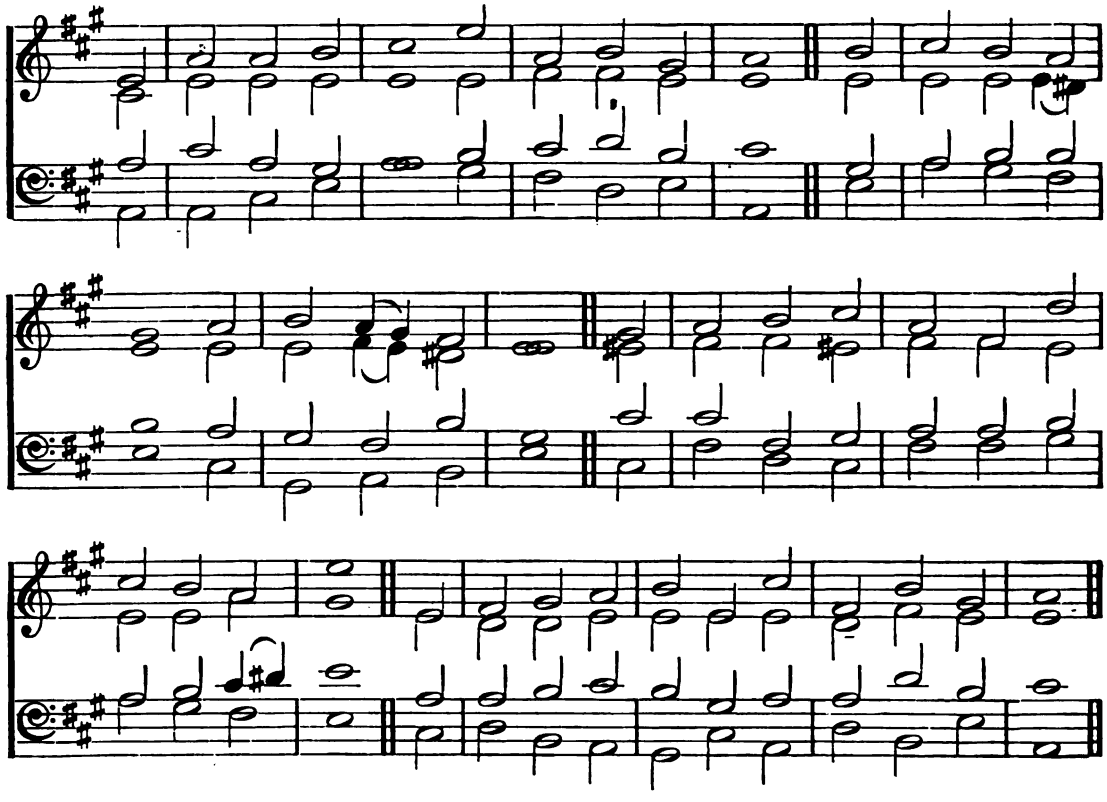


SECOND TUNE.

Also the following:

179 There is a holy sacrifice.
189 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.
356 Holy Father, cheer our way.
388 Present with the two or three.

401 O Father, Thou who hast created all.
429 Thou whose almighty word.
430 O Lord our God, arise.
458 Father of all, from land and sea.

12

HANOVER. FIRST TUNE. W. CROFT.

'Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.'

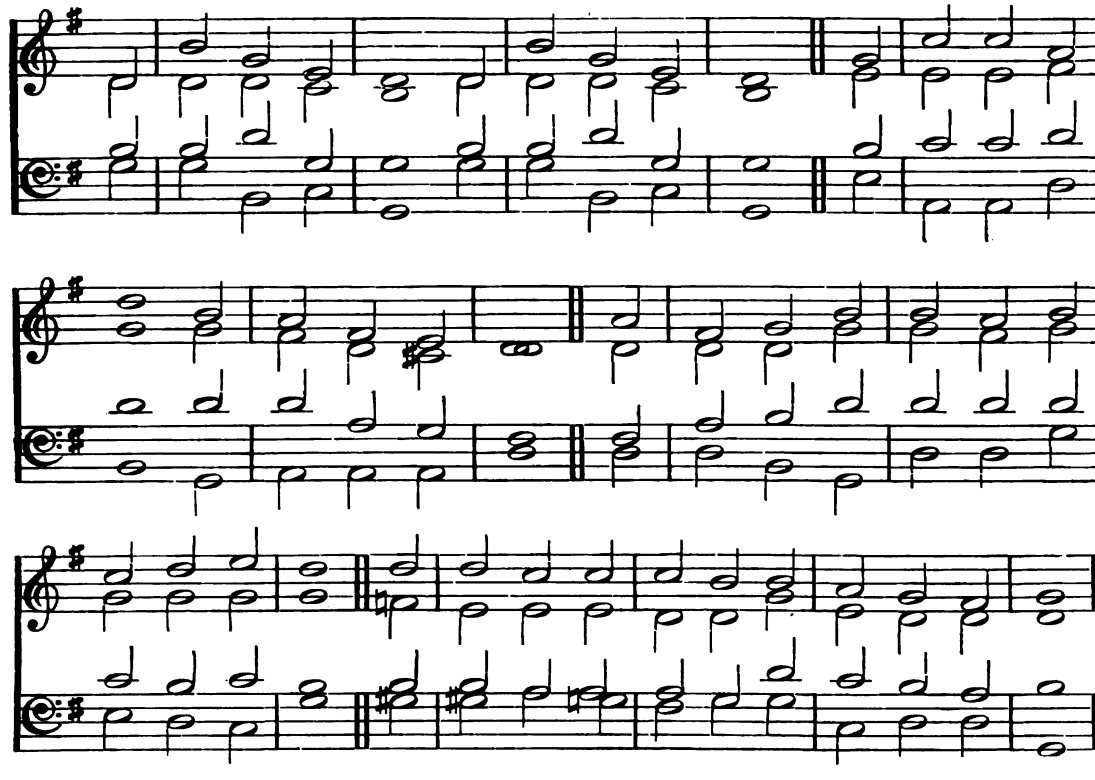
mf O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
c Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

mf 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
mp His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

m 3 This earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

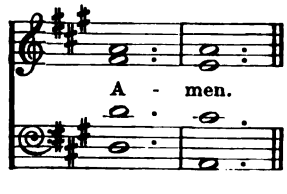
mf 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

12

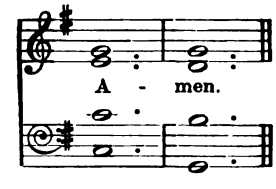
HOUGHTON. SECOND TUNE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

p 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
m In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
c Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

mf 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

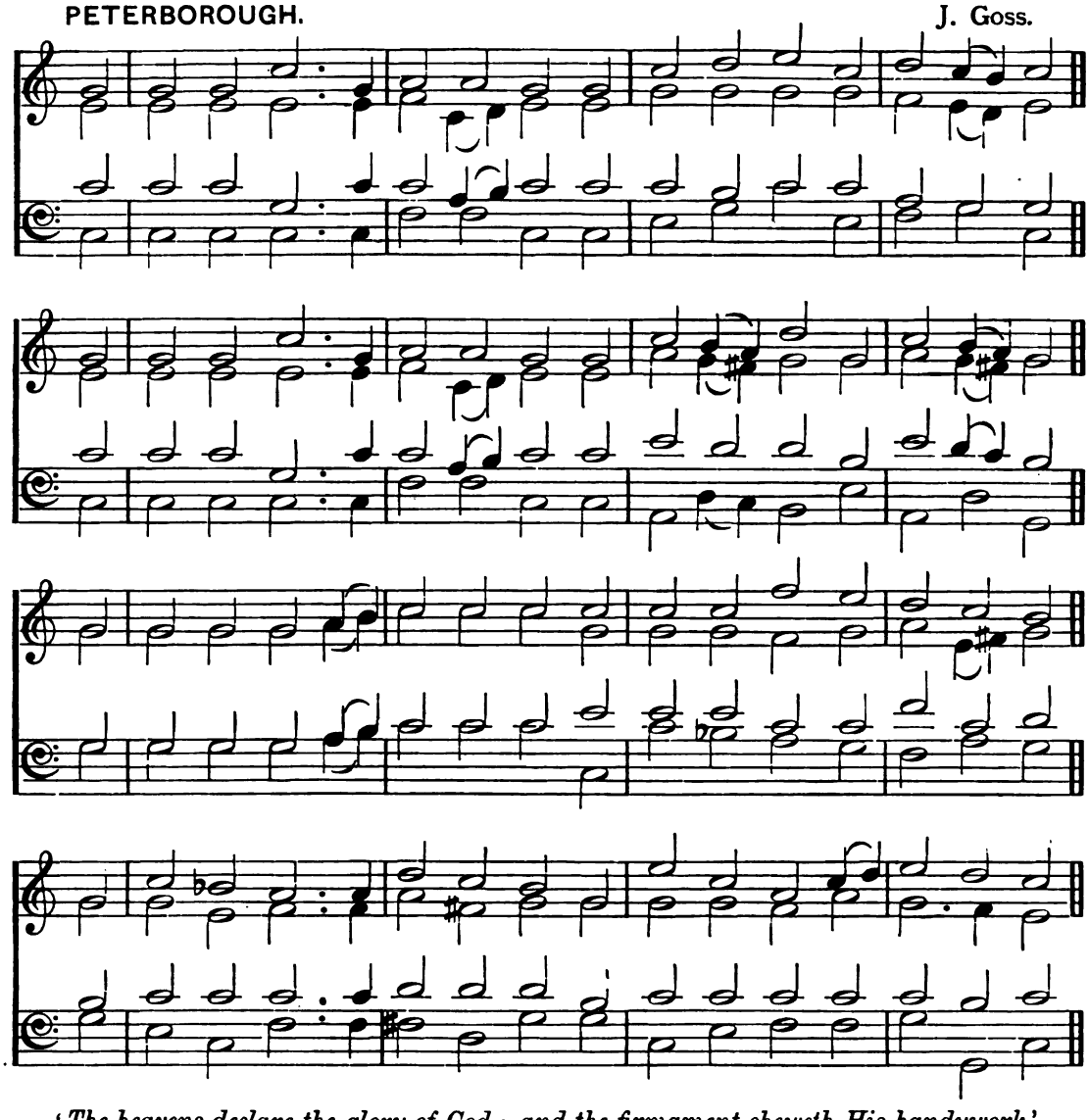
FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.



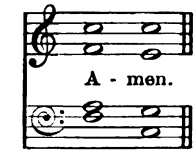
13

PETERBOROUGH. **J. Goss.**

'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork.'

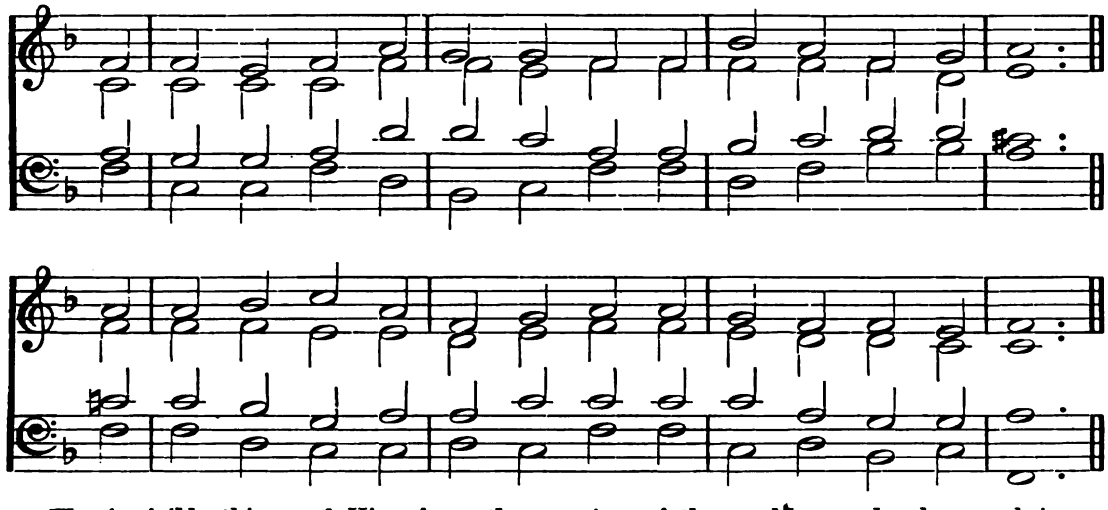
mf THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

m 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth,
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets, in their turn,
c Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

mp 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
m In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
f For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'



14

ST. FLAVIAN. DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.

'The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.'

m THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

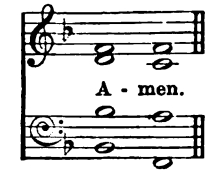
2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

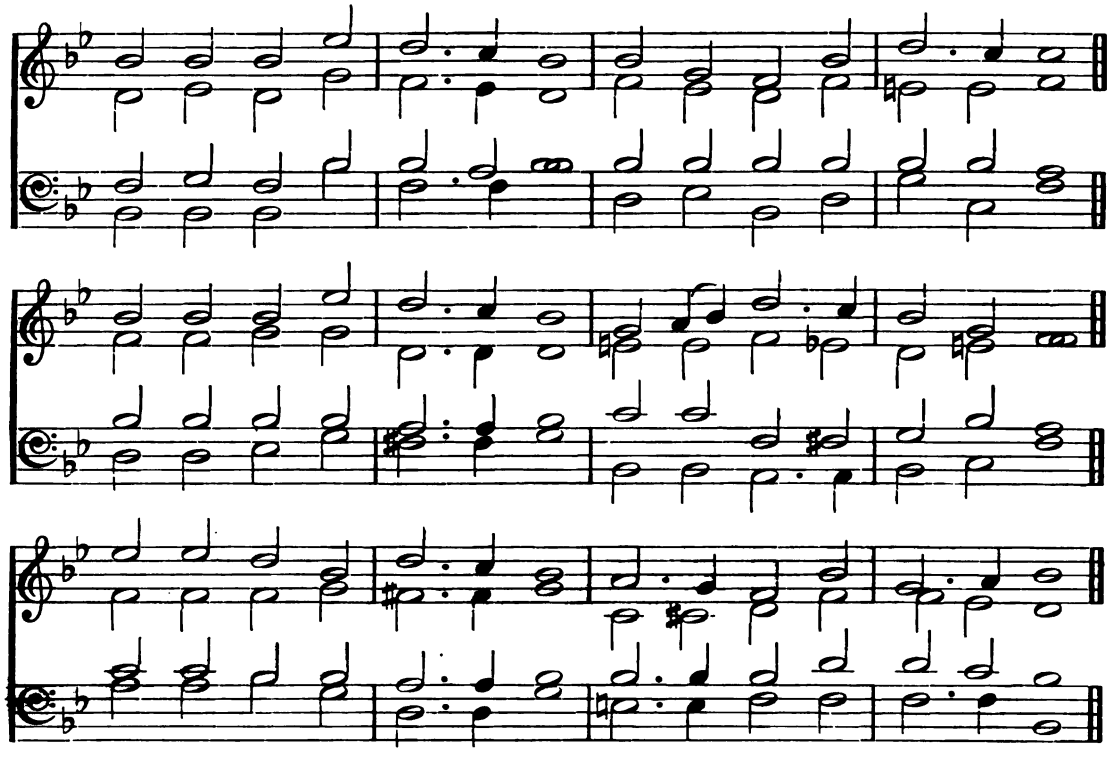
3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

mp 4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace:
It steals in silence down;
mf But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

5 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

m 6 Two worlds are ours; 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

7 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
c Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

15

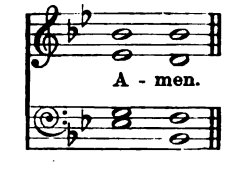
PRAISE. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) E. J. HOPKINS.

'By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.'

m FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

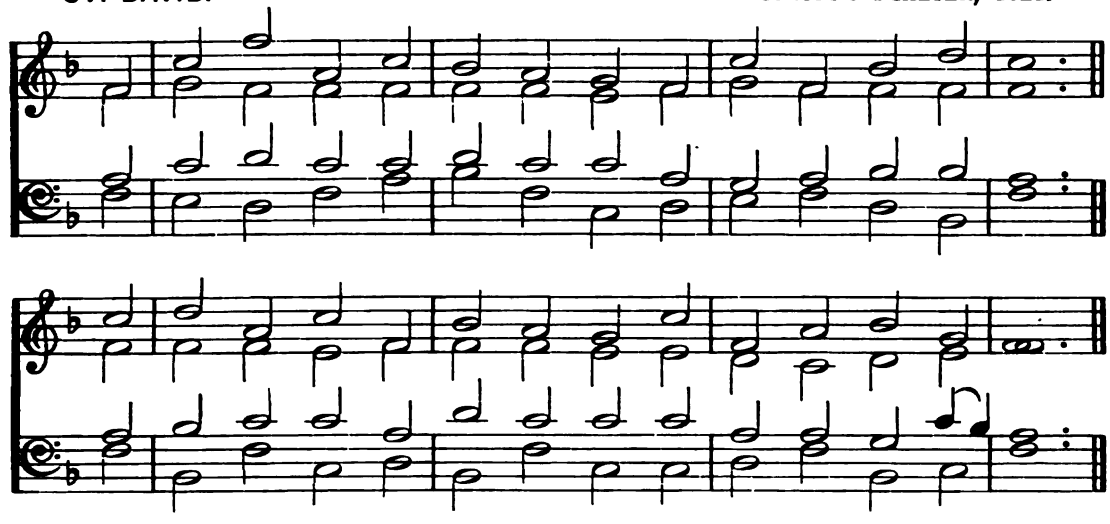
m 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

m 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

m 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
mf Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

16

ST. DAVID. RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



'How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!'

m WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
c Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

mp 2 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

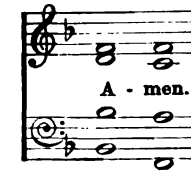
m 3 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

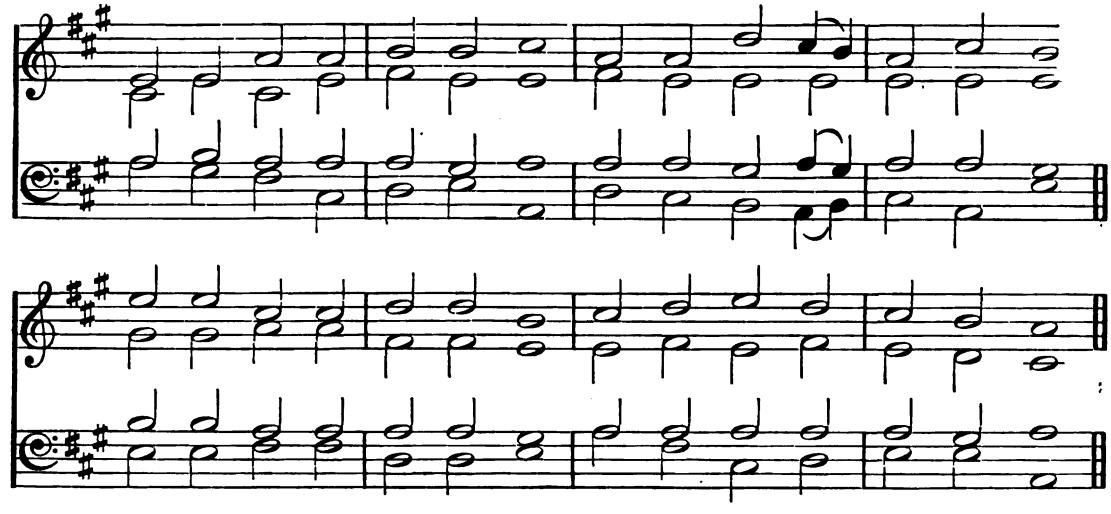
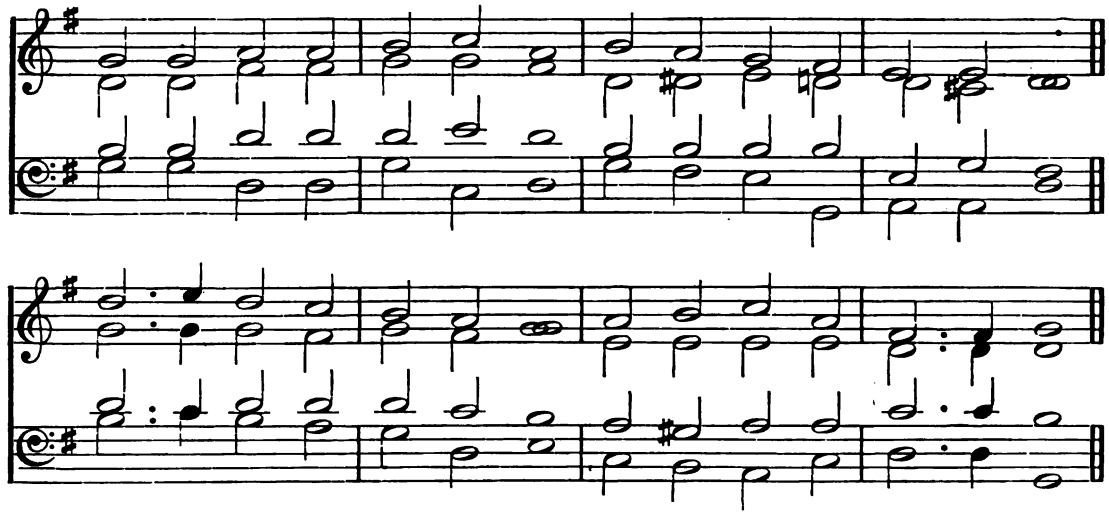
4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man;

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

mp 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

mf 7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

mp 8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
f My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

17

HARTS. FIRST TUNE. B. MILGROVE.

EVER FAITHFUL. SECOND TUNE. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.'

mf LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

m 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

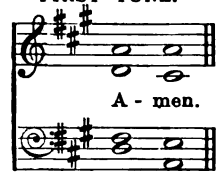
m 4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

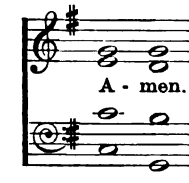
m 5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mp 6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
mf For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

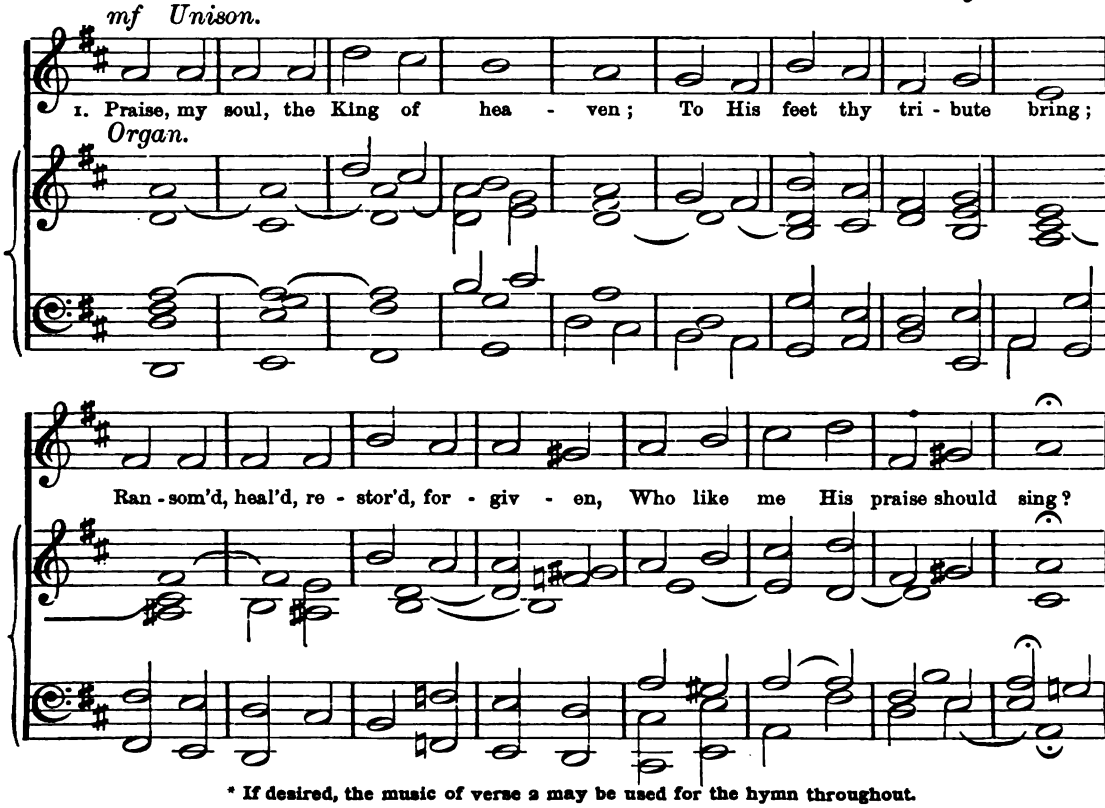
7 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

FIRST TUNE.

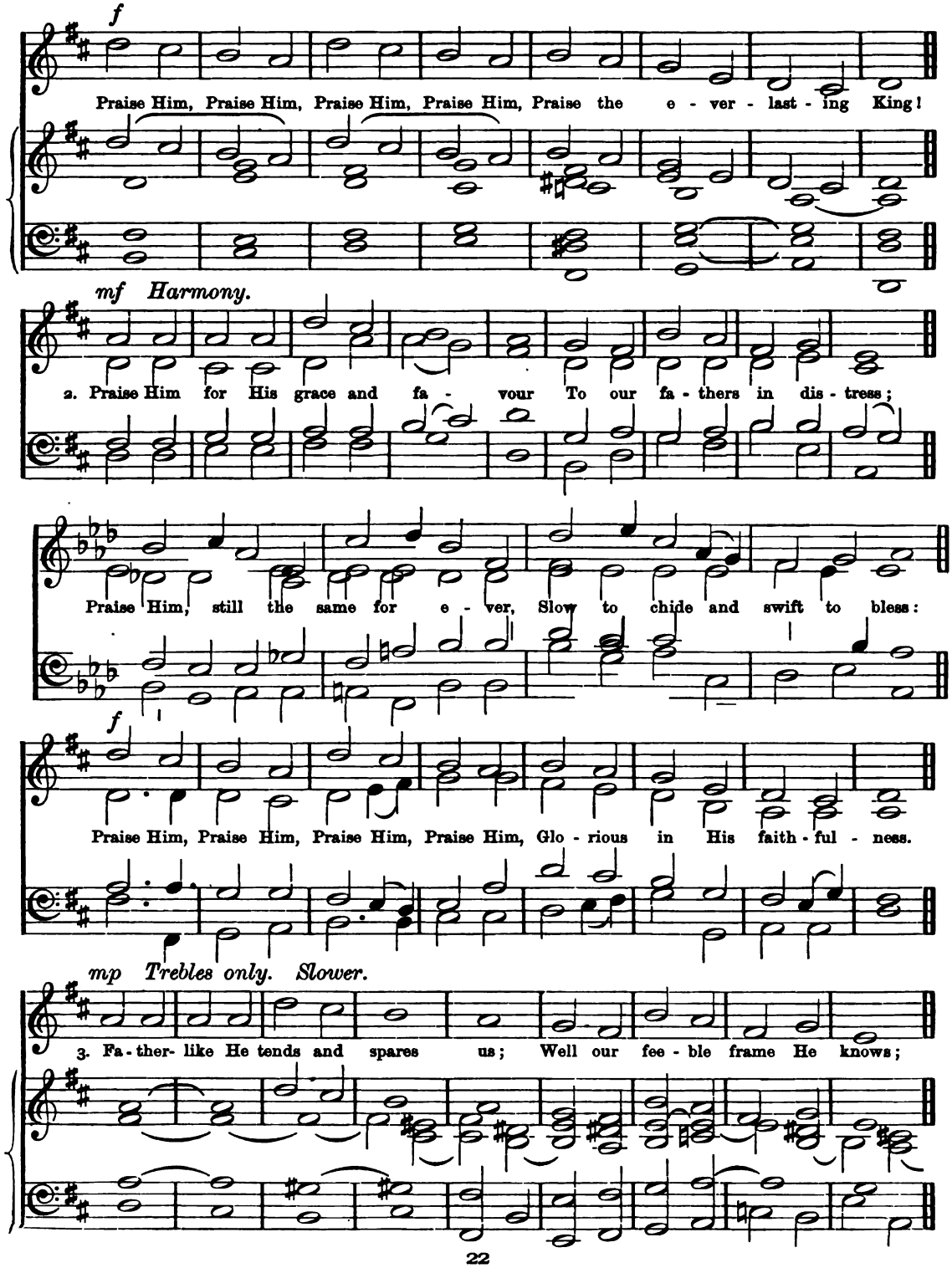
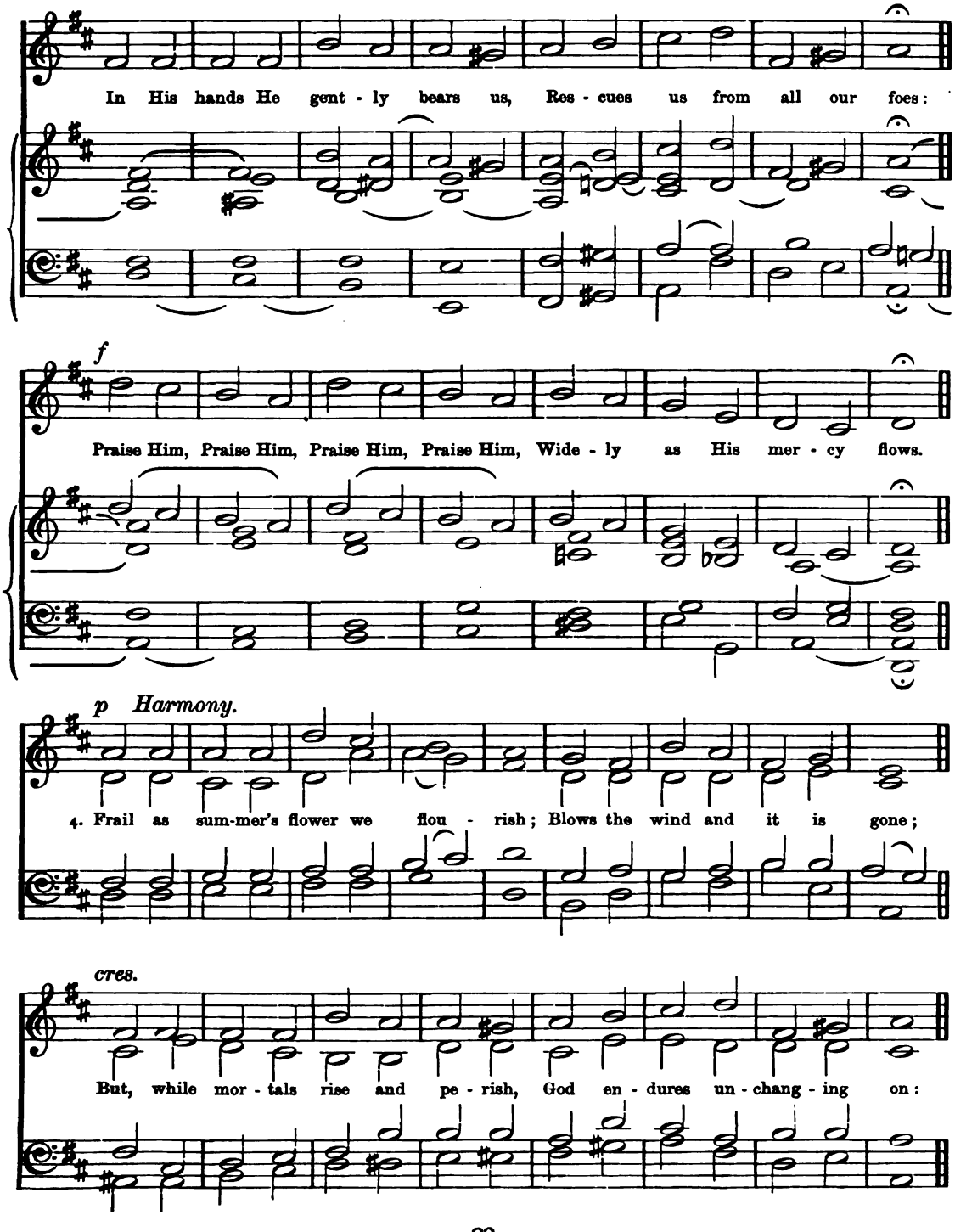


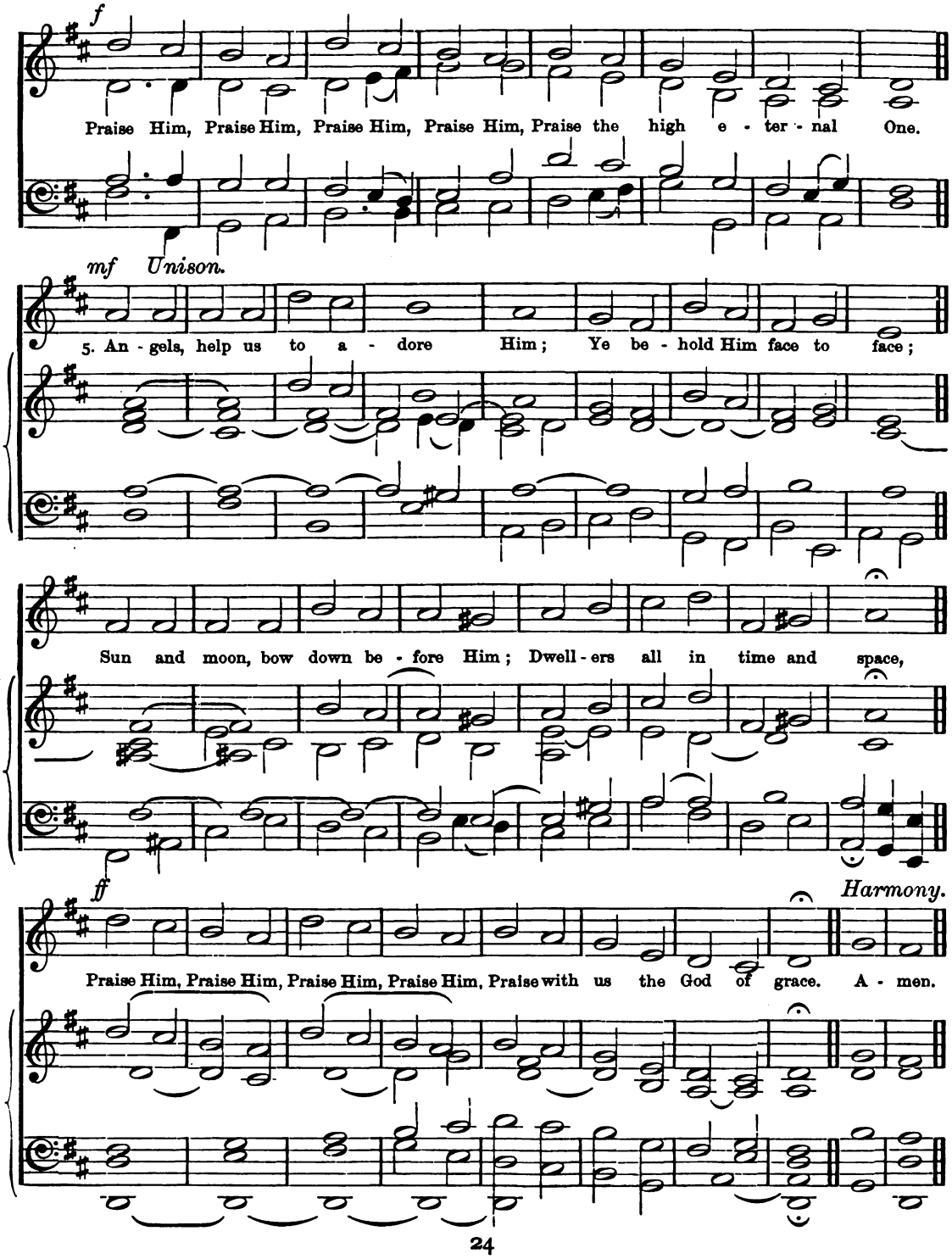
SECOND TUNE.

18

PRAISE MY SOUL.* J. Goss.

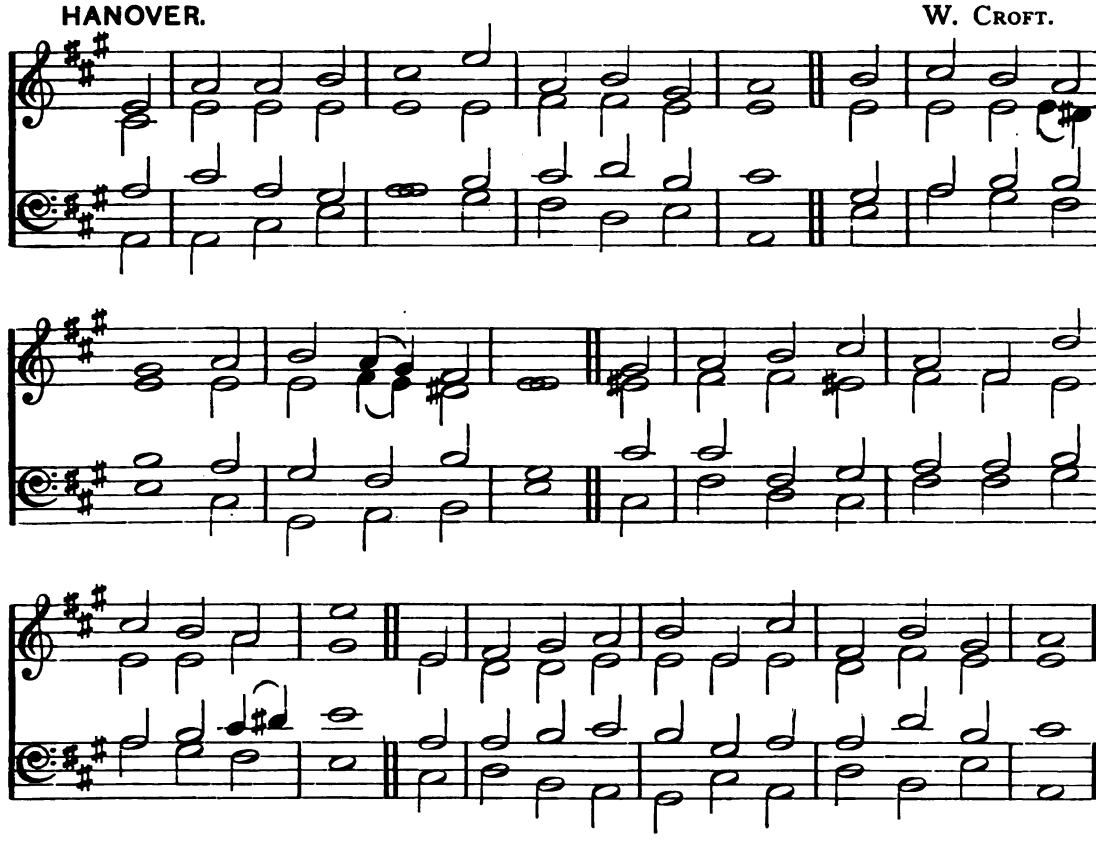

mf Unison.
1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring;
Organ.
Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who like me His praise should sing?

* If desired, the music of verse 2 may be used for the hymn throughout.

THE DIVINE GLORY

f
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the e - ver - last - ing King!
mf Harmony.
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
Praise Him, still the same for e - ver, Slow to chide and swift to bless:
f
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
mp Trebles only. Slower.
3. Fa - ther- like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;

In His hands He gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes:
f
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
p Harmony.
4. Frail as sum-mer's flower we flou - rish; Blows the wind and it is gone;
cres.
But, while mor - tals rise and pe - rish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on:

THE DIVINE GLORY

f
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One.
mf Unison.
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell - ers all in time and space,
ff
Harmony.
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. A - men.

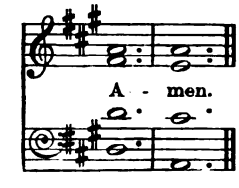
19

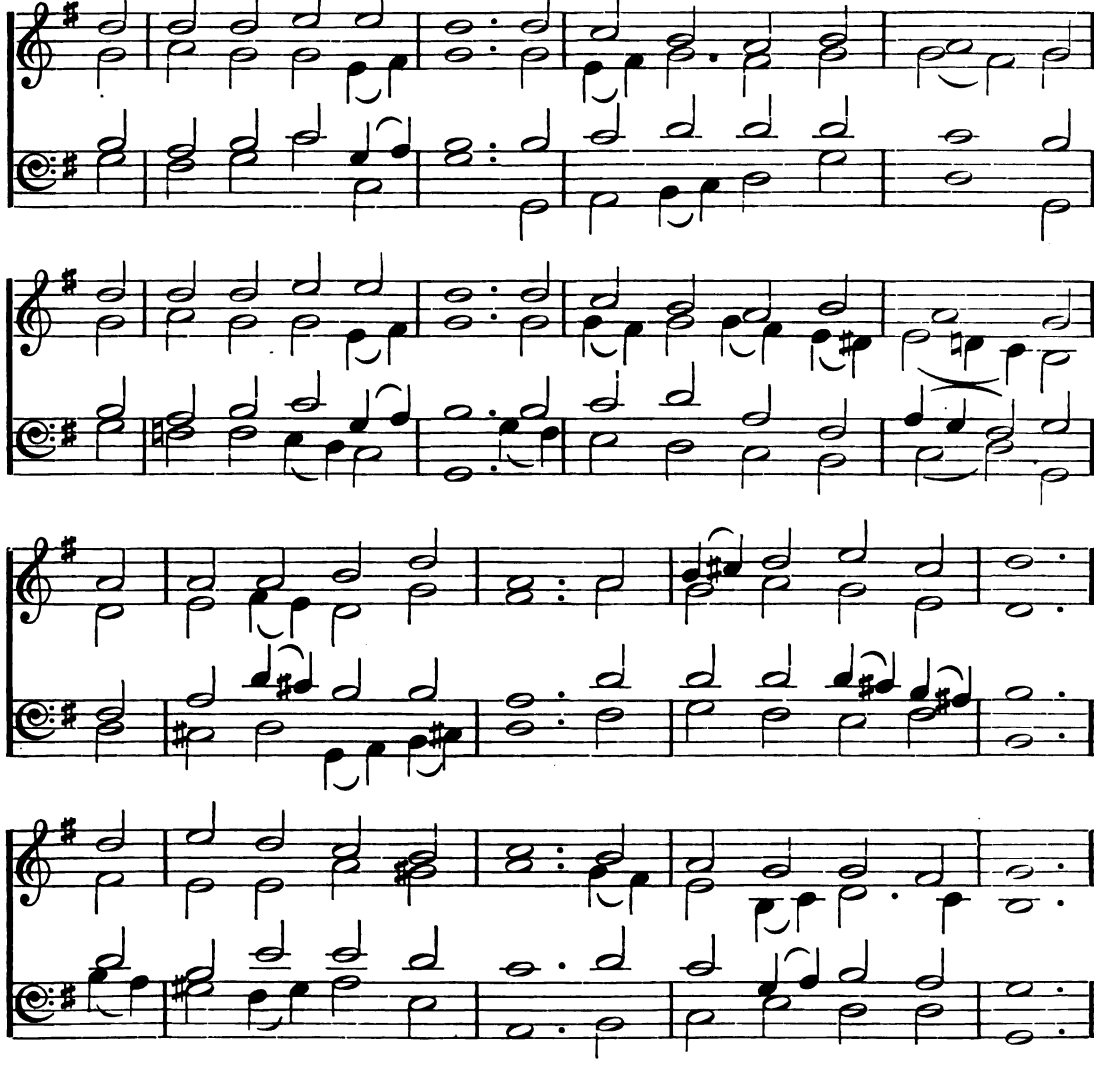
HANOVER. **W. CROFT.**

'The Lord will provide.'

m THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
c Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

m 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
c So long as 't is written, 'The Lord will provide.'

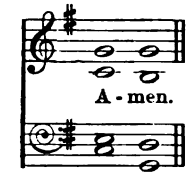
m 3 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
c And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

m 4 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,—
f The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

20

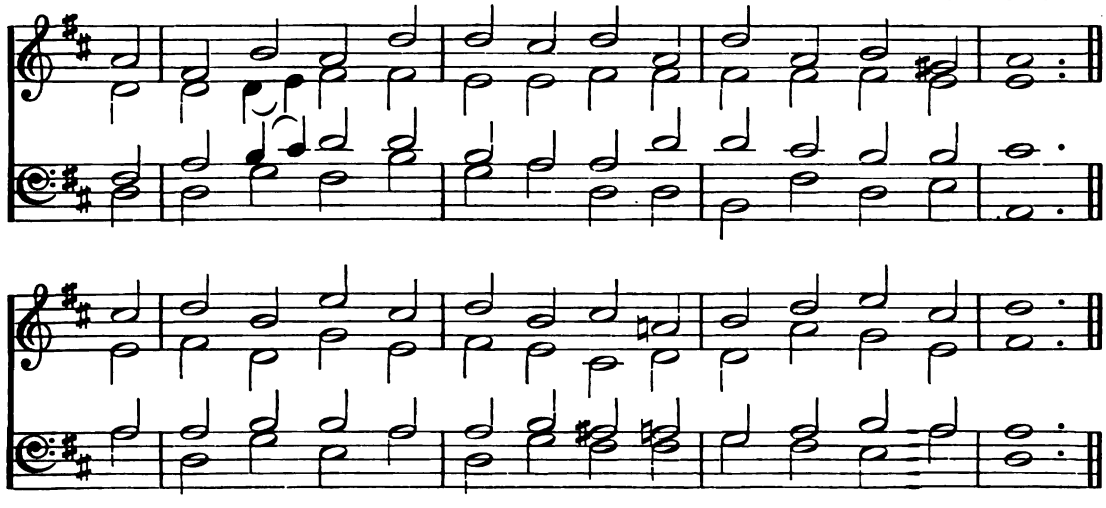
NUN DANKET. CRÜGER'S PRAXIS PIETATIS MELICA, 1648.

'Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.'

mf NOW thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices,—
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

m 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

f 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,—
The one, eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

21

ST. ANNE. W. CROFT.



'I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.'

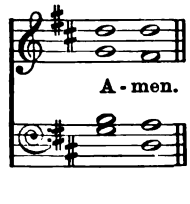
m GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
c He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

m 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

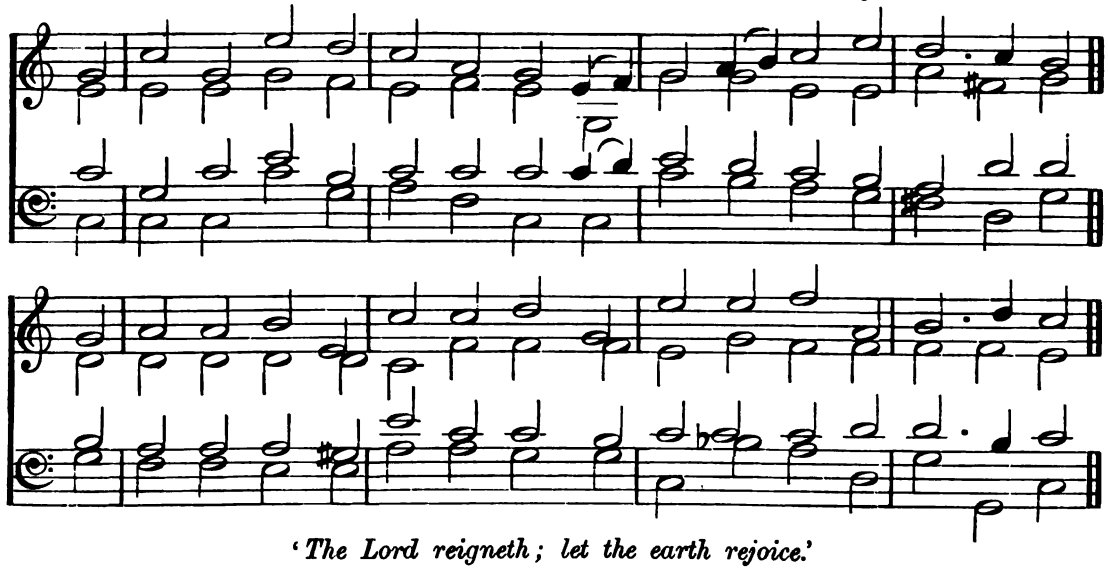
mf 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

m 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

mf 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

22

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. **J. W. ELLIOTT.**



'The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.'

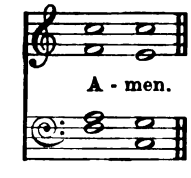
f THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

mf 2 The Lord is King! (*m*) who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

mf 3 The Lord is King! (*mp*) child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
c Let every creature speak His praise.

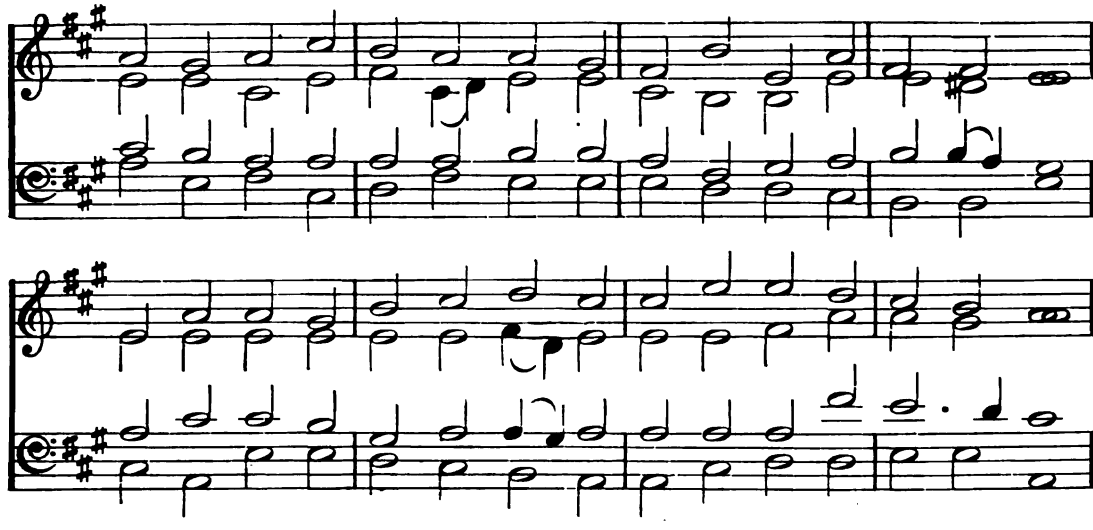
mf 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

m 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

f 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
ff Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

Also the following:

423 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.
276–292 Hymns of Trust and Resignation.
488–510 Hymns of the Seasons and for Travellers.

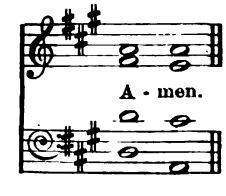
23

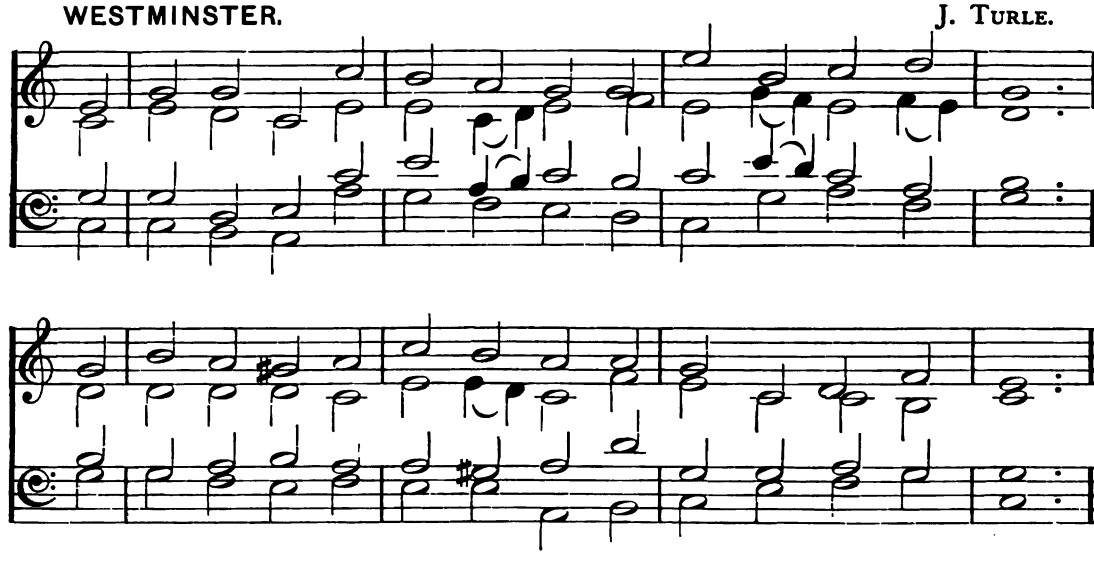
LAUS DEO. R. REDHEAD.

'Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights.'

mf PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

e 4 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

24

WESTMINSTER. **J. TURLE.**

'Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.'

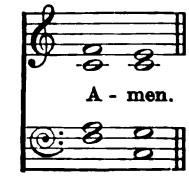
m MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

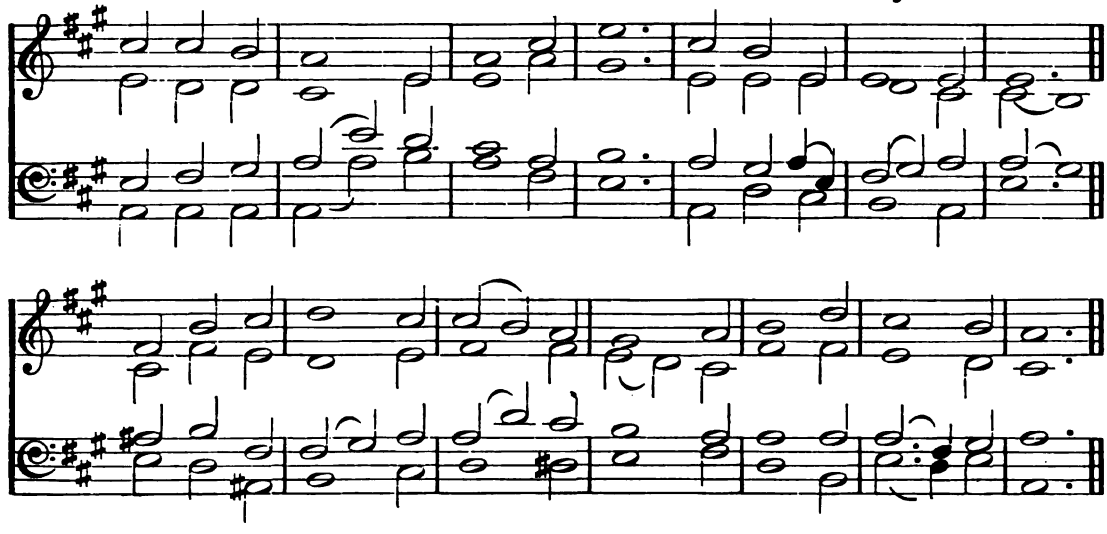
mp 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

p 3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

m 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

mf 6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

25

GERONTIUS. J. B. DYKES.

'The second man is the Lord from heaven.'

mf PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

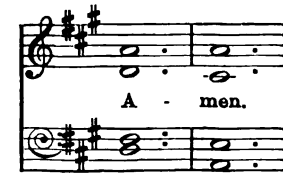
mp 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
m A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

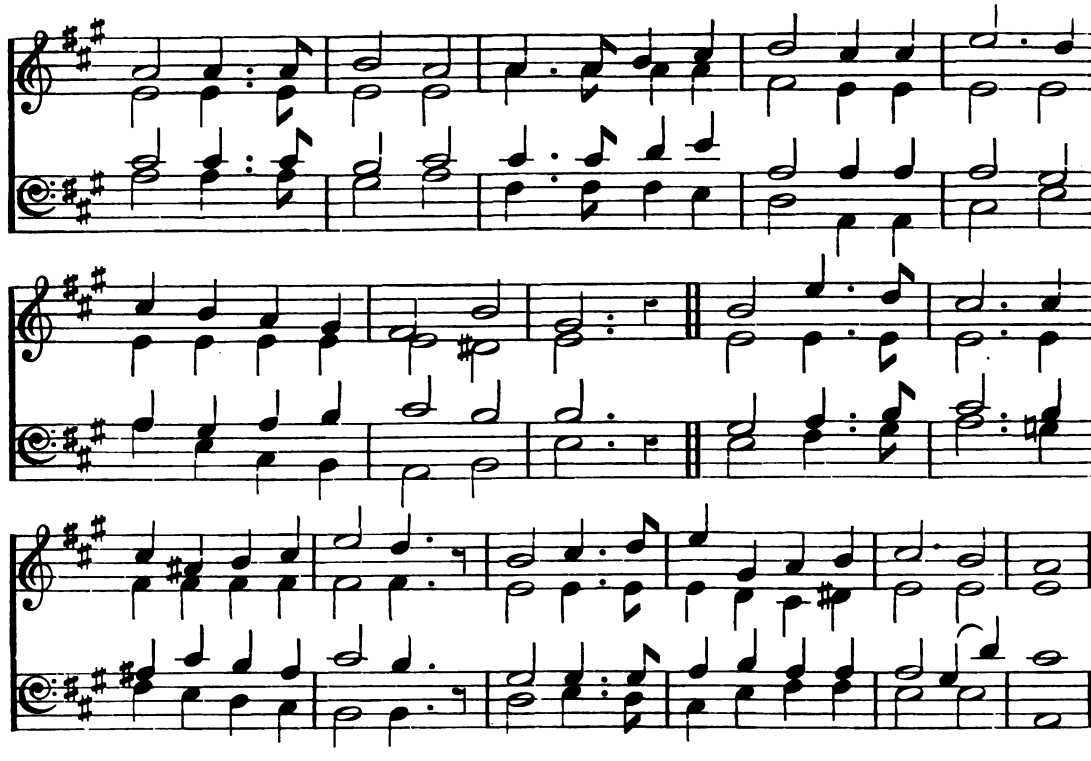
3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
c Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

mp 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-Divine.

5 O generous love! that He who smote
In Man, for man, the foe
p The double agony in Man,
For man, should undergo,

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
c Should teach His brethren, and inspire
d To suffer and to die.

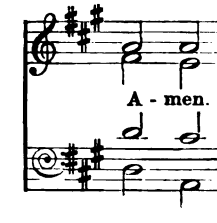
f 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

26

HALLELUJAH. E. J. HOPKINS.

'I will . . praise Thy name for Thy lovingkindness.'

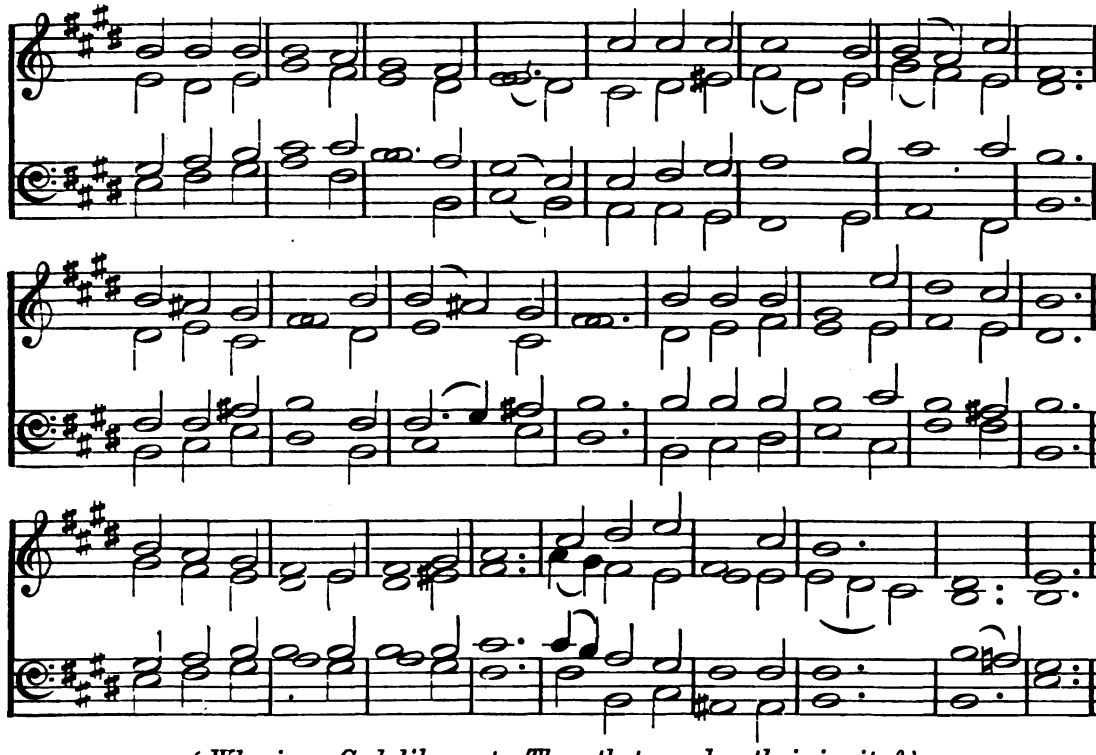
mf PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

f 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three in One.

27

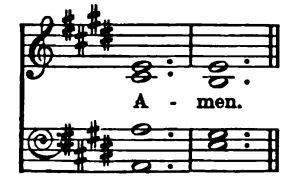
ISRAEL. G. C. MARTIN.



'Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?'

m GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself—Divine;
But the bright glories of Thy grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.
mf Who is a pardoning God like Thee,
Or who has grace so rich and free?

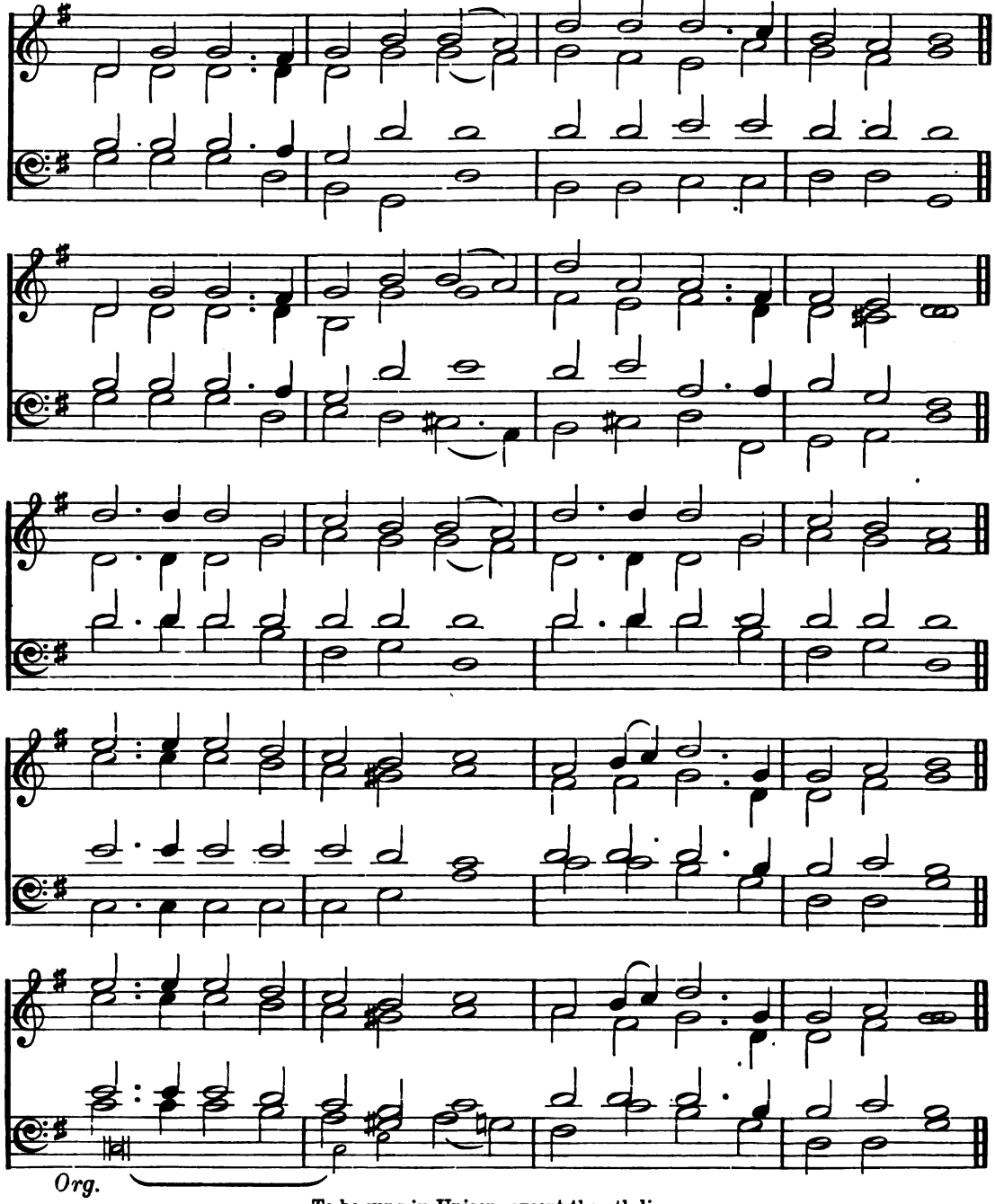
mp 2 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood!
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!
m c Who is a pardoning God like Thee,
Or who has grace so rich and free?

m 3 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This God-like miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:
f 'Who is a pardoning God like Thee,
Or who has grace so rich and free?'

Also the following:

395 Songs of praise the angels sang.
423 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

28

BETHLEHEM.

MENDELSSOHN.
Arr. by W. H. CUMMINGS.

To be sung in Unison, except the 9th line.

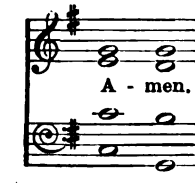
'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

p *mf* HARK! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

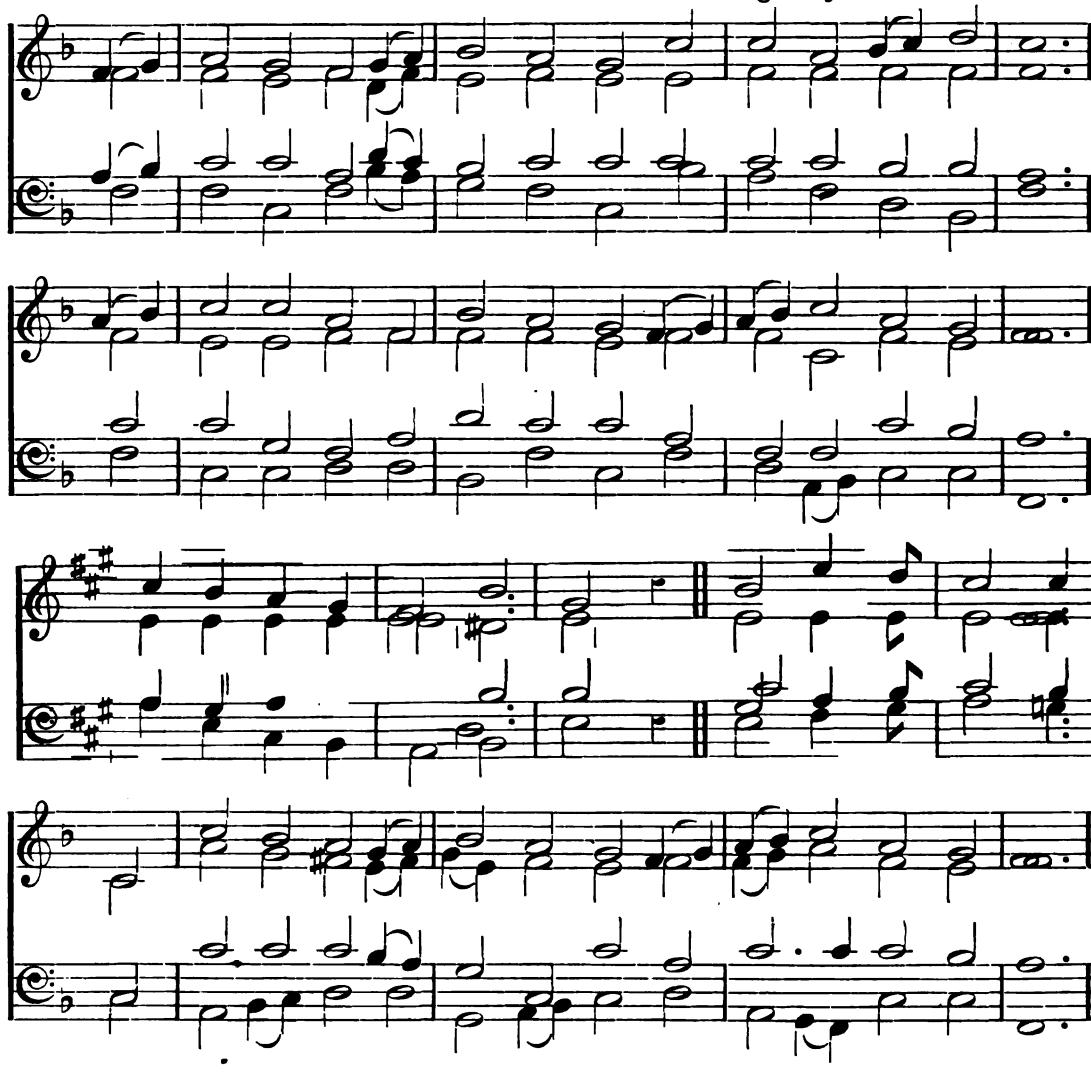
Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'

mf 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
m Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
mp Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
c Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

f 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
m Mild He lays His glory by,
c Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.



29

NOEL. Arranged by A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Unto us a Child is born . . and His name shall be called . . The Prince of Peace.'

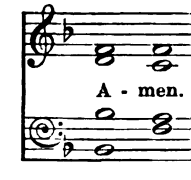
m IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
mp 'Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
p The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

m 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

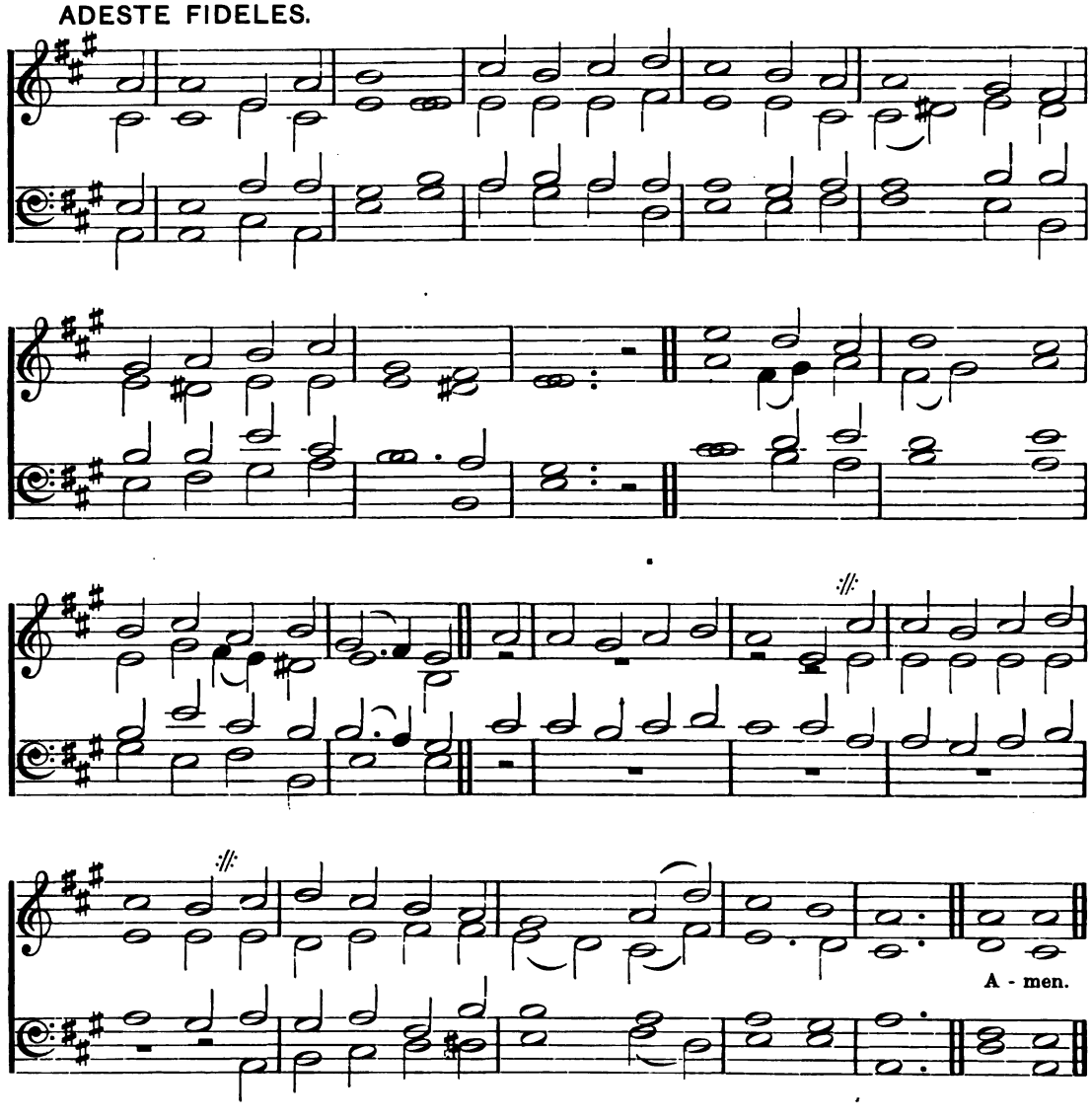
mp 3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
p O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

mp 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
m Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
d O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

f 5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.



30

ADESTE FIDELES.

'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.'

mf O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels;
p c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

m 2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
p c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

mf 3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
c Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
In the highest.'
p c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

mf 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given.
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
m c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

31

[To be sung to the foregoing Tune.]

'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.'

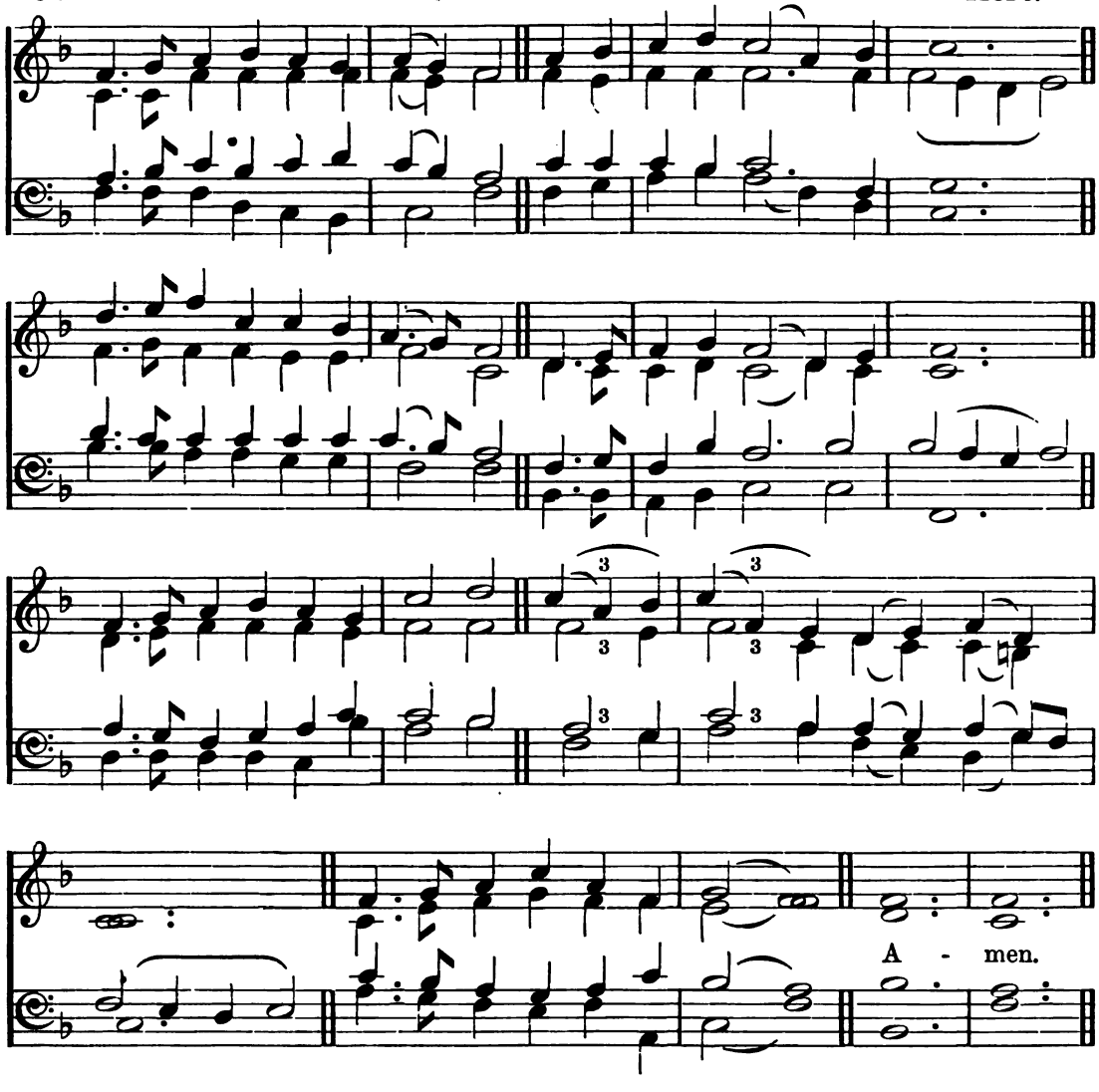
mf O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
p c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

m 2 Though true God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
The womb of a virgin He hath not abhorred,
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten;
p c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

mf 3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
c Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured,
'Now to our God be
Glory in the highest.'
p c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

mf 4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;
O Jesus, for ever be Thy name adored,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
m c O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

32

CORDE NATUS. *Voices in Unison.* PLAINSONG MELODY.

'We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.'

m

OF the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

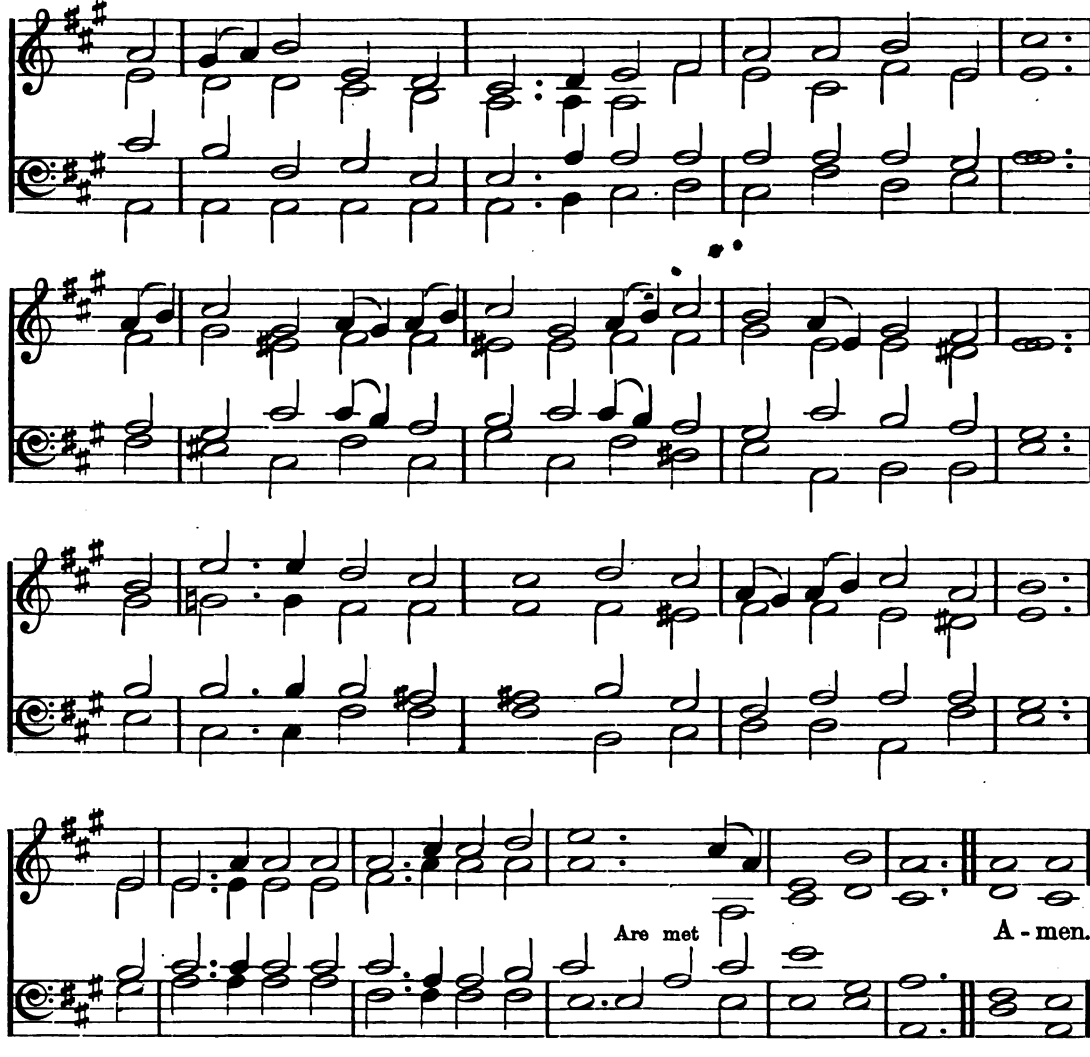
2 O that birth for ever blessèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 This is He whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord,
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
mf Now He shines, the Long-expected;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

f 4 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

mf 5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
f Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.

33

BETHLEHEM EPHRATAH. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Immanuel . . God with us.'

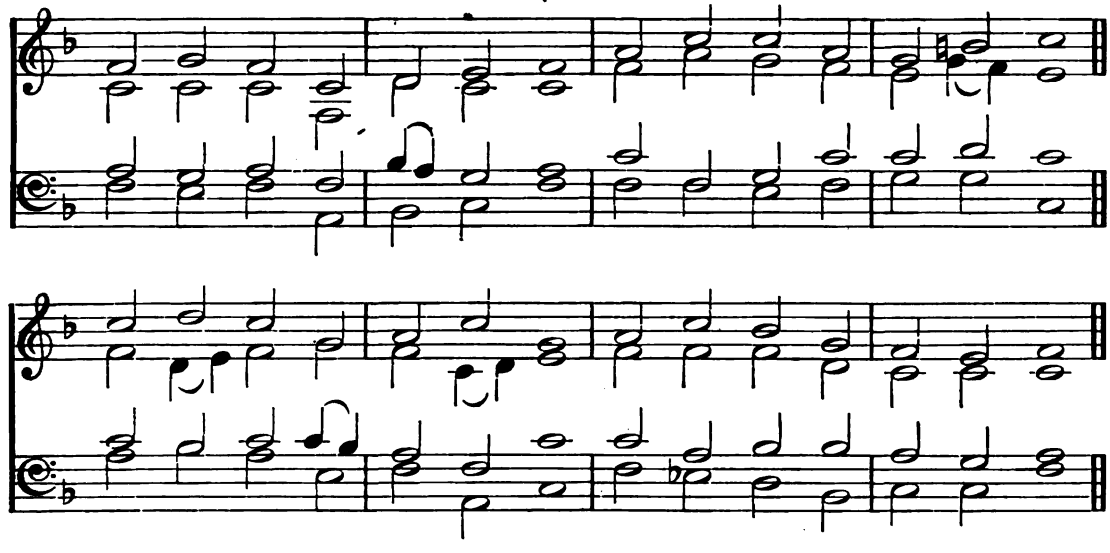
mp O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
m Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
mf O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

m 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
mp No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

m 4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
c We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
f O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

34

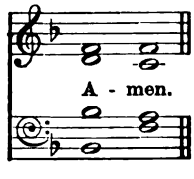
NOMEN DOMINI. HORN'S GESANGBUCH, 1544.

'When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, His name was called JESUS.'

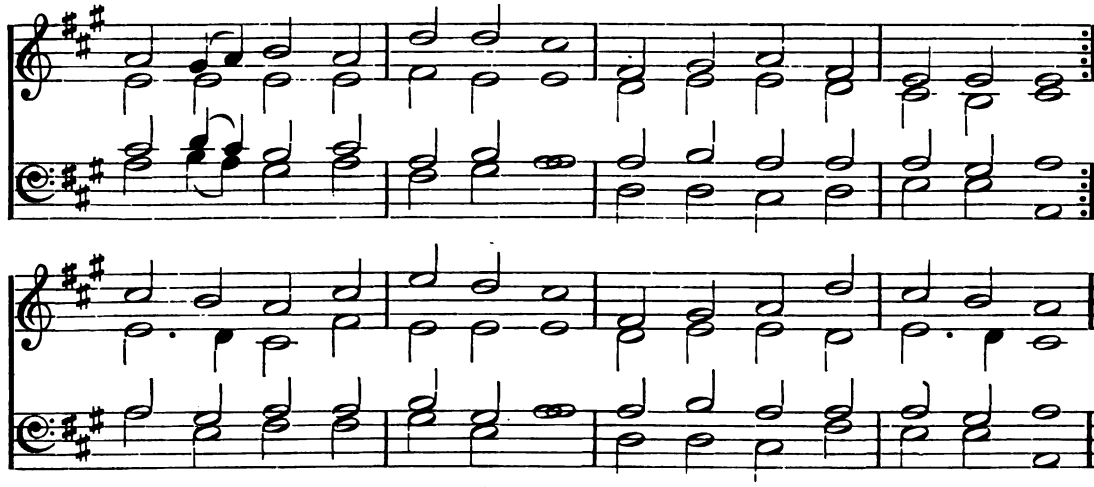
mp 'JESUS!' name of wondrous love;
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

mf 2 'Jesus!' name of priceless worth,
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
'Jesus shall His people save.'

p 3 'Jesus!' name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

m 4 'Jesus!' only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 'Jesus!' name of wondrous love;
Human name of God above;
mp Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

35

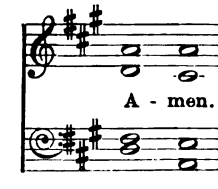
DIX. C. KOCHER.

'When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'

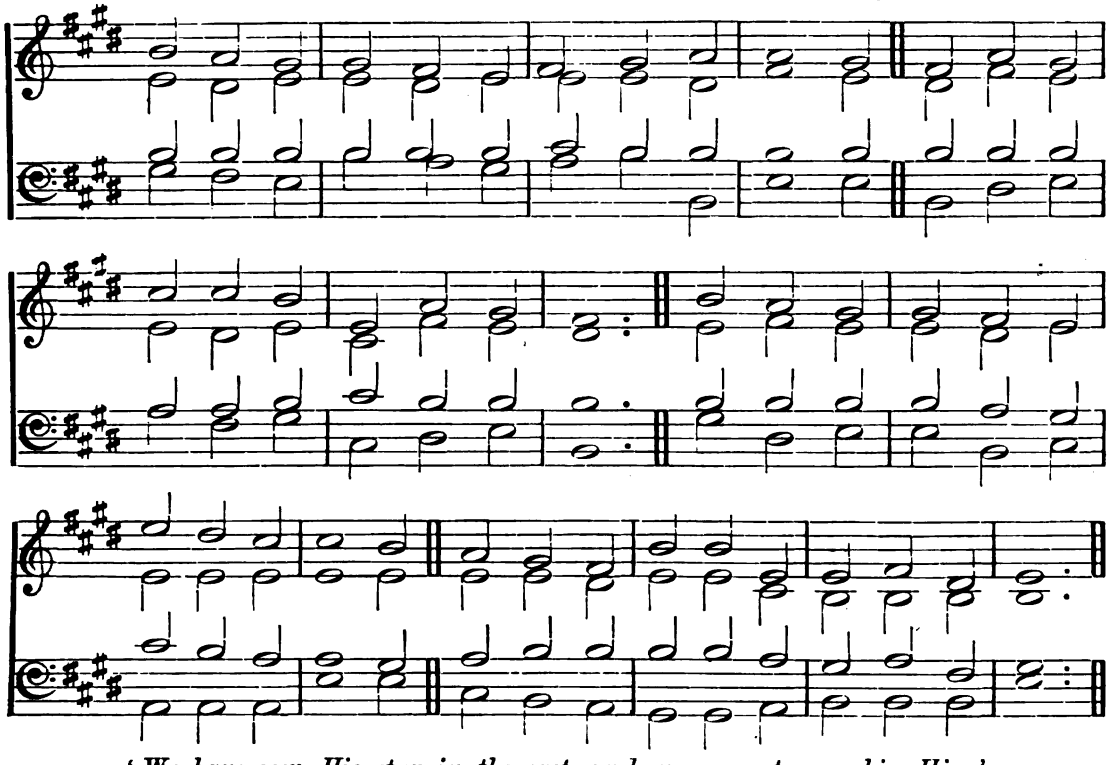
m AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,—
c So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

m 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
mp There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore,—
c So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

m 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,—
mf So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

mp 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
c Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

f 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

36

SPRINGFIELD. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.'

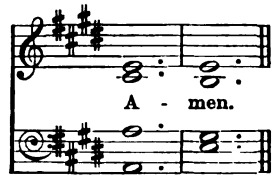
mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
mp Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
c Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

m 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

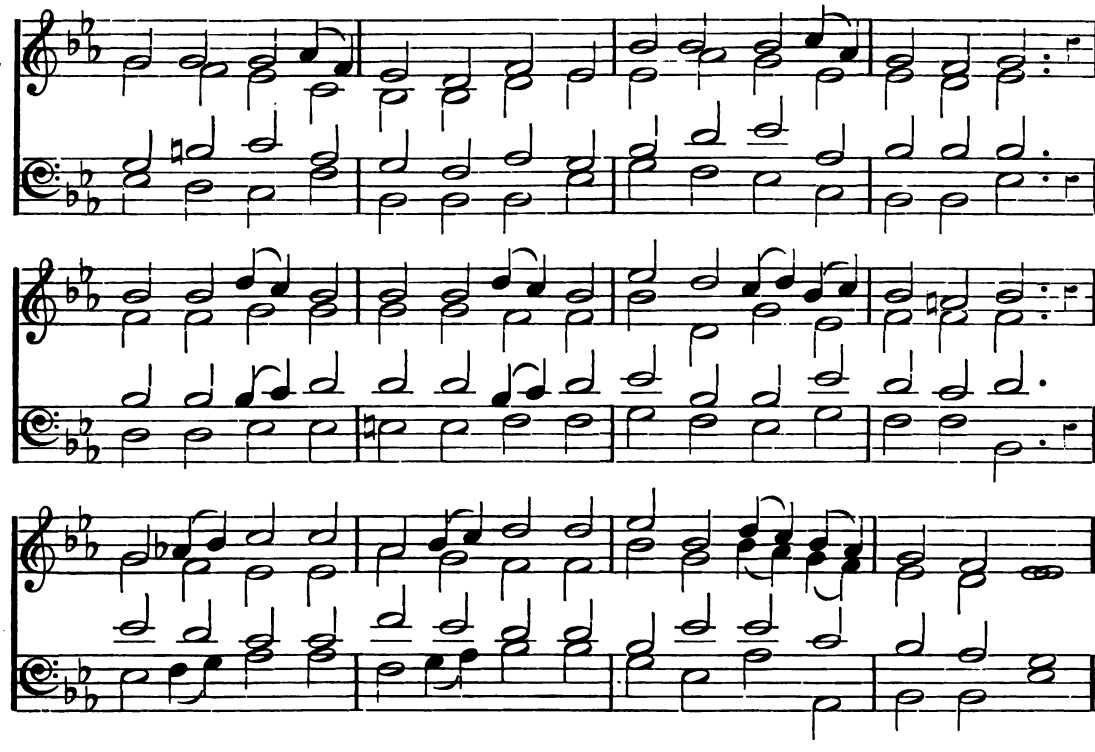
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



37

FIRST TUNE.

REDEMPTION. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) C. GOUNOD.

'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'

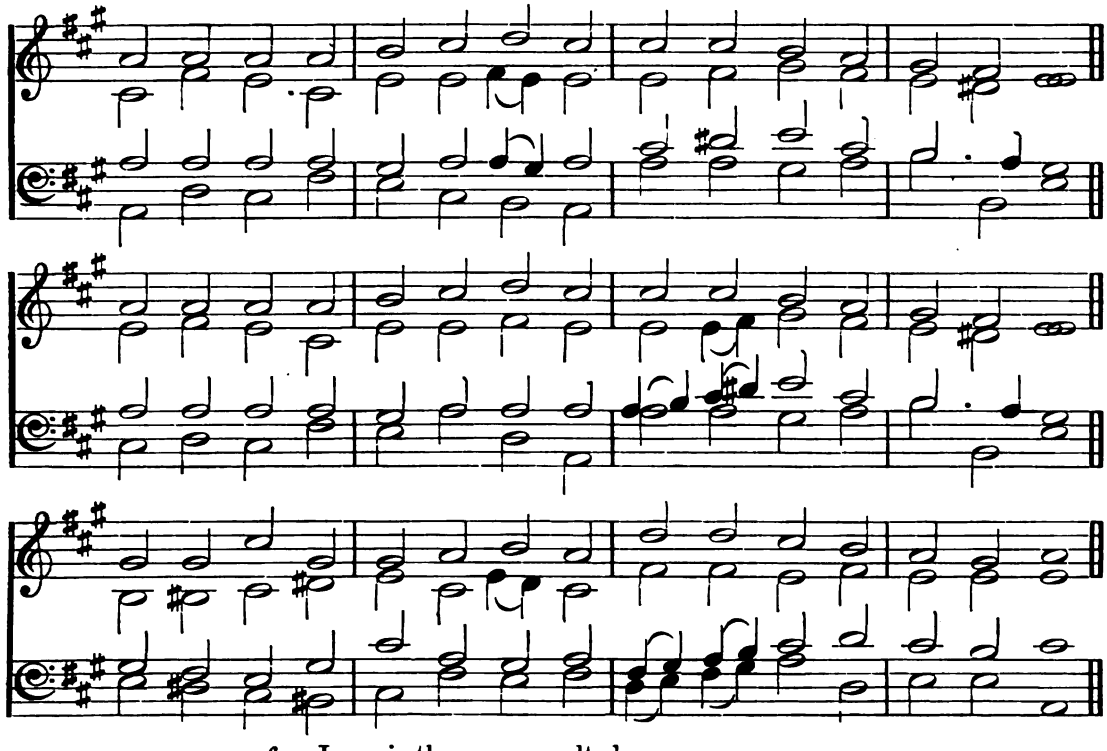
mf TO the name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

m 2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
mf Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
mp Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

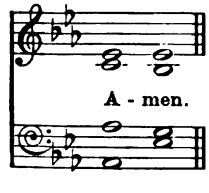
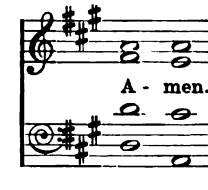
mf 3 'T is the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
mp Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
c Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

m 4 'T is the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

37

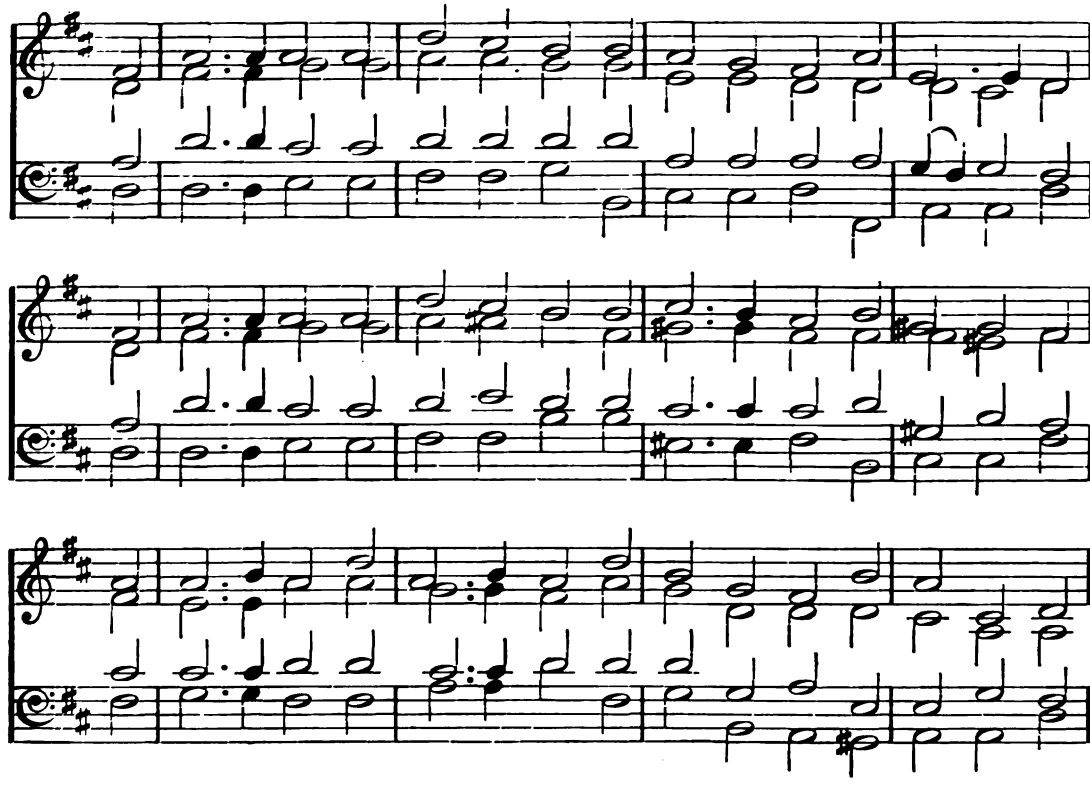
ORIEL. SECOND TUNE.

mf 5 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

m 6 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessèd name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here
f That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

Also the following:

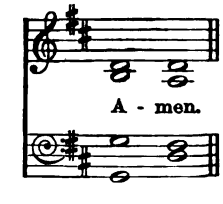
442 From the eastern mountains.
527–533 Hymns on the Birth of Christ.

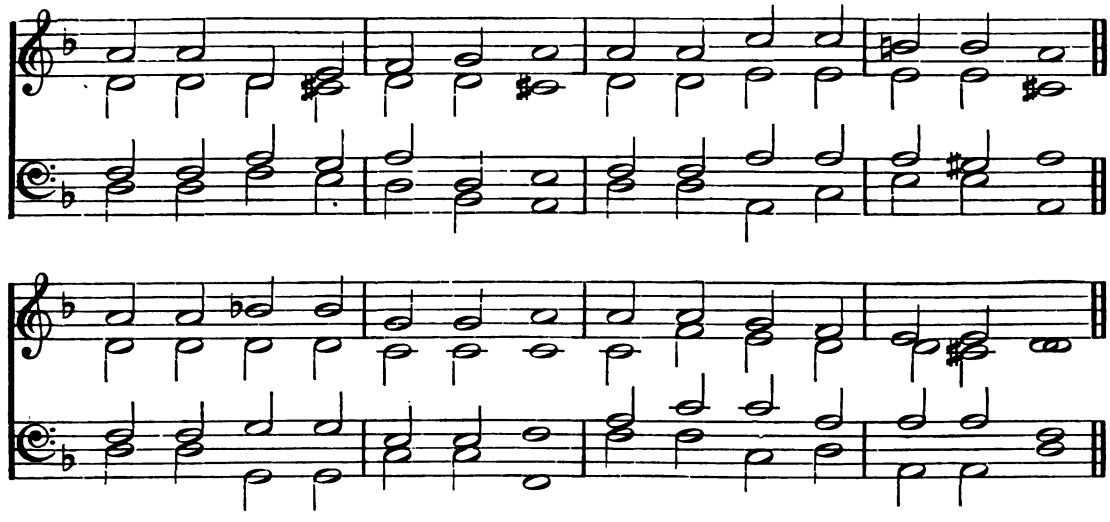
38

SAINTS OF GOD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'

m YE fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He who conquered sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

mp 2 'We saw no glory crown His head,
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign; but meekness, truth,
c And duty marked each step He trod,
And love to man and love to God.'

m 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear;
mf Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty, and love to man and God.

39

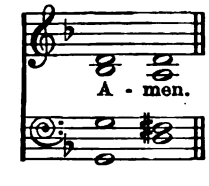
HEINLEIN. NUREMBERG GESANGBUCH, 1677.

'He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto Him.'

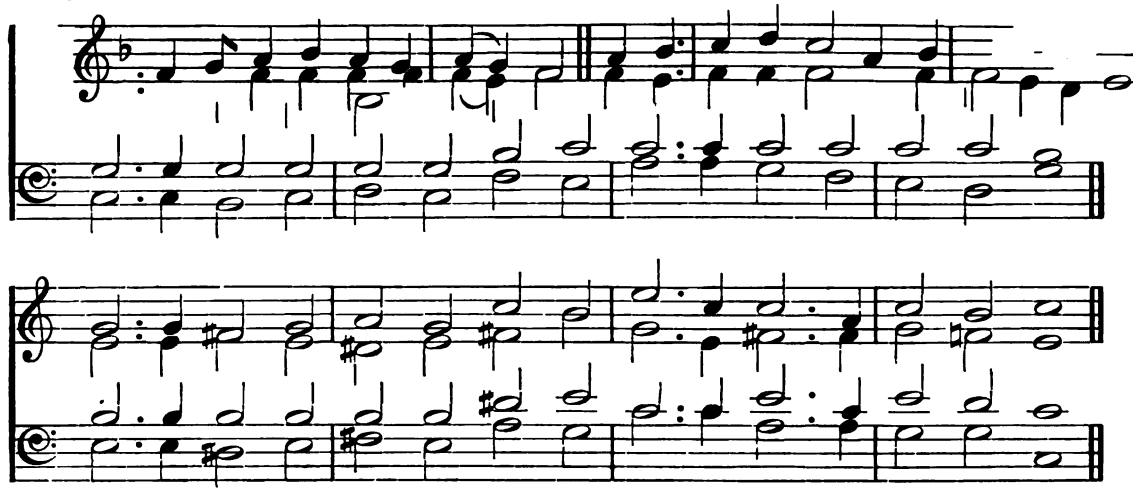
mp FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild,
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled,—

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

m 5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

40

ST. ANDREW. E. H. THORNE.

'They forsook all, and followed Him.'

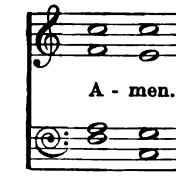
mp JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me,'—

m 2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilæan lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

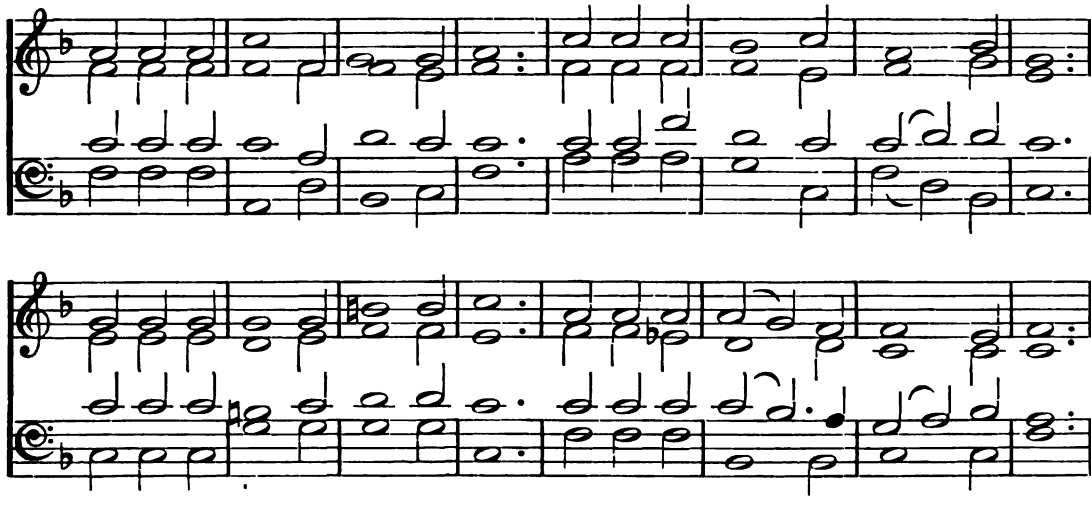
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
mp Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

m 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
mf That we love Him more than these.

mp 5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
c Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.



41

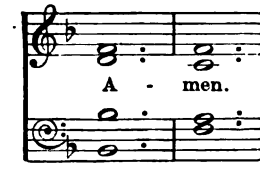
HESPERUS. FIRST TUNE. H. BAKER.

'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.'

mp 'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.'

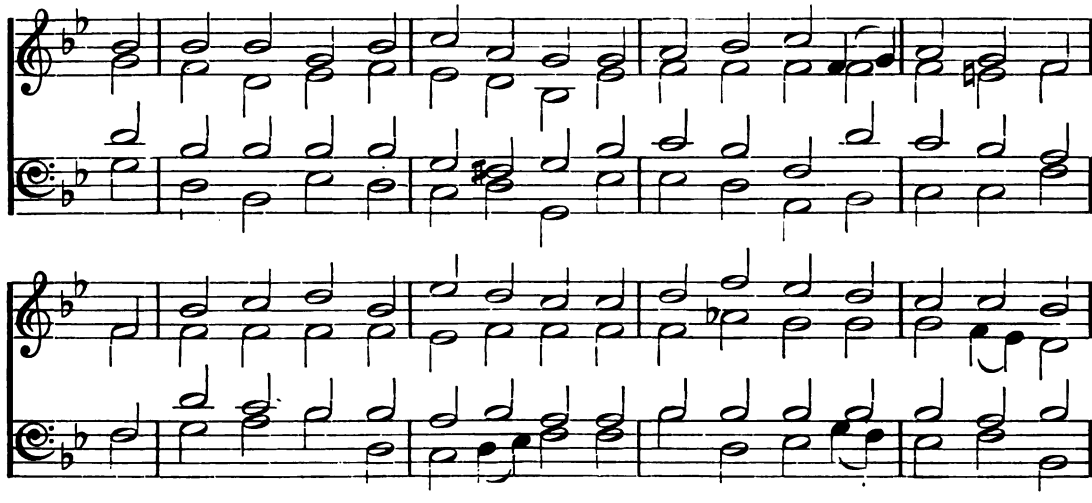
2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
c His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

mp 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

m 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
c 'T will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

mp 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
m For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

41

BRESLAU. SECOND TUNE. GEISTLICHE GESÄNGE, Leipsic, 1625.



'*If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.*'

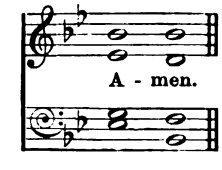
mp 'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.'

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
c His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

mp 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

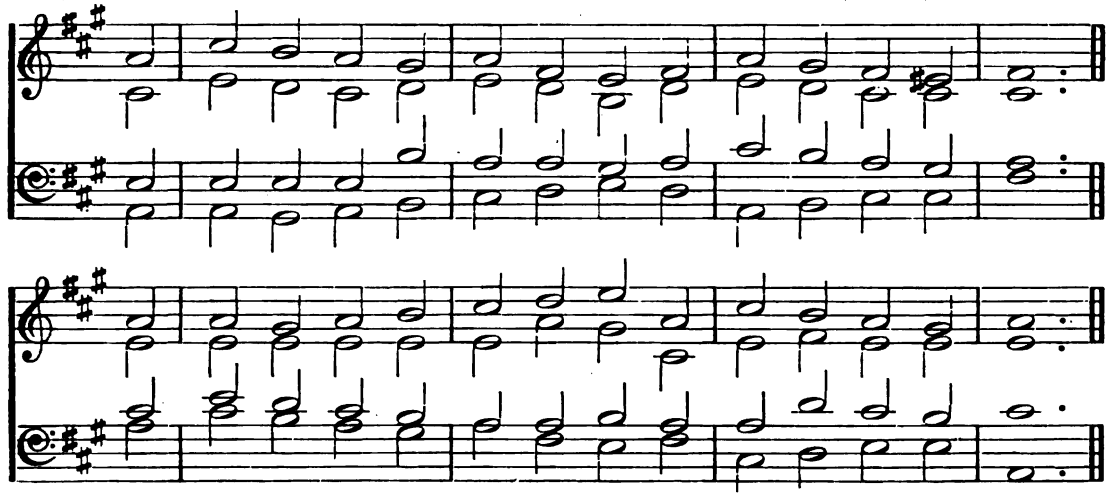
m 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
c 'T will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

mp 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
m For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.



42

EDEN. W. H. HAVERGAL.



'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

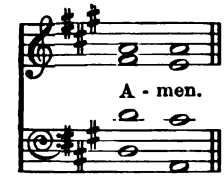
m SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

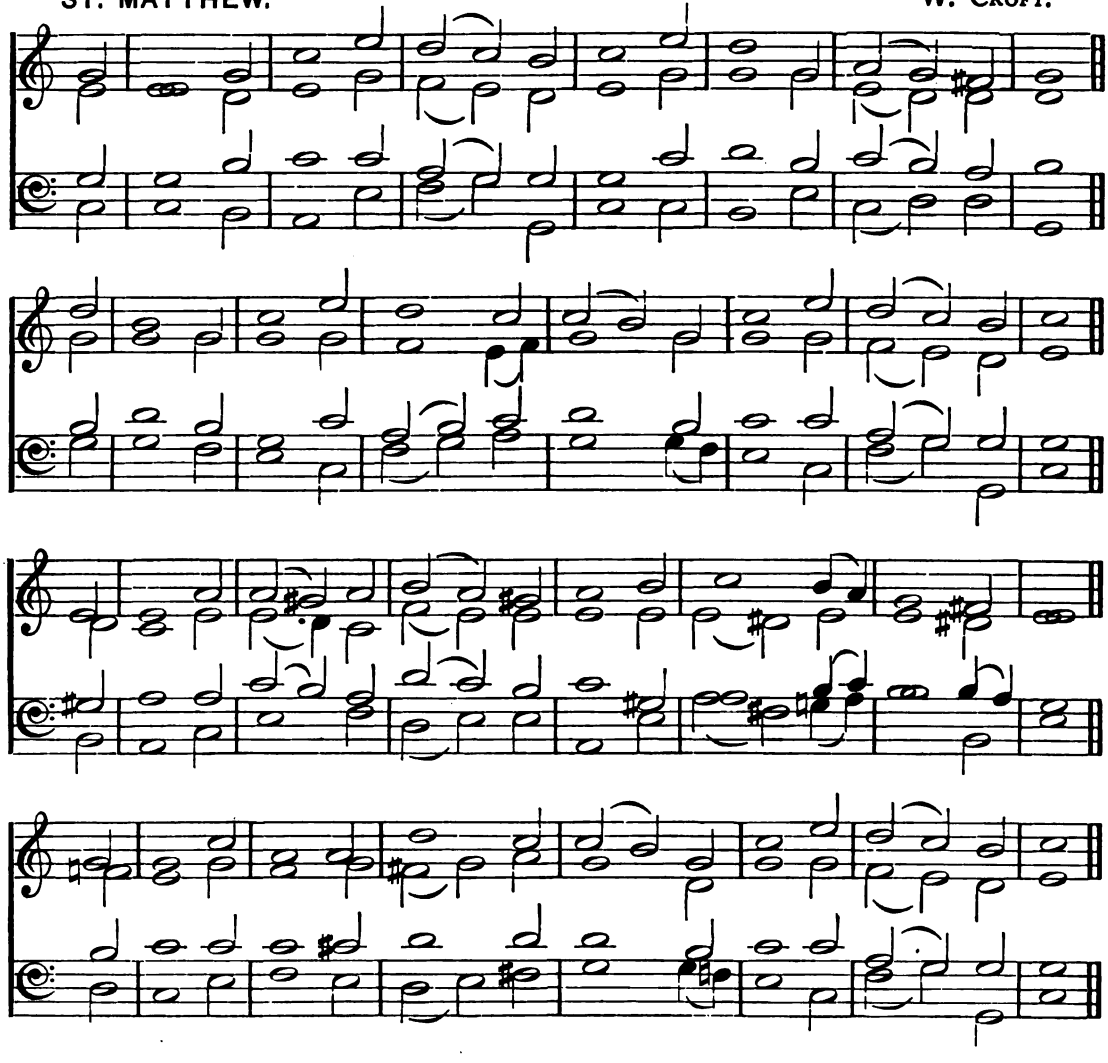
2 There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

3 And, Lord, to us, though vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
At Jacob's well of old.

4 In spirit, Lord, we 've sat with Thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there
Its healing virtues tell.

5 Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now,—
c Our deep, Divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory Thou!

mf 6 No hope of rest in aught beside,
No beauty, Lord, we see,
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
And find our all in Thee.

43

ST. MATTHEW. W. CROFT.

'He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them.'

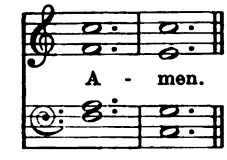
mf THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

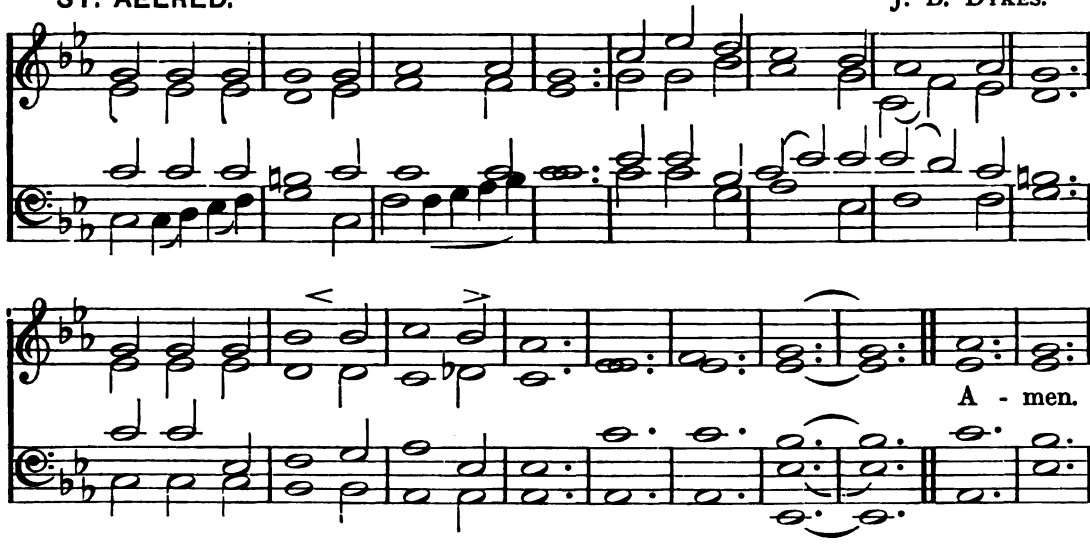
m To Thee they went—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame;

mf 2 And, lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

mp And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,

c That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

44

ST. AËLRED. J. B. DYKES.

'He rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.'

m FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,

mp But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

mf 2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'

mp Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

m 3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep

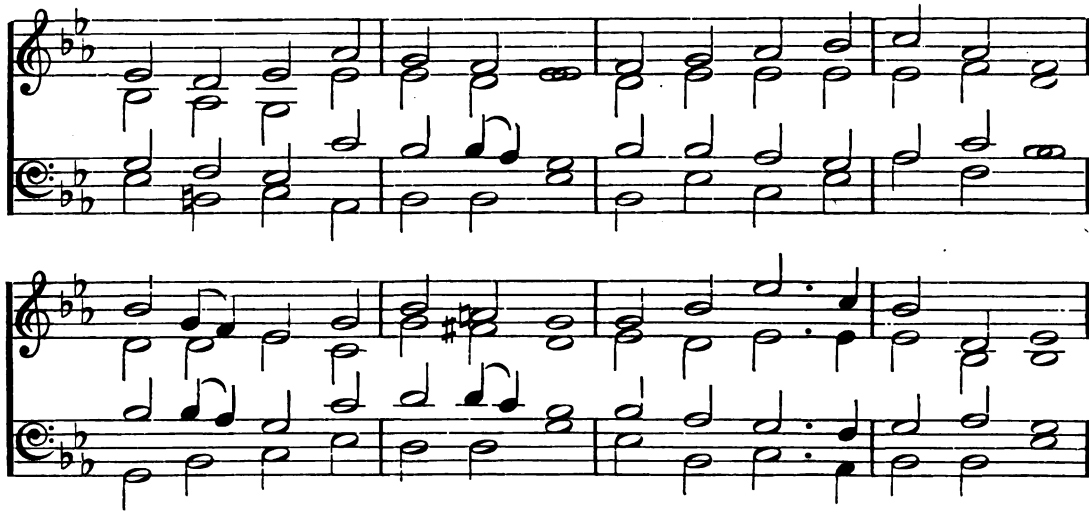
d Sank like a little child to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap,

c At Thy will.

m 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,

p 'Peace, be still.'

45

FIDUCIA. S. S. WESLEY.

'They see Jesus walking on the sea . . and they were afraid. But He saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid.'

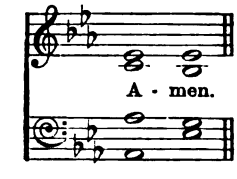
mp WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,
p 'It is I; be not afraid.'

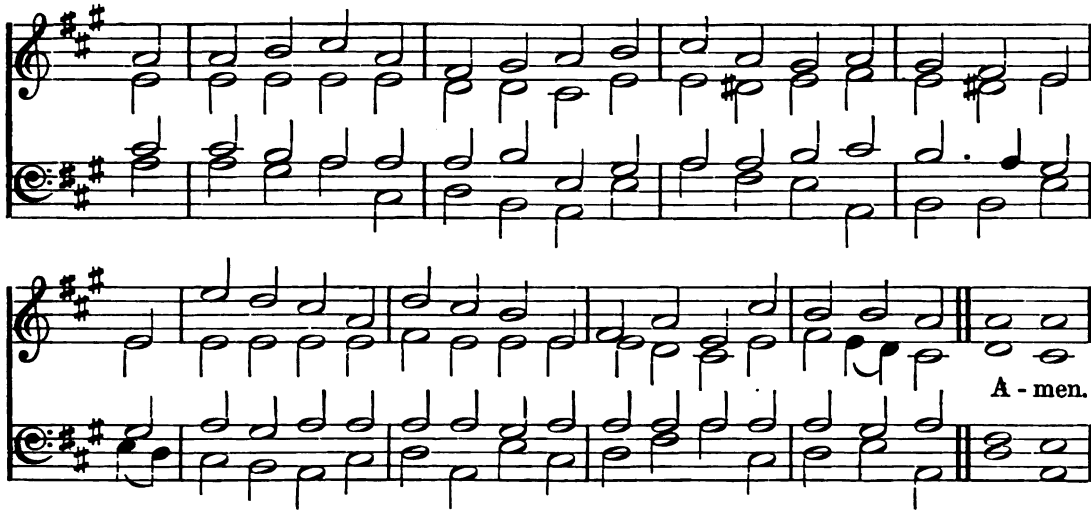
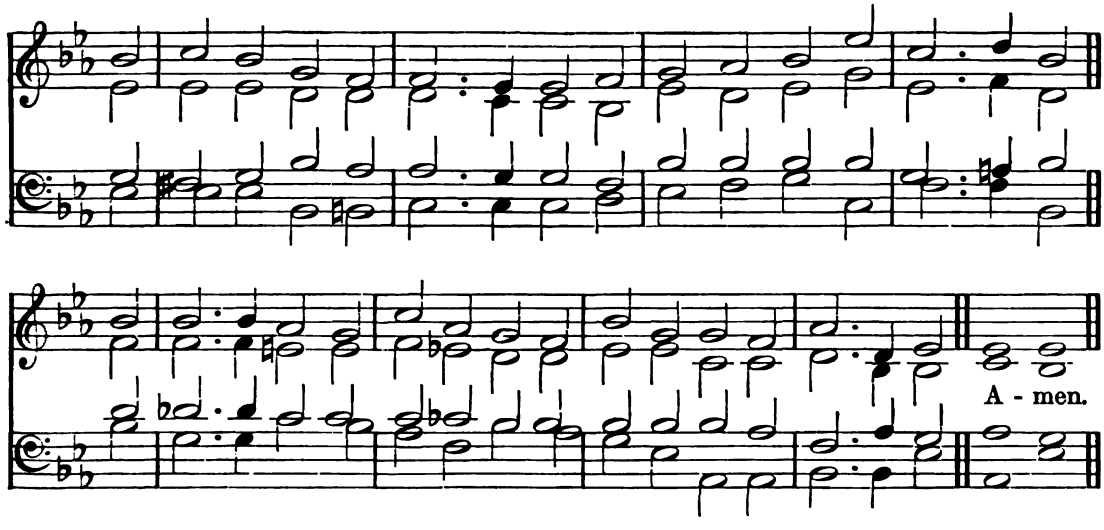
mp 2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
p 'It is I; be not afraid.'

mp 3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
p 'It is I; be not afraid.'

p 4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O may then the mourner hear,
pp 'It is I; be not afraid.'

p 5 When with wearing, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort strain,
pp 'It is I; be not afraid.'

p 6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
c May the voice be strong and clear,
f 'It is I; be not afraid.'

46

ELY. FIRST TUNE. T. TURTON.

HERMON. SECOND TUNE. BATTISON HAYNES.

'Jesus was transfigured before them.'

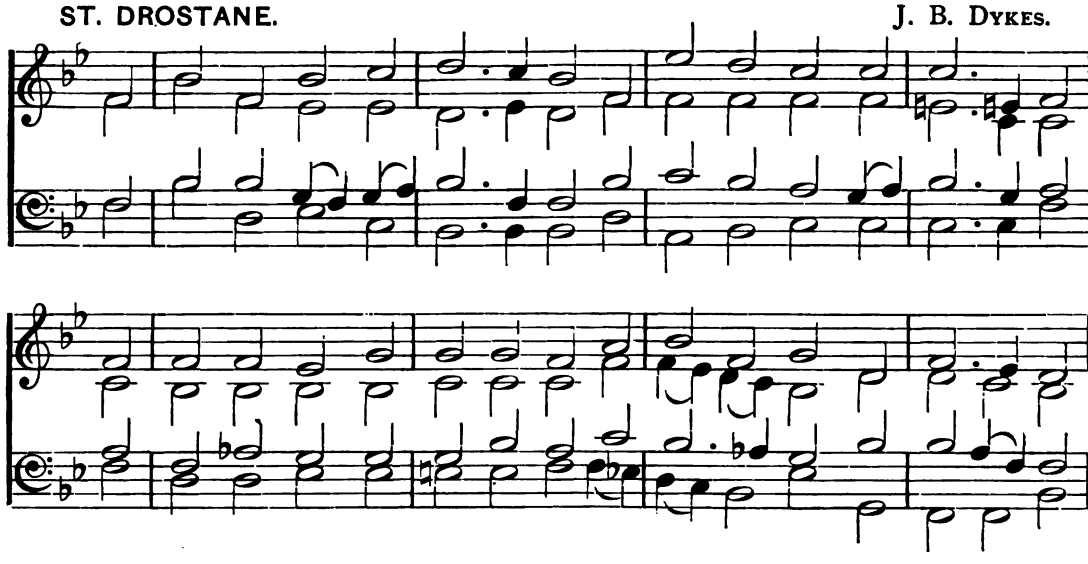
O WONDROUS type! O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

sf 2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

m 4 O Father, with the eternal Son
And Holy Spirit ever one,
c Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

47

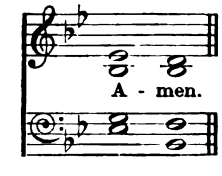
ST. DROSTANE. J. B. DYKES.

'In Thy majesty ride prosperously.'

mf RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
' Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry;
m O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

mf 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
mp In lowly pomp ride on to die;
c O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

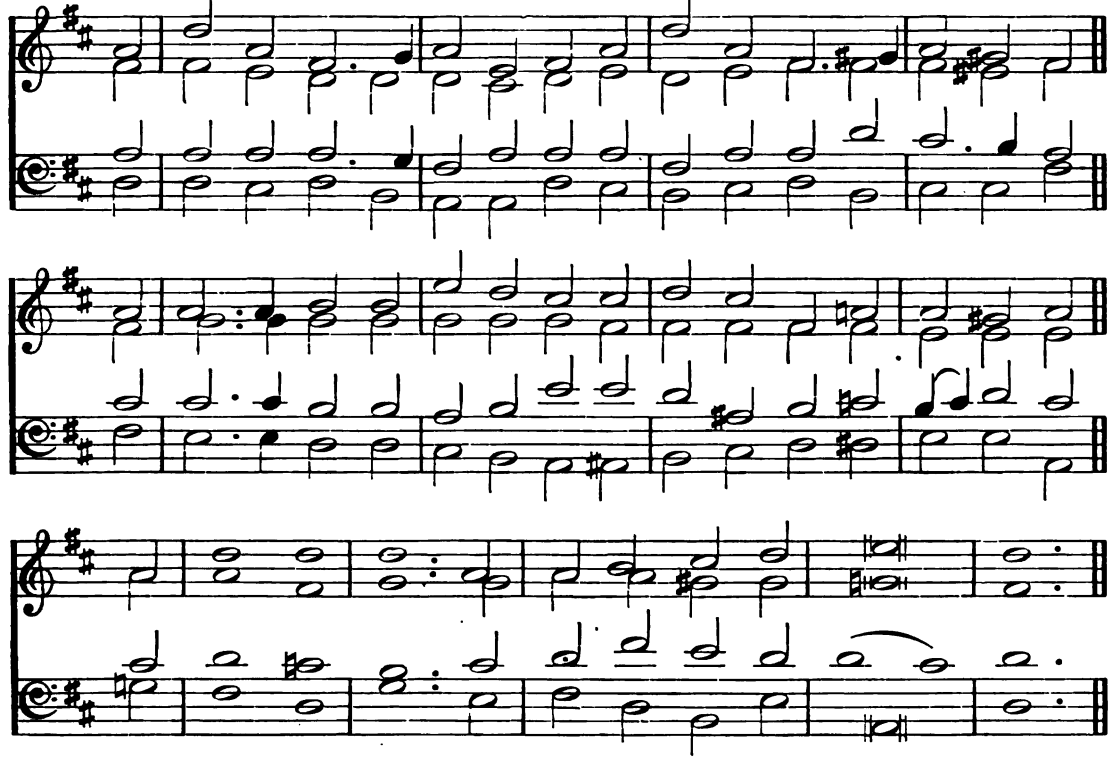
mf 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
m The wingèd squadrons of the sky
p Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

mf 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
m The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

mf 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
mp In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
mf Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

48

HOSANNA.

(*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

J. BARNBY.

'Hosanna in the highest.'

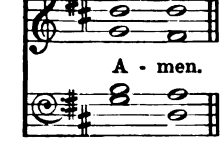
mf HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ—Creator, Saviour, King—
Let earth, let heaven 'Hosanna!' sing,
f 'Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!'

mf 2 'Hosanna!' Lord, Thine angels cry;
'Hosanna!' Lord, Thy saints reply;
c Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound,
'Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!'

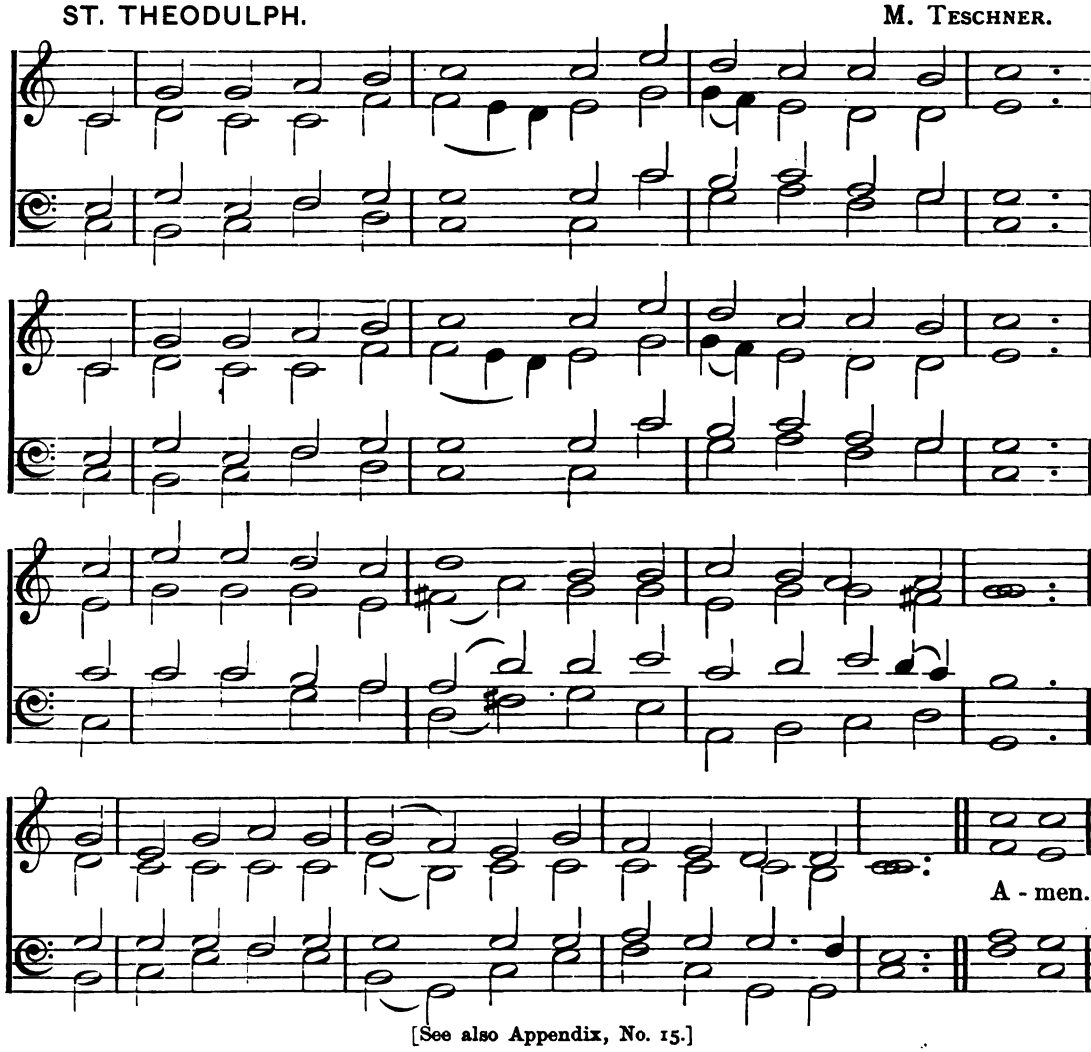
m 3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
mf Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

m 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
mf Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

p 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
c Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
ff 'Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!'



49

ST. THEODULPH. M. TESCHNER.

[See also Appendix, No. 15.]

'*Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.*'

f *ALL glory, laud, and honour*
To Thee, Redeemer King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

mf Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

f 2 *All glory, etc.*
mf The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

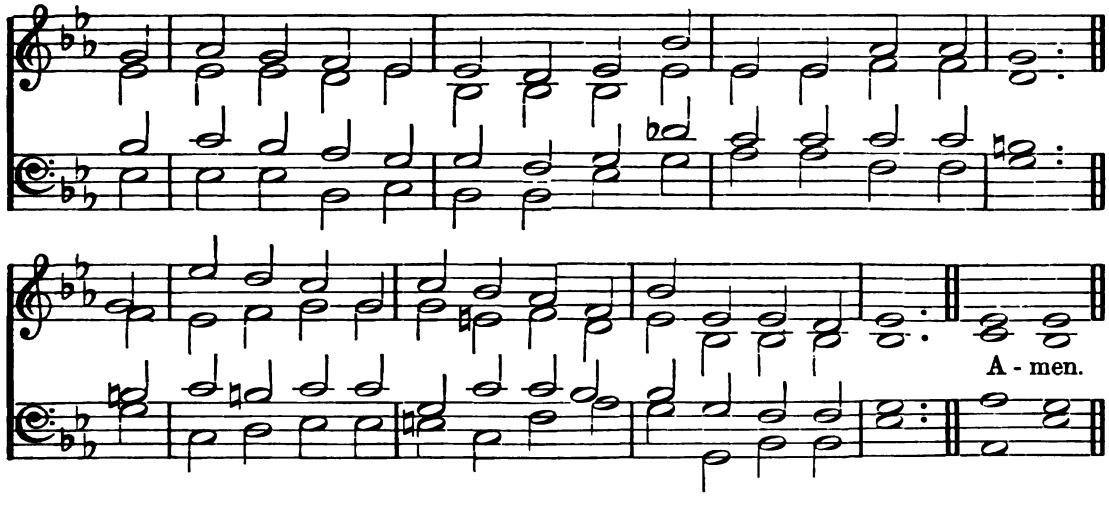
f 3 *All glory, etc.*
mf The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

f 4 *All glory, etc.*
m To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
mf To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

f 5 *All glory, etc.*
m Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
c Thou good and gracious King.

50

FINGAL. J. S. ANDERSON.



'In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.'

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2 And not for signs in heaven above,
Or earth below, they look
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

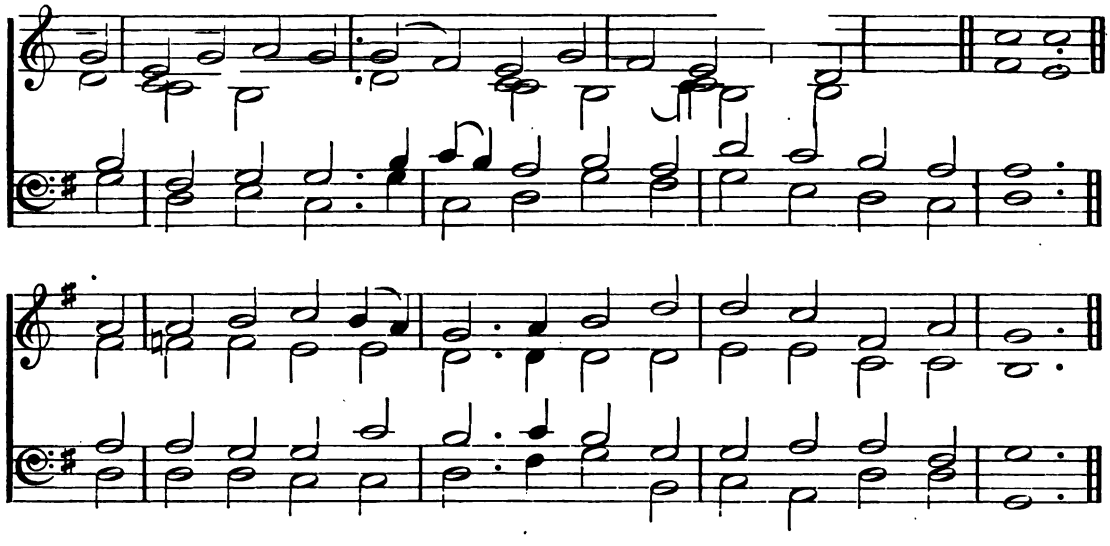
3 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence;
His witness is within.

mp 4 And, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
c And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

mp 5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
m We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

m 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
p The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

51

FAITH. J. B. DYKES.

'Followers of the Lord.'

m O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

mp 2 Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

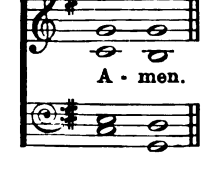
3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are, in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

m 4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

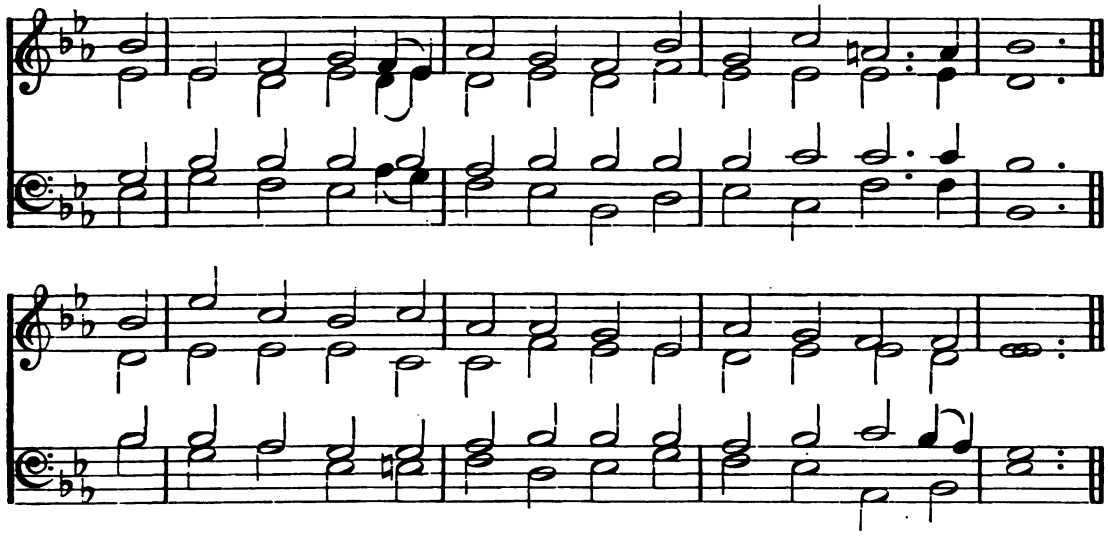
5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

6 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

mp 7 We faintly hear; we dimly see;
In differing phrase we pray;
mf But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.



52

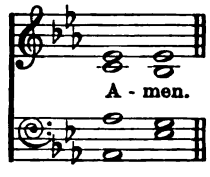
ST. BERNARD. TOCHTER SION, 1741.

'Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not.'

m WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

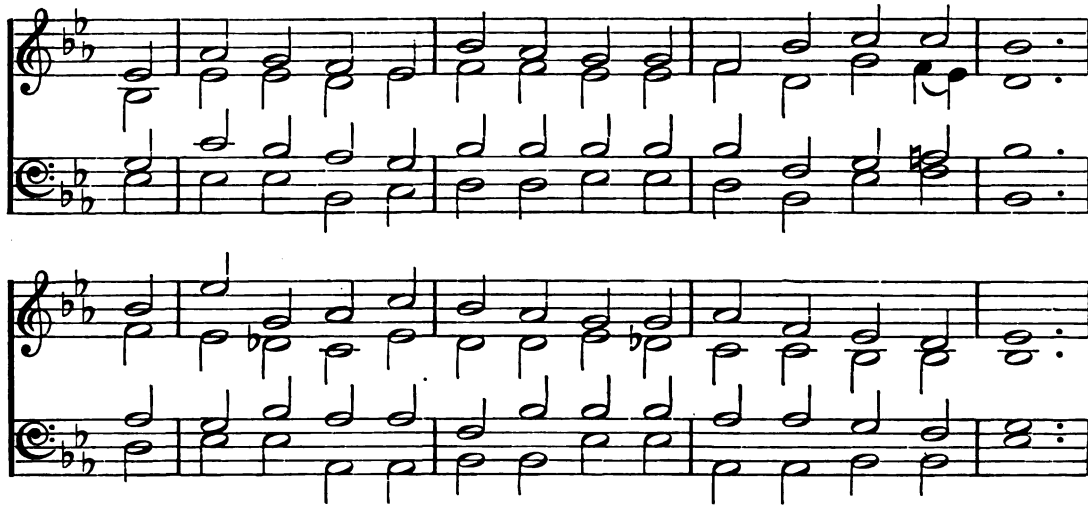
mp 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove:
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

m 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

53

ST. FRANCES. **G. A. LÖHR.**



'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.'

m LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

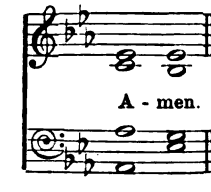
2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

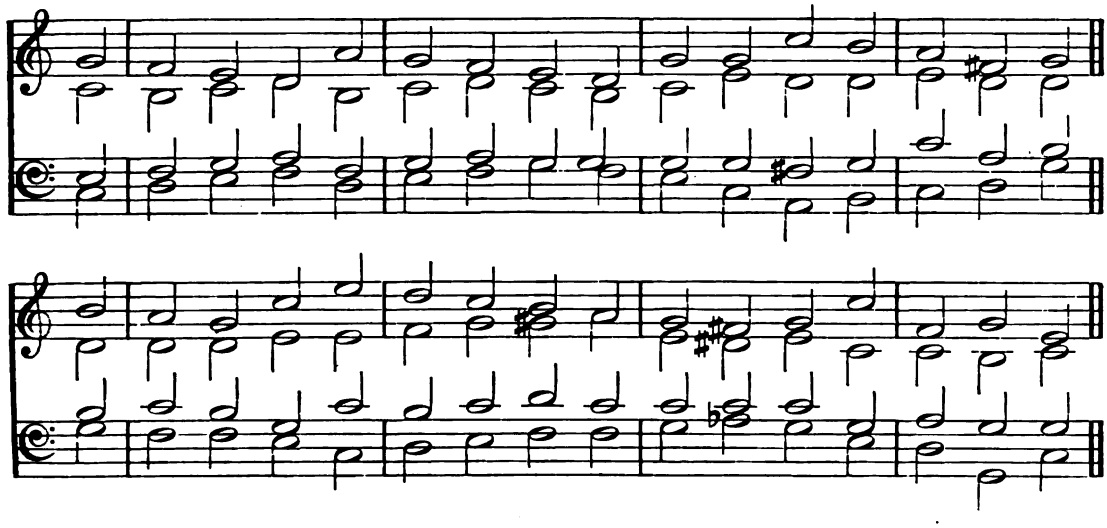
mp 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
p 'Father, Thy will be done.'

mp 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
c Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

m 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
c O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.



54

GARRETT. **G. M. GARRETT.**

'Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple.'

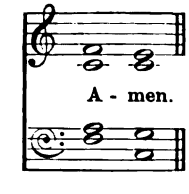
m HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love,
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?

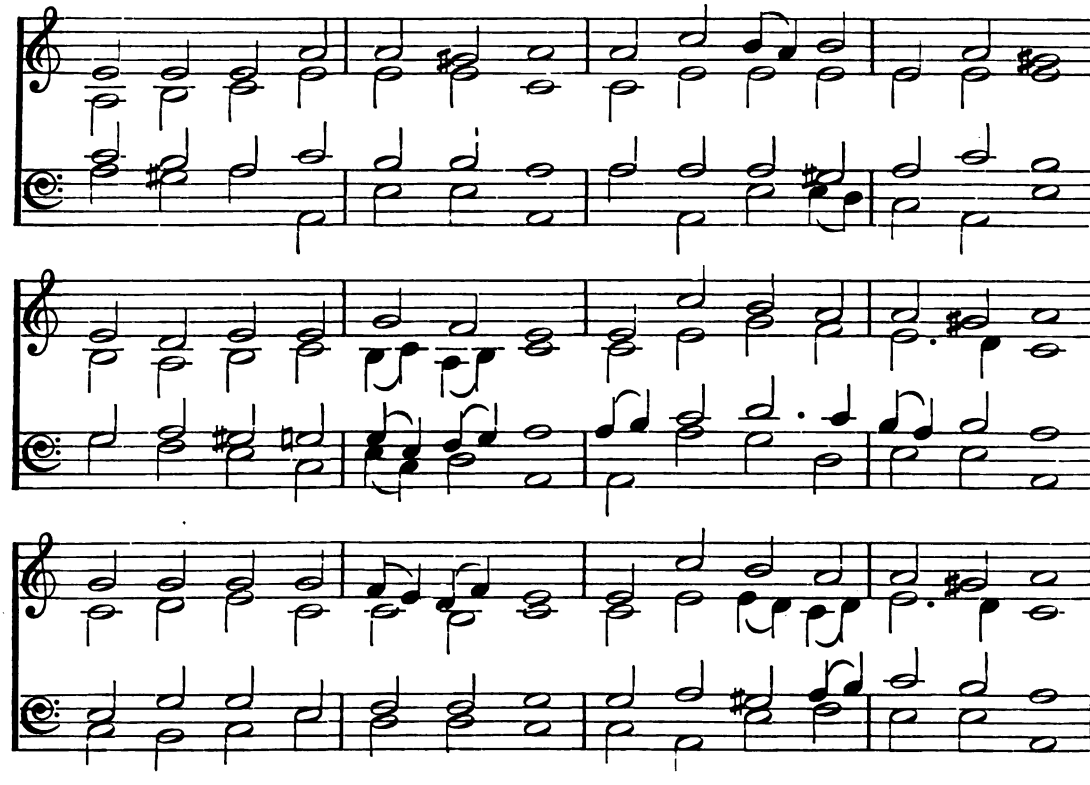
mp 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'T was thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
d And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

mp 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
m And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

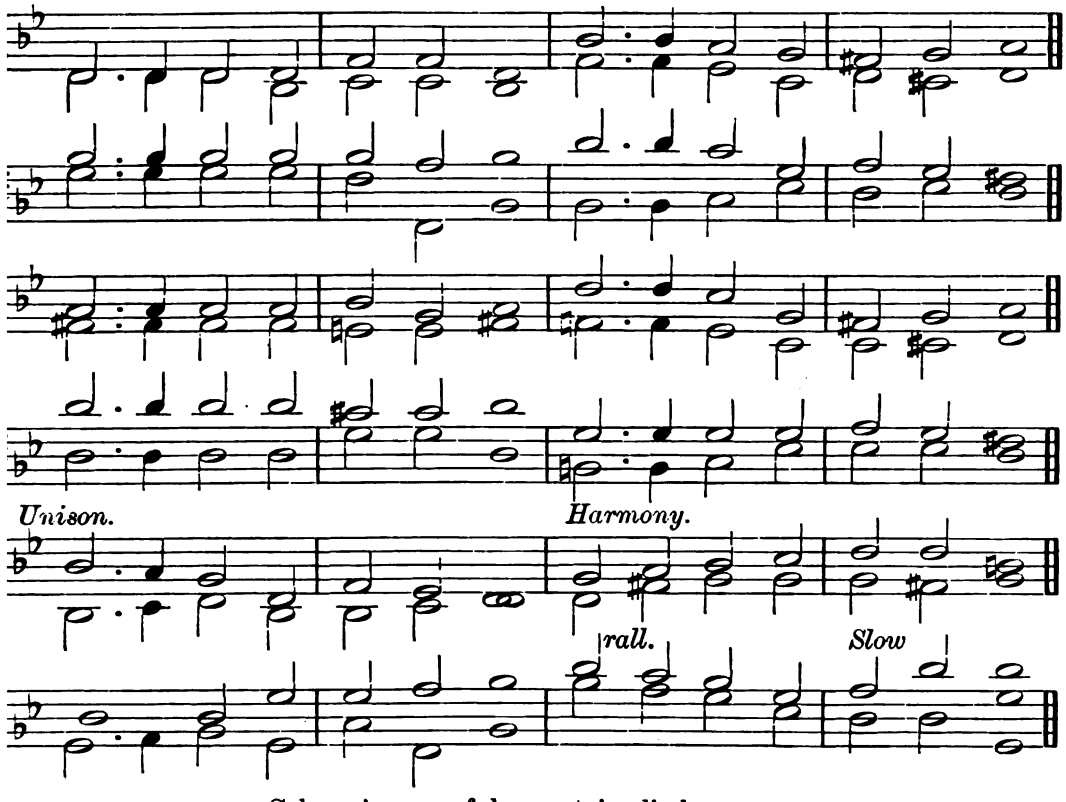
6 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
That I may follow after Thee;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
mf But Thou canst give the victory.

55

GETHSEMANE. FIRST TUNE **W. H. MONK (from TYE).**

'Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.'

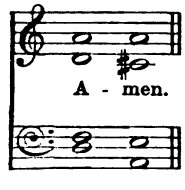
p GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

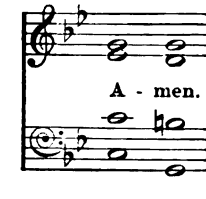
2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of Life arraigned.
pp O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
c Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

55

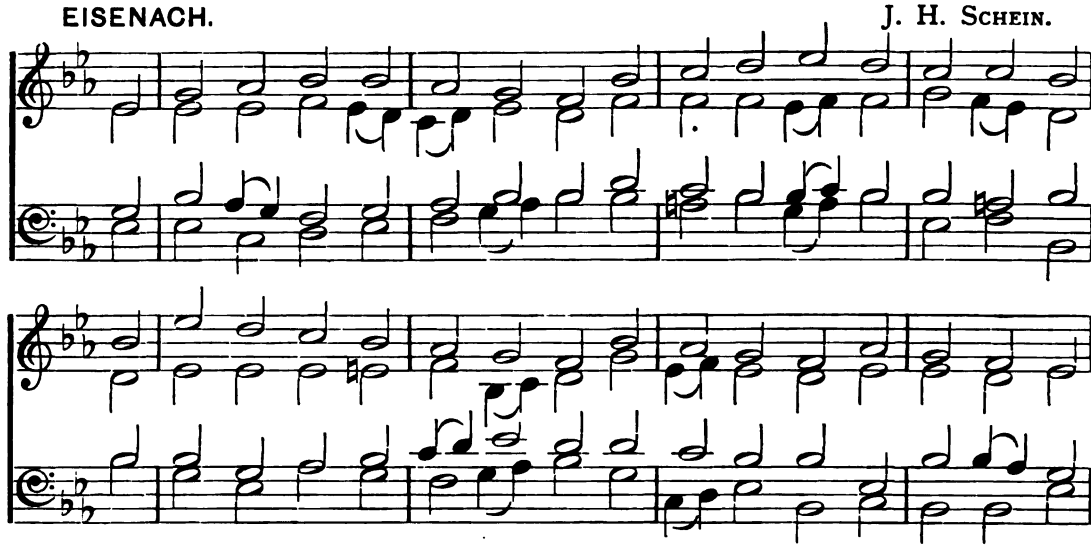
VENIT HORA. SECOND TUNE. J. STAINER.

mp 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
p 'It is finished!'—(*m*) hear the cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

mp 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
mf Christ is risen! He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



56

EISENACH. J. H. SCHEIN.

'Christ hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us.'

mf O LOVE how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

m 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But He Himself to this world came,
And wore the robe of human frame.

3 Nor willed He only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here,
And God and Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

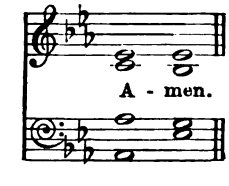
mp 4 For us baptized, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew,
c For us the tempter overthrew.

m 5 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought—
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking, not Himself, but us.

p 6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

f 7 For us He rose from death again;
For us He went on high to reign;
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

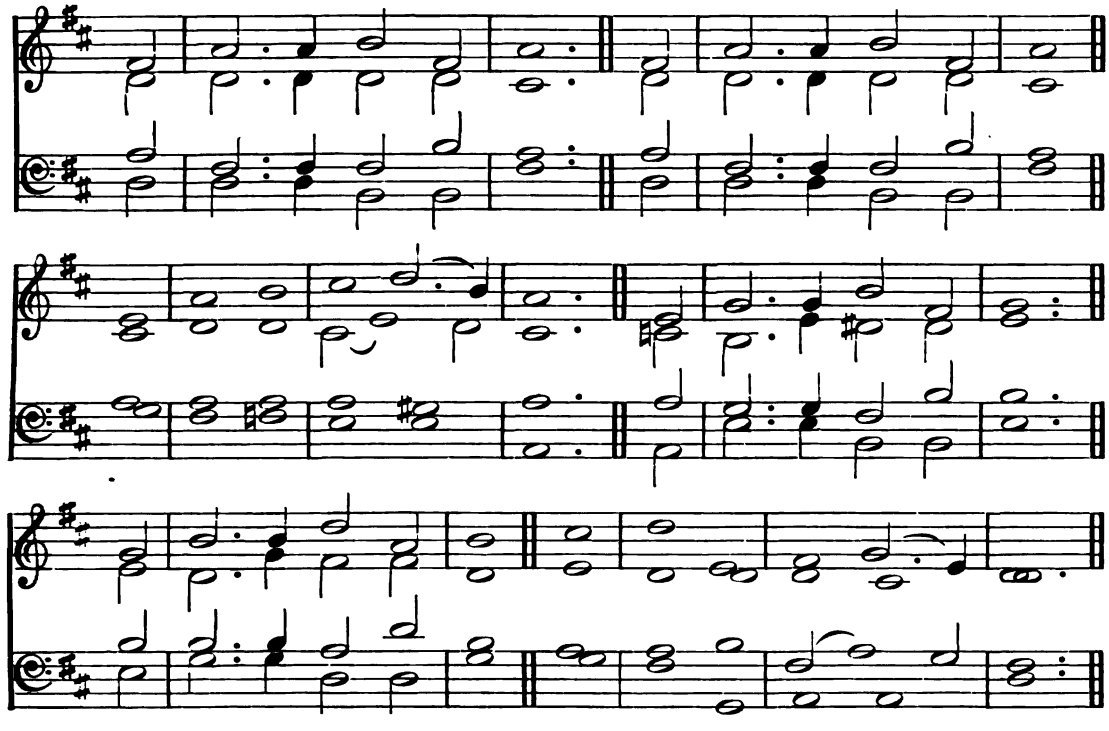
ff 8 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity.



Also the following:

535 Thou didst leave Thy throne.
542 Who is this so weak and helpless.

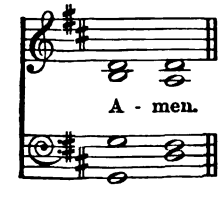
57

DIES TENEBROSA. J. B. Dykes.

'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.'

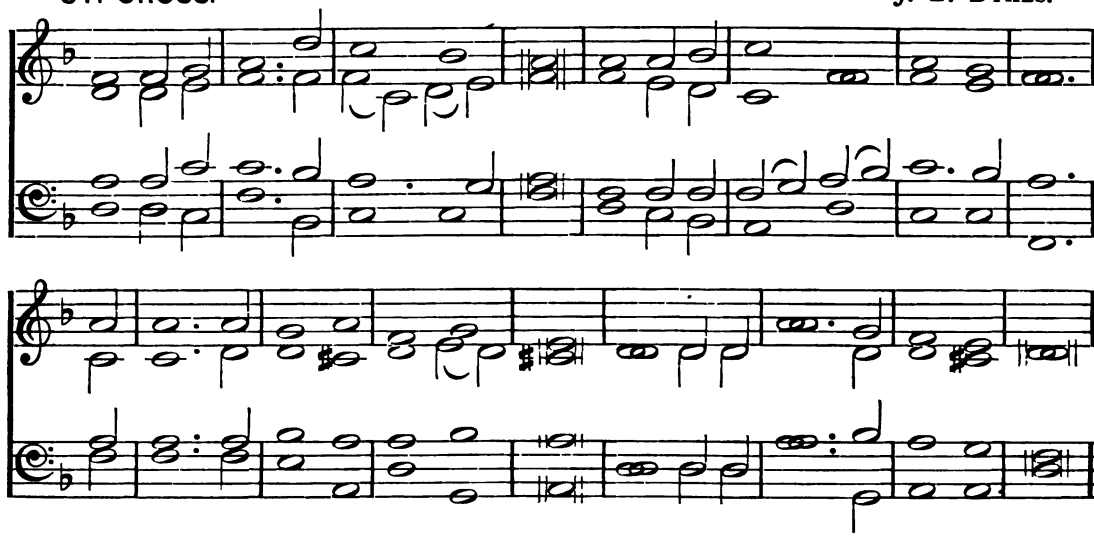
p O DARK and dreary day,
When Jesus died to pay
Sin's awful penalty!
The sun kept back its light,
To hide that mournful sight,
When Jesus died for me.

pp 2 Ah! who can tell His pangs
As on the cross He hangs,
My dearest Lord, for me?
mp For me He dies that death,
For me He yields His breath,
My sinful soul to free.

3 And, as He bows His head,
Have I no tears to shed,
When I look back and see
c His loving arms spread wide
To draw me to His side,
My ransom thus to be?

m 4 O Jesus, may Thy love
My strength and succour prove,
That I to Thee may live;
Thou gavest all for me,
May I devote to Thee
What little I can give.

58

ST. CROSS. J. B. DYKES.



'They crucified Him.'

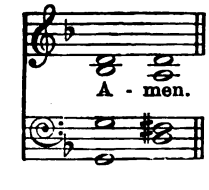
p O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

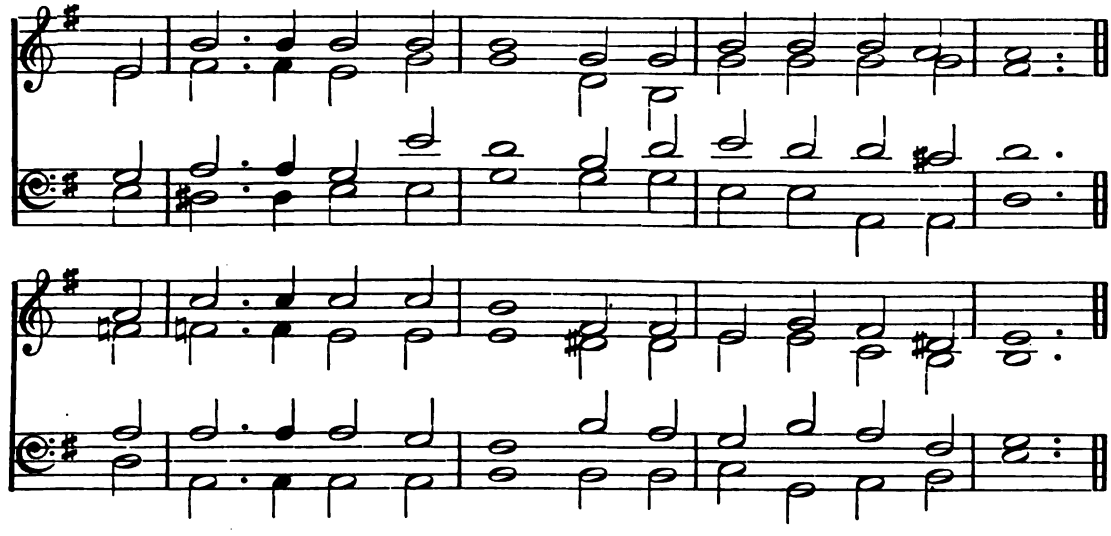
p 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
c In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

59

ST. MARGARET. W. STATHAM.

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

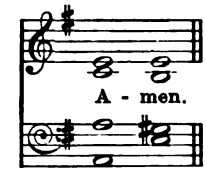
p 'FORGIVE them, O My Father;
They know not what they do!'
The Saviour spake in anguish,
pp As the sharp nails went through.

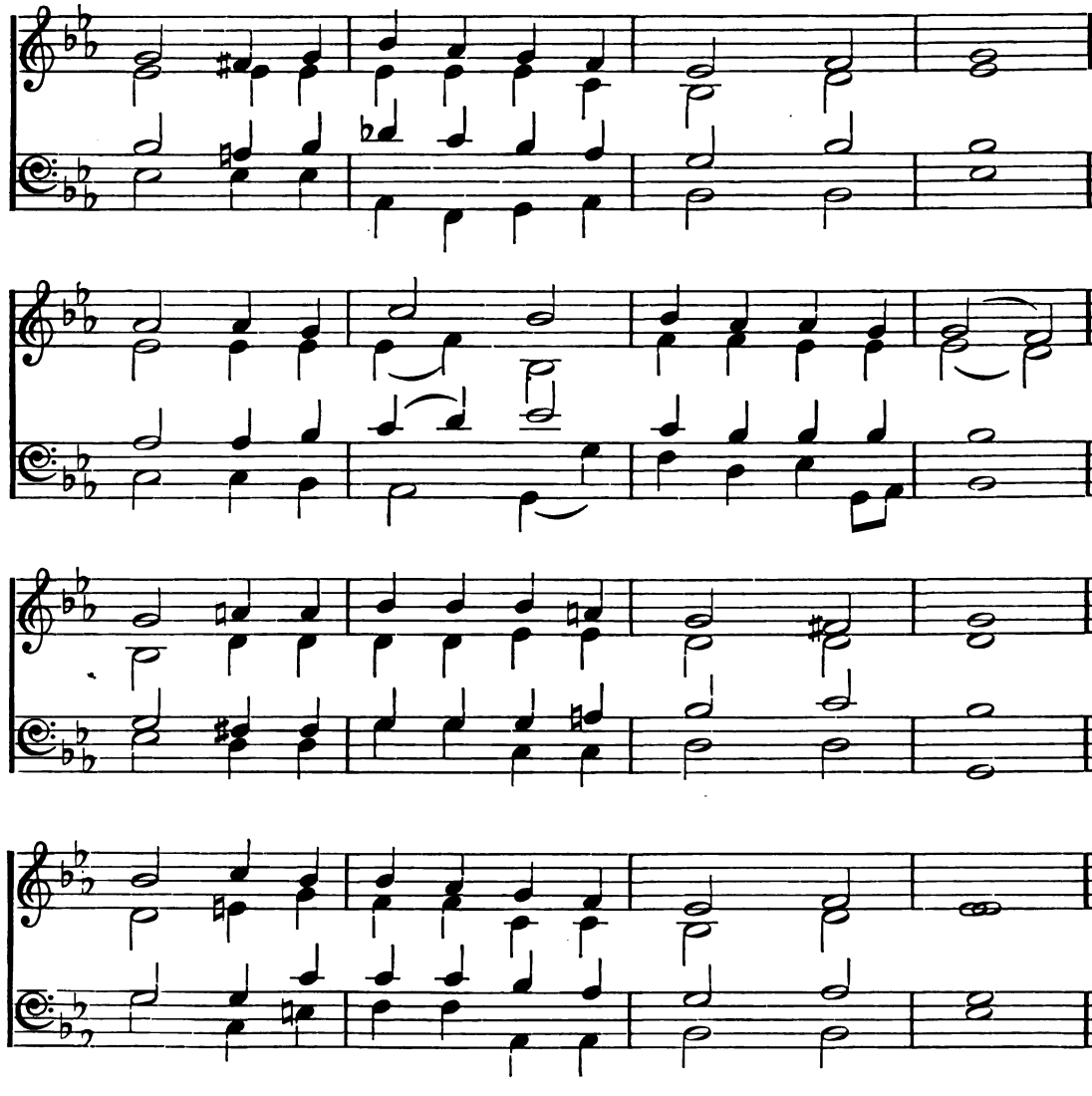
mp 2 No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

m 3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

mp 4 It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the tree;
pp Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

p 5 And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
Forgive me too, Lord Jesus;
I knew not what I did.

m 6 O depth of sweet compassion!
O love Divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.

60

KENSINGTON. **W. D. MACLAGAN.**

'Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.'

mp 'LORD, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me!'
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears.
mf O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

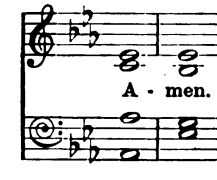
mp 2 No kingly sign declares that glory now;
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
p A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow;
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

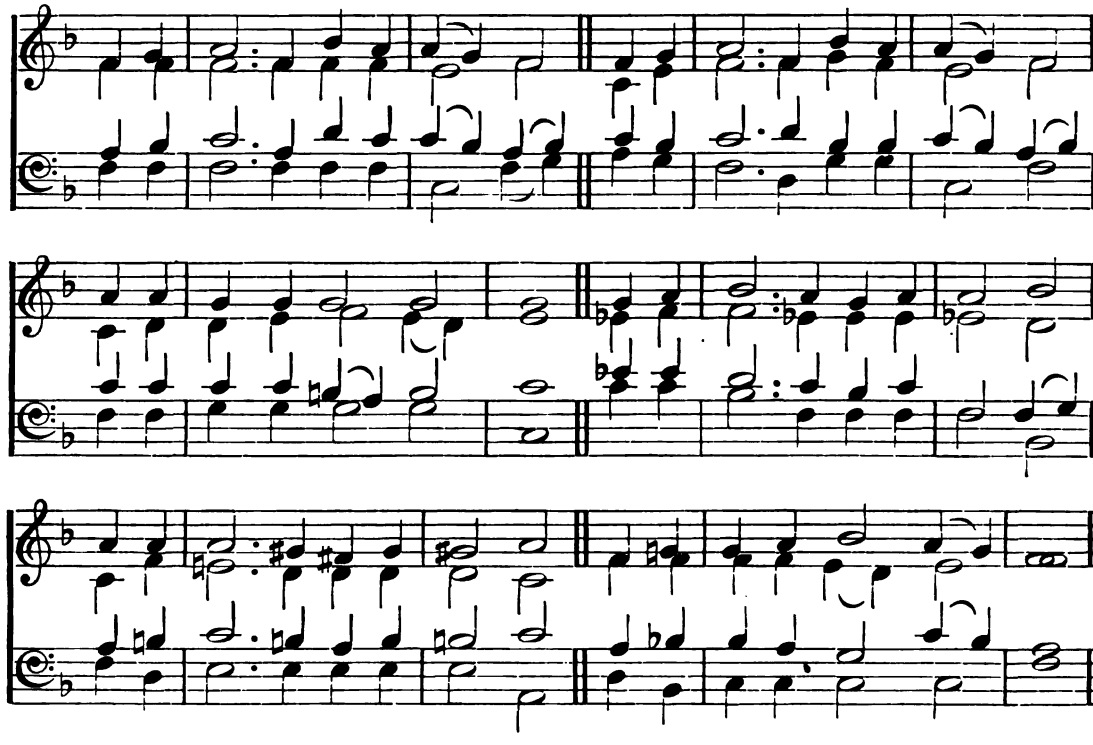
m 3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
'Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day';
mf O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

p 4 Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see,
And, thinking on Thy cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, 'Remember me.'

mp 5 Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

6 Remember me; yet how canst Thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

m 7 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
c And make Thy promise to my heart, 'To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me.'

61

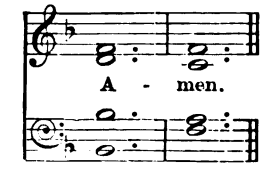
STABAT MATER. J. B. Dykes.

'Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother . . He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother!'

mp NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son,
p There with speechless grief oppressèd,
Anguish-stricken, and distressèd;
Through her soul the sword had gone.

mp 2 Who upon that sufferer gazing,
Bowed in sorrow so amazing,
Would not with His mother mourn?
p 'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had drivèn;
All His griefs for us were borne.

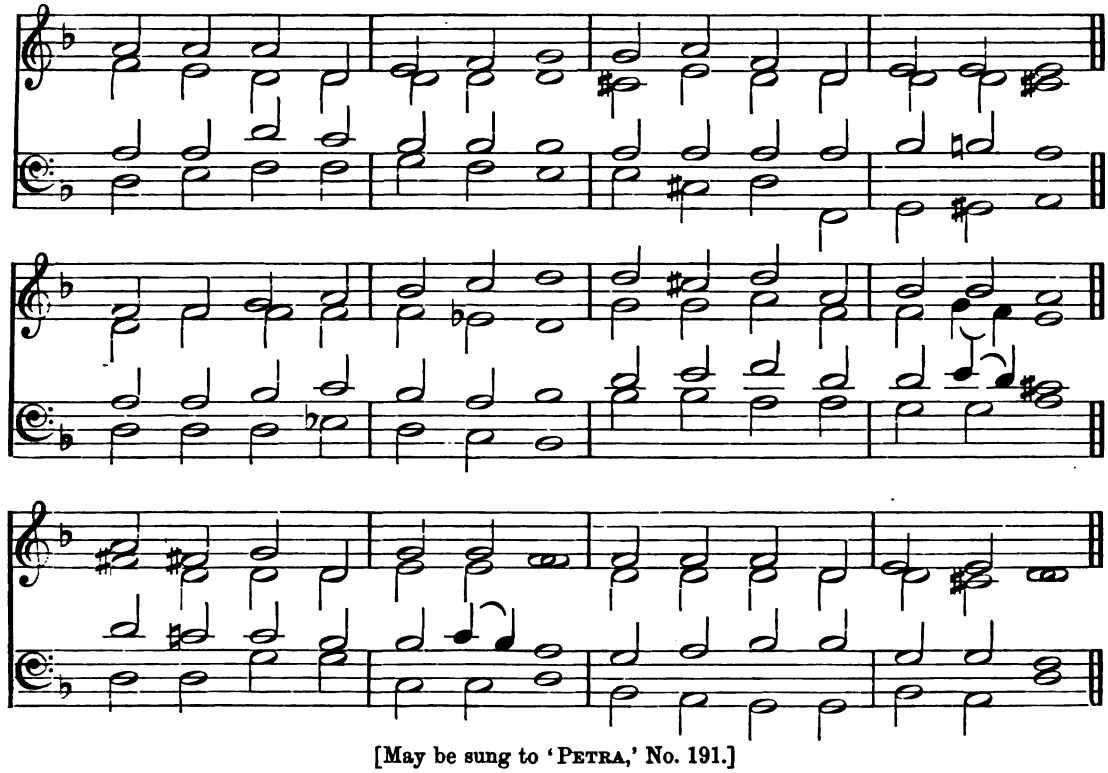
mp 3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed;
By His stripes He wrought our healing;
By His death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve.
c Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.



62

ROSSALL. **E. T. SWEETING.**



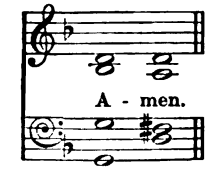
[May be sung to 'PETRA,' No. 191.]

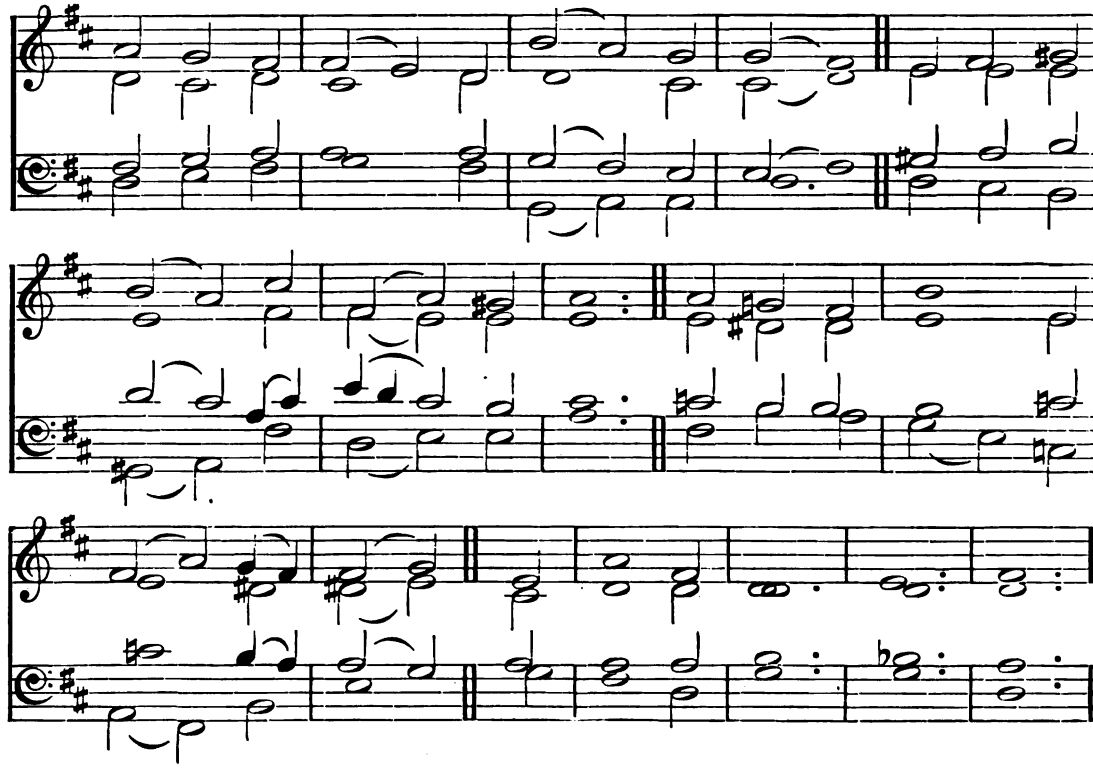
'Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

p THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
pp Darkness veils Thine anguished face;
None its lines of woe can trace;
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone,—

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

p 3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
pp 'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

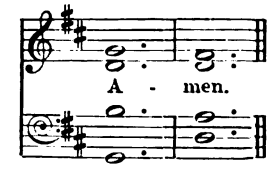
mp 4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
c That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

63

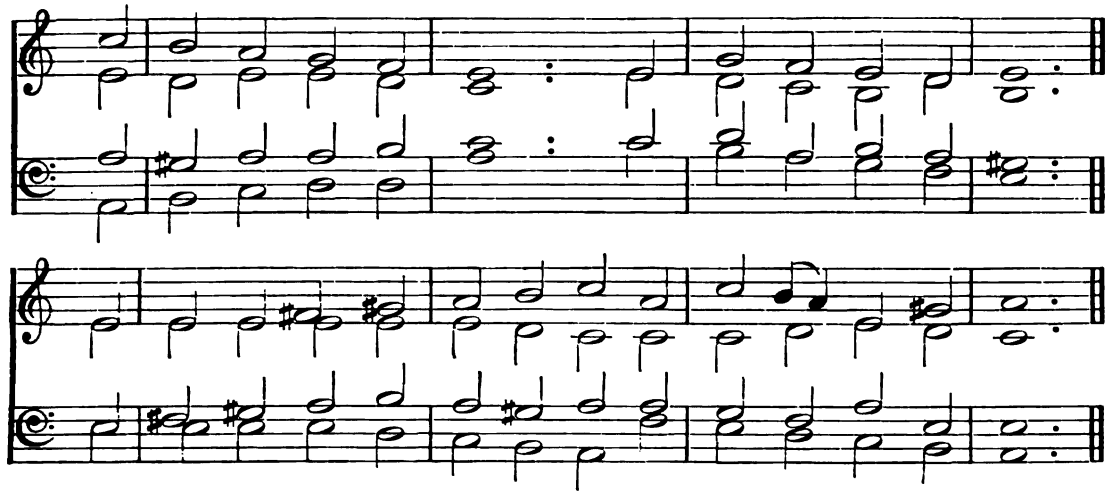
ASSISI. **F. H. CHAMPNEYS.**

'Jesus saith, I thirst.'

m HIS are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
p And yet He saith, 'I thirst.'

mp 2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
d Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

m 3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst Divine
That thirsted for the souls of men;
p Dear Lord! and one was mine.

m 4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

64

ABER. FIRST TUNE. W. H. MONK.

'He said, It is finished.'

m O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now,—
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

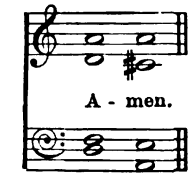
2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

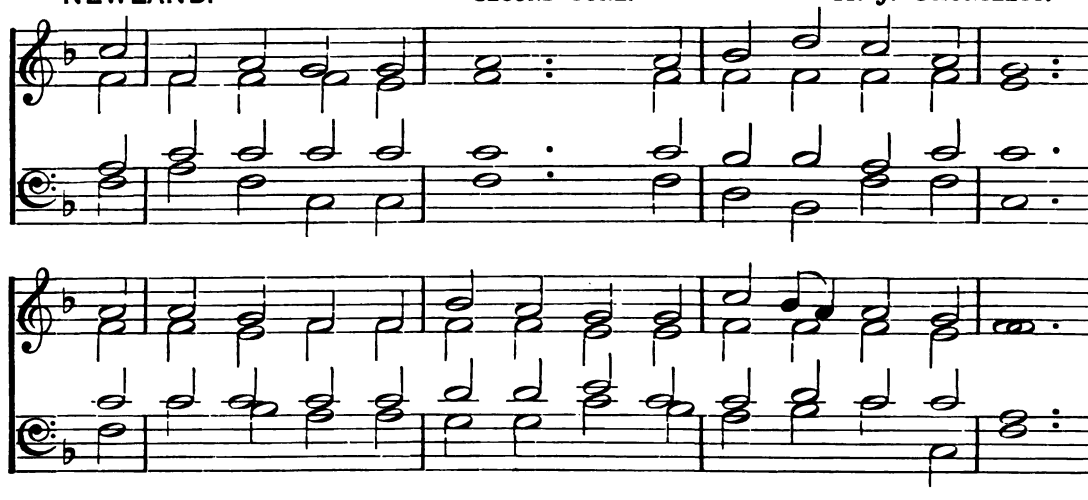
3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

p 4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That He might make us whole.

mp 5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me.
c O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

m 6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
c Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

m 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

64

NEWLAND. SECOND TUNE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'He said, It is finished.'

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All, all is finished now,—
All that He left His throne above
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And on His sinless soul,
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That He might make us whole.

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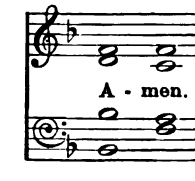
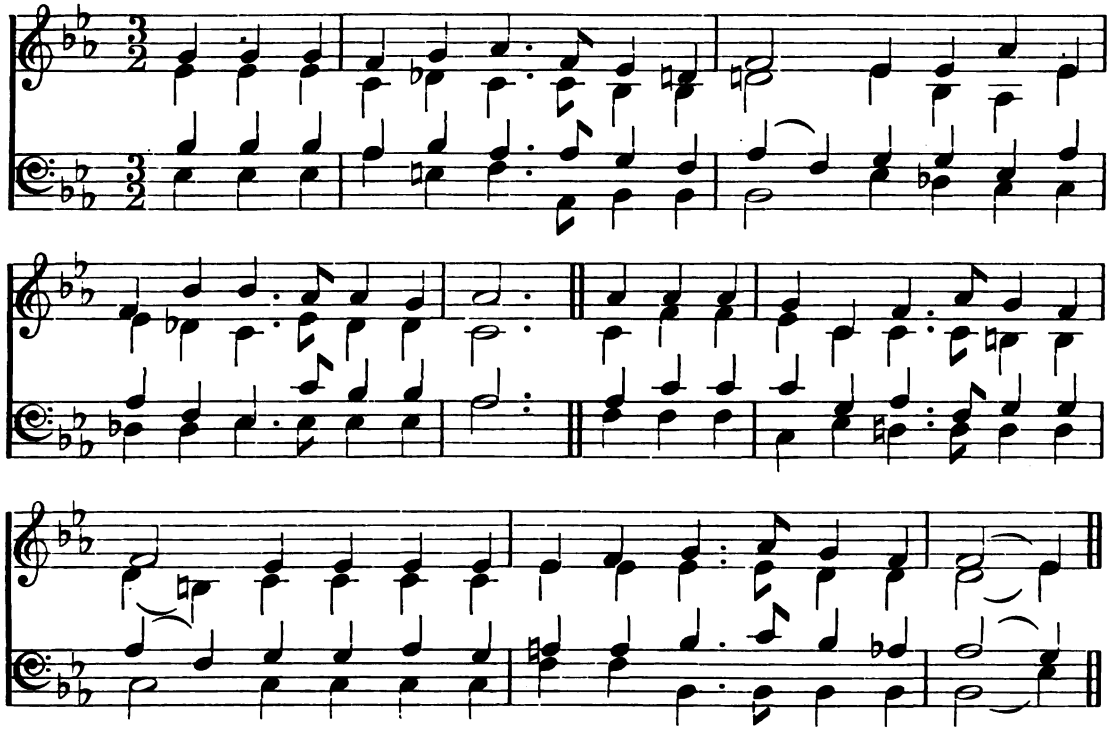
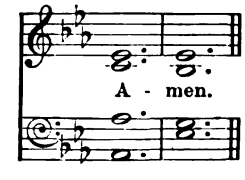
Thy merits, not my own.

m 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

65

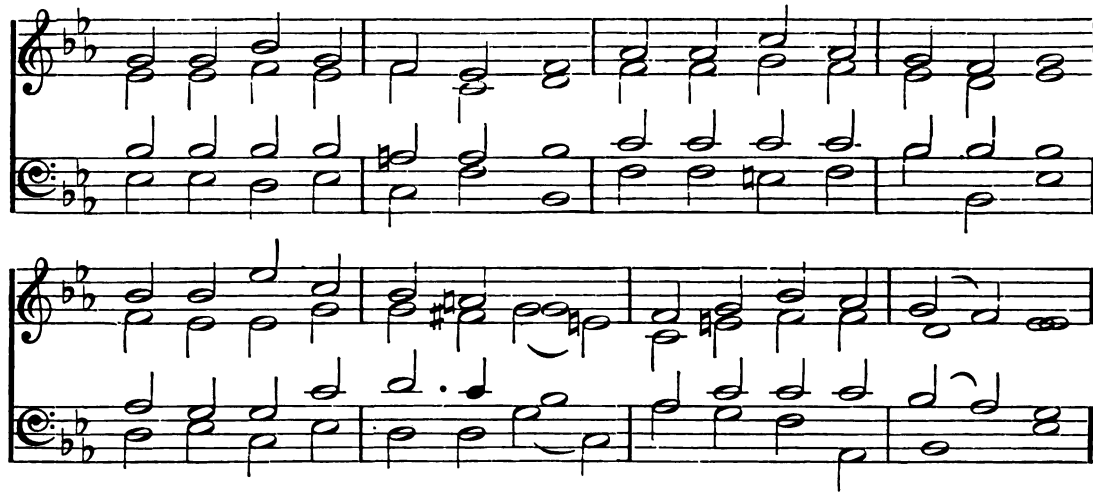
COMMENDATIO. J. B. DYKES.

'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'

p AND now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
d The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

mp 2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
Even to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

p 3 My Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
c At that dread eventide let there be light.

mp 4 To Thy dear cross turn Thou mine eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Thine outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, O then, Thine everlasting rest!

66

ST. BLANE. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

p JESUS, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

'Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.'

mp 4 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

5 May we in our guilt and shame
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

'Woman, behold thy son .. Behold thy mother!'

7 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

8 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

p 10 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

11 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

12 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
c Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

'I thirst.'

p 13 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

mp 14 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil;
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

15 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

'It is finished.'

mp 16 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

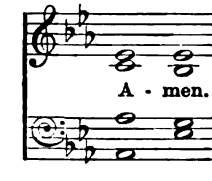
p 17 Save us in our soul's distress,
mp Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

18 Brighten all our heavenward way
c With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'

mp 19 Jesus, all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
d Yielding up Thy soul at last—
Hear us, Holy Jesus—

p 20 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power;
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mp 21 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
c Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

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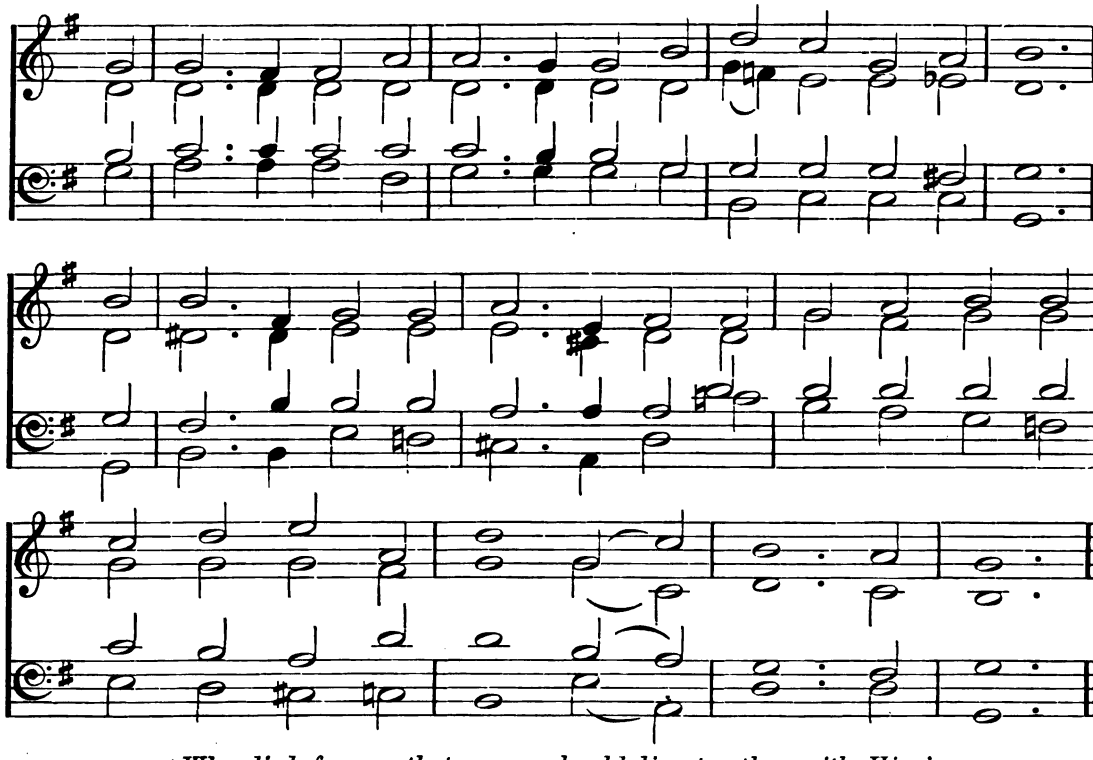
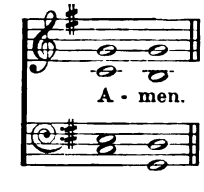
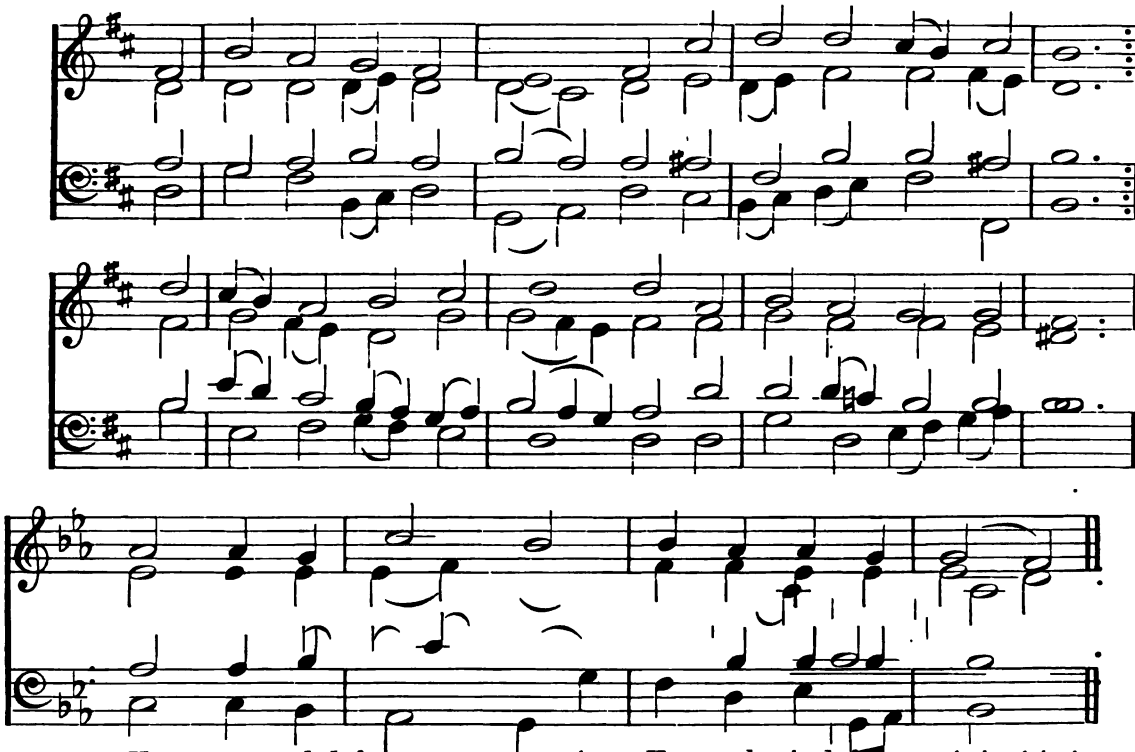
NEWCASTLE. H. L. MORLEY.

'Who died for us, that . . we should live together with Him.'

mp O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in Thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
d The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
c And Thine the victory.

mp 2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of Life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour
Endure such agony?

m 3 To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
f And ours the victory.

m 4 O make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
c That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee.

68

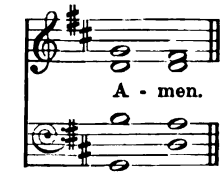
PASSION CHORALE. H. L. HASSLER.

'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.'

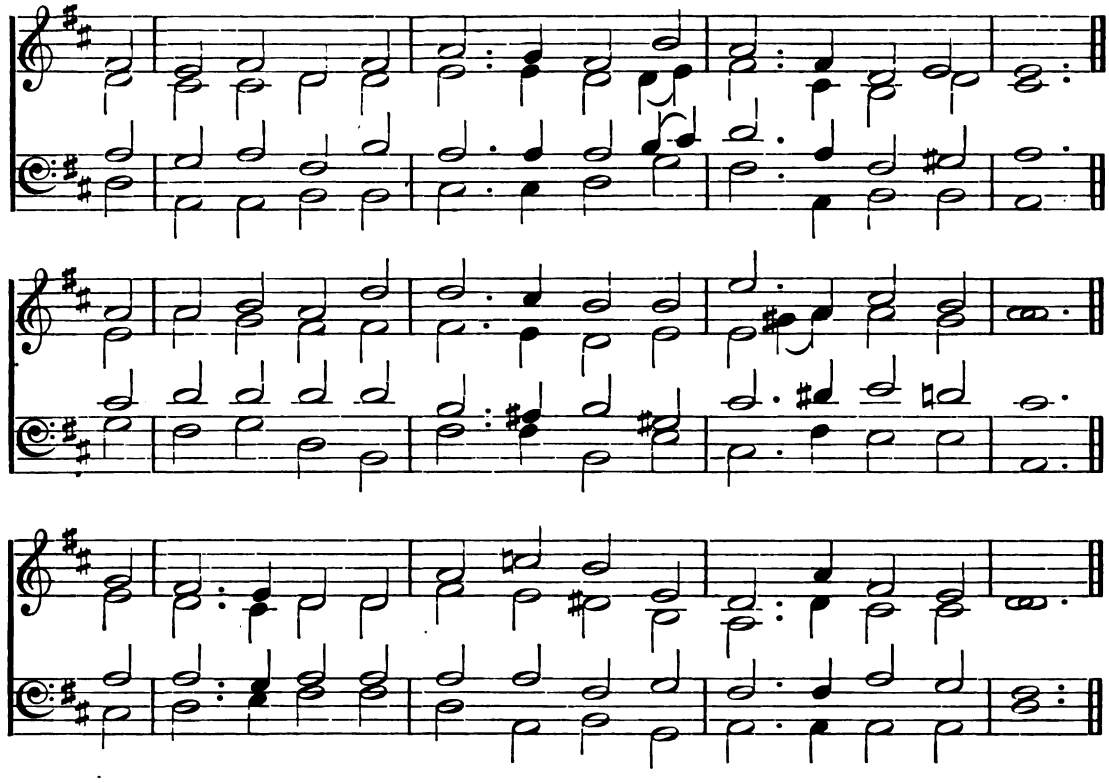
p O SACRED Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

mp 2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call Thee mine.

mp Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
p Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

mf 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
m O make me Thine for ever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

mp 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
Show Thou Thyself to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free;
mf These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

69

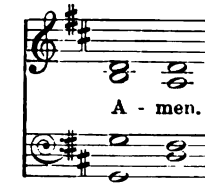
ALLHALLOWS. A. H. BROWN.

[May be sung to 'SPOHR,' Appendix, No. 12.]

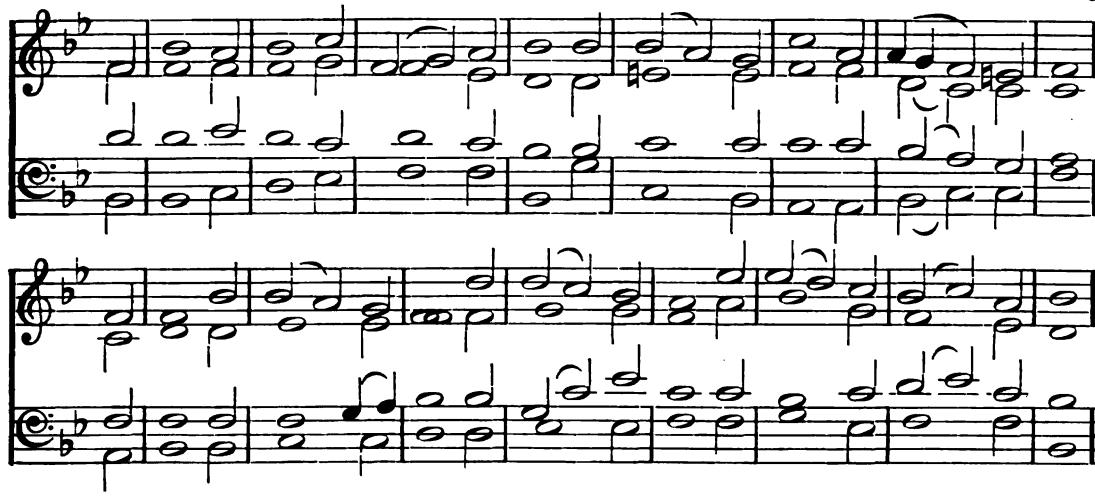
'The chastisement of our peace was upon Him.'

p O CHRIST, what burdens bowed
Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me:
A victim led,
Thy blood was shed;
mf Now there's no load for me.

p 2 Death and the curse were in our cup;
pp O Christ, 't was full for Thee!
c But Thou hast drained the last dark drop;
'T is empty now for me:
That bitter cup,
Love drank it up;
mf Now blessing's draught for me!

p 3 The Holy One did hide His face;
O Christ, 't was hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space,
The darkness due to me:
mf But now that face
Of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

mp 4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
mf Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified,
Made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me!

70

WALTON. FIRST TUNE. GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815.

'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

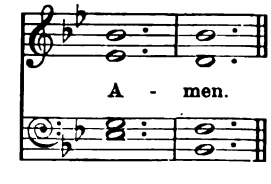
mf WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

m 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love';
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

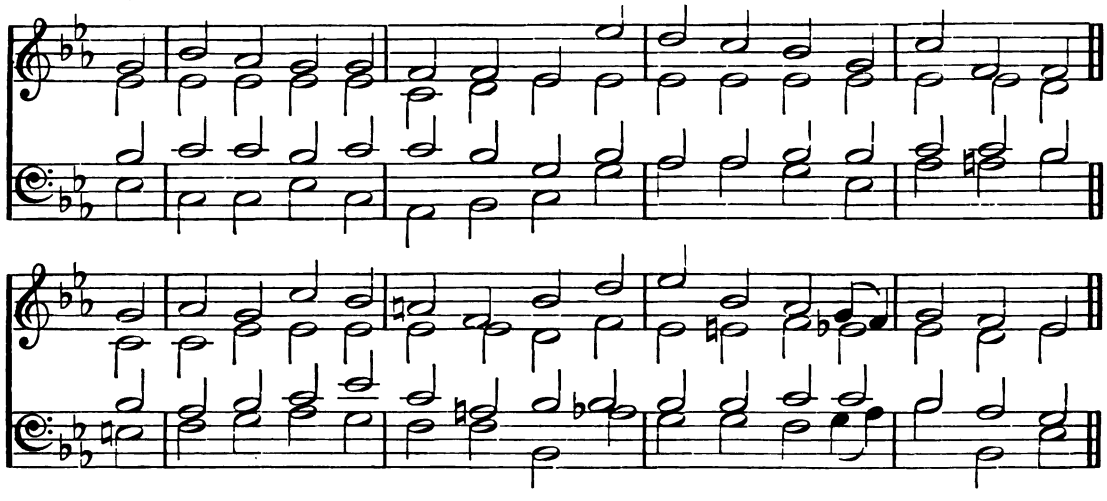
3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day
And sweetens every bitter cup;

mf 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
f The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.



70

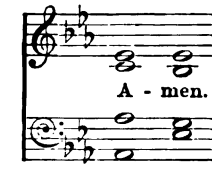
HOLCOMBE. SECOND TUNE. FREDERIC H. SYKES.

'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

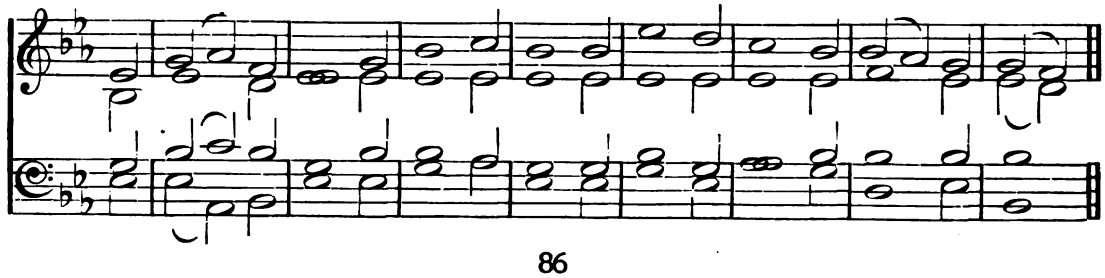
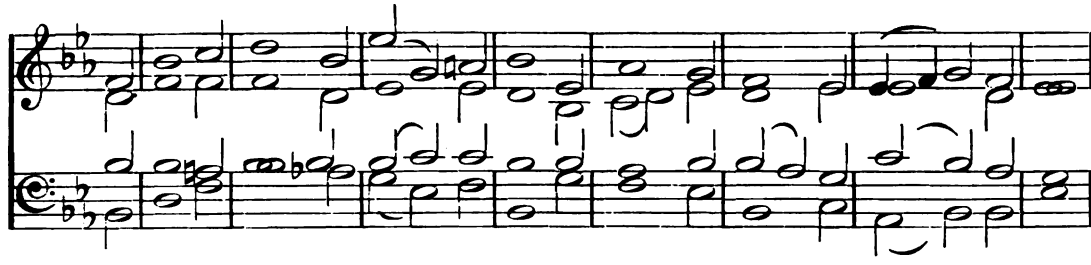
mf WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

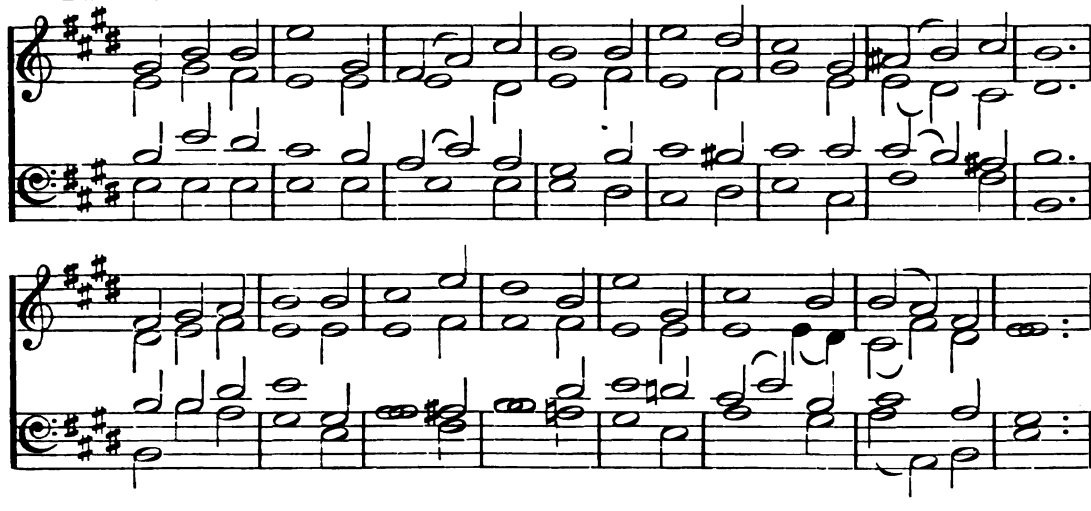
m 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love';
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

mf 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

71

COMMUNION. FIRST TUNE. E. MILLER.

BETHANY. SECOND TUNE. E. BUNNETT.



'What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.'

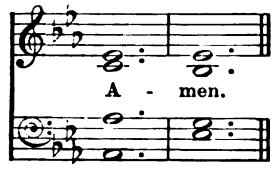
mp WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

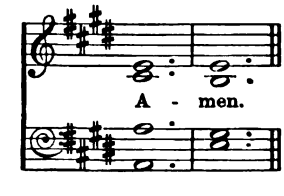
m 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

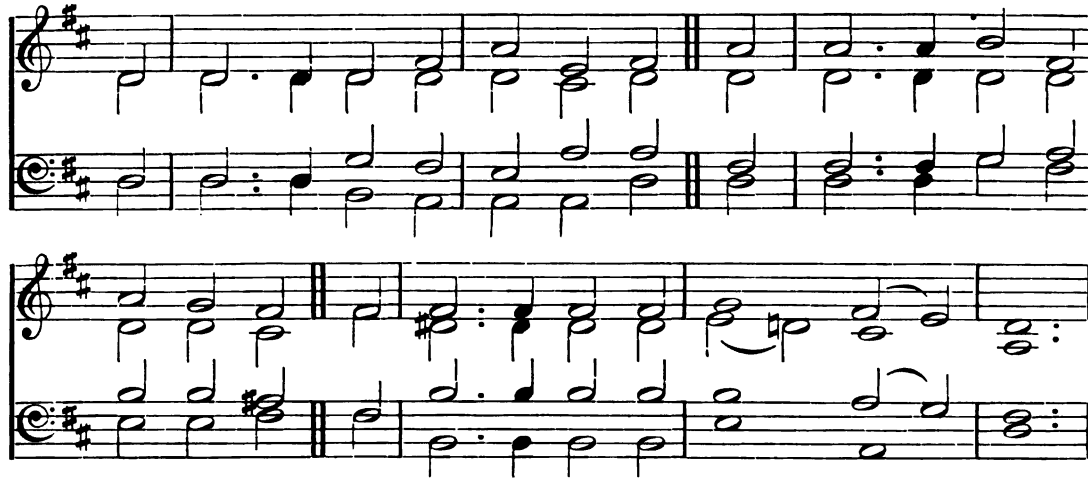
p 3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
mp Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
c Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

72

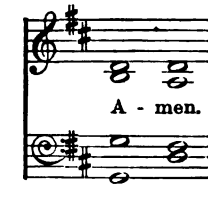
SEPULCHRE. E. H. THORNE.

'Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'

p BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

pp 2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him who all our suffering bore.

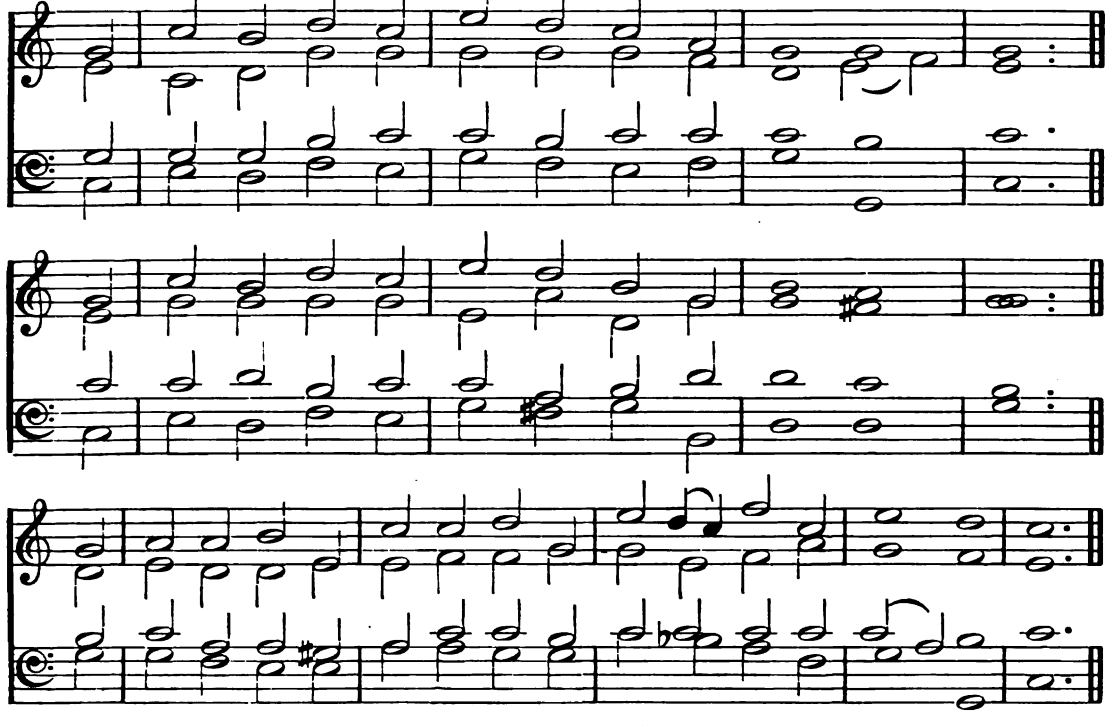
3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

mp 4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

mf 5 So, when the dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
f Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

Also the following:

171 Not all the blood of beasts.
178 Not what these hands have done.
174 There is a fountain filled with blood.
188 Thou who didst on Calvary bleed.
191 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
195 Jesus, I will trust Thee.
197 My faith looks up to Thee.

73

MANSFIELD. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'He rose again the third day.'

mf ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

f *Your voices raise*
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord.

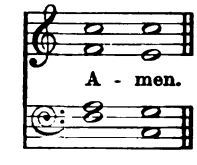
mp 2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.

mf 3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
f Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

mf 4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise;
See how the Daystar bright
Is burning in the skies!

m 5 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day.

f 6 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.



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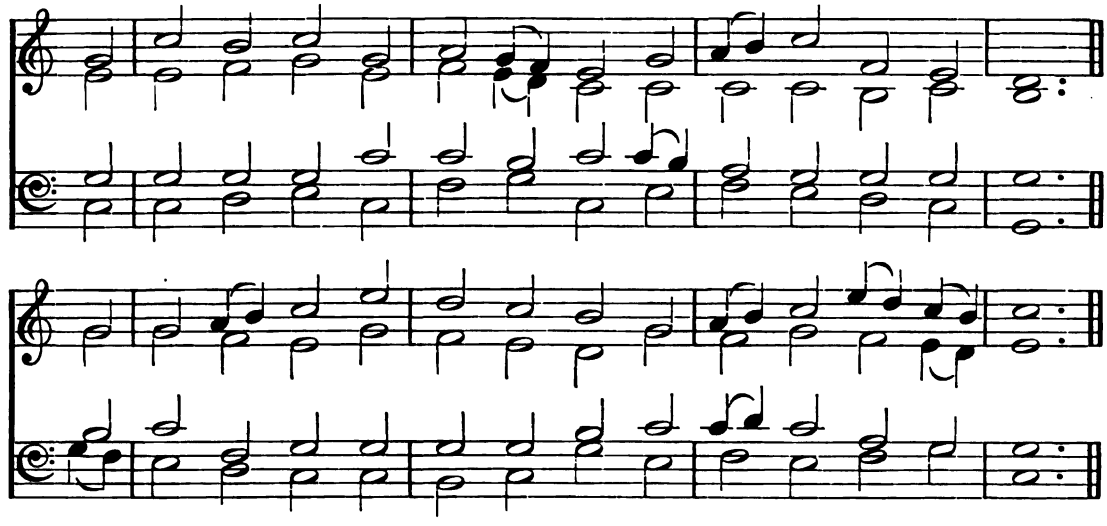
CREDITON. T. CLARK.

'Upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre . . and they found the stone rolled away.'

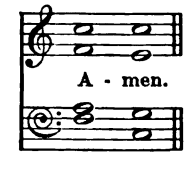
f BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode!

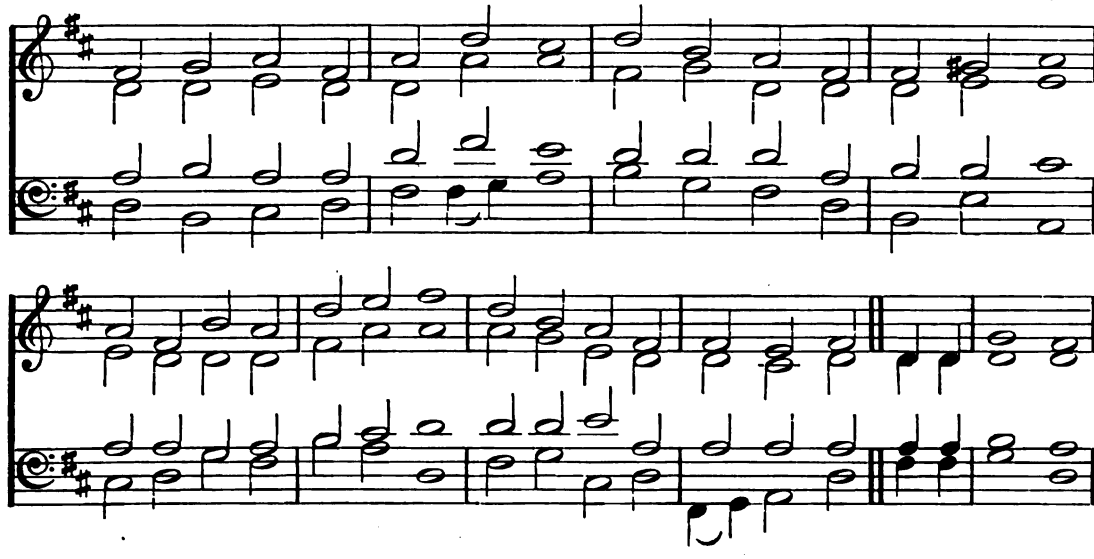
mp 2. Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

m 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
f Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

ff 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

f 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

75

WESTMORELAND. C. STEGGALL.

'I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.'

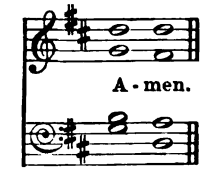
f CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ has broken every chain;
Hark! the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high,
'Hallelujah!'

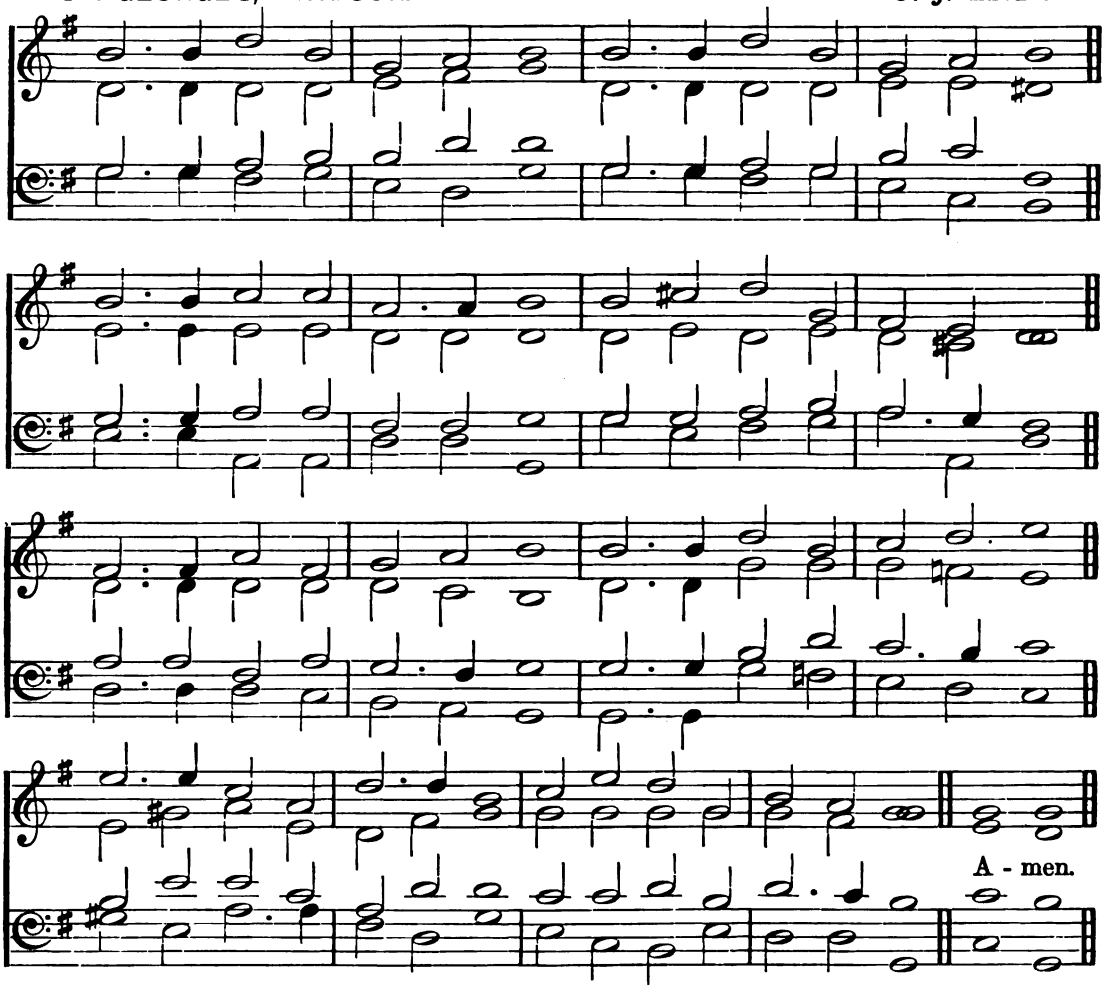
2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say,
'Hallelujah!'

mp 3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless, upon the cross,
mf Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry—
'Hallelujah!'

mp 4 He who slumbered in the grave
mf Is exalted now to save;
c Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

m 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
mf That we all may sing for aye,
'Hallelujah!'

76

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. **G. J. ELVEY.**

'He is risen, as He said.'

f 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

mf Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

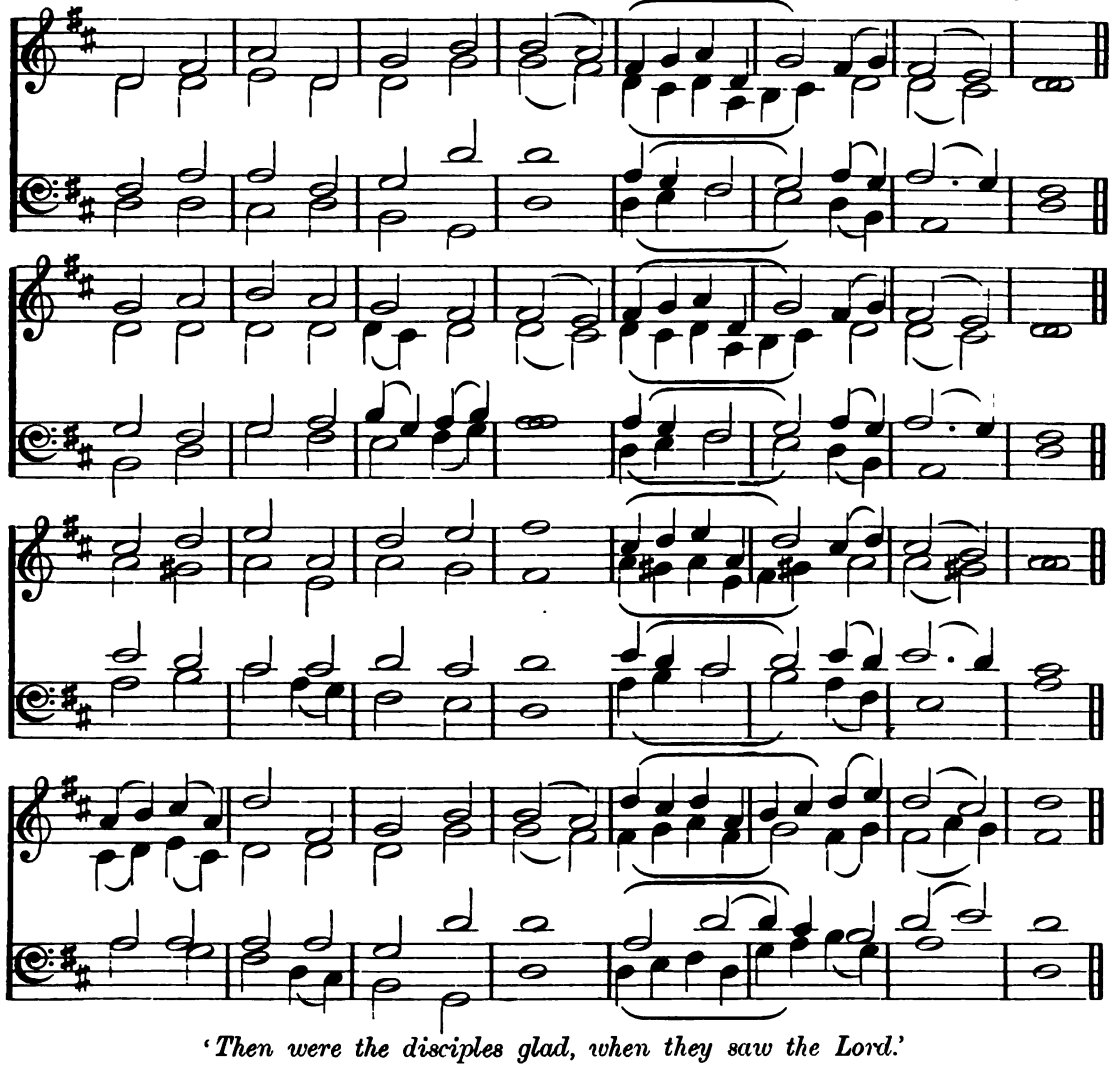
2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
f Where thy victory, O grave?

mf 3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

f Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

77

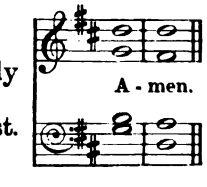
EASTER HYMN. LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

'Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.'

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, *Hallelujah!*
Who did once, upon the cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. *Hallelujah!*

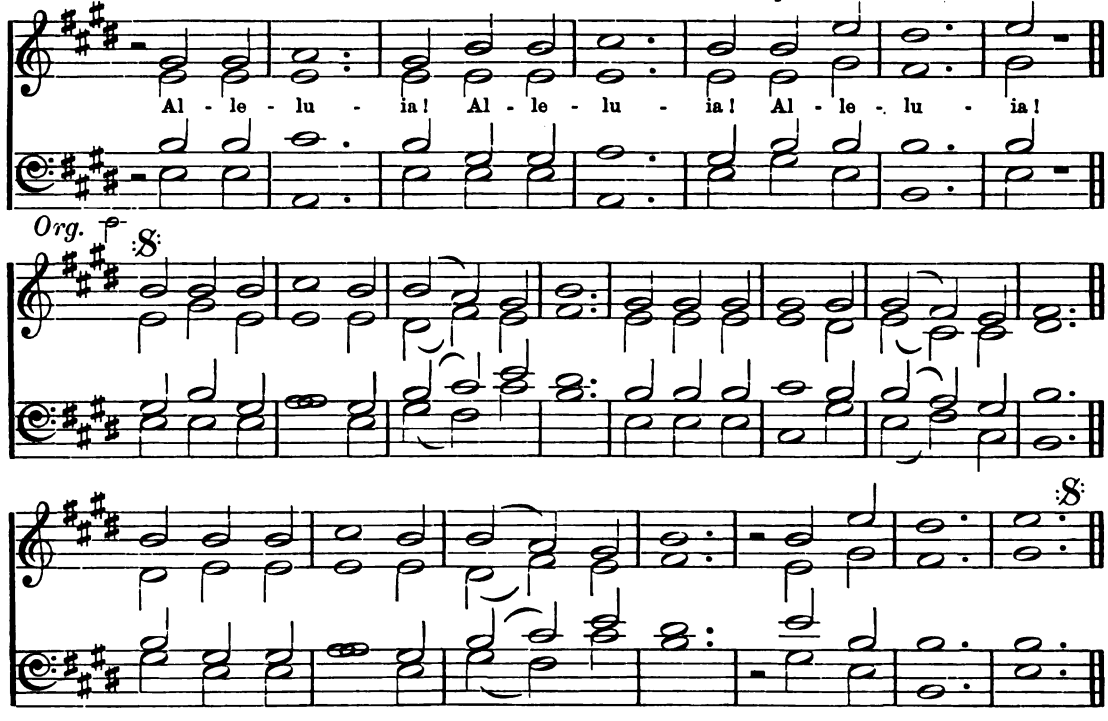
f 2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the anguish He endured
Our salvation hath procured:
f Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



78

VICTORY. Adapted from PALESTRINA.

'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

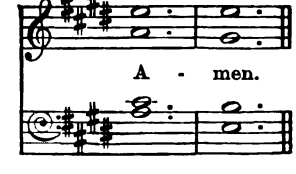
f THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,—
'Alleluia!'

mp 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
mf But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
'Alleluia!'

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
c He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

f 4 He brake the fast-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.
Alleluia!

mp 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
f That we may live, and sing to Thee,
'Alleluia!'

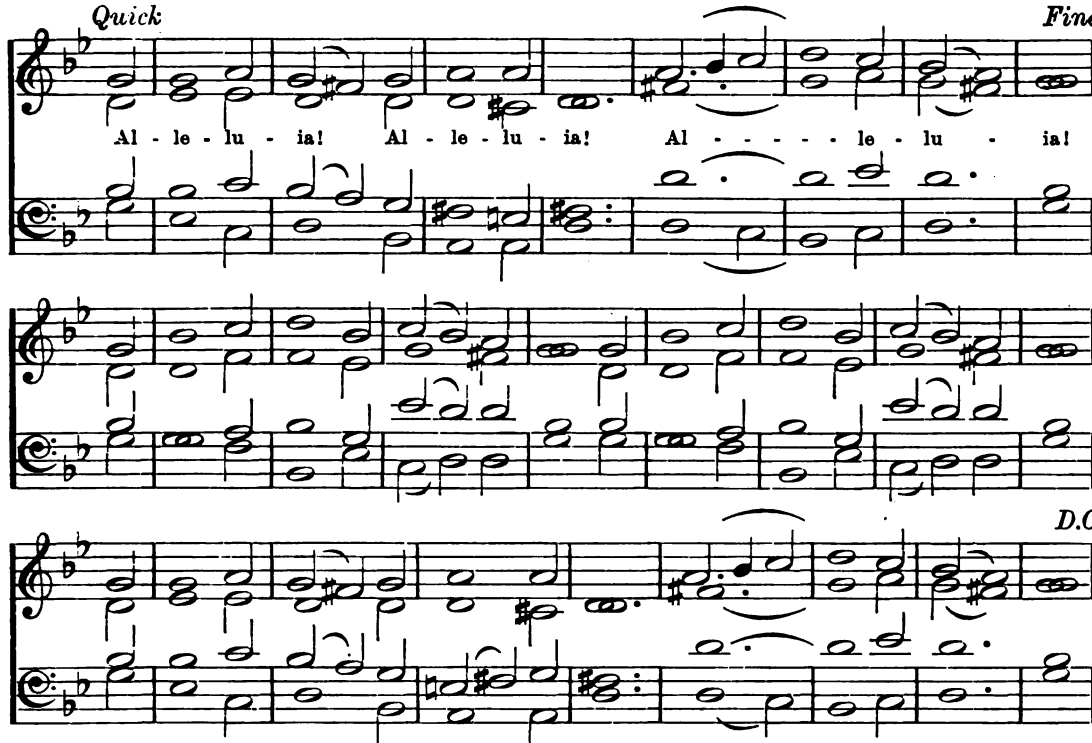


79

O FILII ET FILIÆ.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.

Quick *Fine.*



NOTE.—This tune ought to be sung in Unison throughout; but if this is not thought advisable, the three *Alleluias* at least which precede every verse, and conclude the final verse, should be sung in Unison. There should be no pause of any kind between the verses, the music should go on without interruption from the beginning of the Hymn to the end.

[May be sung to 'VICTORY,' No. 78.]

'Then came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.'

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

f O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

m 2 On that first morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord doth go to Galilee.'

mp 4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'My peace be on all here.'

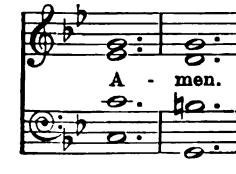
m 5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were their Lord,
Until He came and spake the word:

mp 6 'My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be.'

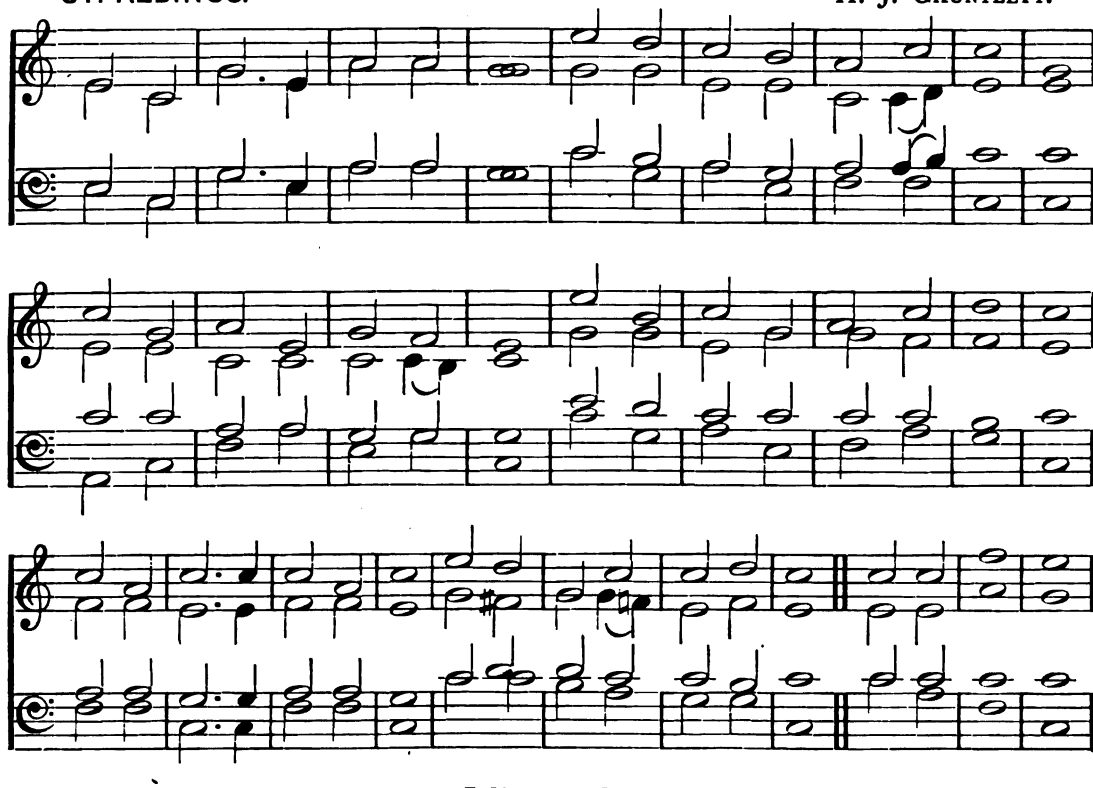
m 7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
mf 'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.

f 9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.



80

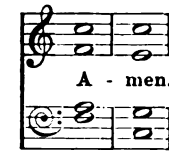
ST. ALBINUS. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Because I live, ye shall live also.'

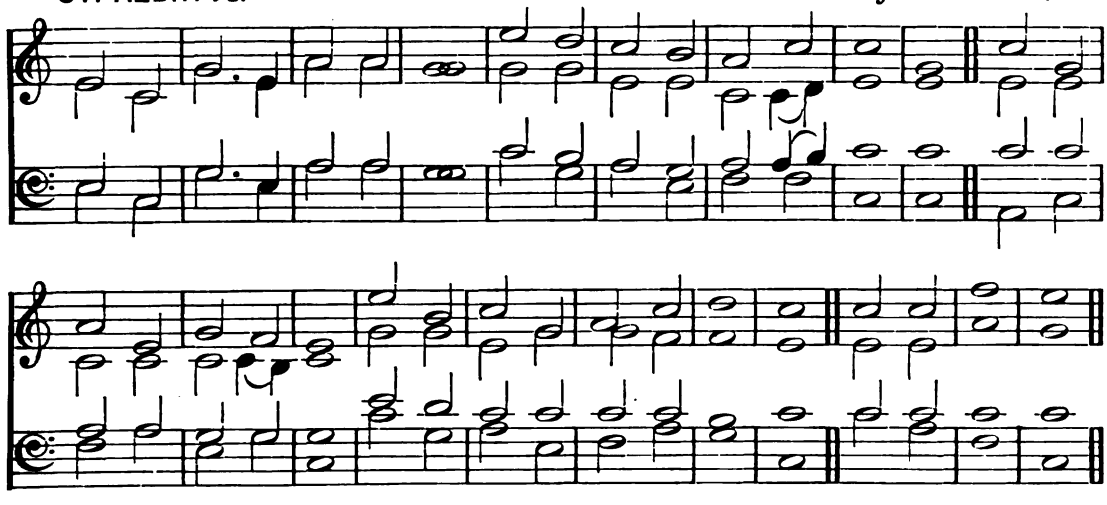
mf JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me:
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er all the world is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Then will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought shall me from Jesus sever,
Life nor death nor powers of hell
Part me now from Him for ever:
God will be a sure defence;
This shall be my confidence.

mp 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
mf 'Lord, Thou art my confidence.'

SECOND FORM.

ST. ALBINUS. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

mf JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me.
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er all the world is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven.

3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
Then will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.

4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought shall me from Jesus sever,
Life nor death nor powers of hell
Part me now from Him for ever.

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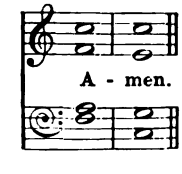
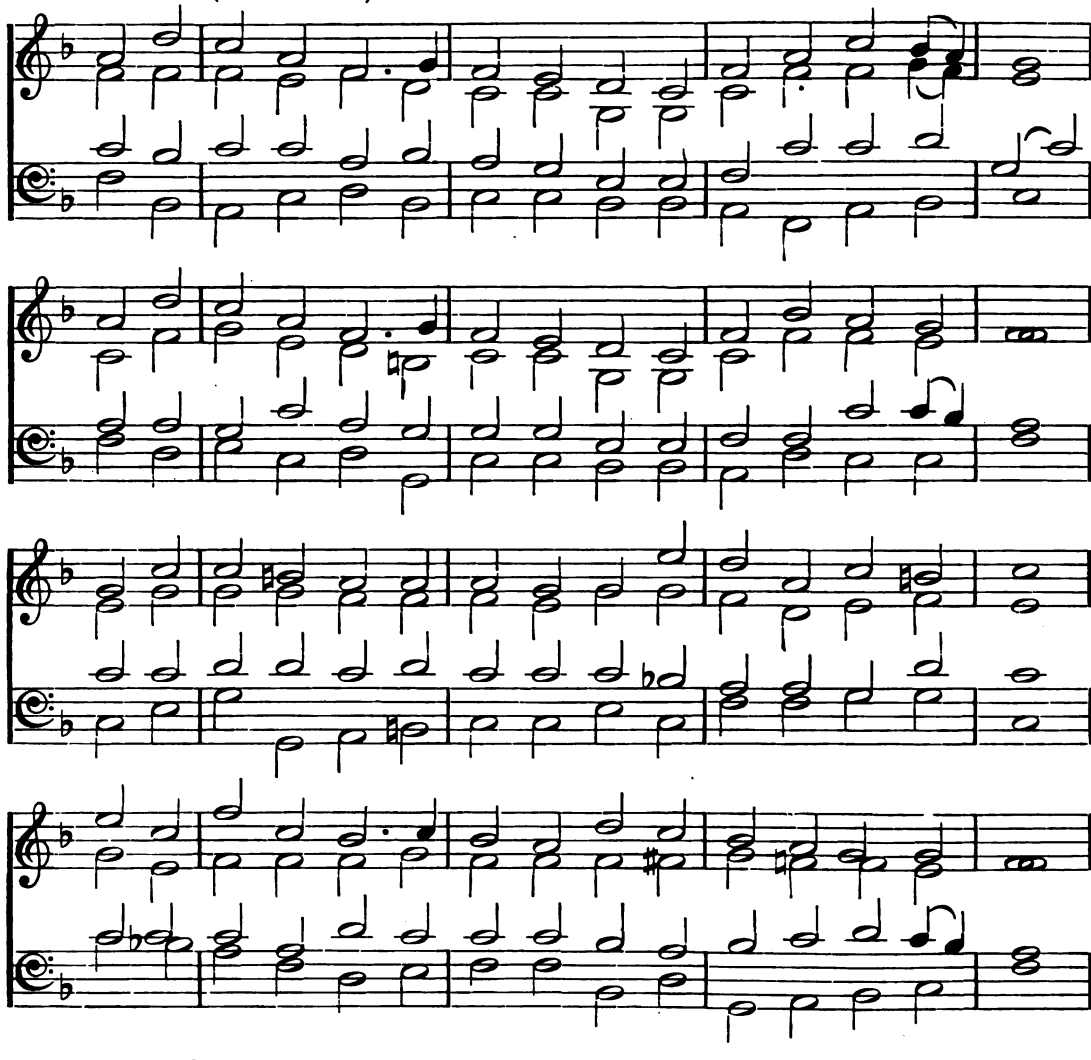
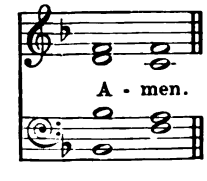
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath
When I pass its gloomy portal.

81

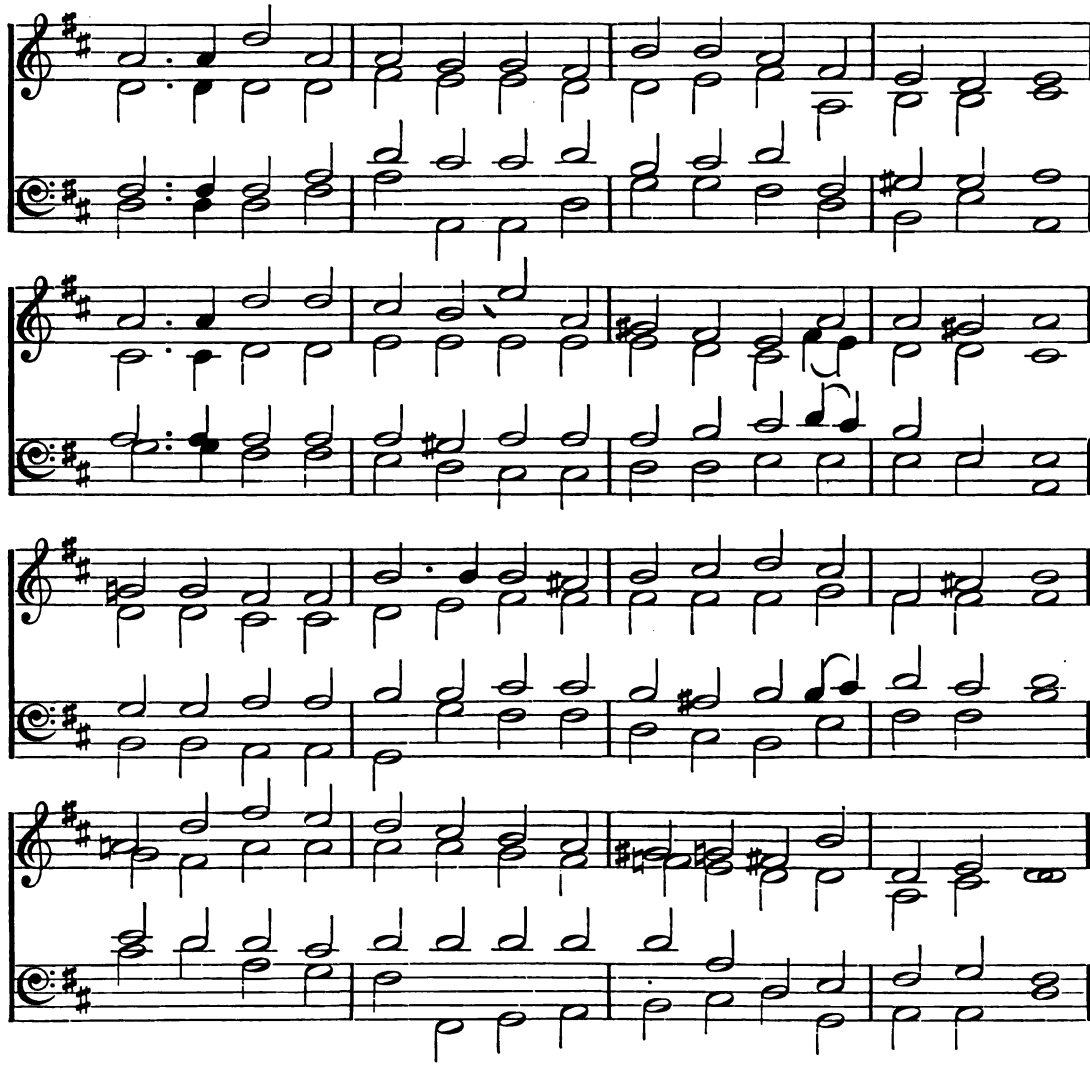
BETHANY (CRUCIFER). **H. SMART.**

'Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive.'

f PRAISE the Lord; sing 'Hallelujah!'
Lo! the victory is won;
Strife and conflict now are ended,
And the triumph is begun.
Bring the sacrifice of praises,
Our Deliverer to greet;
Come with joyful adoration,
Welcome Him with honour meet.

mp 2 We have seen His toil and anguish,
We have watched Him in the hour
When, unpitied and forsaken,
He endured the tyrant's power:
mf Now we see Him crowned with glory,
And we know ourselves set free:
He hath rent our bonds asunder,
Captive led captivity.

m 3 Mighty One, we bow before Thee,
And we own Thee Lord of all;
Jesus, Saviour, we adore Thee;
At Thy cross we meekly fall.
Help us, in this time of waiting,
In Thy strength to follow Thee,
That, partakers in Thy warfare,
We may share Thy victory.

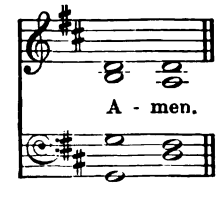
f 4 Hallelujah! Christ is risen,
And He lives to die no more;
To His hand the keys are given,
Open is the prison-door.
ff Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now our triumph is begun;
Death and hell are spoiled for ever
And the victory is won.

82

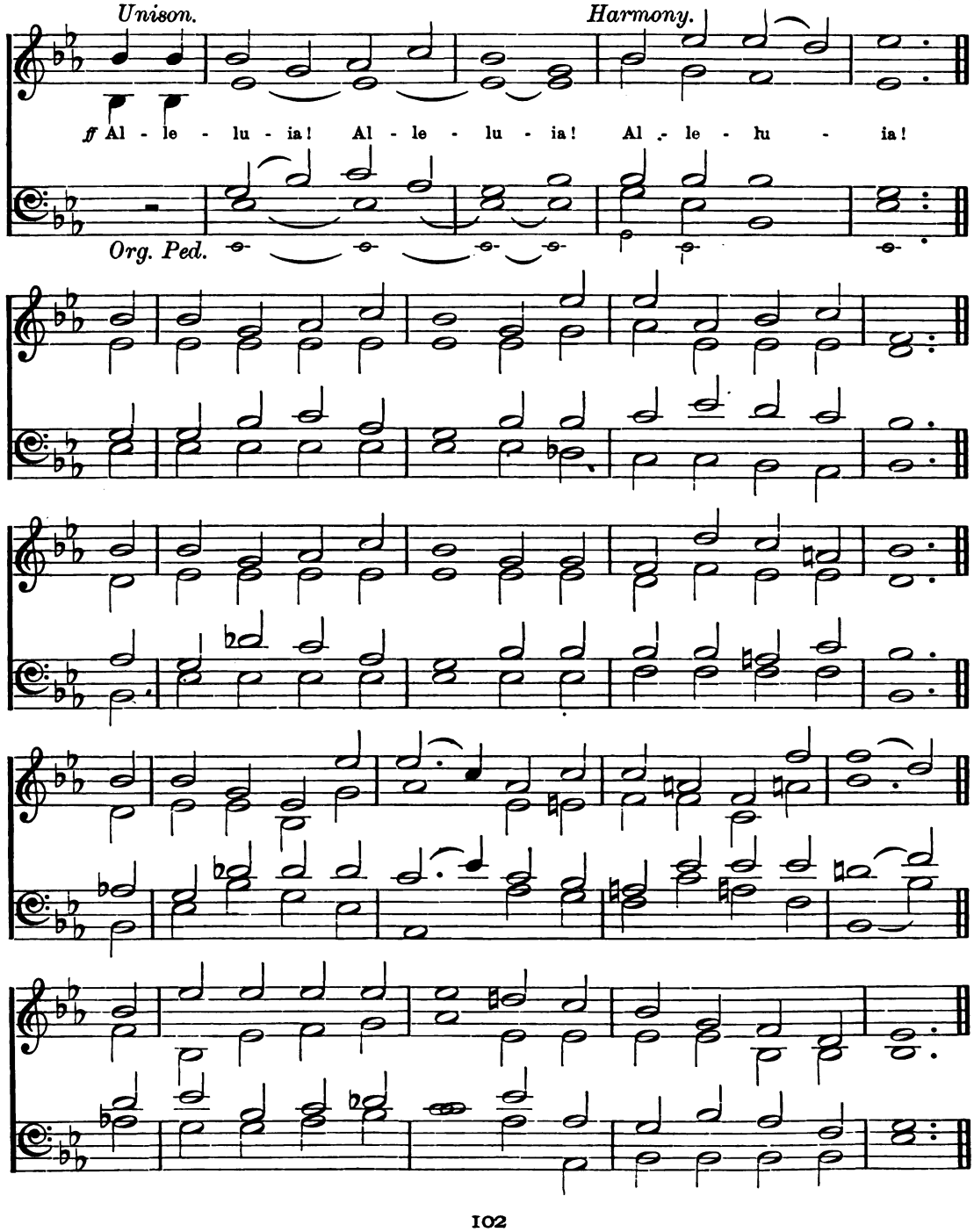
LUX EOI. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.'

f HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
mp He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
f Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

mf 2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

m 3 Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
c Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

f 4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity:
ff Hallelujah! hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty!

83

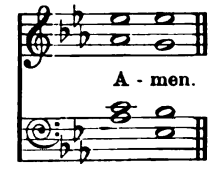
LANCASHIRE. H. SMART.

'And as they went to tell His disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.'

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

f THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

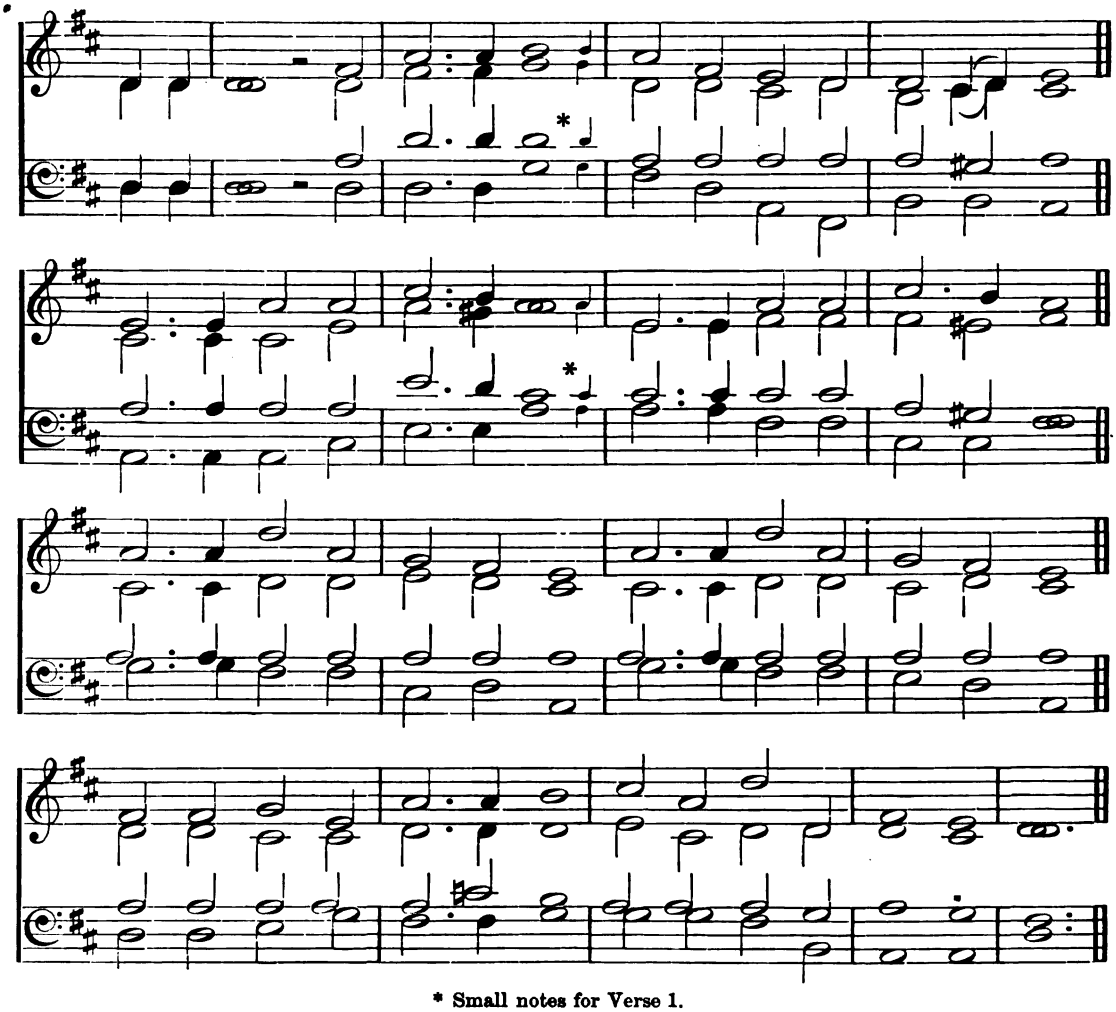
m 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
c His own 'All hail!' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen
Our Joy that hath no end.

ff ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

Also the following:

366–372 Hymns on the Lord's Day.

84

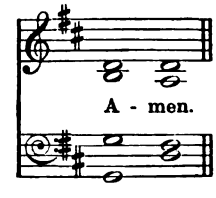
ST. PATRICK. A. S. SULLIVAN.

* Small notes for Verse 1.

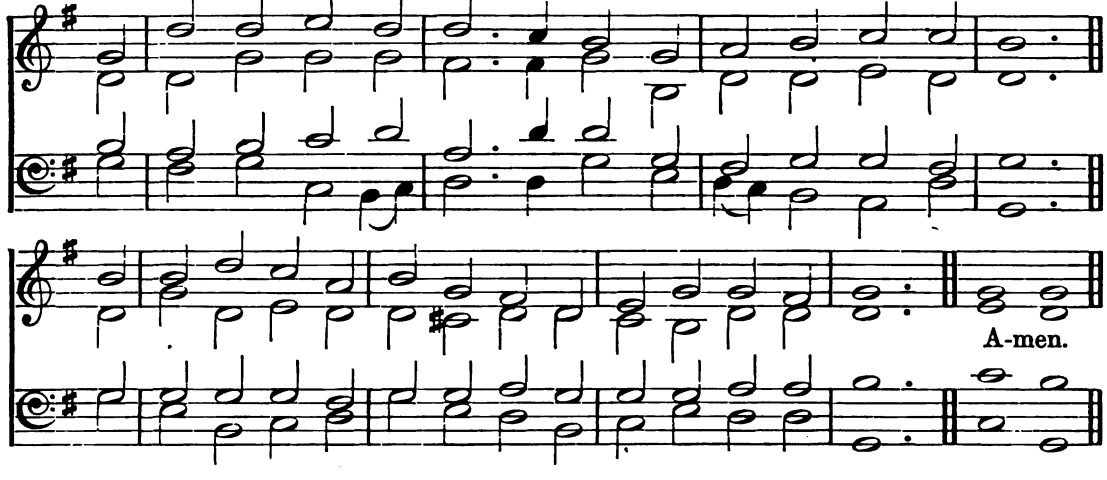
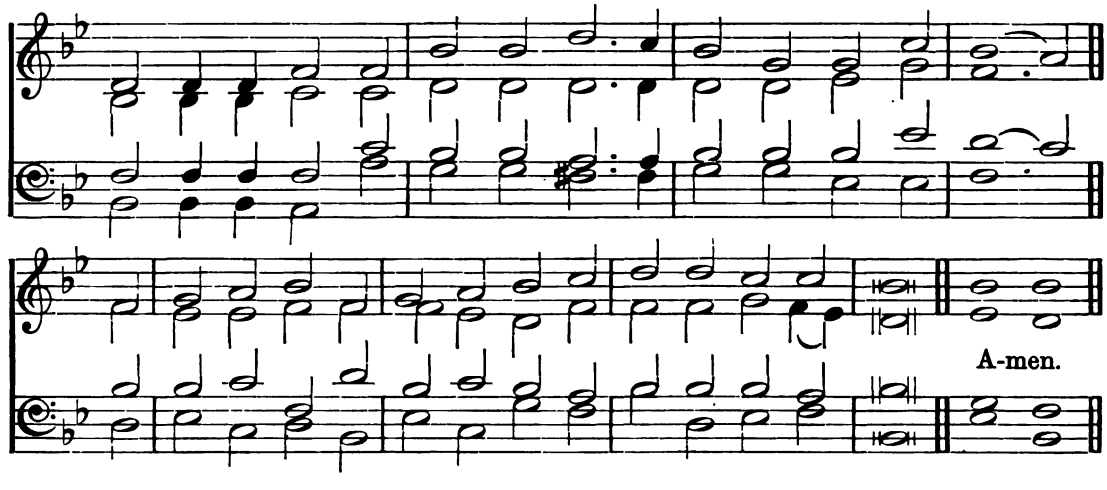
'While they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight.'

m HE is gone—beyond the skies;
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight,
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place,—
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

mp 2 He is gone: and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
m We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone: we heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
c No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

mf 4 He is gone: but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came;
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

85

PRÆTORIUS. FIRST TUNE. GÖRLITZ HYMN BOOK, 1599.

NATIVITY. SECOND TUNE. H. LAHEE.

'Lift up your heads, O ye gates . . and the King of Glory shall come in.'

mf THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

m 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

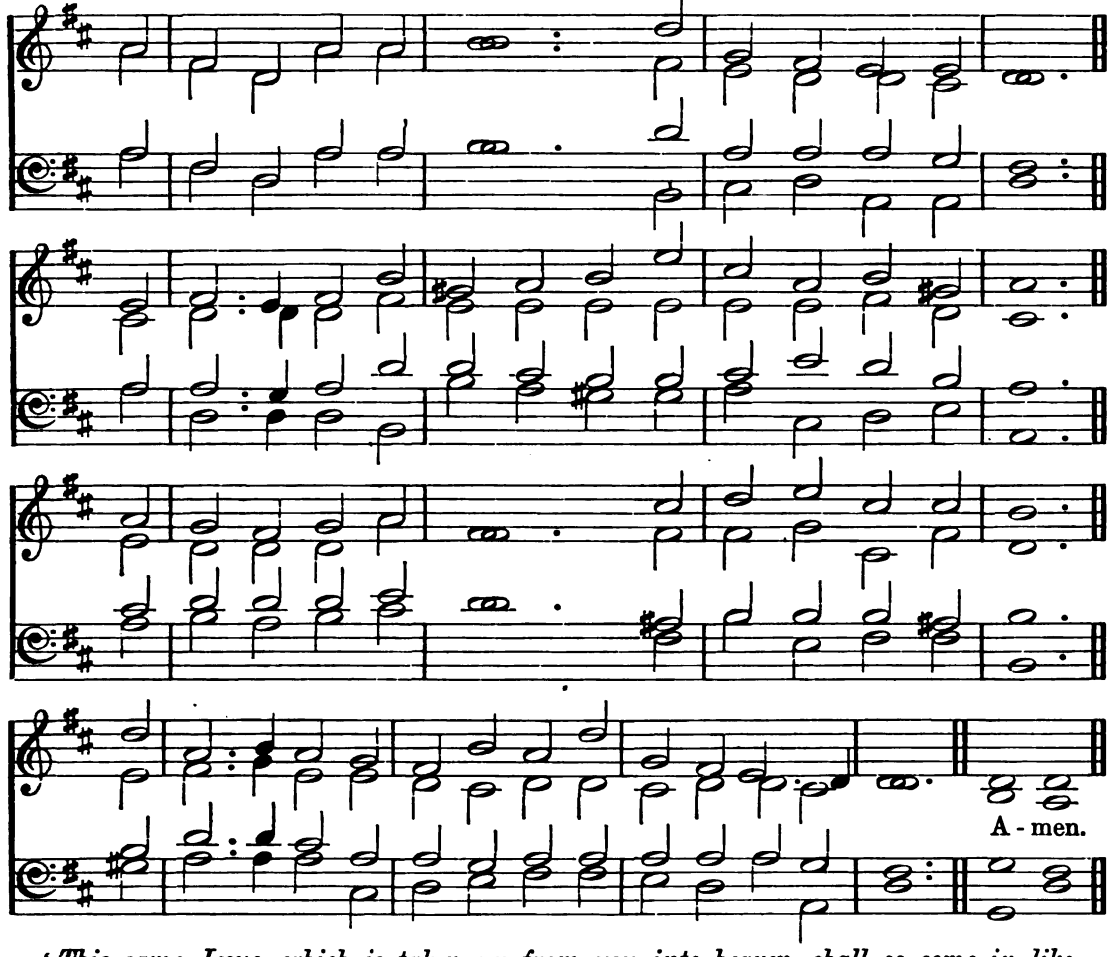
3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

mf 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be.
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

86

CERTA CLARUM CERTAMEN.

SCHEMELLI'S GESANGBUCH, 1736.
Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.'

f THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:

mp But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;

c Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

mf 2 Thou art gone up on high;

mp But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;

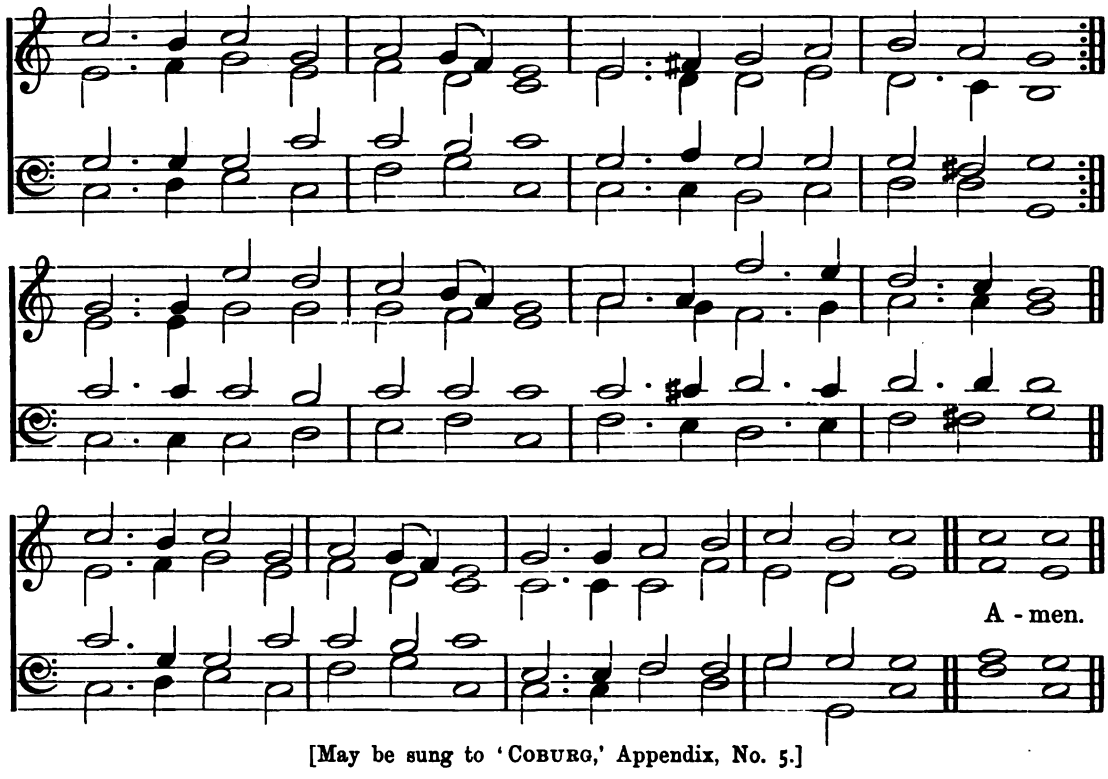
c But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

mf 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

mp O by Thy saving power
So make us live and die

c That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

87

THANKSGIVING. W. B. GILBERT.

[May be sung to 'COBURG,' Appendix, No. 5.]

'Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him.'

mf HAIL, the day that sees Him rise,
Taken from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.
f There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

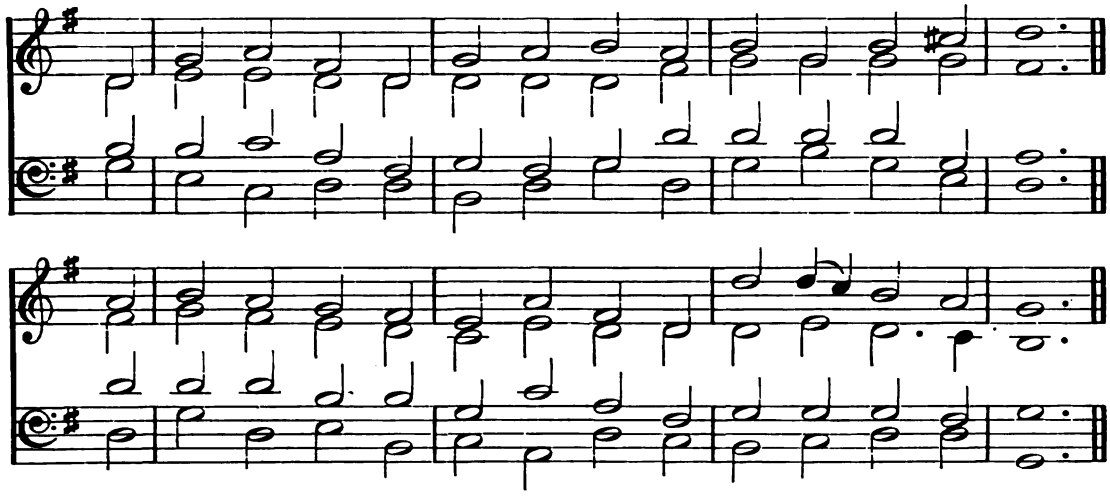
2 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.
mf Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

3 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below;
Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes,
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, panting after home.
There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

88

ST. MAGNUS. FIRST TUNE. J. CLARK.



'God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.'

mf THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

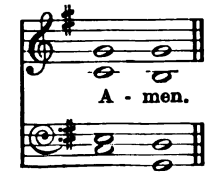
2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light,

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

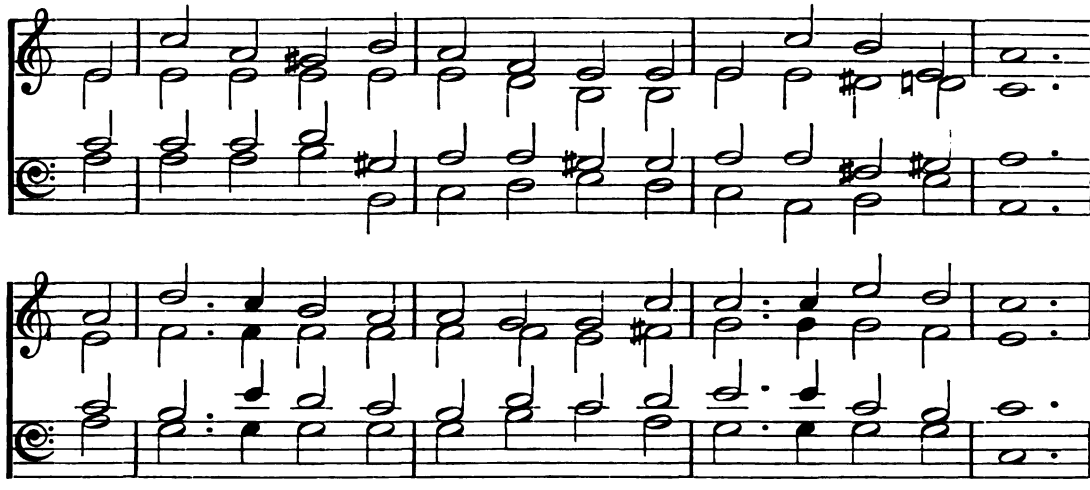
mp 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,—
mf Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

m 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,—
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
mp Though shame and death to Him,—
f His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.



88

CORONA. SECOND TUNE. E. R. BARKER.

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A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

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The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light,

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The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

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Their profit and their joy to know
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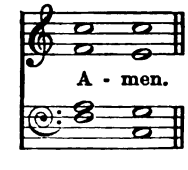
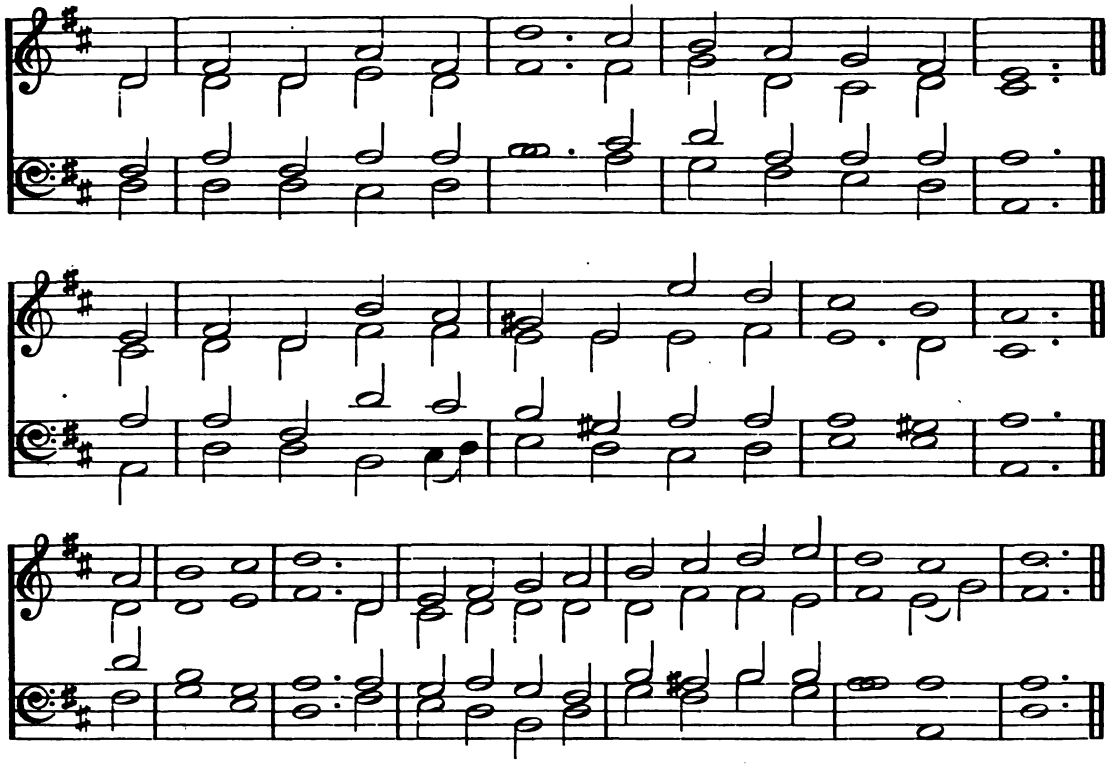
f His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

89

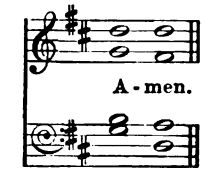
DARWALL. J. DARWALL.

'Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.'

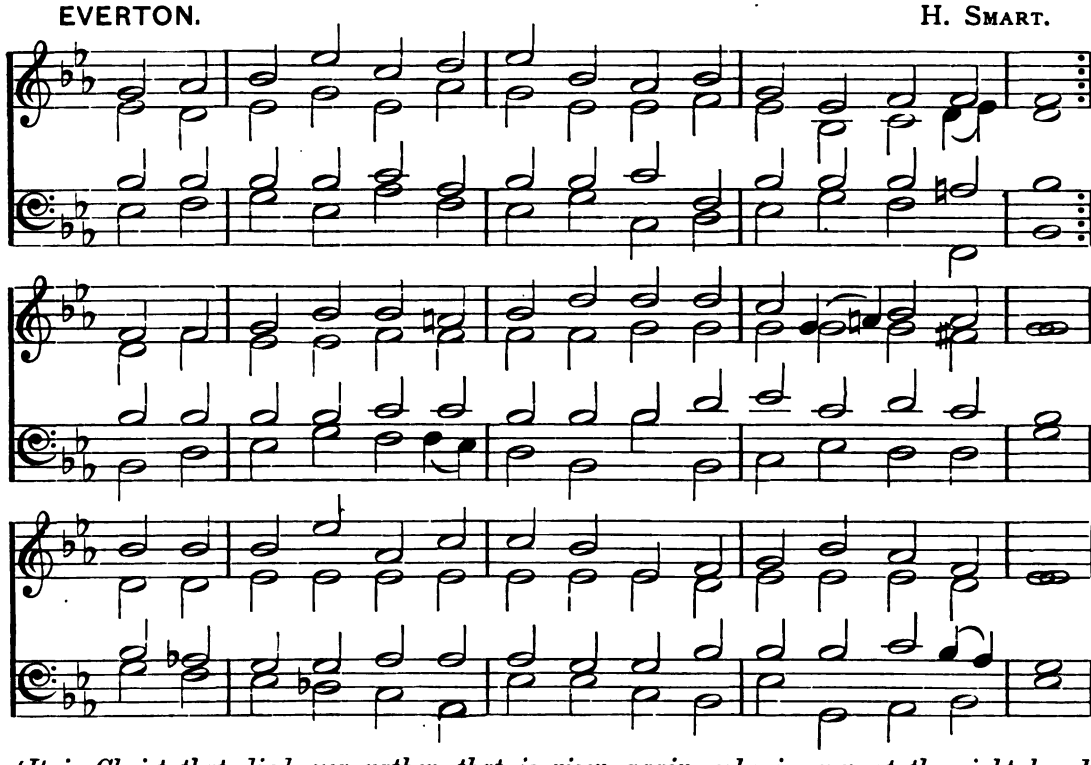
mf REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
And triumph evermore:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

mf 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;'
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

mf 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

mf 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
f Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

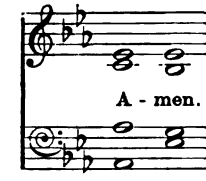
5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
ff We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, 'Rejoice.'

90

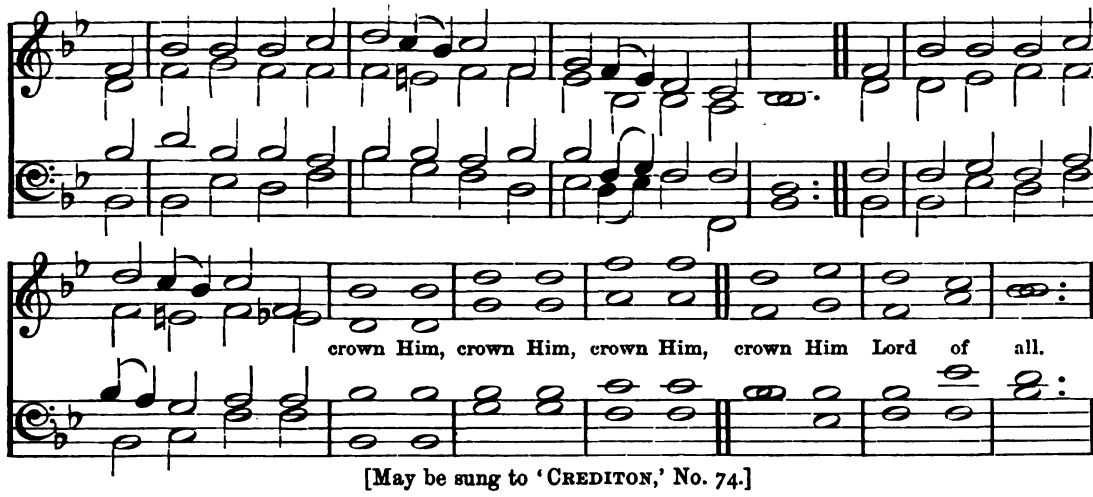
EVERTON. H. SMART.

'It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.'

mf HAIL, Thou once-despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilæan King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou universal Saviour!
Thou hast borne our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

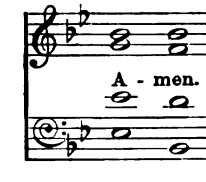
mp 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
mf Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

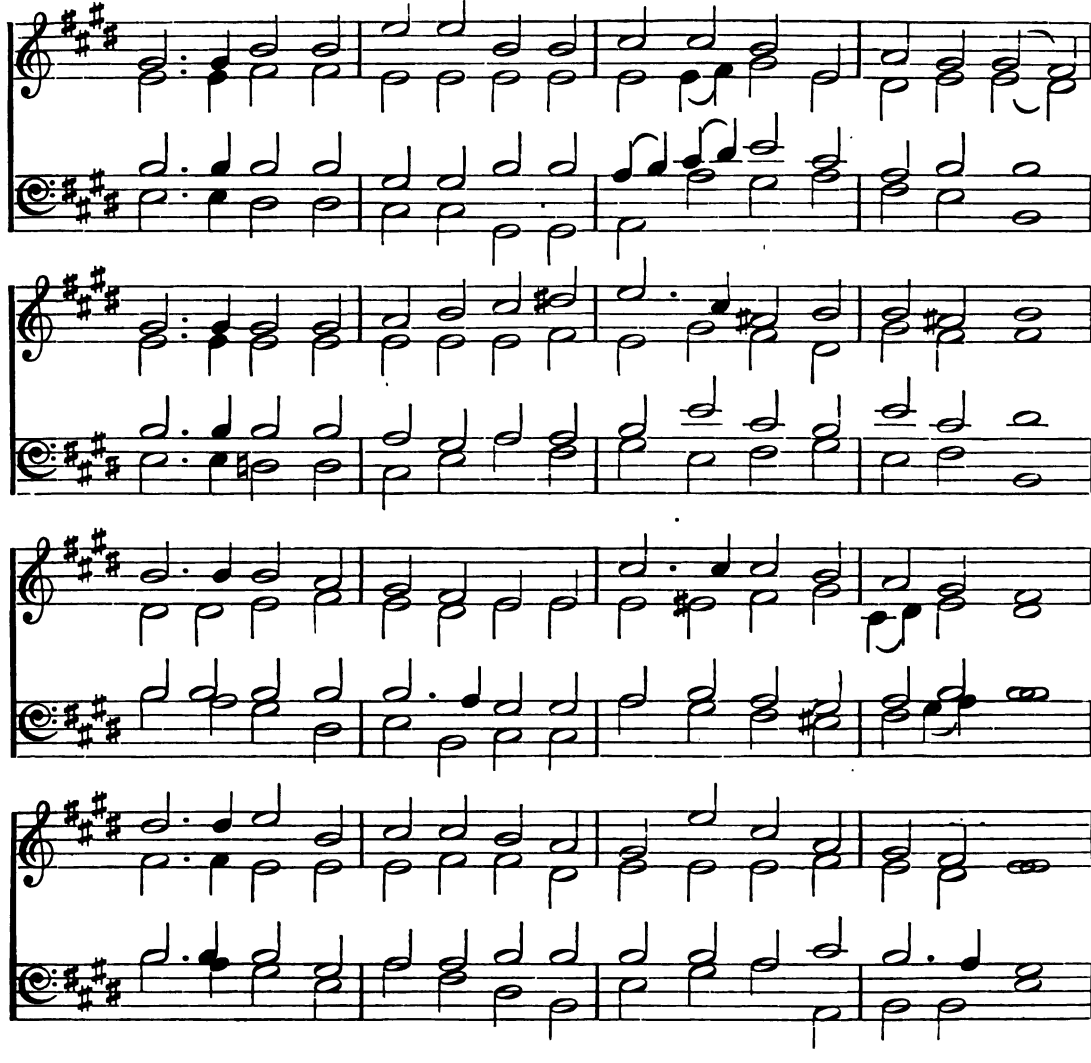
f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

mp There for sinners Thou art pleading,
'Spare them yet another year';
m Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.
f 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Jesus' merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

91

MILES LANE. W. SHRUBSOLE.

[May be sung to 'CREDITON,' No. 74.]

'He is Lord of all.'

f ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.
2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
mp 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
c Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
f 5 Let every tongue and every tribe,
Responsive to the call,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
mf 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
c Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

92

ADORATION G. J. ELVEY.

'Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.'

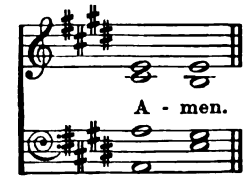
f ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne:
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.

mf Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:

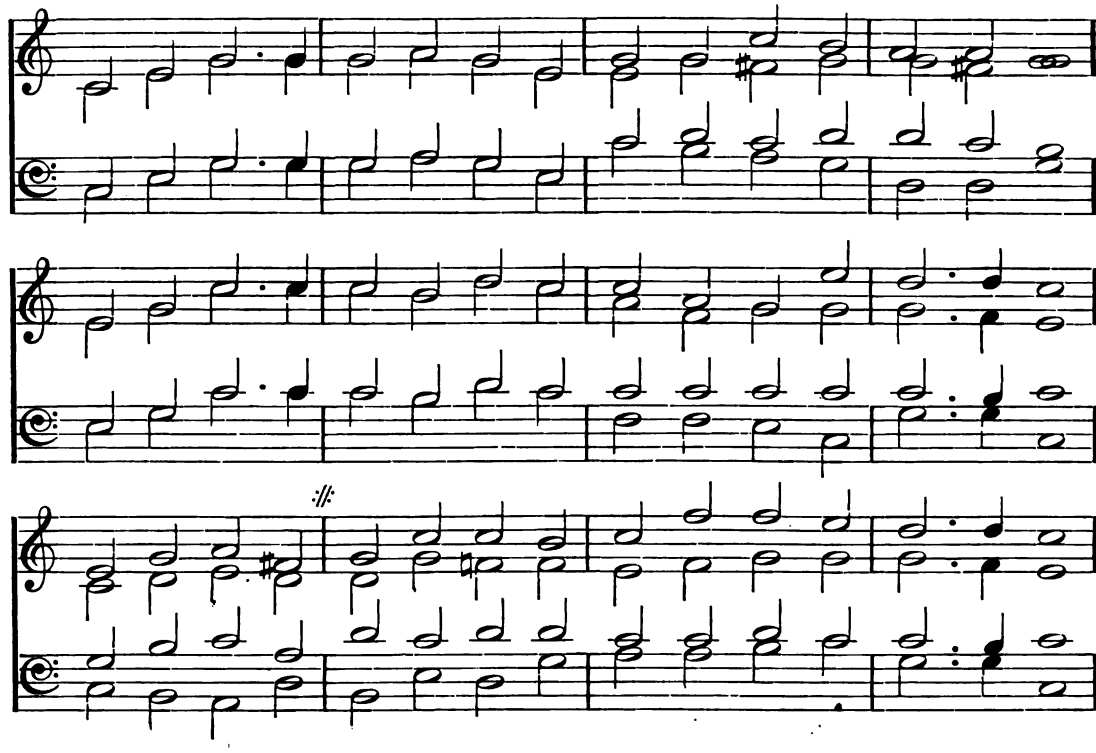
f 'Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

mf 2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

f 3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
mf Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
f 'Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

93

TRIUMPH. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



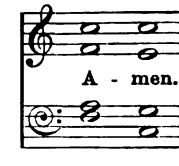
'And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

mf LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
f Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

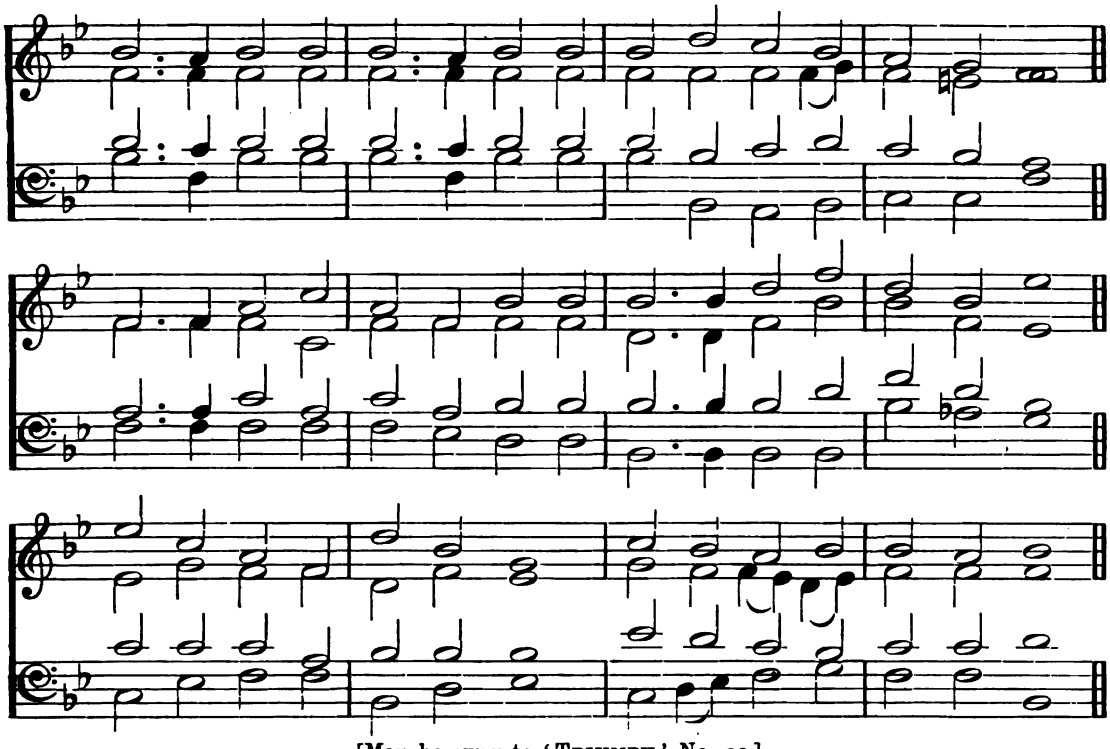
2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

mp 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
mf Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
f Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

ff 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him
King of kings and Lord of lords!



94

EDOM. A. L. PEACE.

[May be sung to 'TRIUMPH,' No. 93.]

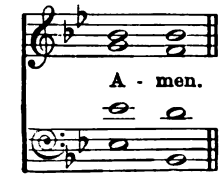
'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?'

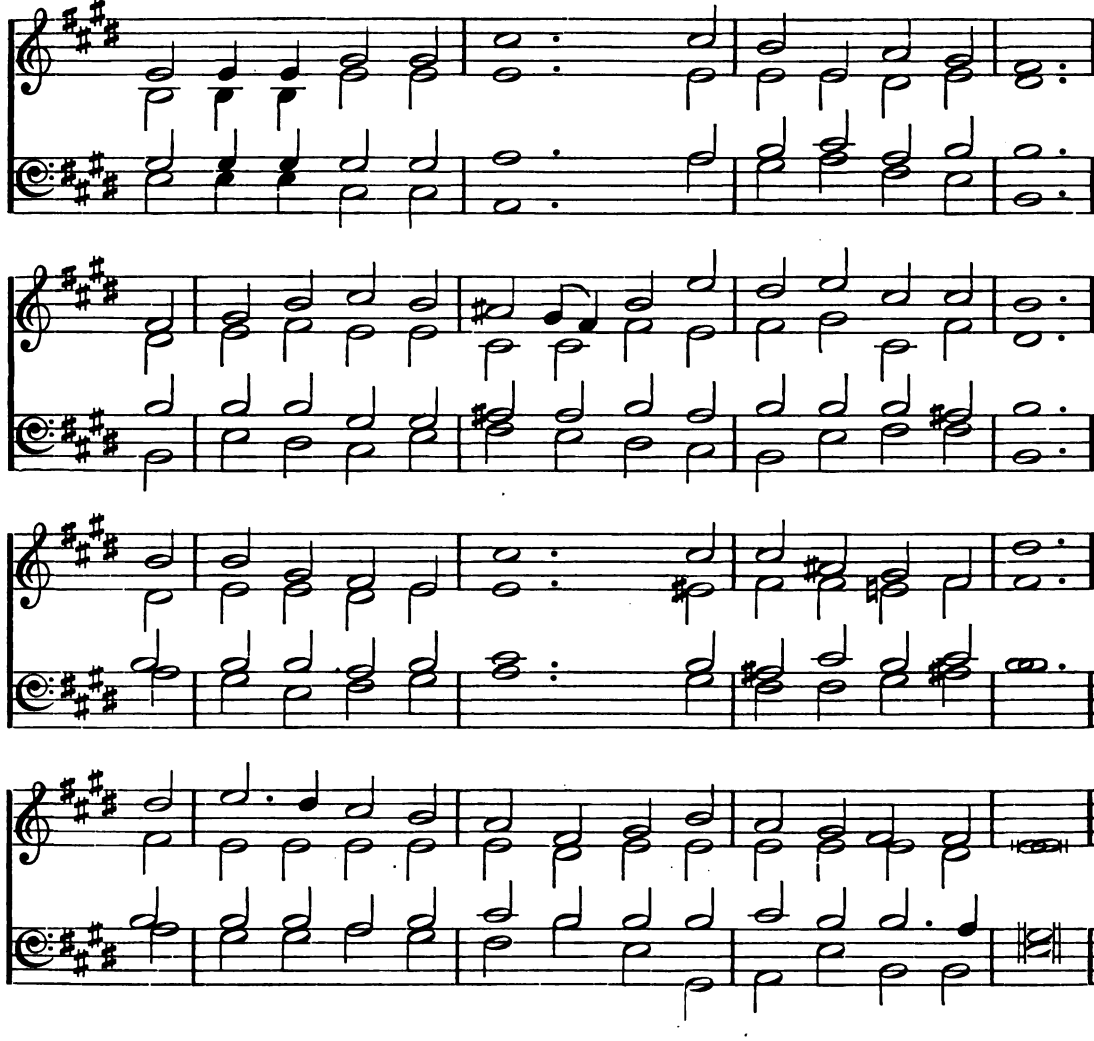
m WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
mf Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might;
'T is the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
f Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

mp 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
m 'T is the blood of many slain:
Of His foes there's none remaining—
None the contest to maintain;
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
mf See the throne for Him erected!
'T is an everlasting throne;
'T is the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.

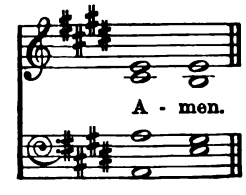
f 5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done.
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

95

DIADEMATA. **G. J. ELVEY.**

'And on His head were many crowns.'

f CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

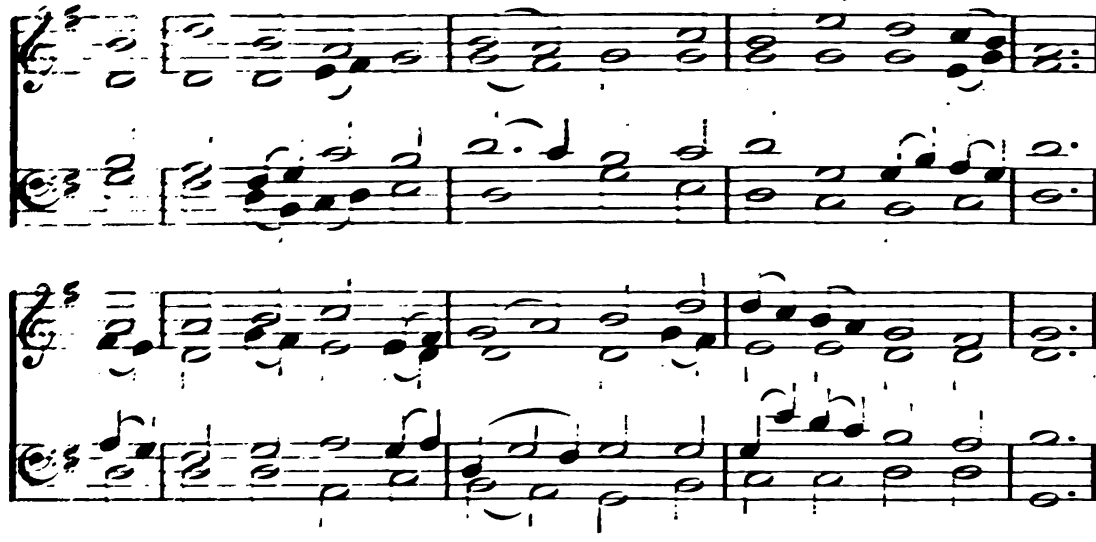
mf 2 Crown Him the Lord of love:
mp Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

mf 3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
f All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

96

ARGYLE

E. H. TURPIN.



'We have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.'

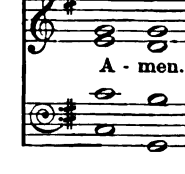
m THOU standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there.

2 Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends before the throne,
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.

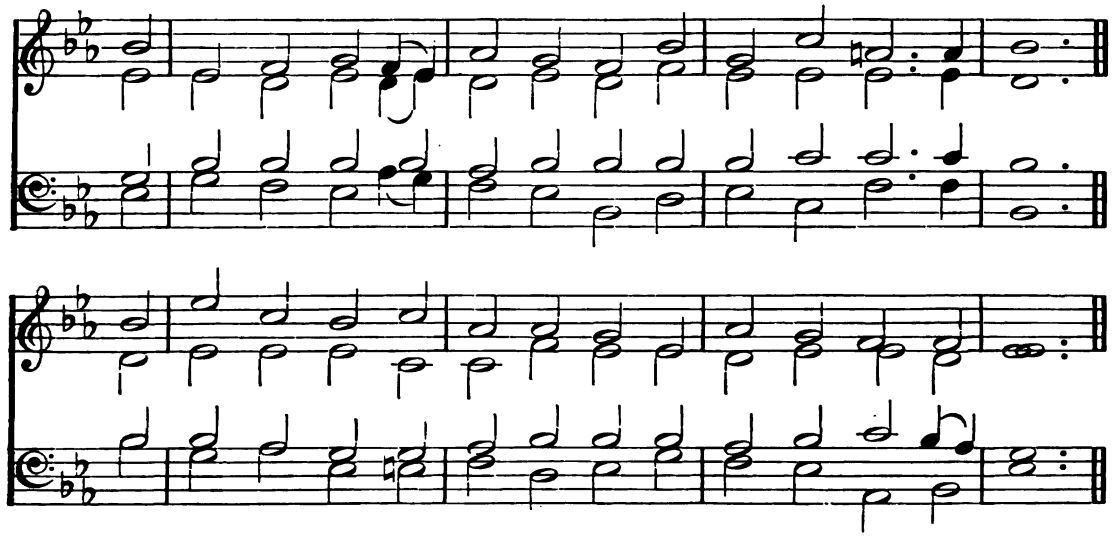
3 And, through Thy blood accepted,
With Thee we keep the feast:
Thou art alone the Victim;
Thou only art the Priest.

mp 4 We come, O only Saviour;
On Thee, the Lamb, we feed:
Thy flesh is bread from heaven;
Thy blood is drink indeed.

f 5 To Thee, Almighty Father;
Incarnate Son, to Thee;
To Thee, Anointing Spirit,—
All praise and glory be.



97

ST. BERNARD. TOCHTER SION, 1741.

'*He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.*'

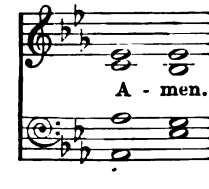
p WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

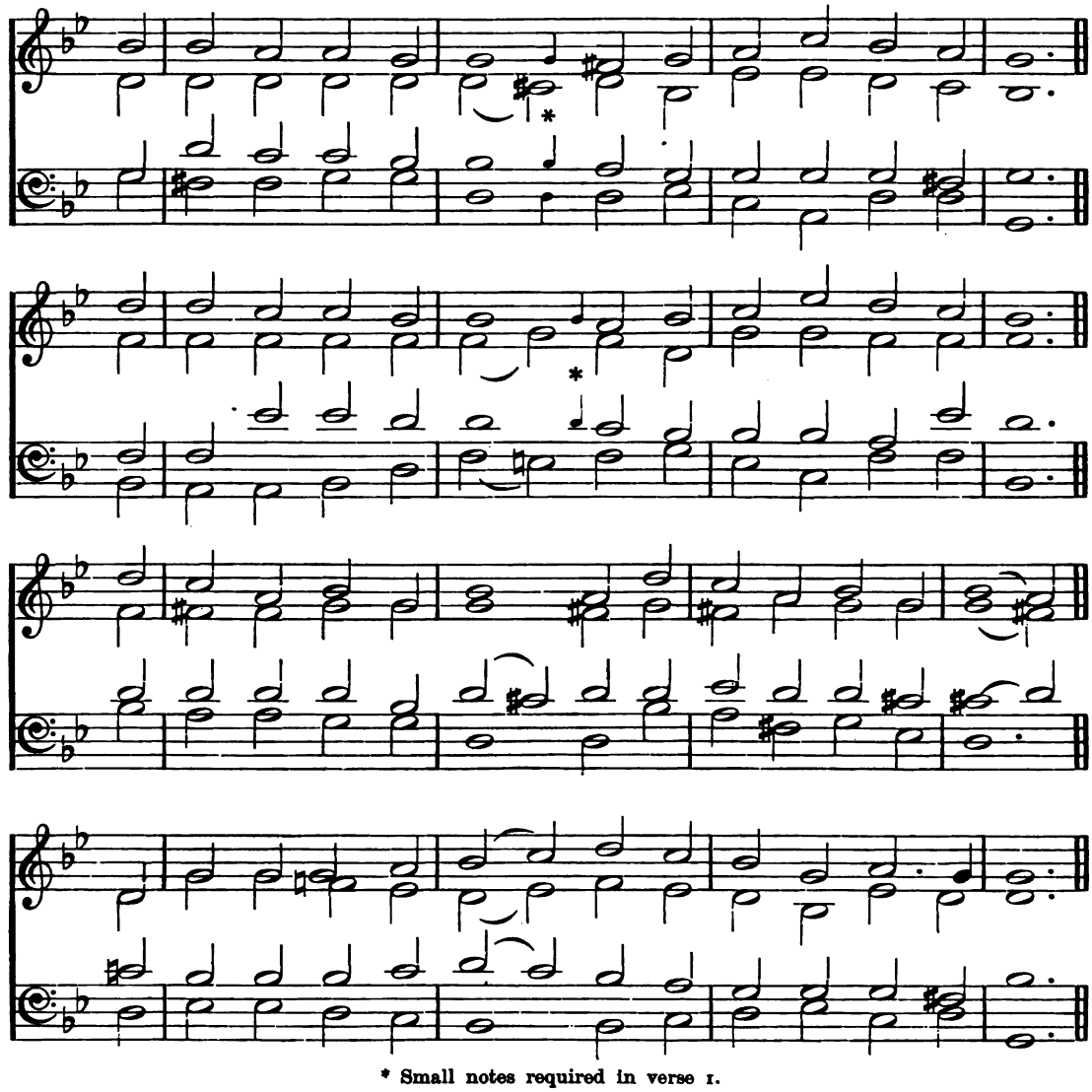
3 When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

m 4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart is touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

mp 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.



98

BARTON. E. H. THORNE.

* Small notes required in verse 1.

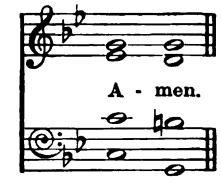
'We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins.'

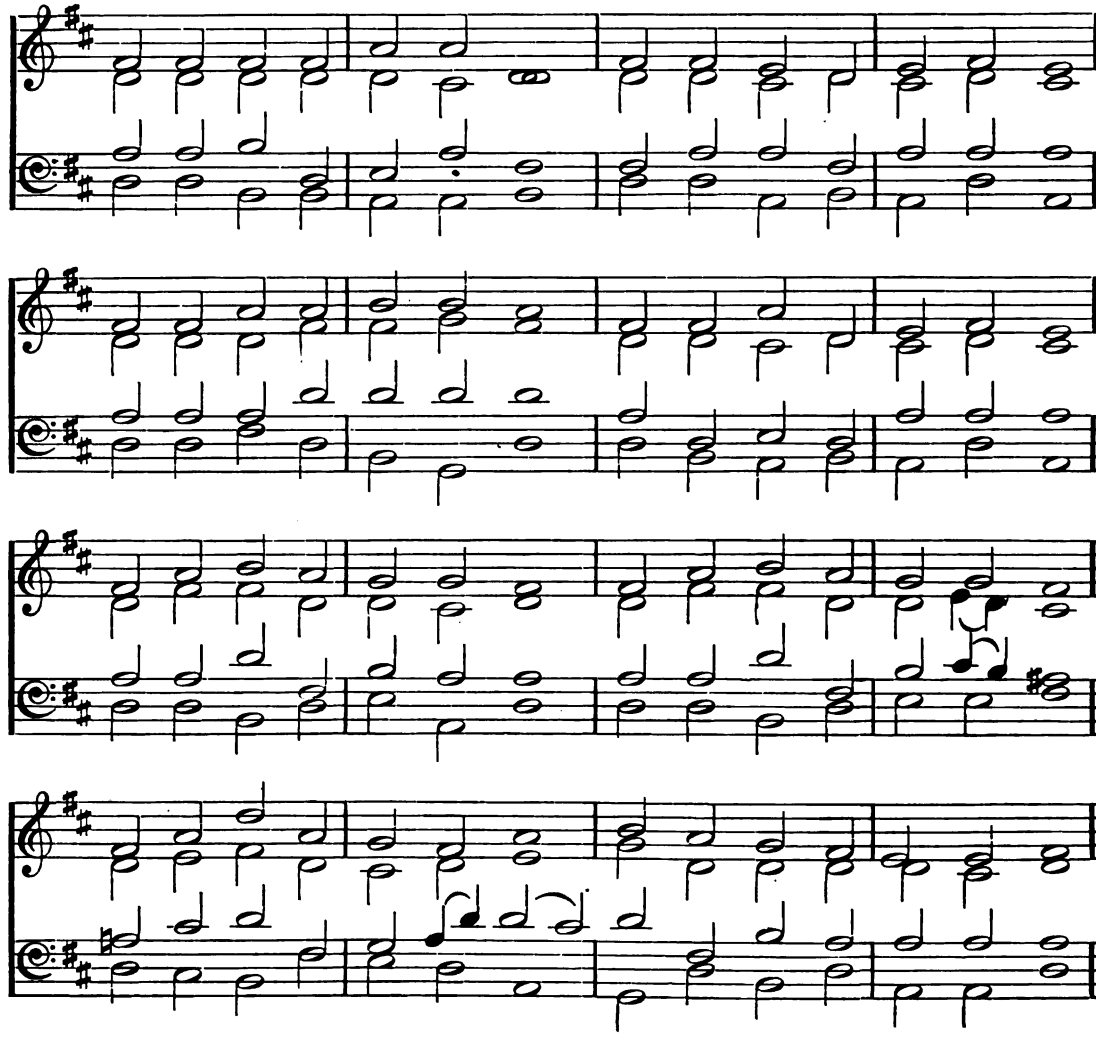
p O JESUS, Lord most merciful,
Low at Thy cross I lie;
O sinners' Friend, most pitiful,
Hear my bewailing cry.

I come to Thee with mourning,
I come to Thee in woe,
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee;
I tell them one by one;
O, for Thy name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done.

3 O, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary,
pp By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone,
c O Priest, O spotless Offering,
Plead, for Thou didst atone.

mp 4 And in this heart now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
c And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

99

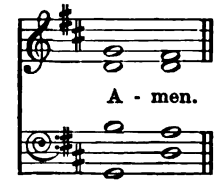
MISERERE. W. H. MONK.

'An High Priest . . in all points tempted like as we are.'

p SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p **2** By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 4 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

p 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
c By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany!

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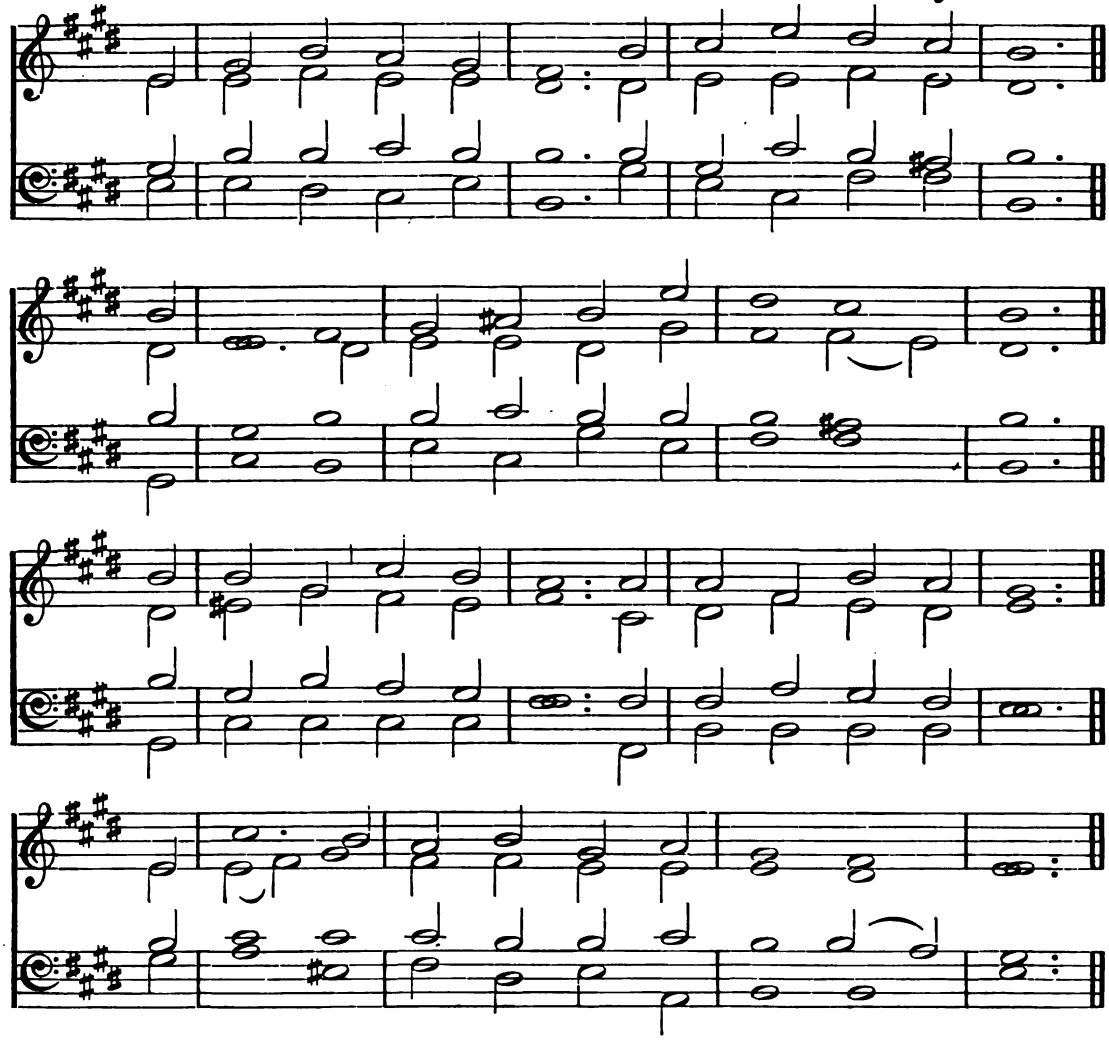
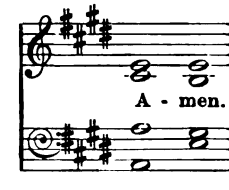
ELVEY. G. J. ELVEY.

'Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.'

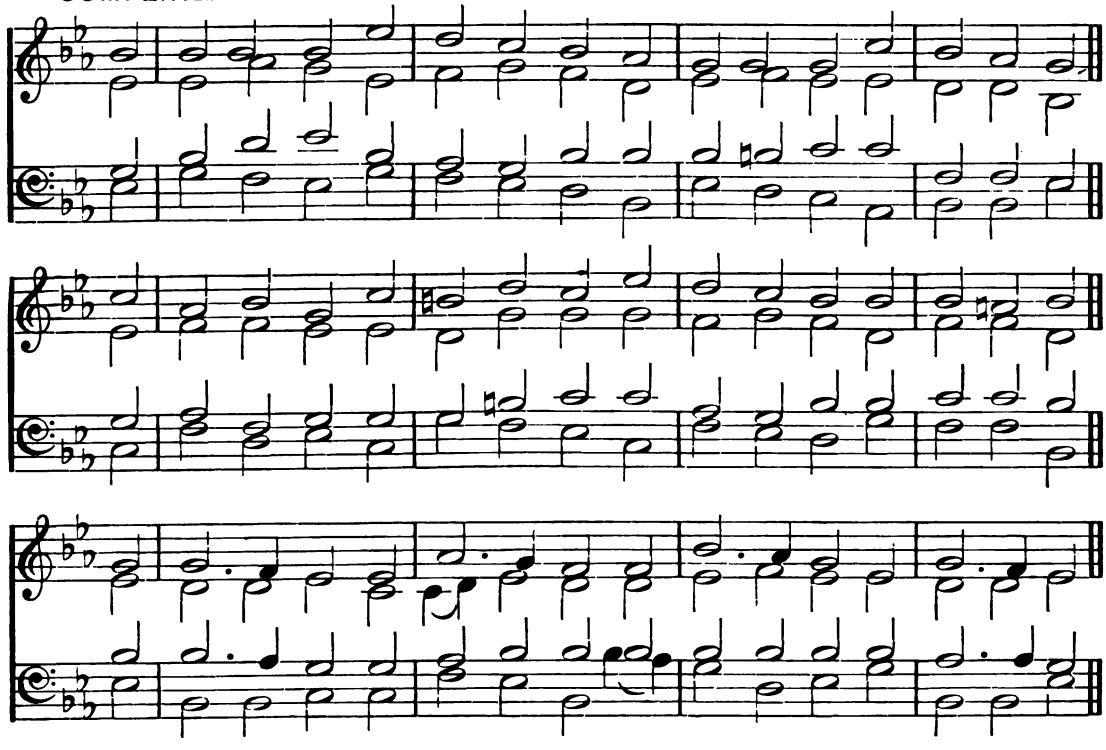
mp THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
m Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

2 Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;
c Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where Thou art there they may also be.

mp 3 It was no path of flowers
Which through this world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

m 4 O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife:
p Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
m Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

mp 5 And O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
m That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
mf Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

101

COMPLINE. L. G. HAYNE.

'*For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.*'

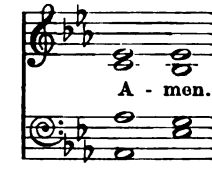
mp WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
m On Him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

mp 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
m Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

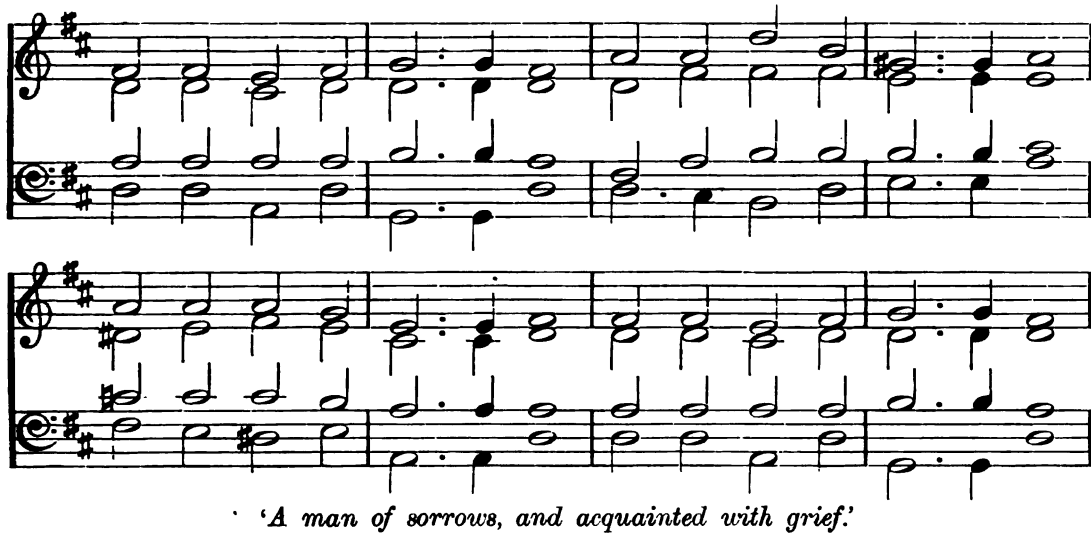
mp 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

p 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

mp 5 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;

m Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

102

ST. DUNSTAN. R. REDHEAD.



'A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

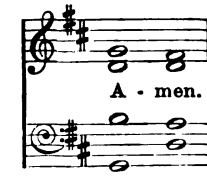
p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

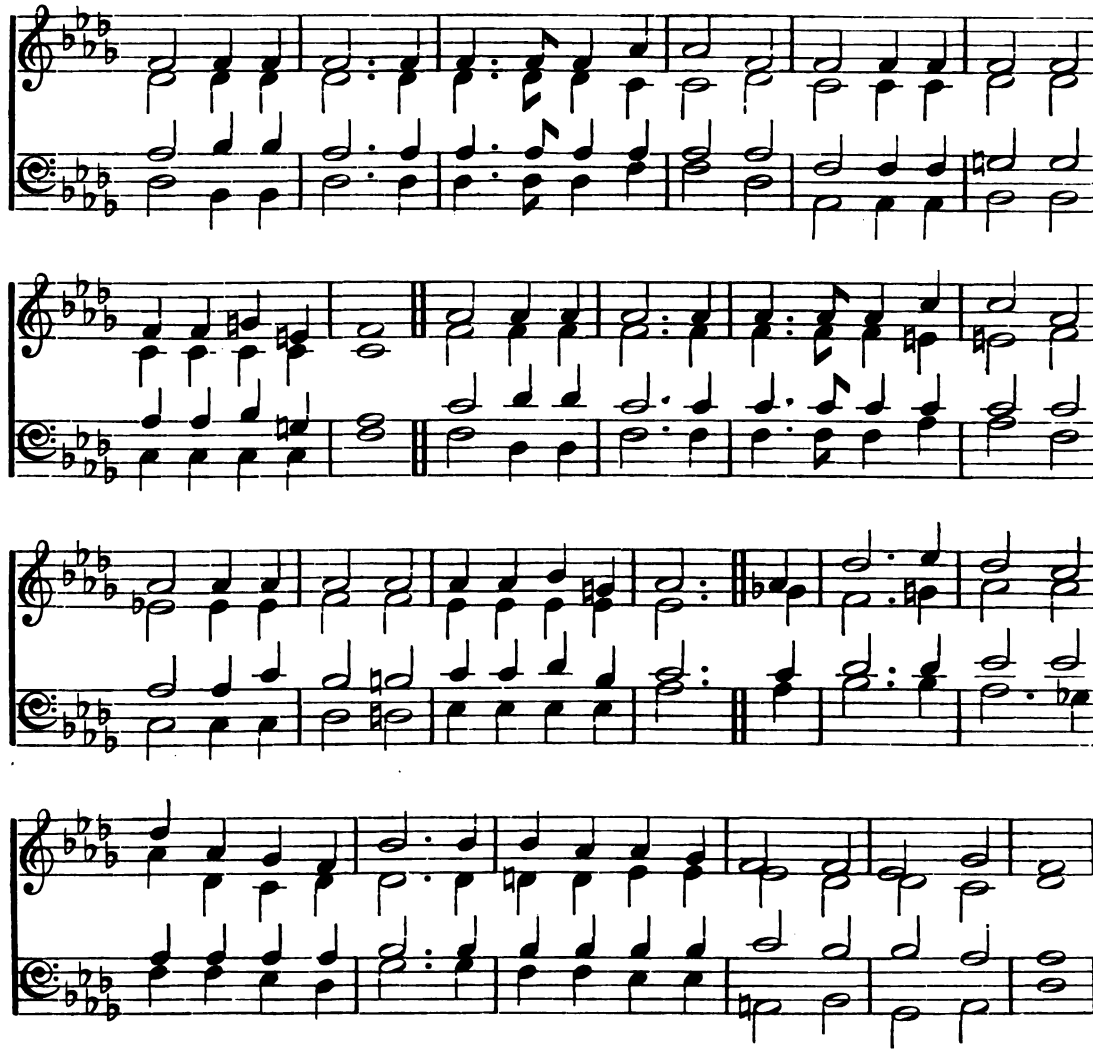
2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

pp 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

p 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Man of Sorrows, hear!

103

DOMINUS MISERICORDIÆ. J. STAINER.

'I know their sorrows.'

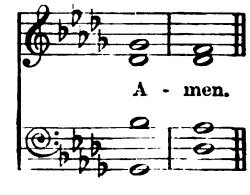
mp THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

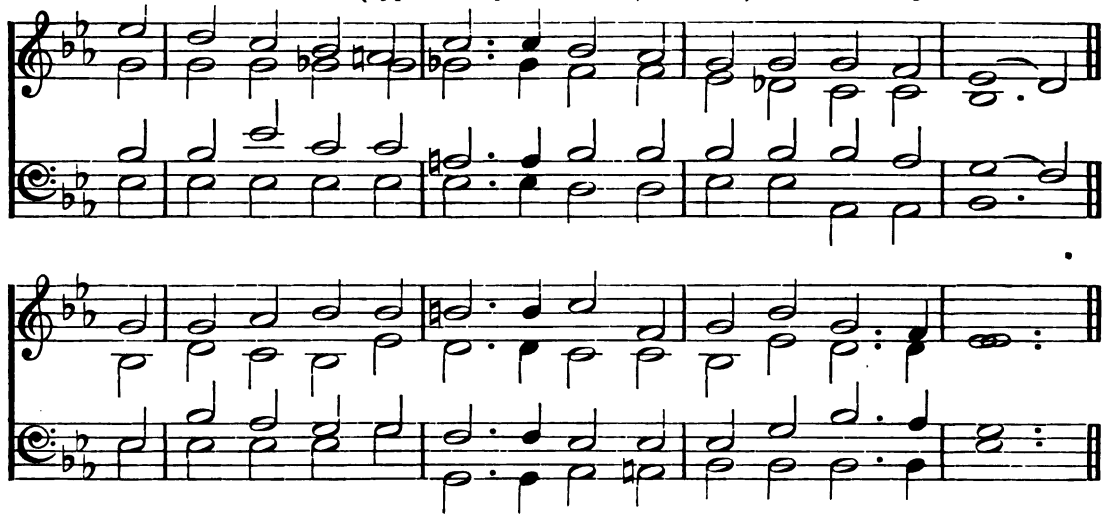
2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
c And brought back life and hope and strength again.

mp 3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
d All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

m 4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
d Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
p And the dark river to be crossed at last;
c O what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this, 'Thou knowest, Lord'?

m 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
c And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

m 6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
mf On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
c Then rising and refreshed I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

104

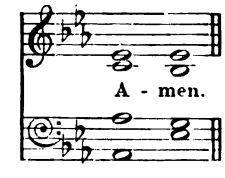
HOLY TRINITY. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* **J. BARNBY.**

'We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.'

mp THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
m The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

mp 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear Divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

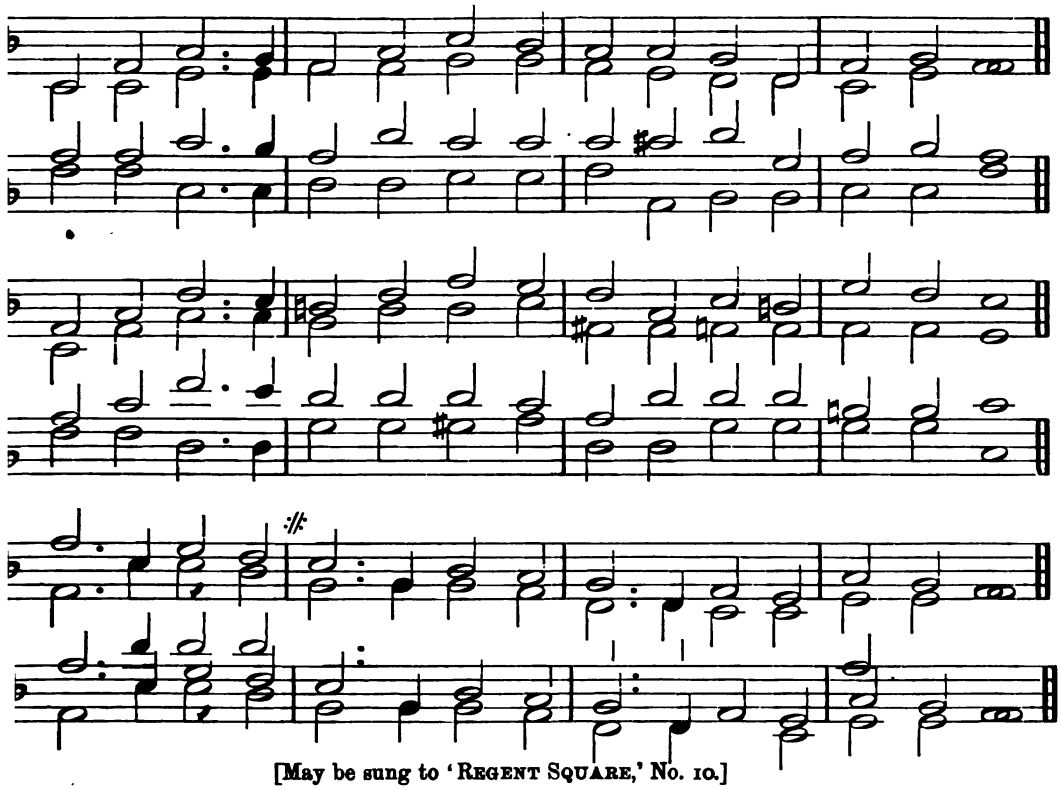
m 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.



Also the following:

43 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.
45 When the dark waves round us roll.
50 We may not climb the heavenly steeps.
185 Sinful, sighing to be blest.
292 Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
426 O Thou through suffering perfect made.
427 Thou to whom the sick and dying.

105

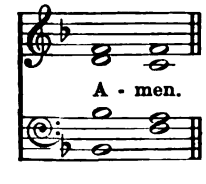
ENSINGTON NEW. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* J. TILLEARD.

[May be sung to 'REGENT SQUARE,' No. 10.]

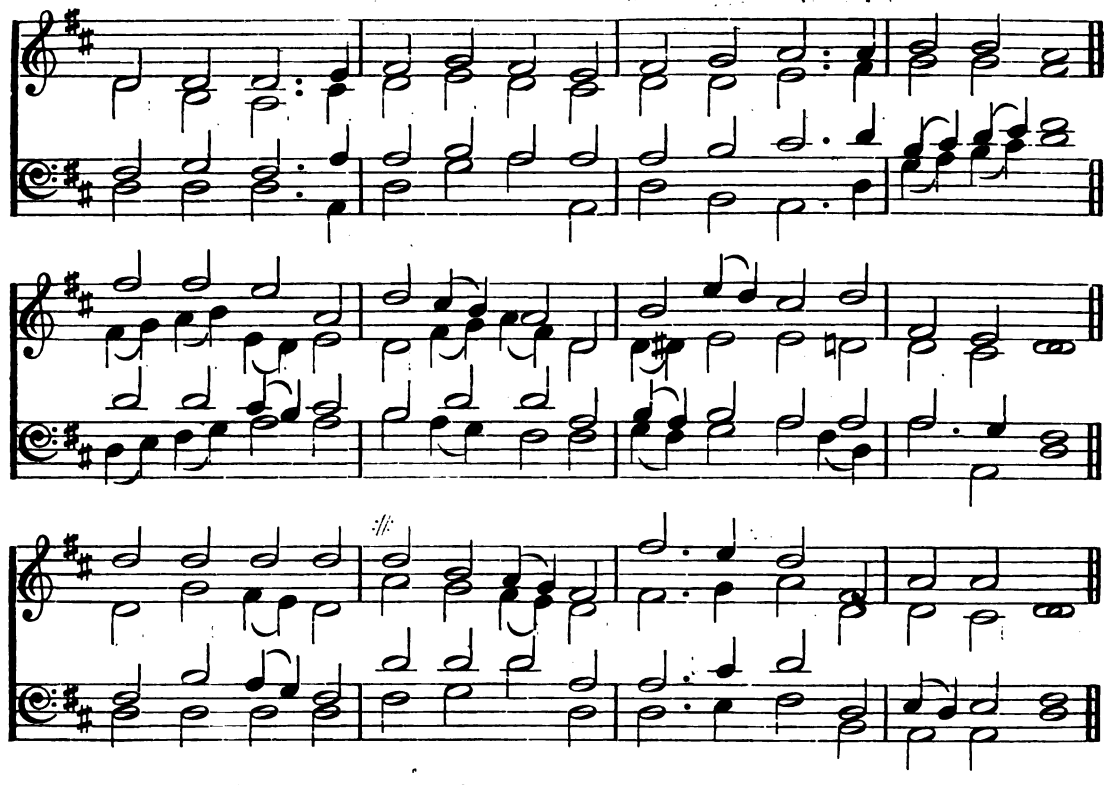
'Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.'

CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

mp 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
mf She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

mp 3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
mf But, in heavenly vestures shining,
They their loving Lord shall see:
c Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

f 4 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
ff 'Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

106

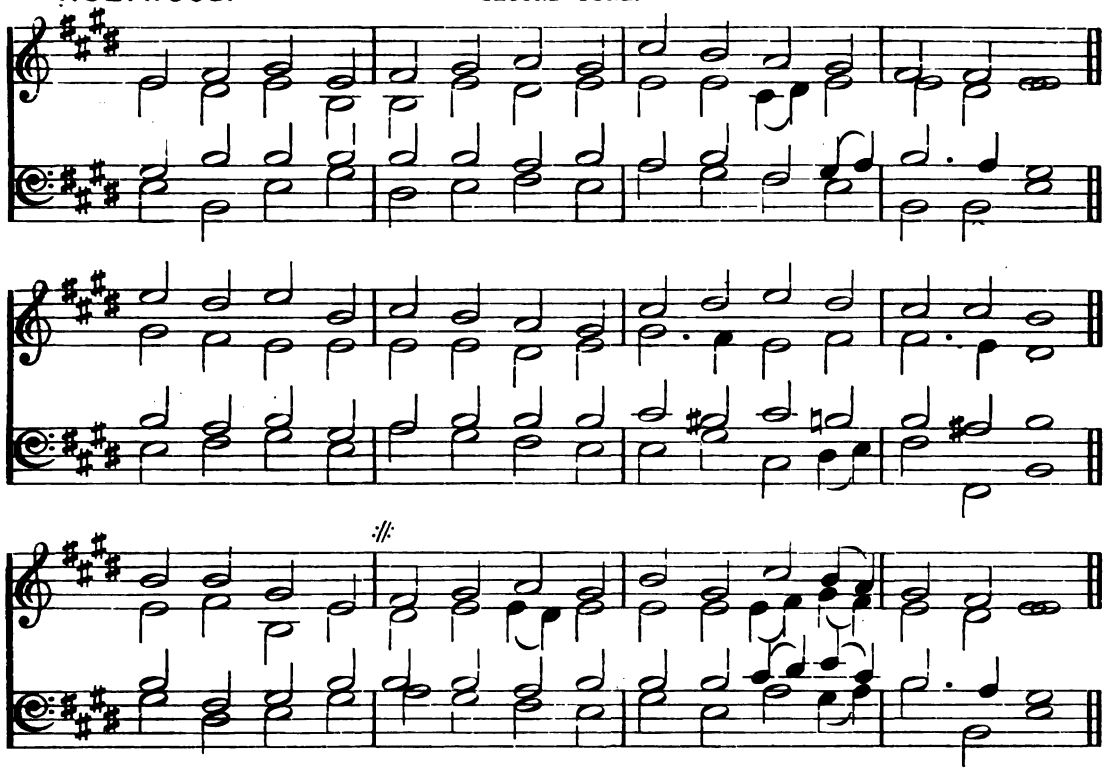
ST. PETER'S, WESTMINSTER. FIRST TUNE. J. TURLE.

'Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.'

mf LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
f Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

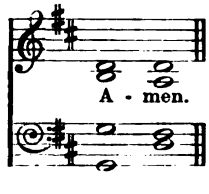
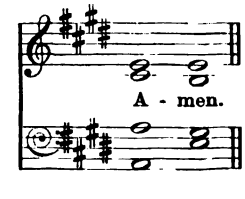
mp 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
p Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

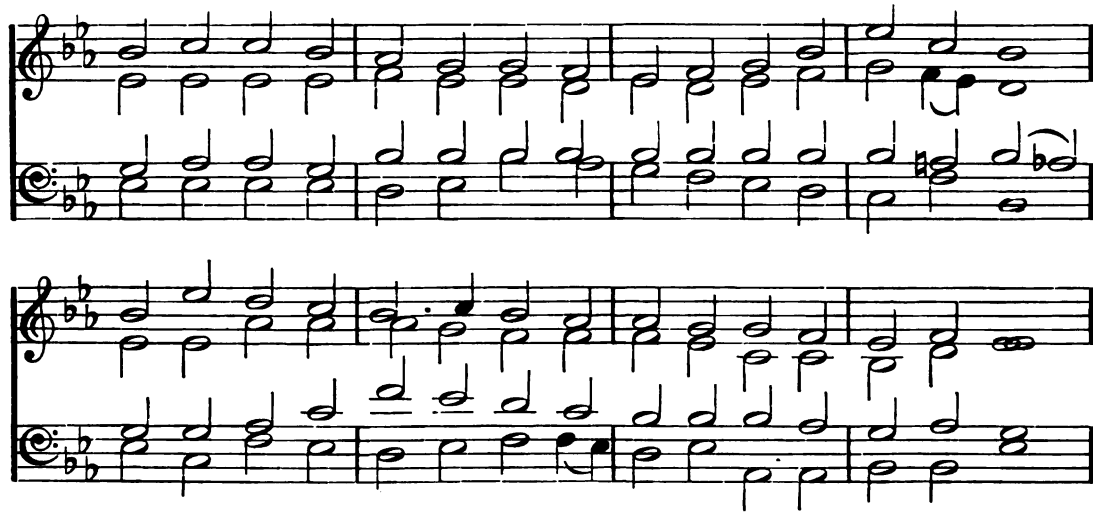
3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
: Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

106

HOLYWOOD. SECOND TUNE.

m 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
f Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly;
ff Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

107

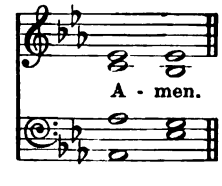
ST. NICOLAS. R. REDHEAD.

'The desire of all nations shall come.'

m COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

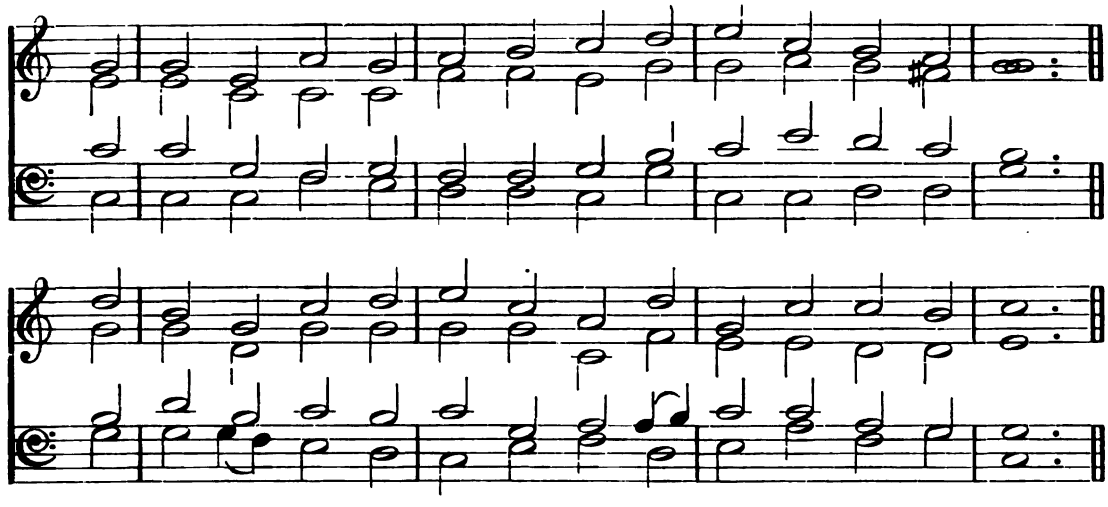
mf 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thy own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thy all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.



108

ST. LEONARD. H. SMART.

'We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth.'

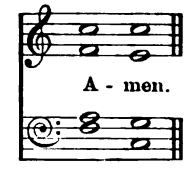
m LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
mf Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

f 2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

mp 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
c In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

m 5 Come then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
f Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

109

VENI IMMANUEL. PLAINSONG MELODY.

Voices in Unison.

Very quick

Org.

con Ped.

ff

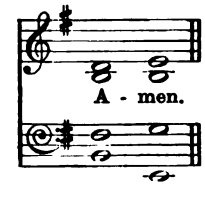
'The Redeemer shall come to Zion.'

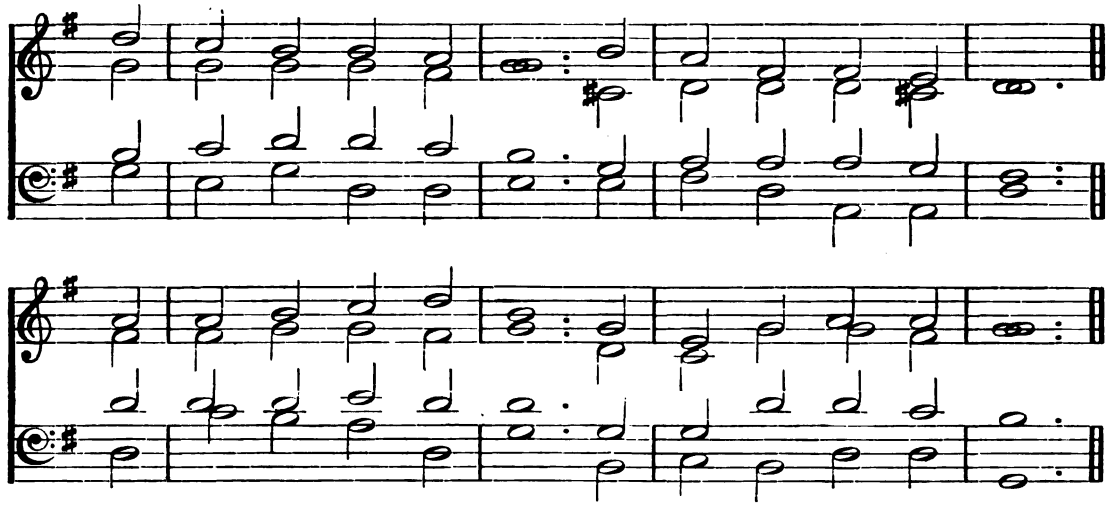
mp O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
mf *Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel*
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

mp 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
c From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

m 3 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

mf 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

110

ST. CECILIA. **L. G. HAYNE.**

'Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end.'

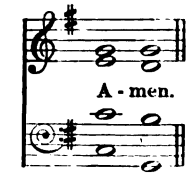
mf THY kingdom come, O God;
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

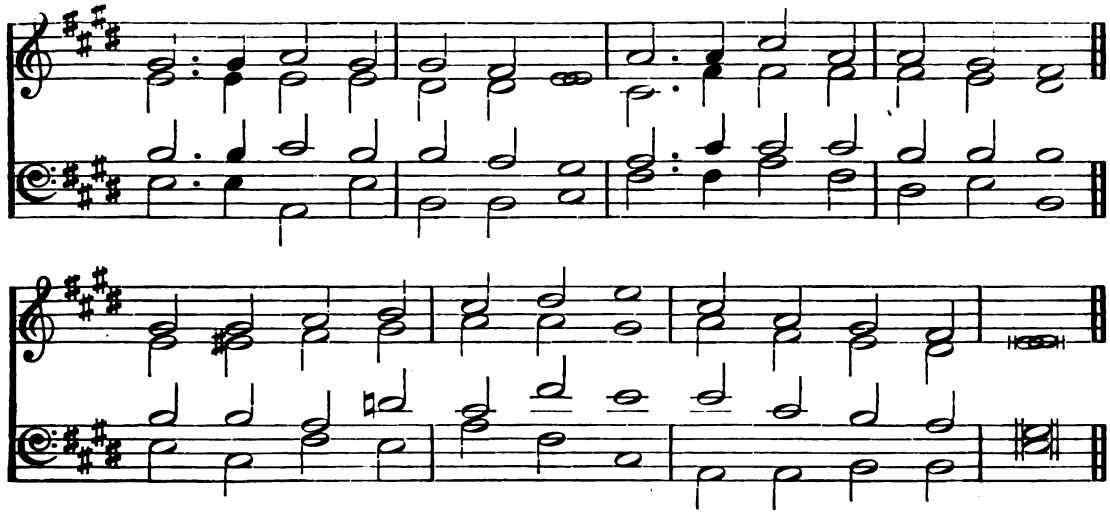
mp 2 Where is Thy reign of peace
And purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee Thy face before?

m 4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

mp 5 Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

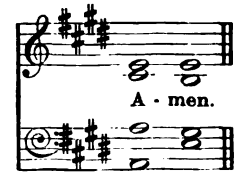
6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
mf Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise and never set.

111

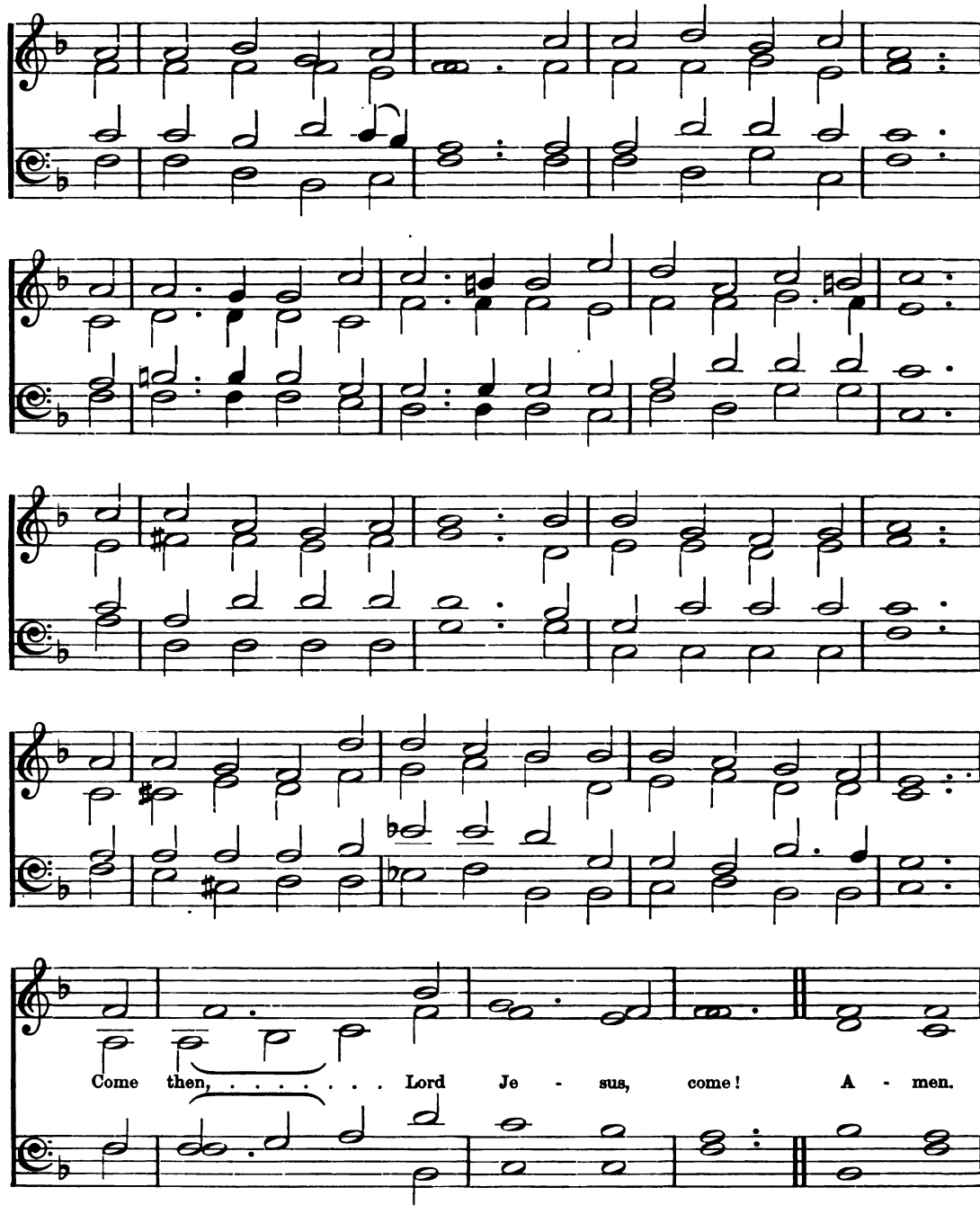
ANGELUS. R. JACKSON.

'Save with Thy right hand, and hear me.'

mp LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
p Jesus, hear and save.

m 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
d Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
p Jesus, hear and save.

mf 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
c Lord of lords and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

m 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
c Hear us now, and hear us then,
p Jesus, hear, and save.

112

SECOND ADVENT. A. L. PEACE.

'Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

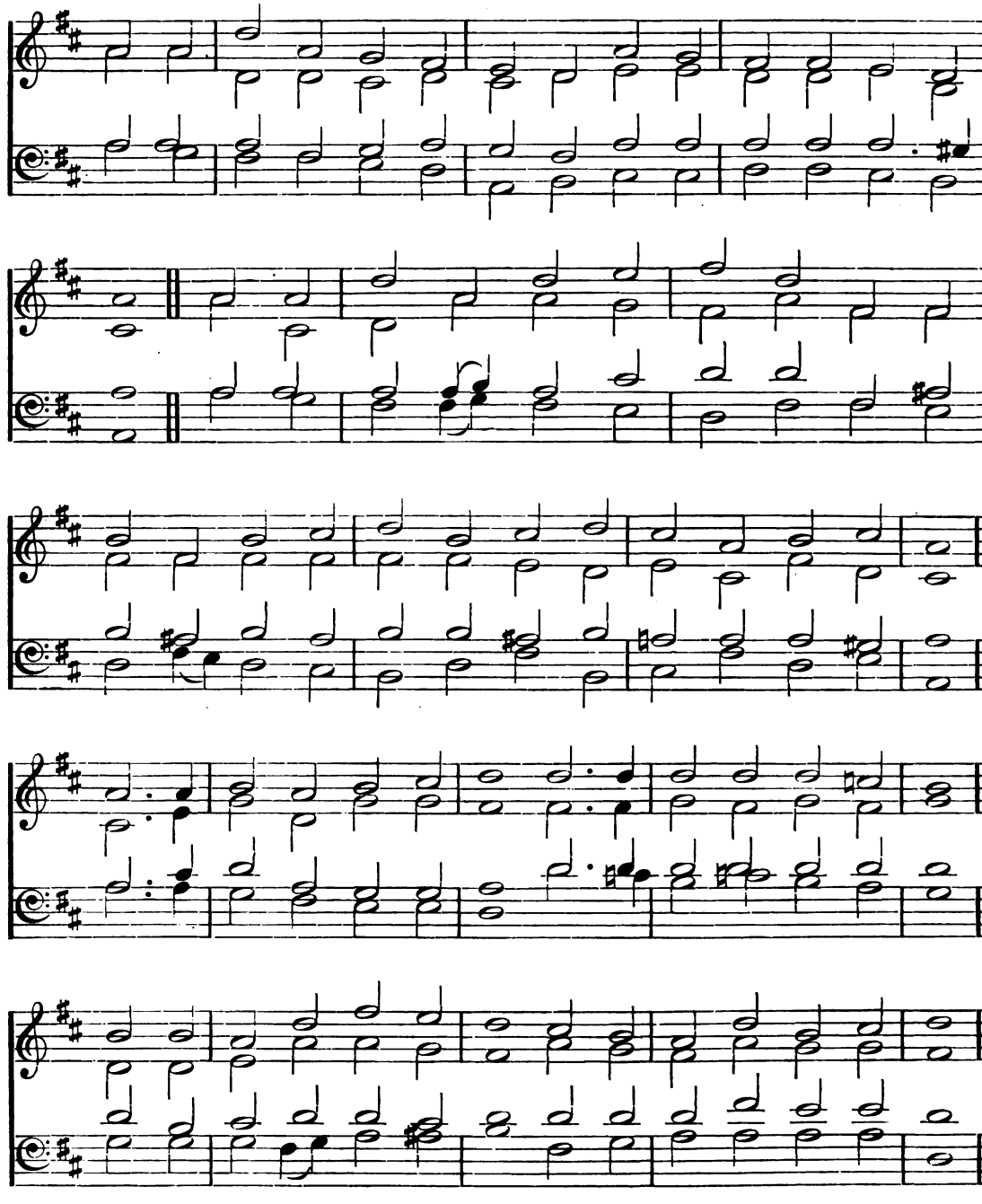
mp THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
c Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

mp 2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And, as they left us one by one,
p We laid them side by side:
We laid them down to sleep,
mp But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to slumber there
c Till the last, glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

mp 3 The serpent's brood increase;
The powers of hell grow bold;
d The conflict thickens; faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
p How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good?
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
c Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

m 4 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness
And make her wastes rejoice.
mf Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
c Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

113

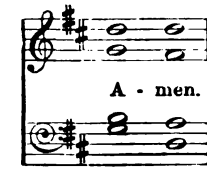
BEVERLEY. W. H. Monk.

'*Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*'

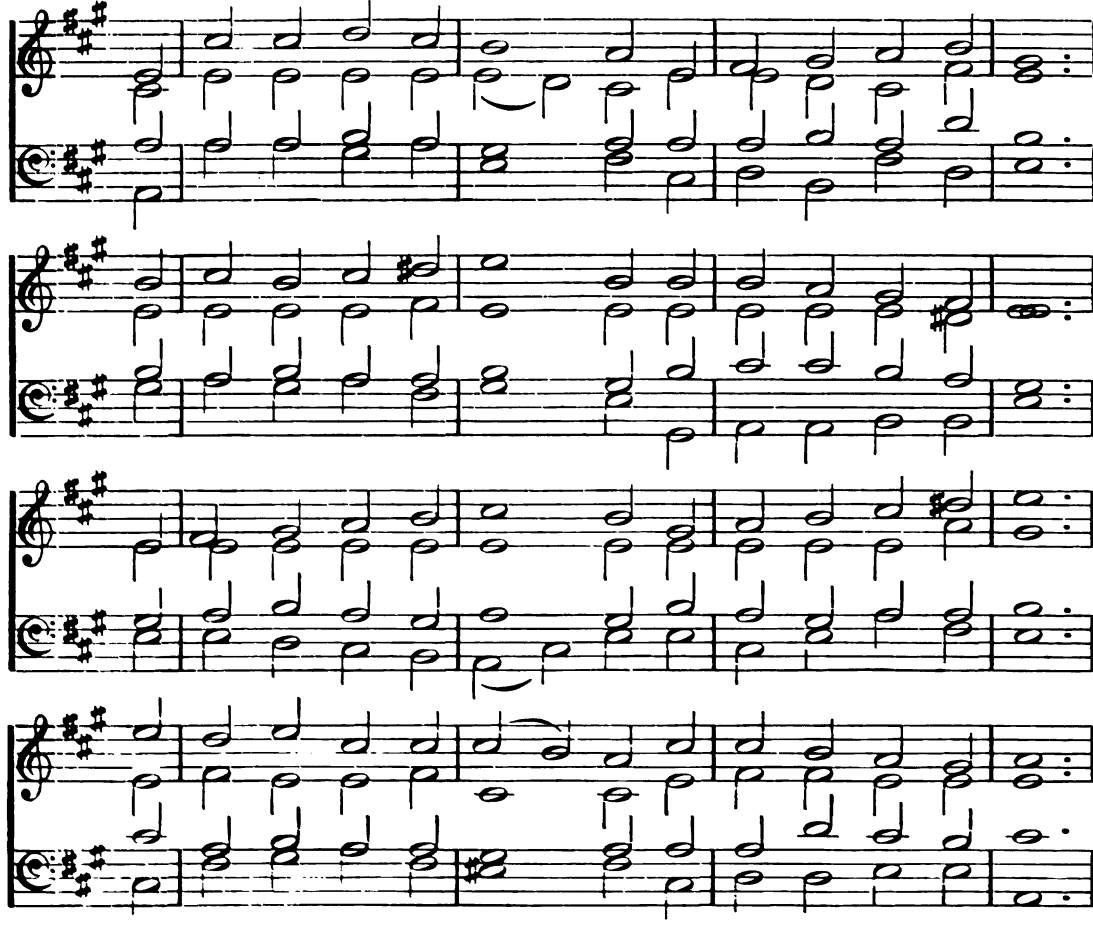
mf THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say.
f What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

mp 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

m 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong;
Joyful patience can endure.

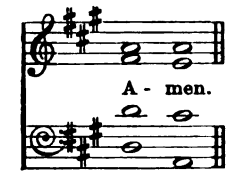
f 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with glad accord,—
Thee, my Master and my Friend
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
e Glorified, adored, and owned.

114

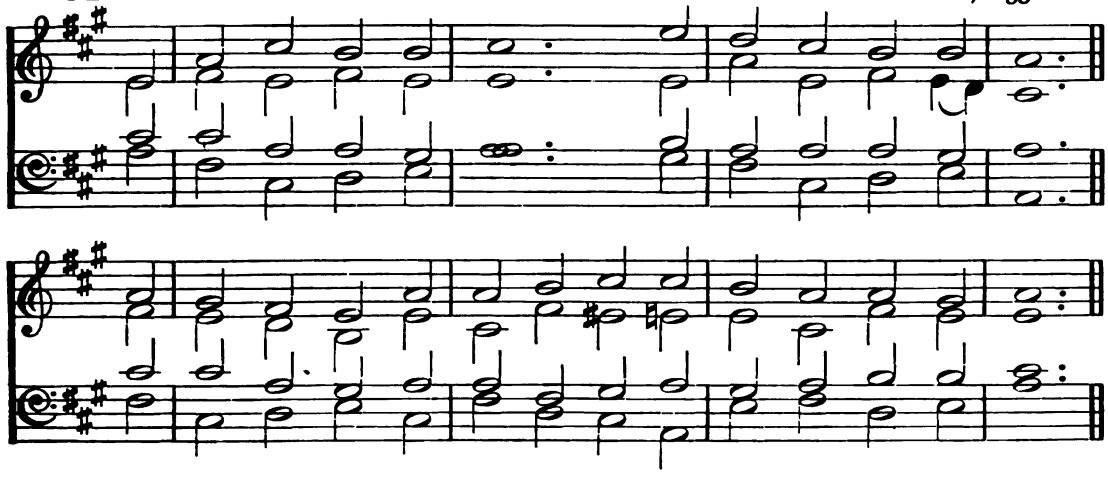
CANA OF GALILEE. G. J. ELVEY.

'Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord.'

mf REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
m The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh:
mf Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

m 2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil:
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
mf Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in glad songs of triumph,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting;
The gates wide open stand:
c Arise, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

mf 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us home to Thee.

115

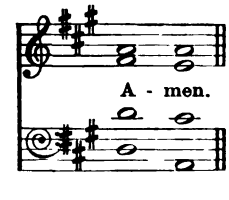
OLD 134TH. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

'*Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching.*'

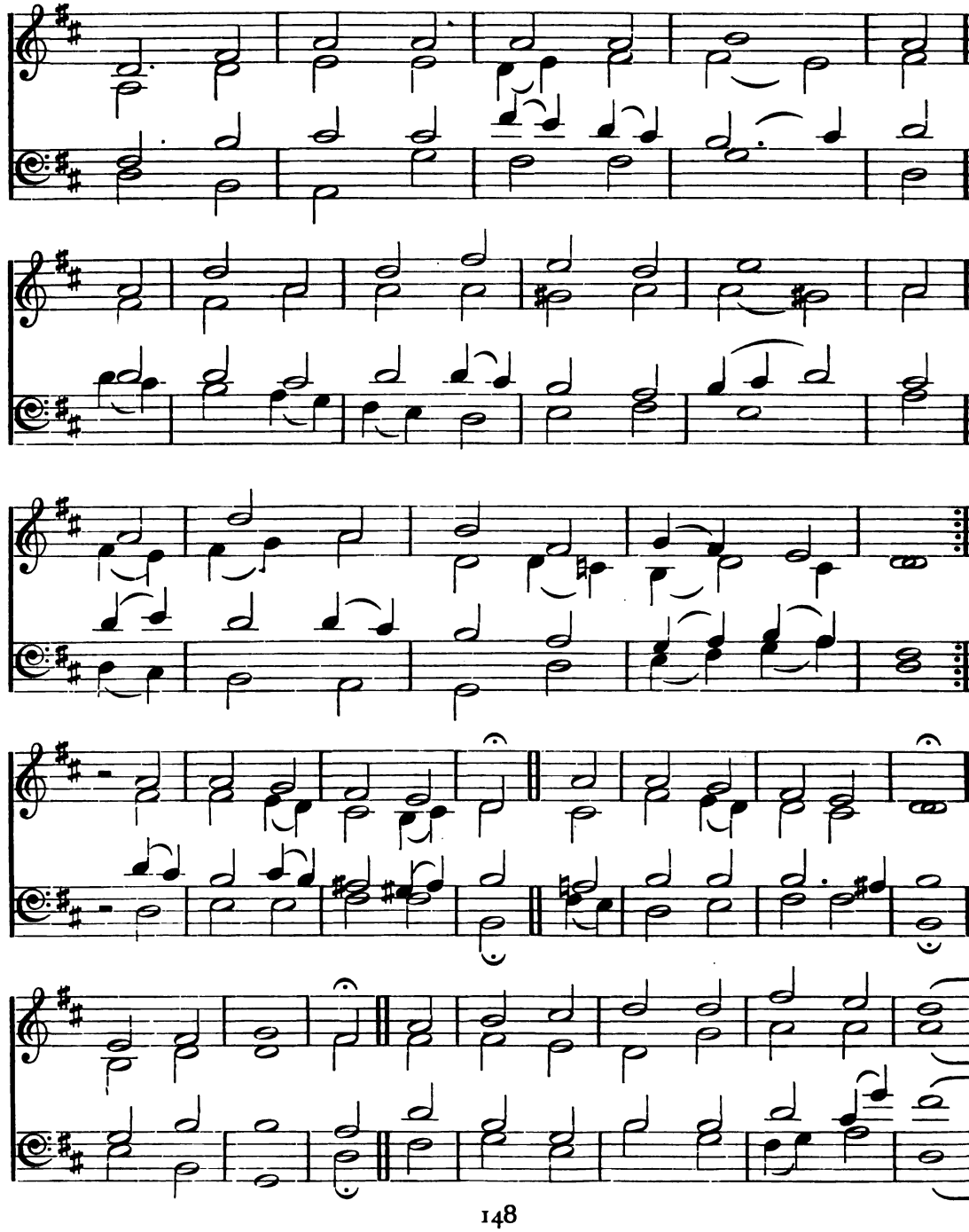
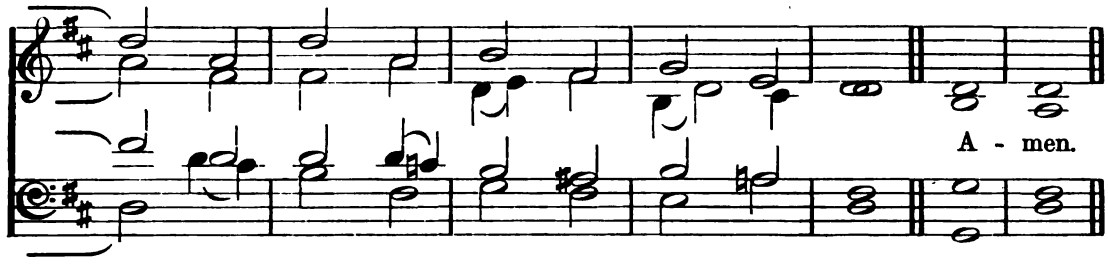
m YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
p For awful is His name.

m 3 Watch: 't is your Lord's command,
And while we speak He 's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

mf 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

f 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

116

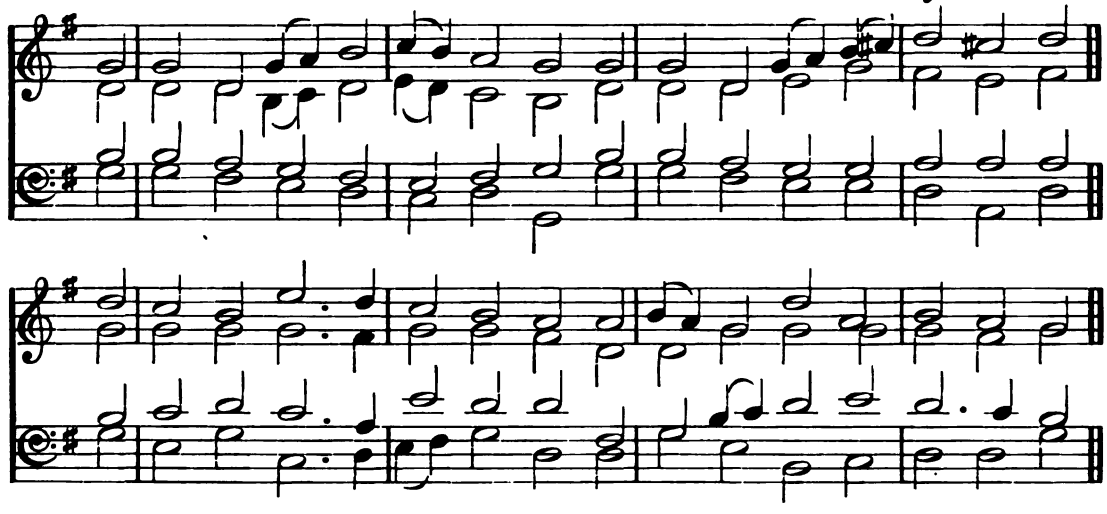
NICOLAI. P. NICOLAI.

'And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.'

f 'WAKE, awake! for night is flying,'
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
'Awake, Jerusalem, at last!'
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
'Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.'

mf 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
mp Ah come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
f Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

mf 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours:
f But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

117

ILLSLEY. FIRST TUNE. J. BISHOP.

'Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.'

m WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.

mp 2 But, when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

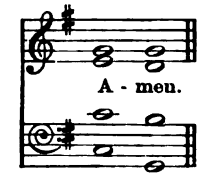
p 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead,
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed,

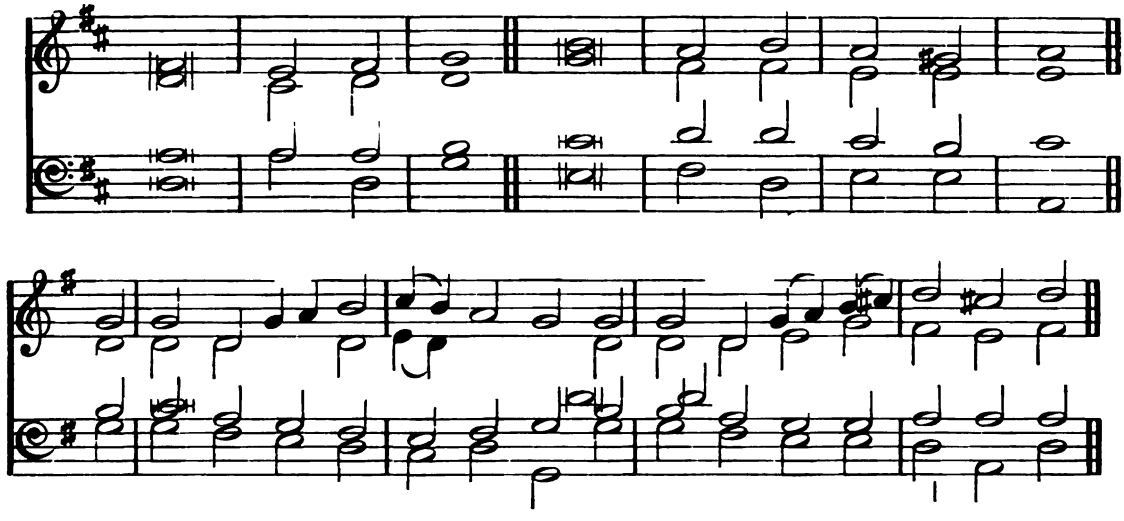
4 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
c And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light.

mp 5 And, since in God's recording book
Our sins are written every one—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew and left undone—

p 6 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

m 7 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

mf 8 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
'Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.'

117

SECOND TUNE. J. SOAPER.

'Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.'

m WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.

mp 2 But, when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

p 3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead,
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed,

4 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
c And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light.

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The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
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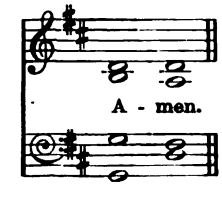
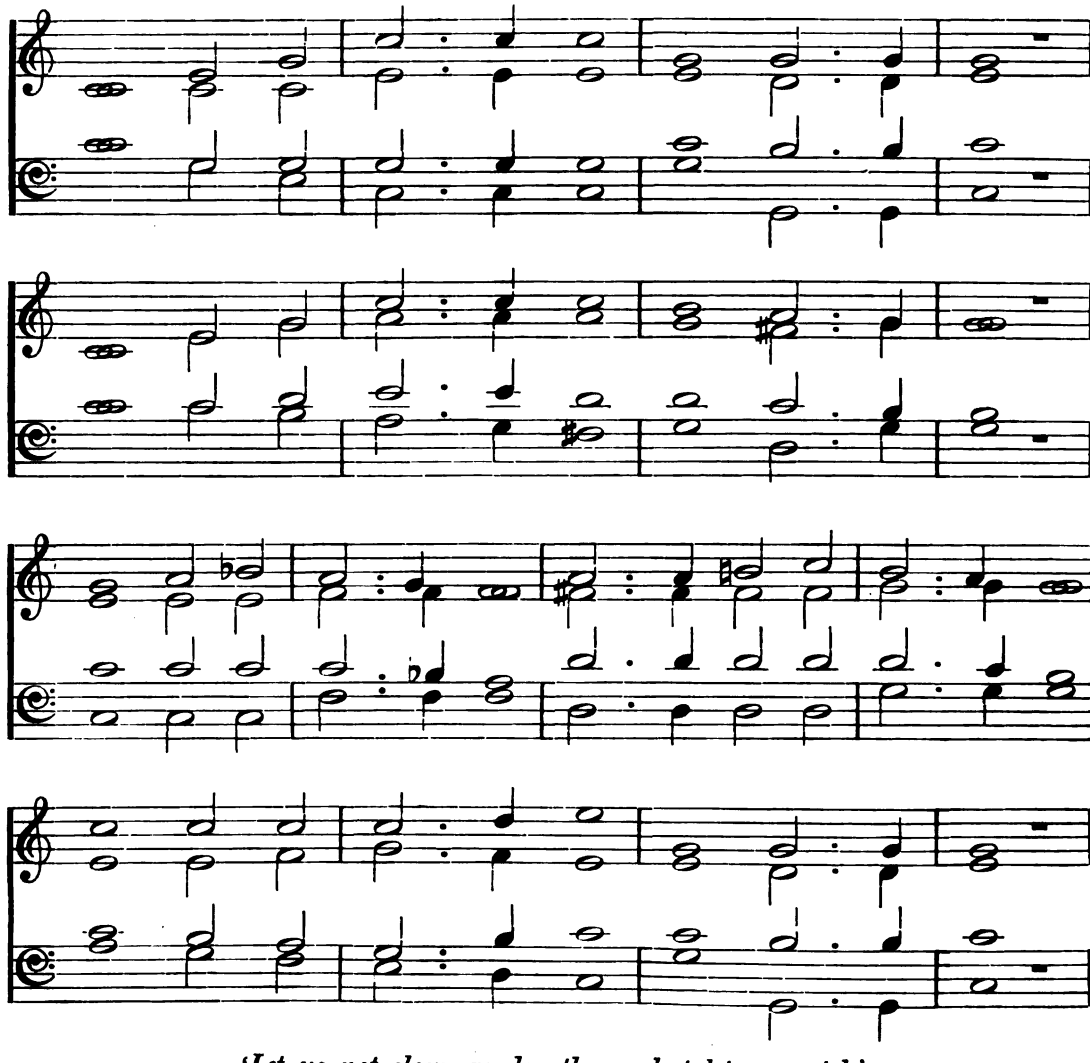
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

m 7 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

mf 8 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
'Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.'

118

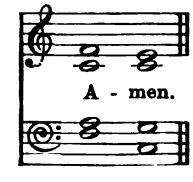
CLARION. MYLES B. FOSTER.

'Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch.'

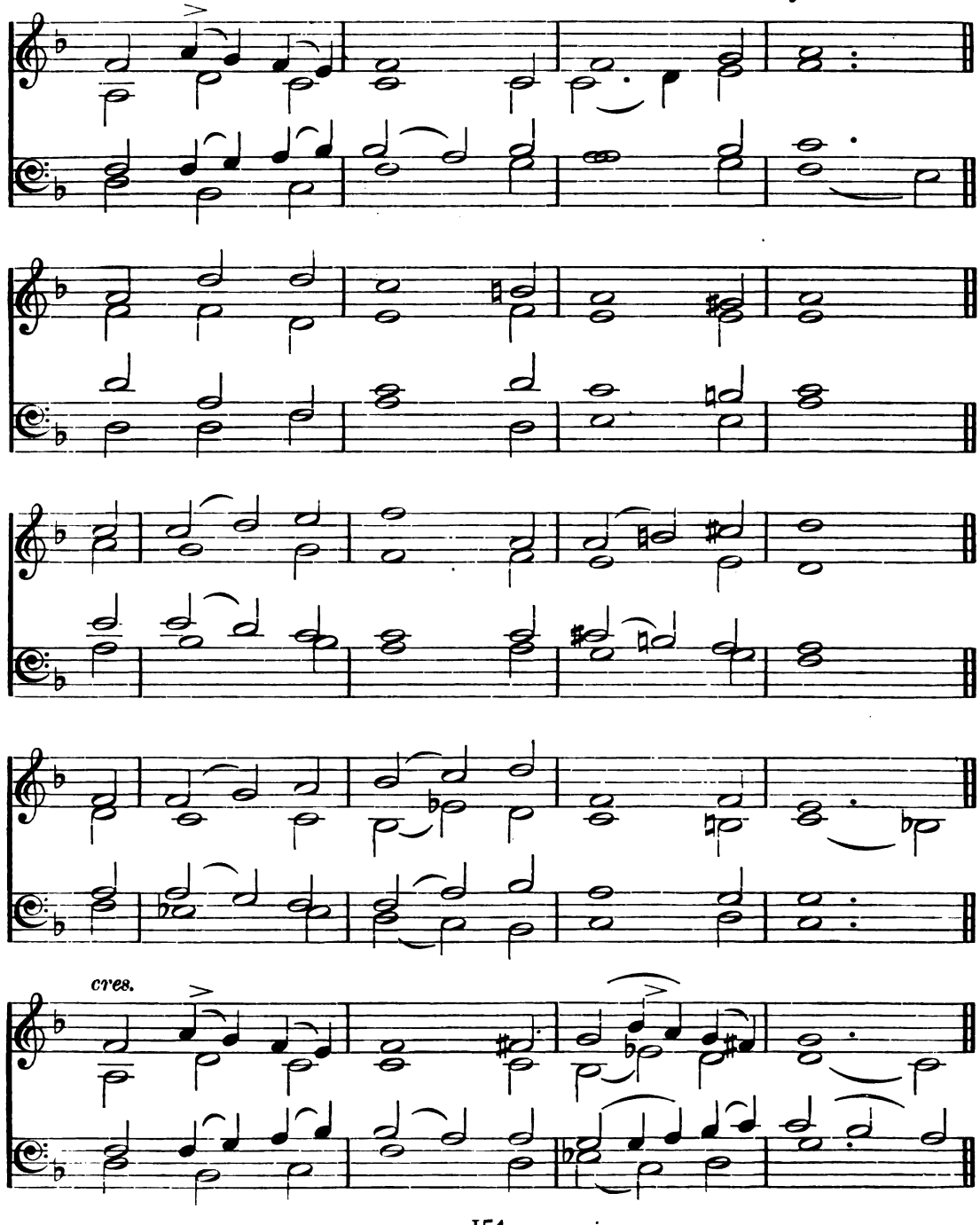
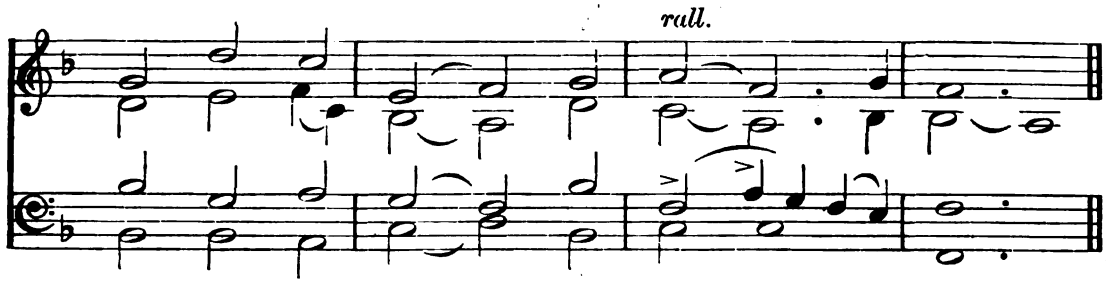
mf HARK! 't is the watchman's cry,
'Wake, brethren, wake!'
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

m 2 Call to each waking band,
'Watch, brethren, watch!'
Clear is our Lord's command;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
Even though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

mf 3 Heed we the steward's call,
'Work, brethren, work!'
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

mp 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
'Pray, brethren, pray!'
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here;
Pray, brethren, pray!

f 5 Now sound the final chord,
'Praise, brethren, praise!'
Thrice holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

119

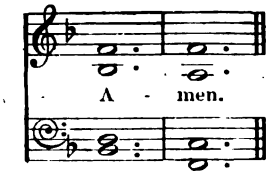
VENI CITO. J. B. DYKES.

'Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.'

mp O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all:
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
c O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

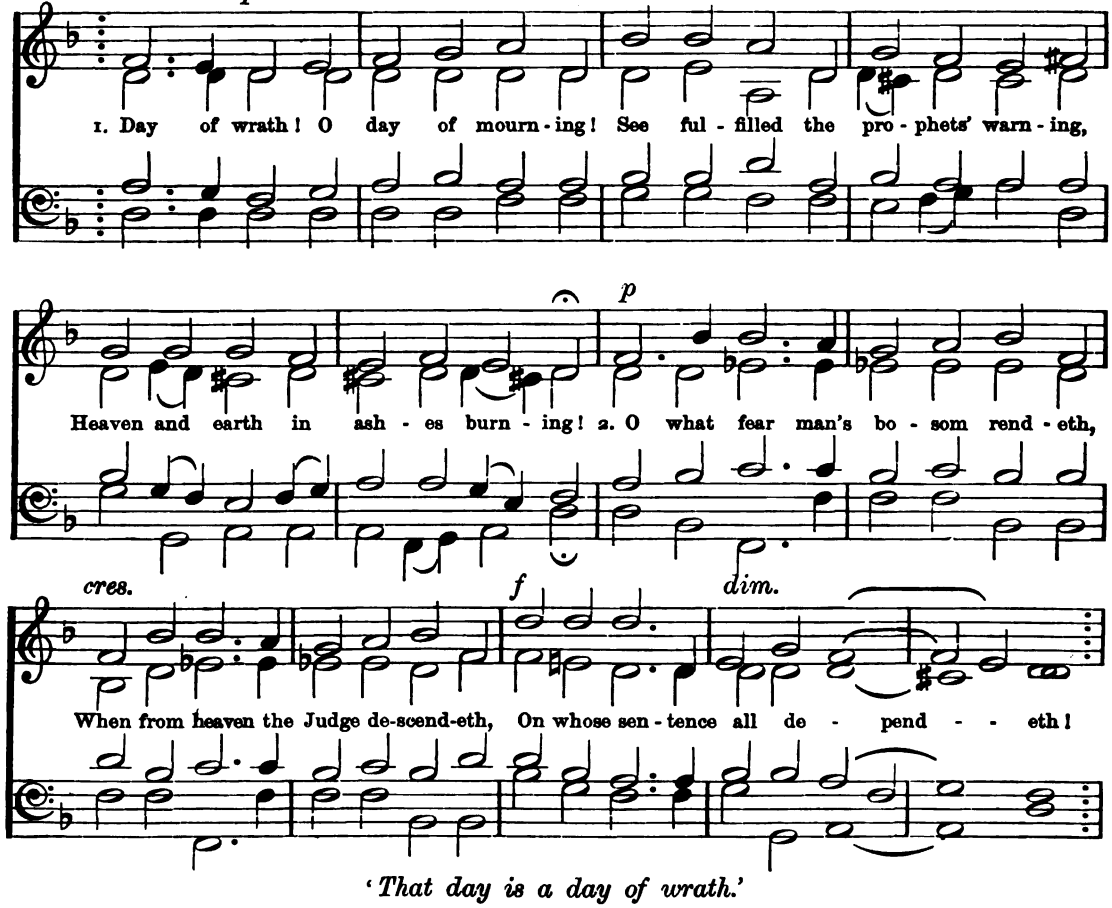
mf **2** O quickly come, great King of all:
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

m **3** O quickly come, true Life of all:
mp For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
mf O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

m **4** O quickly come, sure Light of all:
mp For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
mf O quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.



120

DIES IRÆ. *mp* **J. B. DYKES.**

1. Day of wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful-filled the pro-phets' warn-ing,
p
Heaven and earth in ash-es burn-ing! 2. O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,
cres.
f
dim.
When from heaven the Judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de - pend - - eth!

'That day is a day of wrath.'

mf 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

m 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

p 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

pp 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

mf 8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

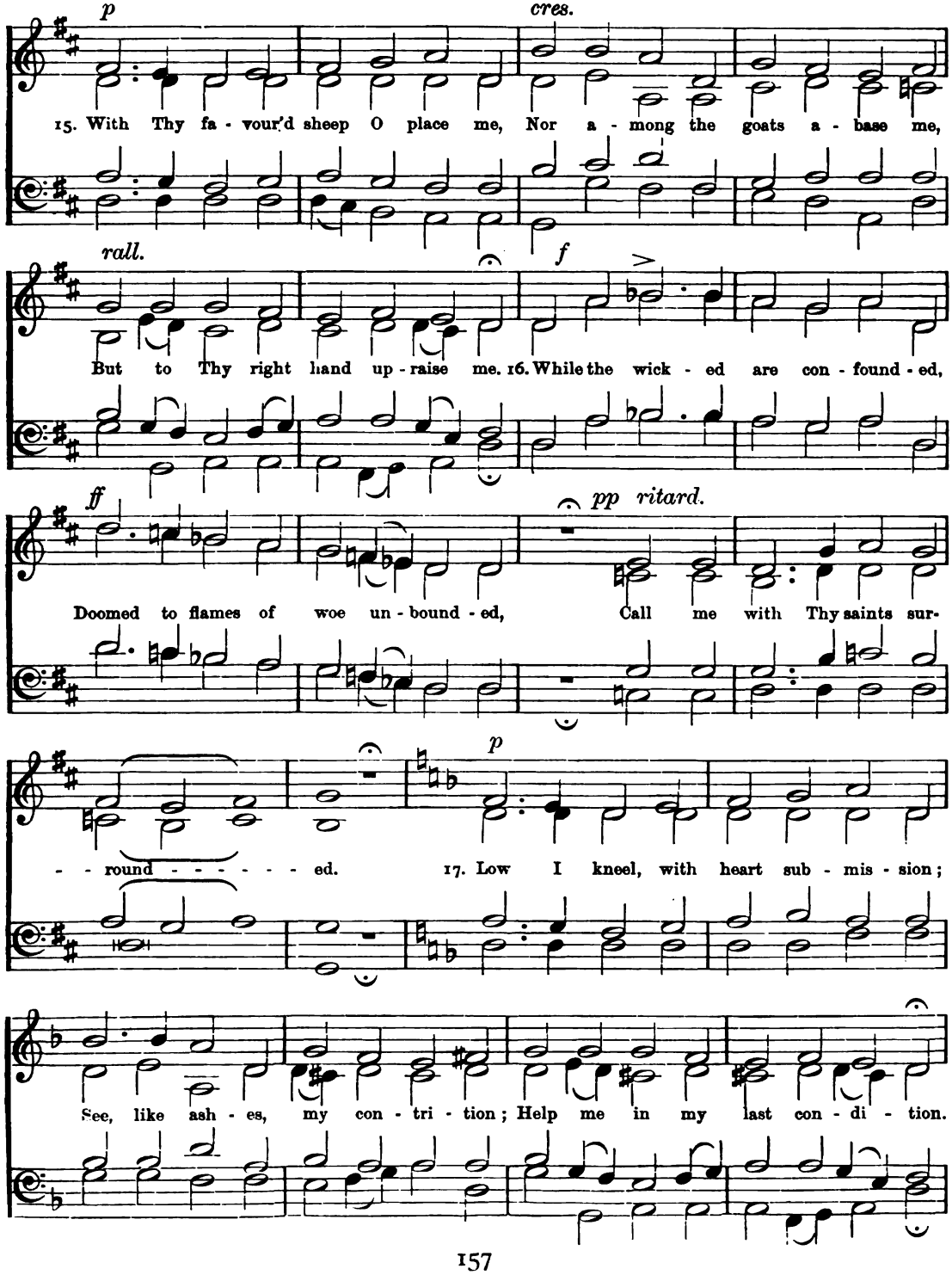
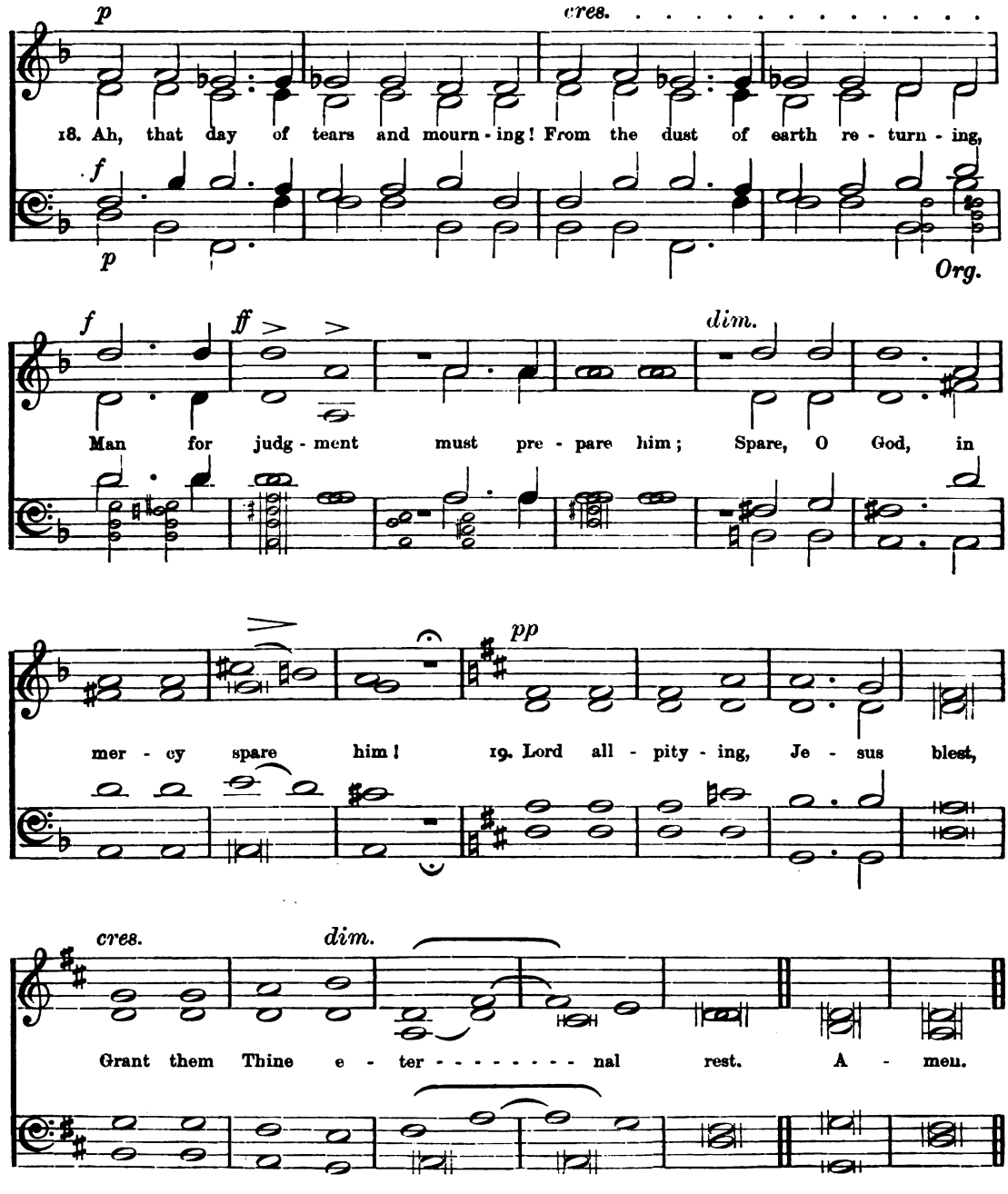
p 9 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

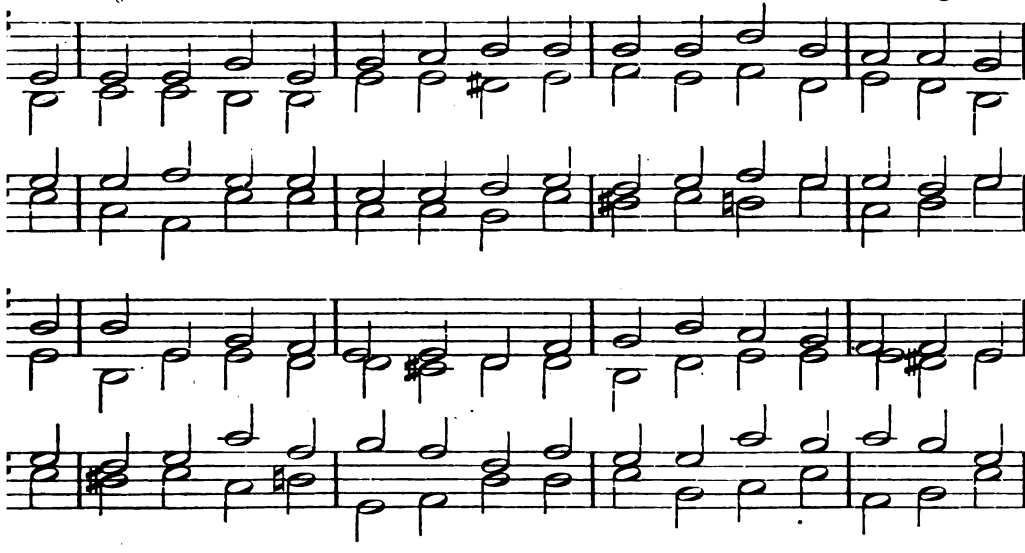
11 Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

mp 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst,
Thou the dying thief forgavest,
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

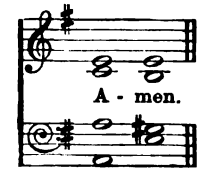
p 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

p
cres.
15. With Thy fa - vour'd sheep O place me, Nor a - mong the goats a - base me,
rall.
f
But to Thy right hand up - raise me. 16. While the wick - ed are con - found - ed,
ff
pp ritard.
Doomed to flames of woe un - bound - ed, Call me with Thy saints sur-
- - round - - - - - - ed.
p
17. Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion;
See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion; Help me in my last con - di - tion.

p
cres.
18. Ah, that day of tears and mourn - ing! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing,
f
p
Org.
f
ff
dim.
Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him; Spare, O God, in
pp
mer - cy spare him! 19. Lord all - pity - ing, Je - sus blest,
cres.
dim.
Grant them Thine e - ter - - - - - - - - nal rest. A - men.

121

SAXONY. SPANGENBERG'S GESANGBUCH, 1568.

now whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'

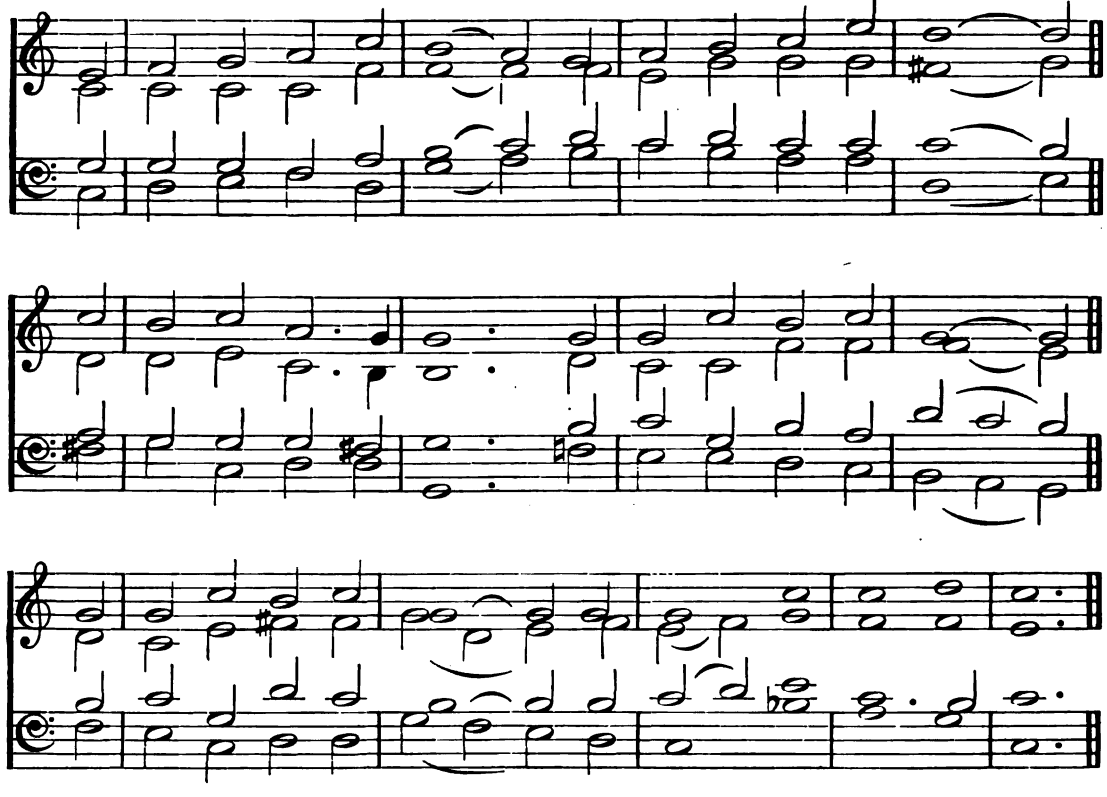
pp THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

p 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Also the following:

331 The world is very evil.
417-420 Hymns on the Lord's Supper.
429-447 Hymns on Missions.

122

LAUDES DOMINI. **J. BARNBY.**

'Prayer also shall be made for Him continually; and daily shall He be praised.'

m WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
mf 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
m Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
mf 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

m 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
mf 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
m O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
f 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

mp 3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
c 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
m When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
c 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

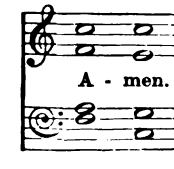
mp 4 Does sadness fill my mind?
c A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
mp Or fades my earthly bliss?
c My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

m 5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
f 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
m The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

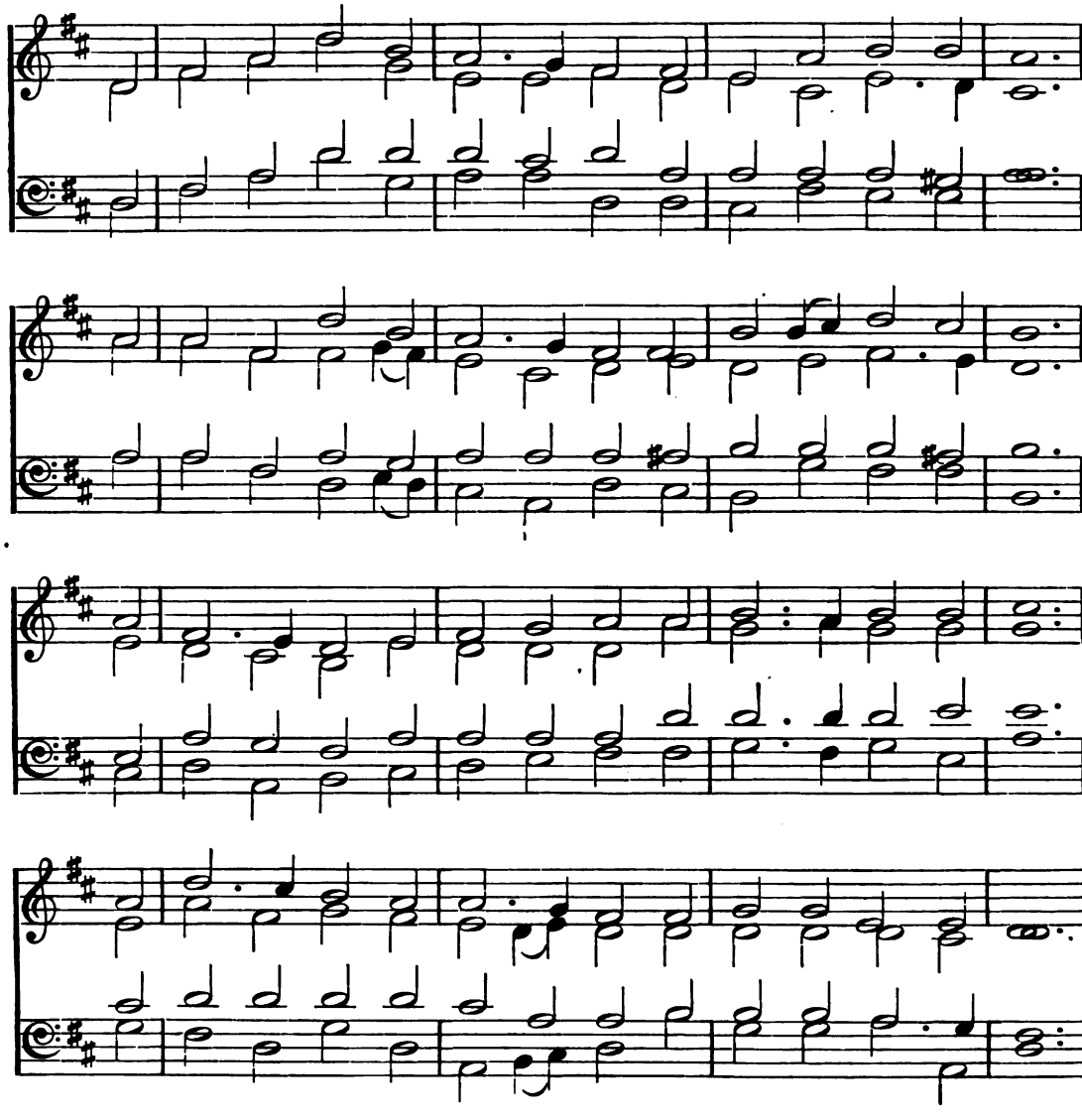
mf 6 To God, the Word, on high
The host of angels cry,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

f 7 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
c Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

mf 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'



123

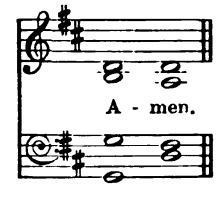
PETERSHAM. C. W. Poole.

'My Lord and my God.'

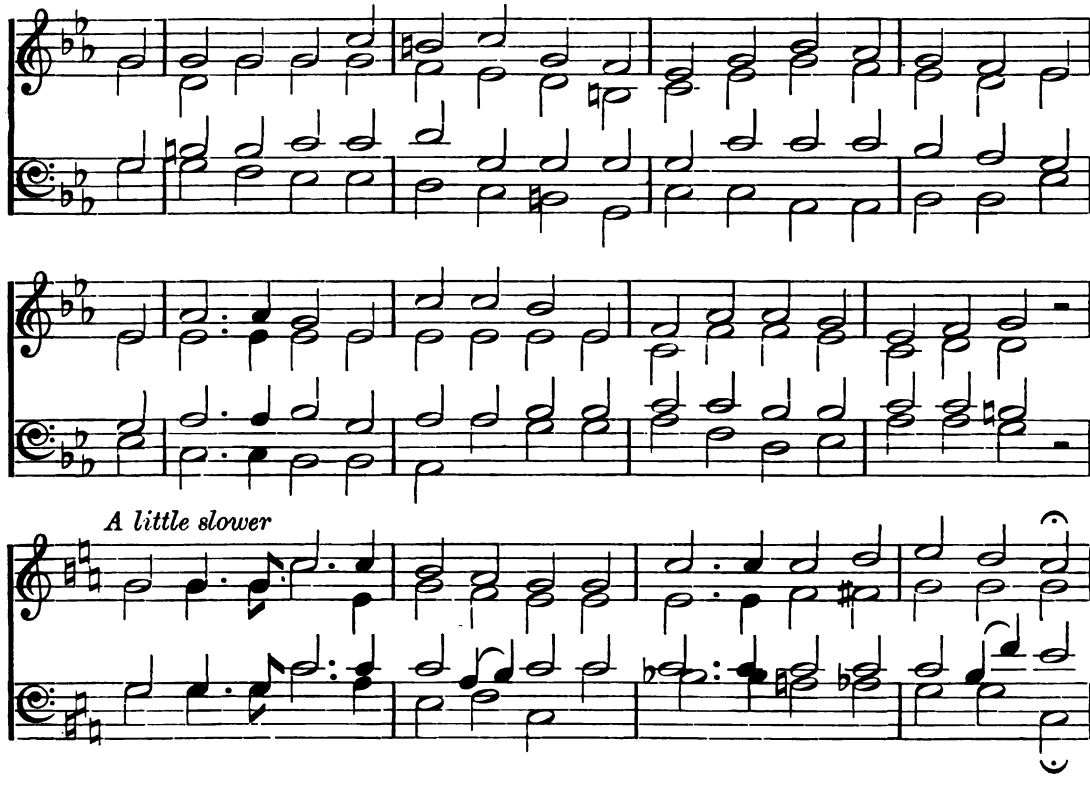
mf JESUS is God! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strow the skies at night,

The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God;
He who in heaven eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

mp 3 Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil.
m And what to us the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was Man?

mf 4 Jesus is God! O, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
O, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
f 'Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!'

124

CREDO. **J. STAINER.**

'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'

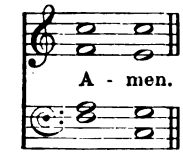
mp WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
mf But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

p 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do';
mp Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

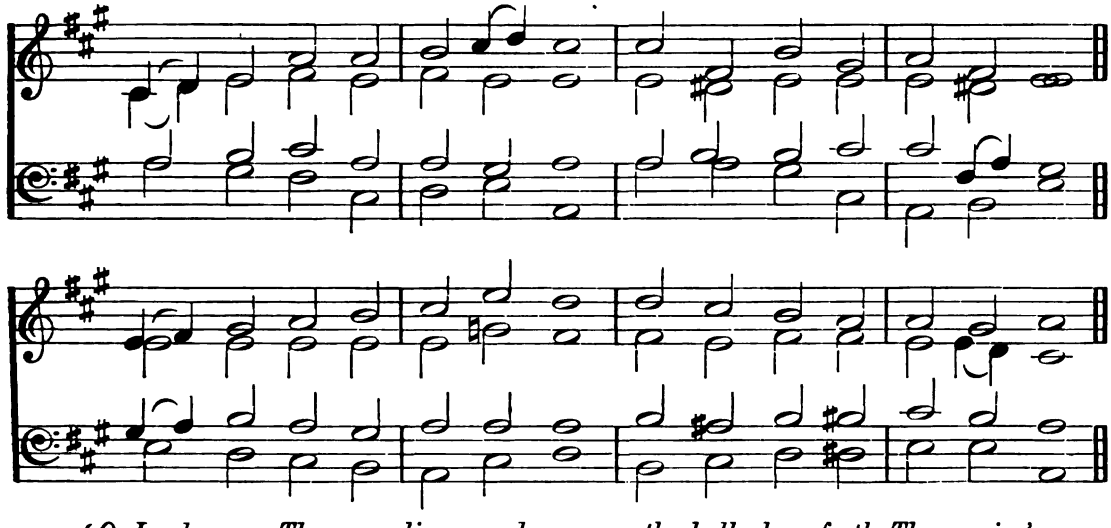
m 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
mf But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

m 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
mf Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

m 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
f But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.



125

BARNET. A. COTTMAN.

'O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.'

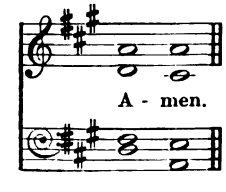
mf SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth and cross and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung,
'Glory be to God on high!'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue:
Who should louder sing than I?

m 3 Did the Lord a Man become
That He might the law fulfil,
p Bleed and suffer in my room,—
m And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

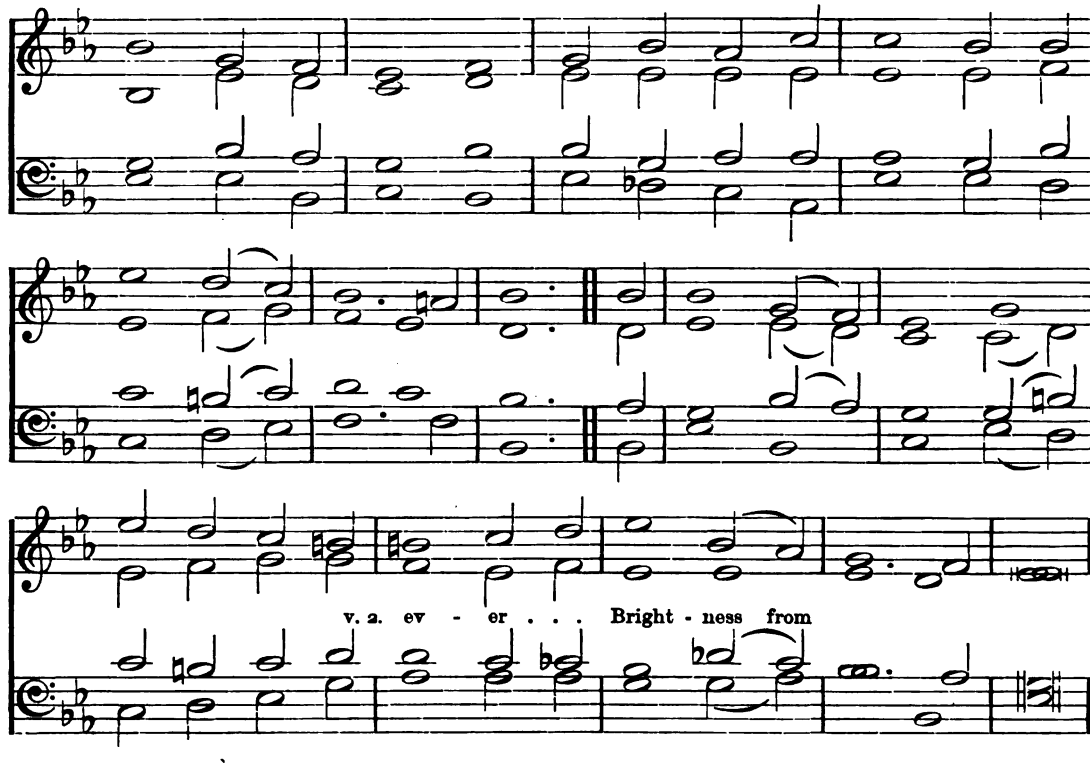
mf 4 No! I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

f 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
Every precious name in one—
I will love Thee without end.



126

WILTON. A. H. MANN.

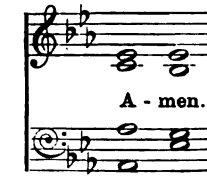


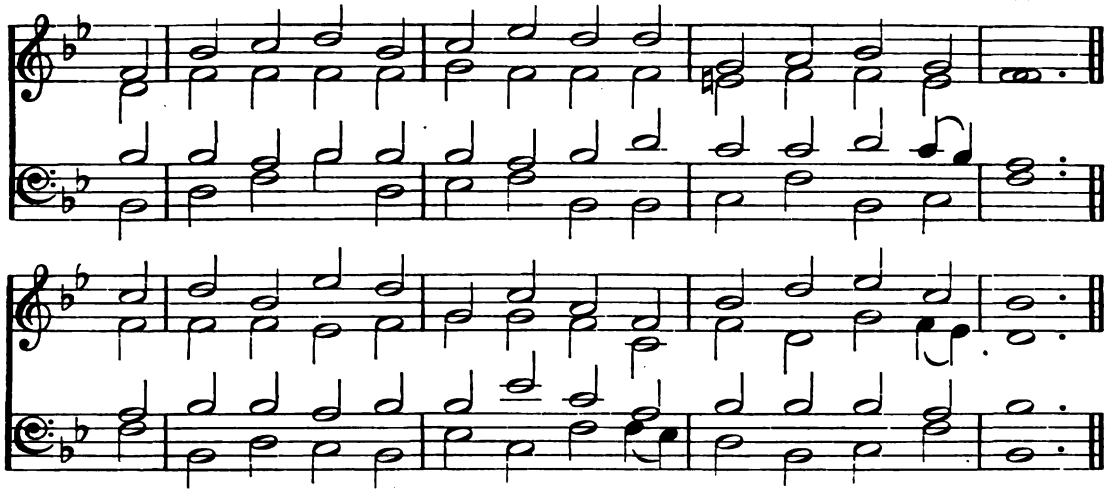
'Thy sun shall no more go down . . for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.'

mf LIGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.

3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue,—
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

f 4 Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging Day.

127

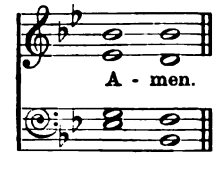
ST. JAMES. FIRST TUNE. R. COURTEVILLE.

'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'

m THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

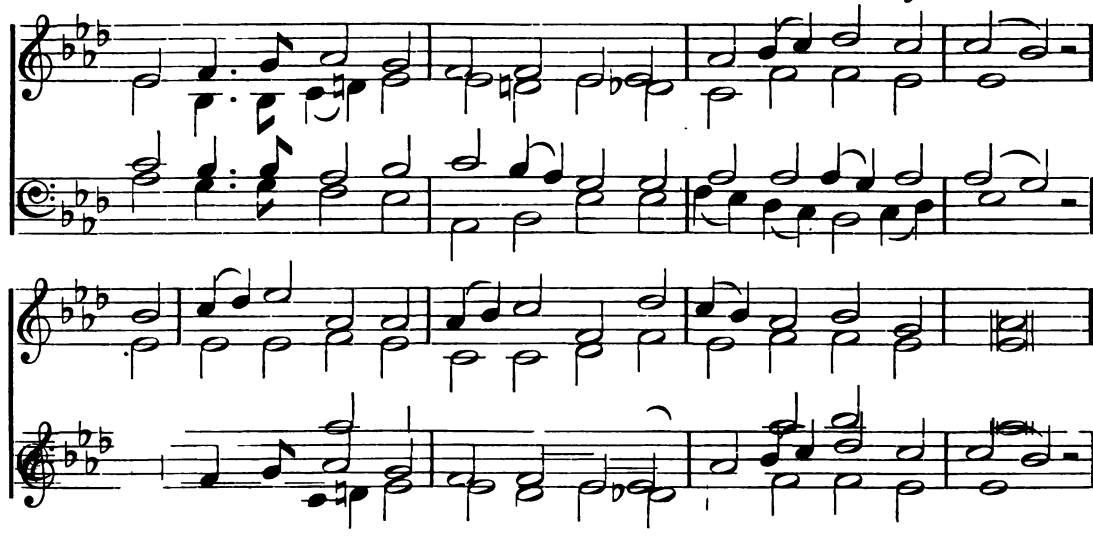
2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

mf 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

m 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.



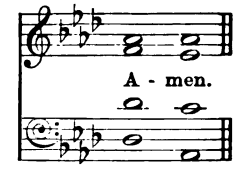
127

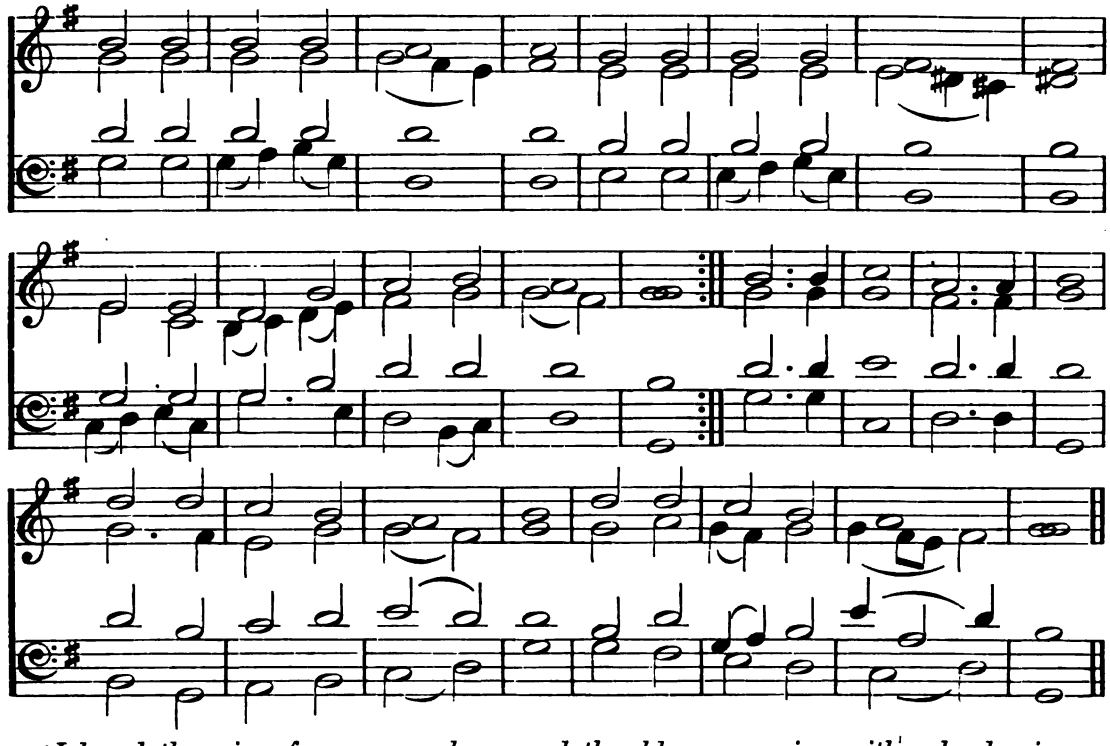
RUTHWELL. SECOND TUNE. J. M. BELL.

'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'

m THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

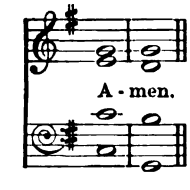
mf 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

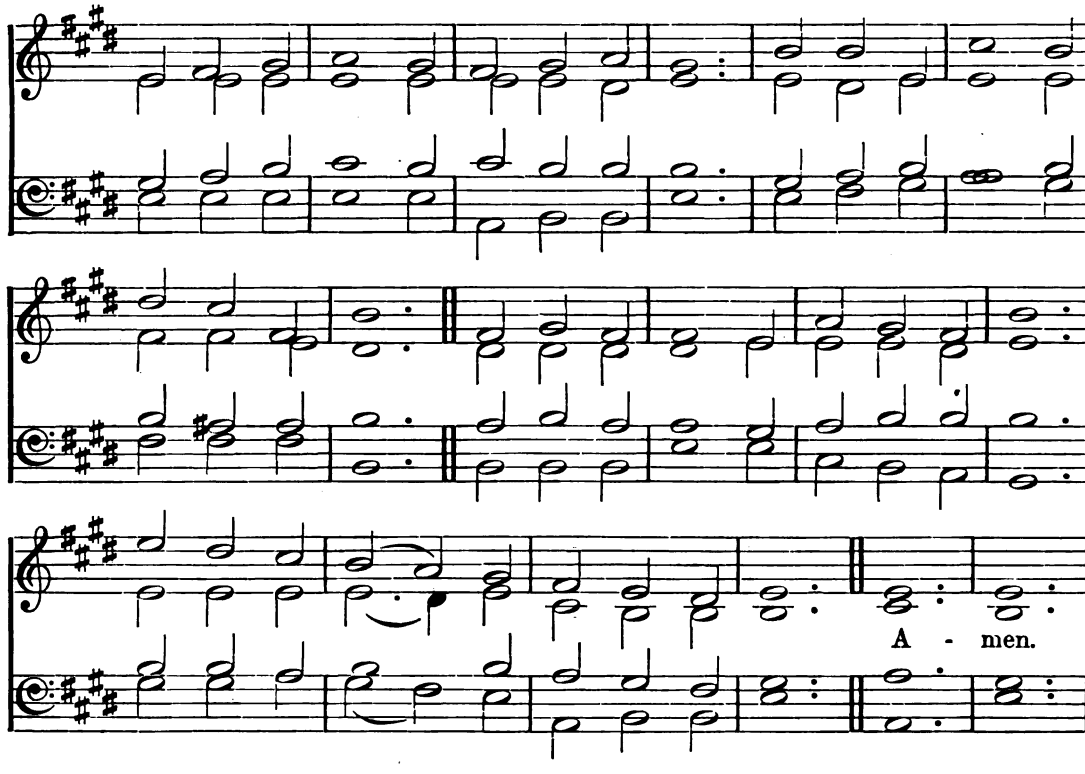
m 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

128

ARNSBERG. J. NEANDER.

'I heard the voice of many angels . . and the elders . . saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb.'

mp HARK! how heaven is calling,
In sweet echoes falling
From angelic harps and voices:
mf 'T is the wondrous story,
Chiefest theme in glory,
Grace o'er man redeemed rejoices:
f This inspires
All their lyres,
And with harp and singing
Heaven's dome is ringing.

m 2 Saint unites with angel,
Hymning the evangel,
mf Glory to the God of heaven!
Glory to the Spirit!
And to Jesus' merit
Let hosannas loud be given!
For He saves
Sinful slaves,
Them from ruin raising
In His love amazing.

m 3 Does salvation's story
Waken praise in glory
To the Lamb who suffered for us?
mf And, while heaven rejoices,
Shall not kindred voices
Swell from earth to join the chorus?
f Yes! the song,
Loud and strong,
Shall to glory's portals
Rise from saved immortals.

129

★THEODORA. A. LEGGE.

'Christ is all, and in all.'

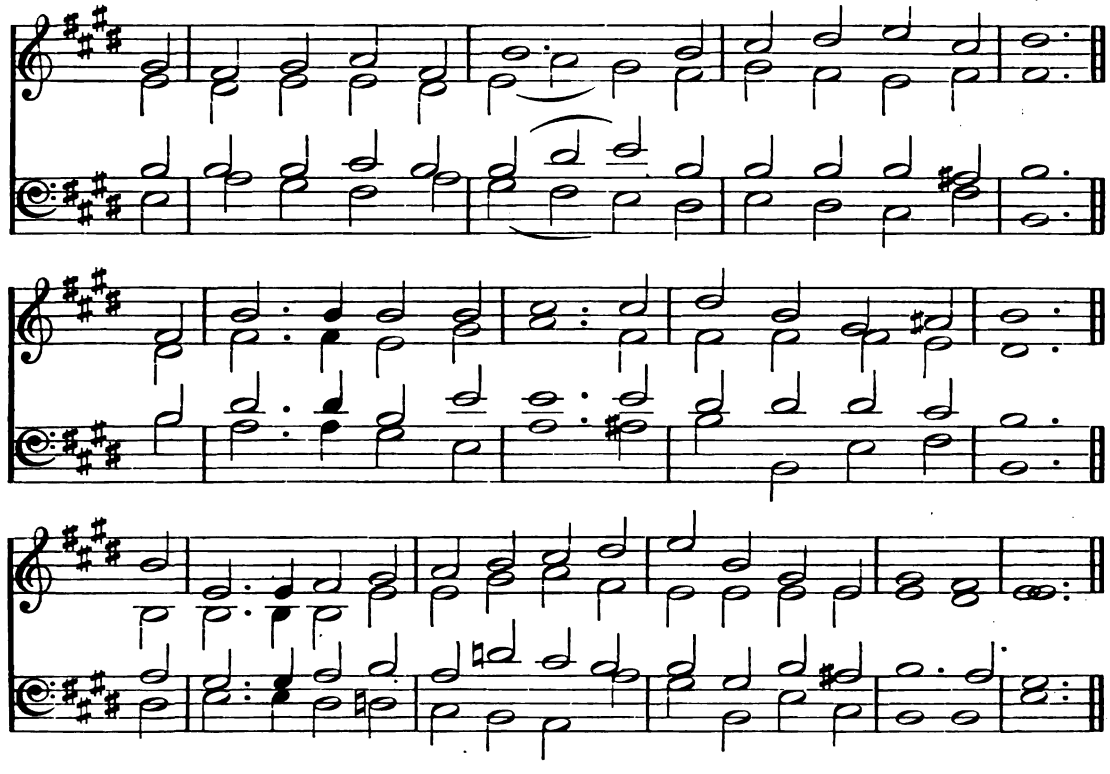
m REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

mp 2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

m 3 When my feet stumble,
I to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
c Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

f 4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise,—
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

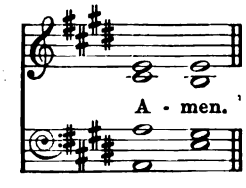
130

KENILWORTH. **E. BUNNETT.**

'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.'

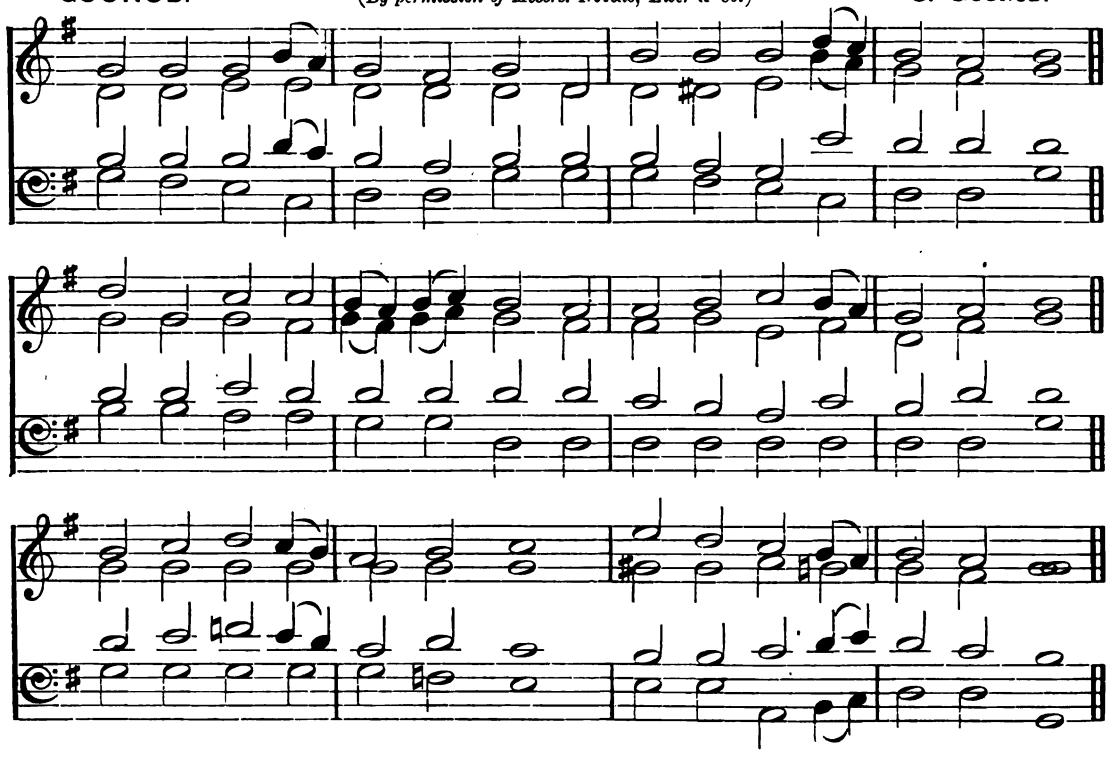
mf JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
f All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

mf 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

m 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
c His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

mf 4 My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
f Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

131

FIRST TUNE.

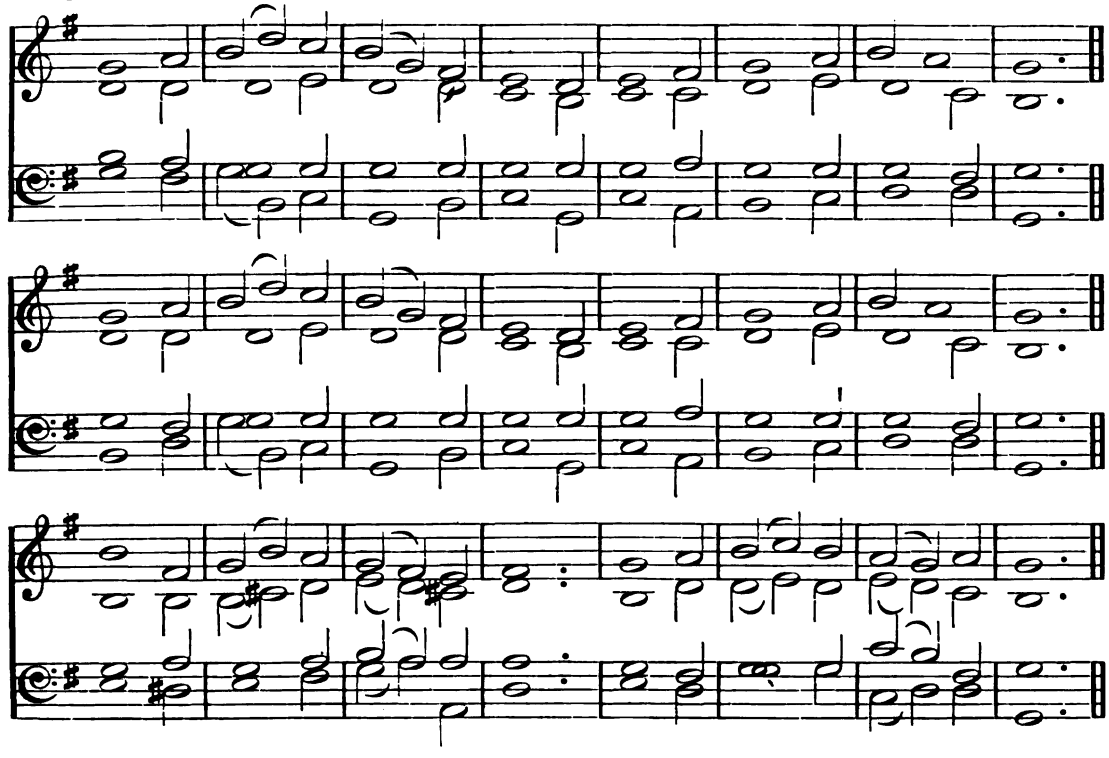
GOUNOD. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) C. GOUNOD.

'*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*'

m ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
c They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

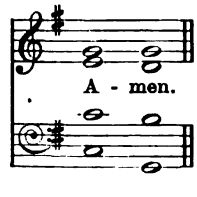
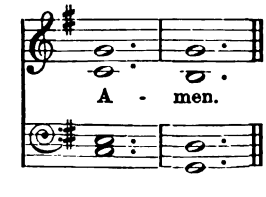
m 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
mf But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
f This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

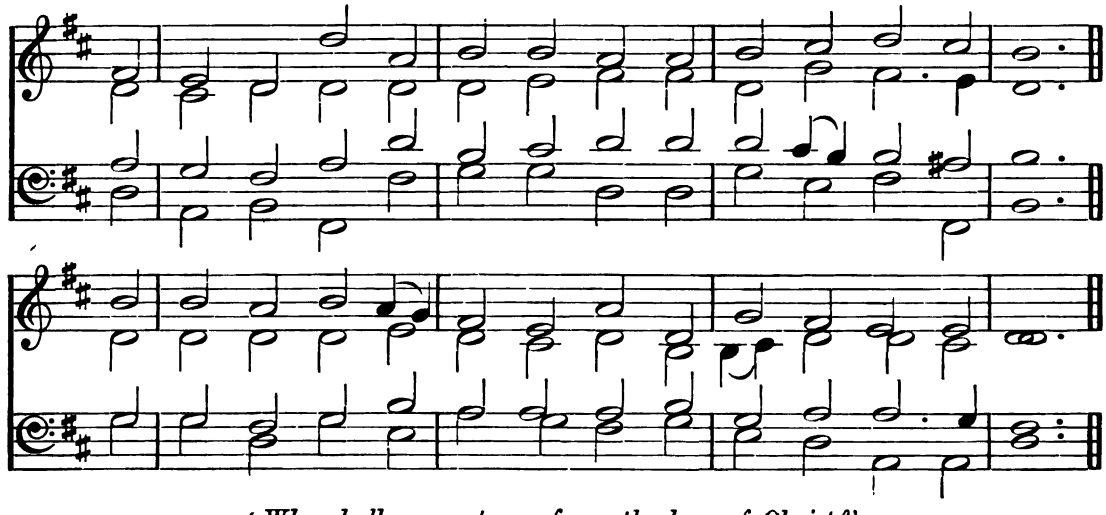
m 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
mf Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

131

GODESBERG. SECOND TUNE. H. ALBERT.

m 4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
mf Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

mp 5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
mf But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

132

METZLER. R. REDHEAD.

'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?'

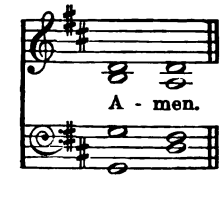
m LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
mp Thou one with us upon the tree,
m We one with Thee above!

2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

mp 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine
Confessed and borne by Thee,
p The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
c To set Thy members free.

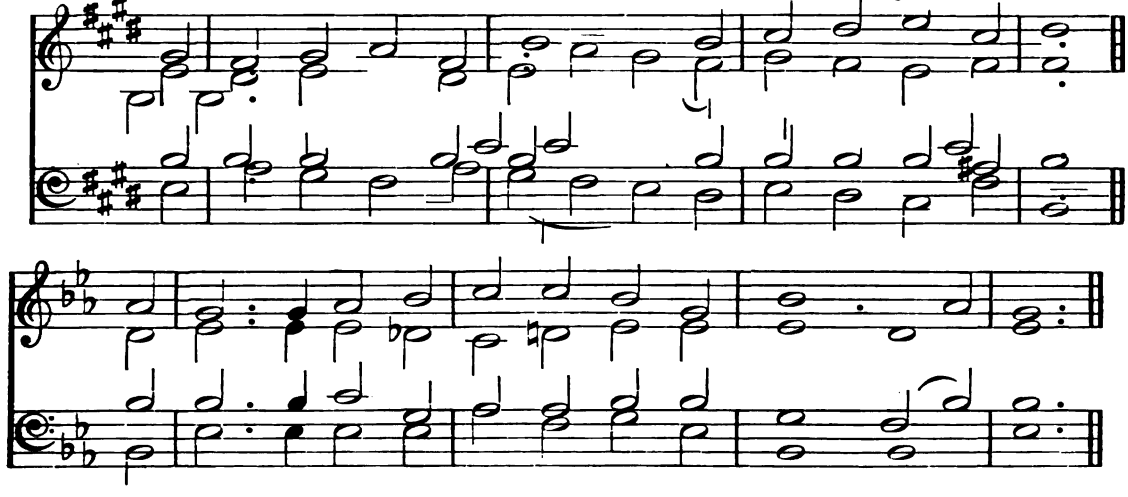
mf 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
c Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

m 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one
And we are one with Thee.

mf 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

Also the following:

92 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.
192 Christ, of all my hopes the ground.
282 Eternal Beam of Light Divine.
198-218 Hymns of Love and Gratitude.

133

ST. CUTHBERT. J. B. DYKES.

'If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.'

mp OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

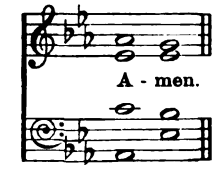
m 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

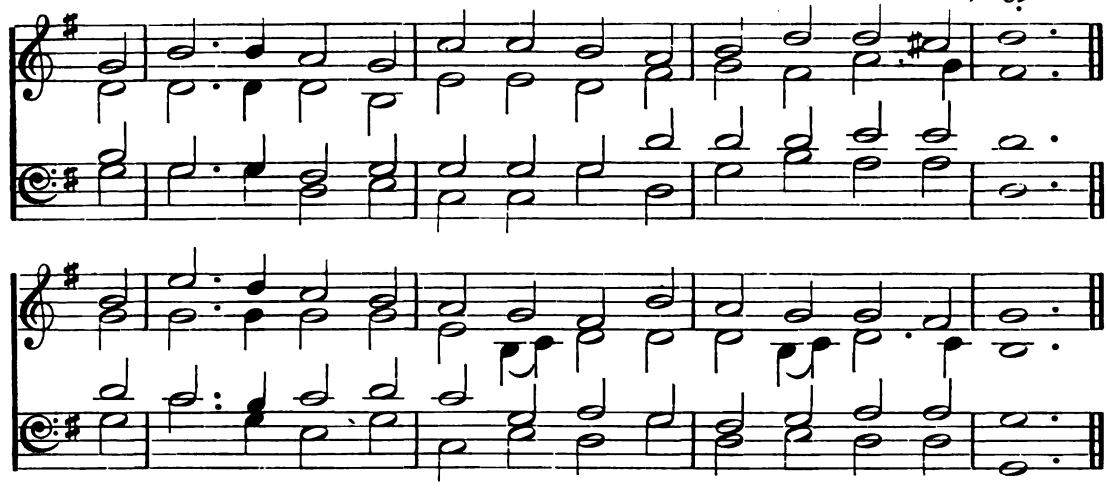
mp 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

m 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

mp 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
c O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

f 7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three!

134

WINCHESTER. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

'And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind.'

m WHEN God of old came down from heaven
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

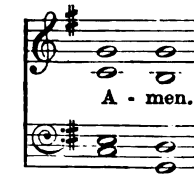
2 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
mp Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

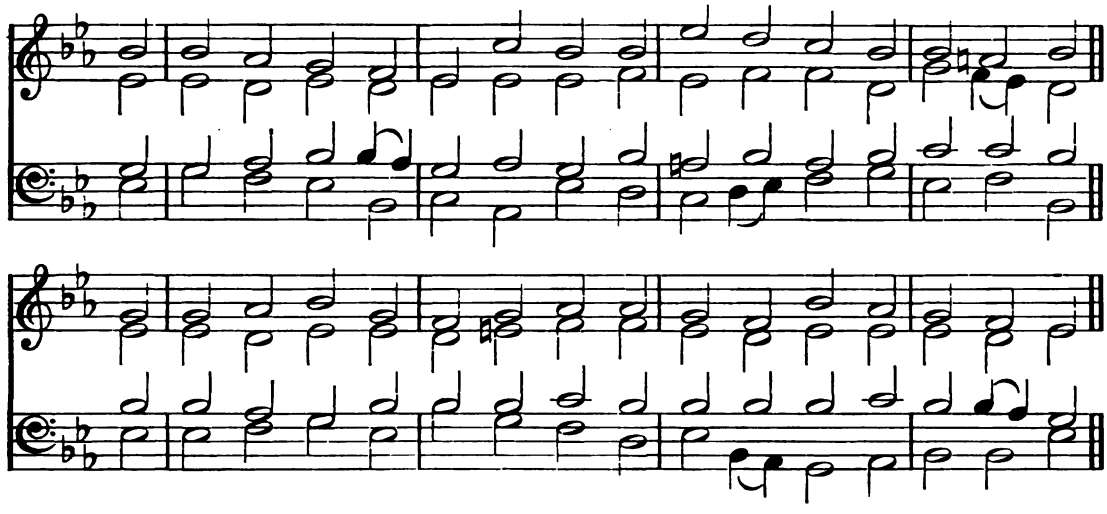
m 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread
mp Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

m 4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud,

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
mp Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

m 7 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
d Save, Lord, by love or fear.

135

MELCOMBE. S. WEBBE.

'The gift of the Holy Ghost.'

mf COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
And visit all the souls of Thine;
Thou hast inspired our hearts with life;
Inspire them now with life Divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God most high, the fire of love,
The everlasting spring of joy
And holy unction from above.

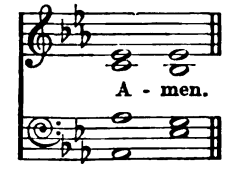
3 Thy gifts are manifold: Thou writ'st
God's laws in every faithful heart;
The promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy love, Thy heavenly love, embrace;
And, since we are by nature frail,
Assist us with Thy saving grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And grant us to have peace within,
That, with Thy light and guidance blest,
We may escape the snares of sin.

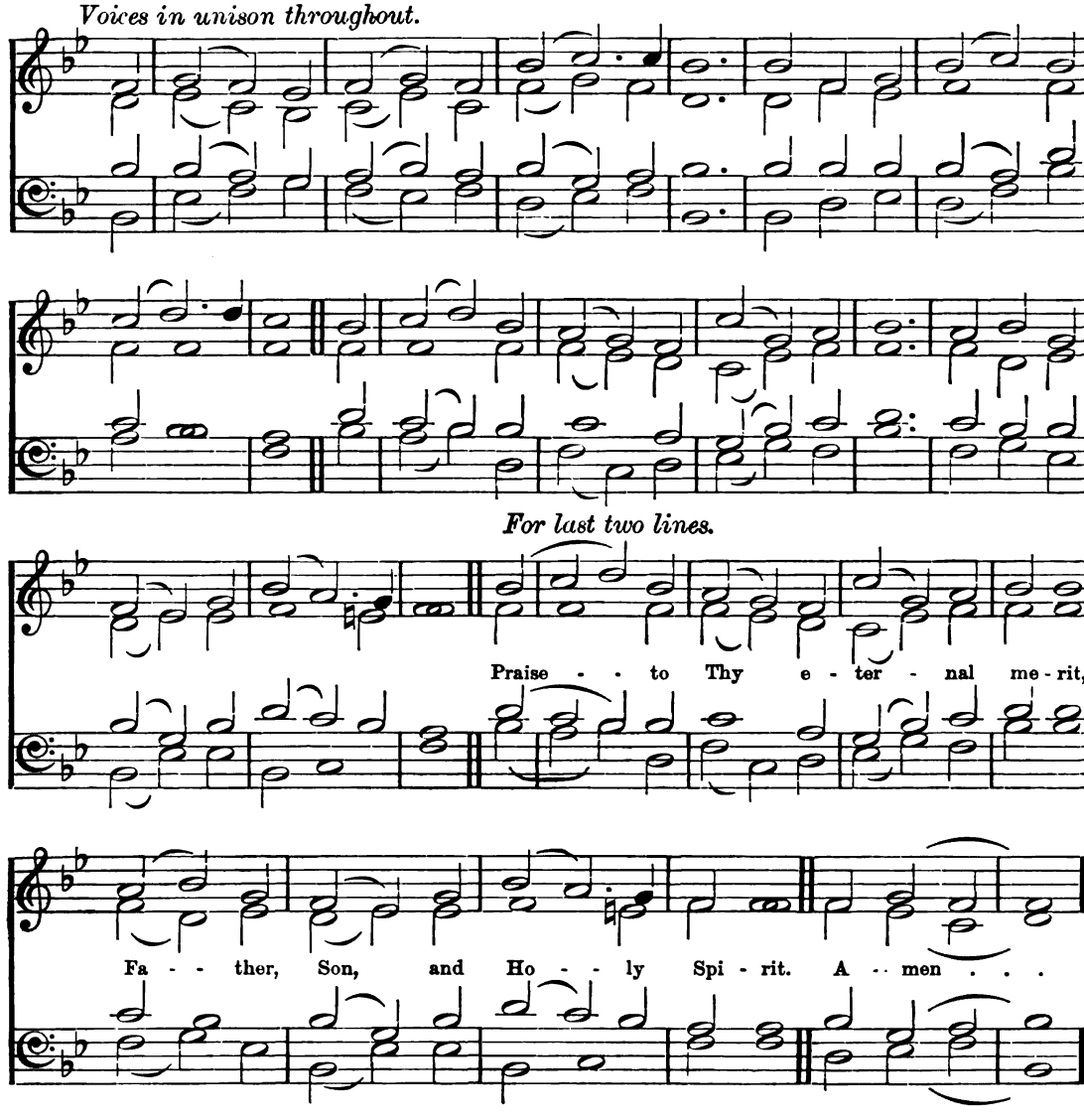
6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, who from the grave revived,
And, with the Father and the Son,
Thee, Holy Ghost, from both derived.

f 7 With Thee, O Father, therefore may
The Son, who was from death restored,
And sacred Comforter, one God,
To endless ages be adored.



136

VENI CREATOR. ANCIENT FORM. PLAINSONG MELODY.

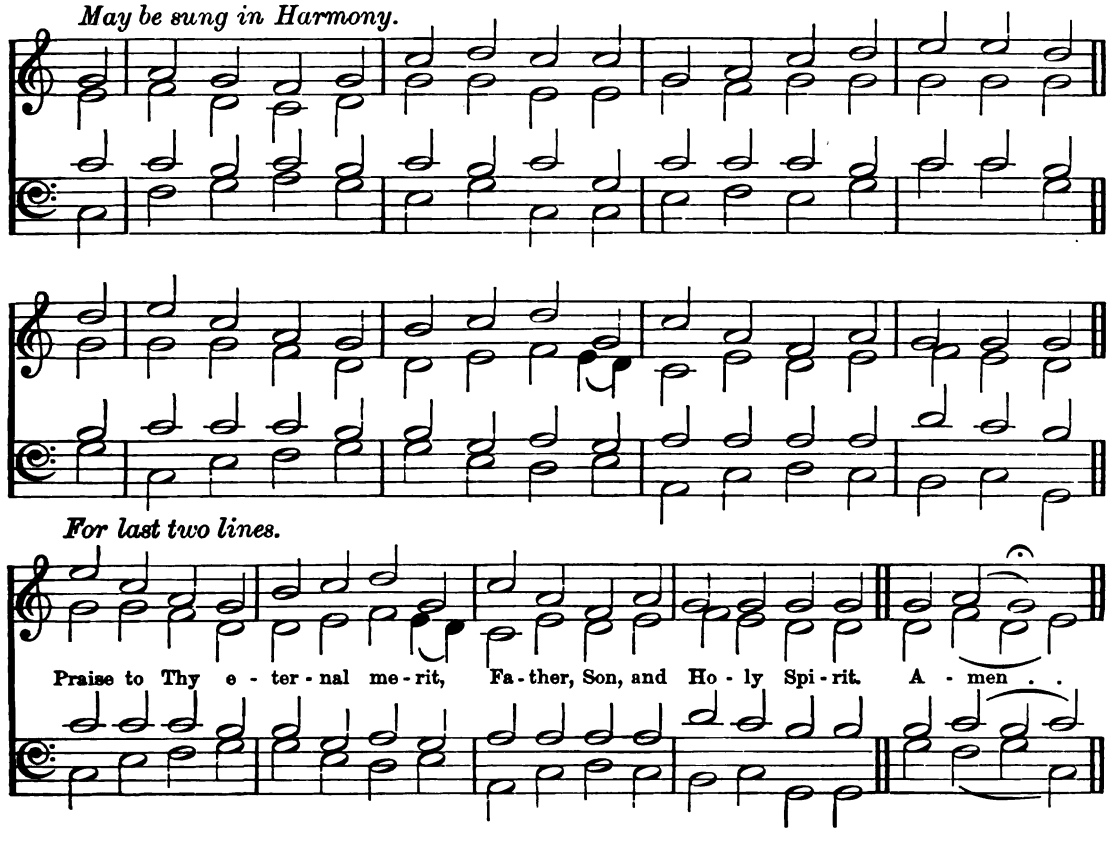
Voices in unison throughout.

'The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.'

mf COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

136

VENI CREATOR. LUTHERAN FORM.

May be sung in Harmony.



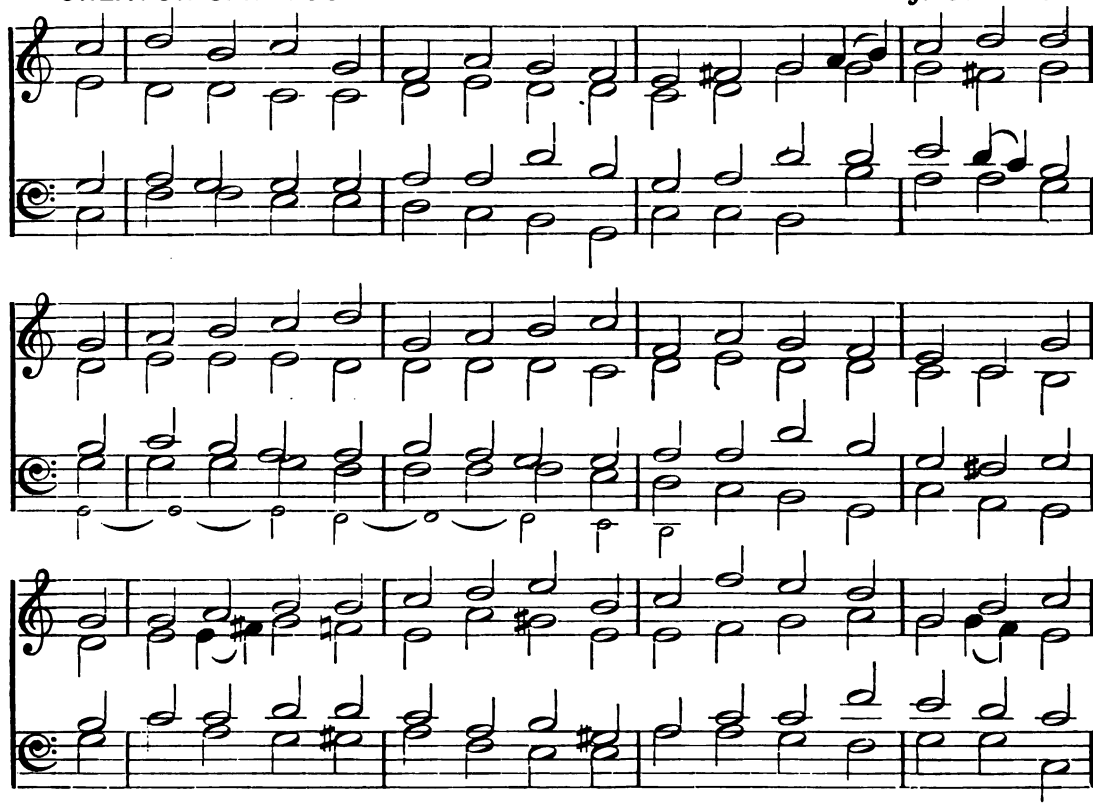
2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;

3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One,
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,

f 'Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.'

137

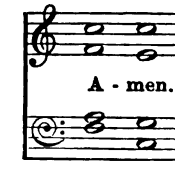
CREATOR SPIRITUS. J. STAINER.

'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?'

m CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

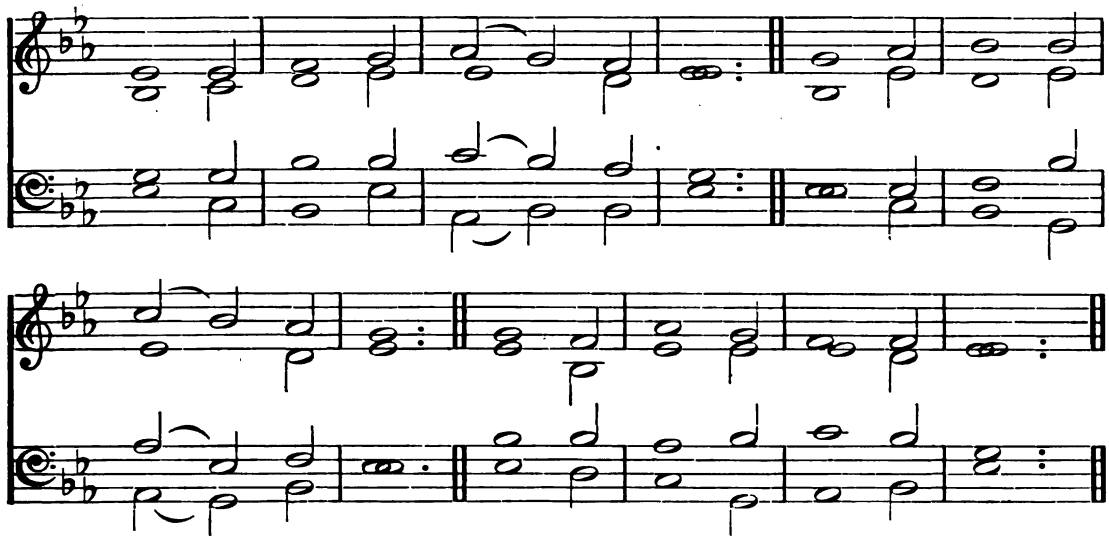
2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
mf Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

f 4 Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the almighty Father's name
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.



138

ST. PHILIP. W. H. MONK.

'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'

mf COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.

m 2 Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy.

3 Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.

4 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.

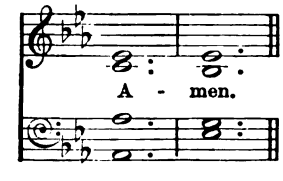
mp 6 Where Thou art not man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

7 What is soilèd make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd fructify;

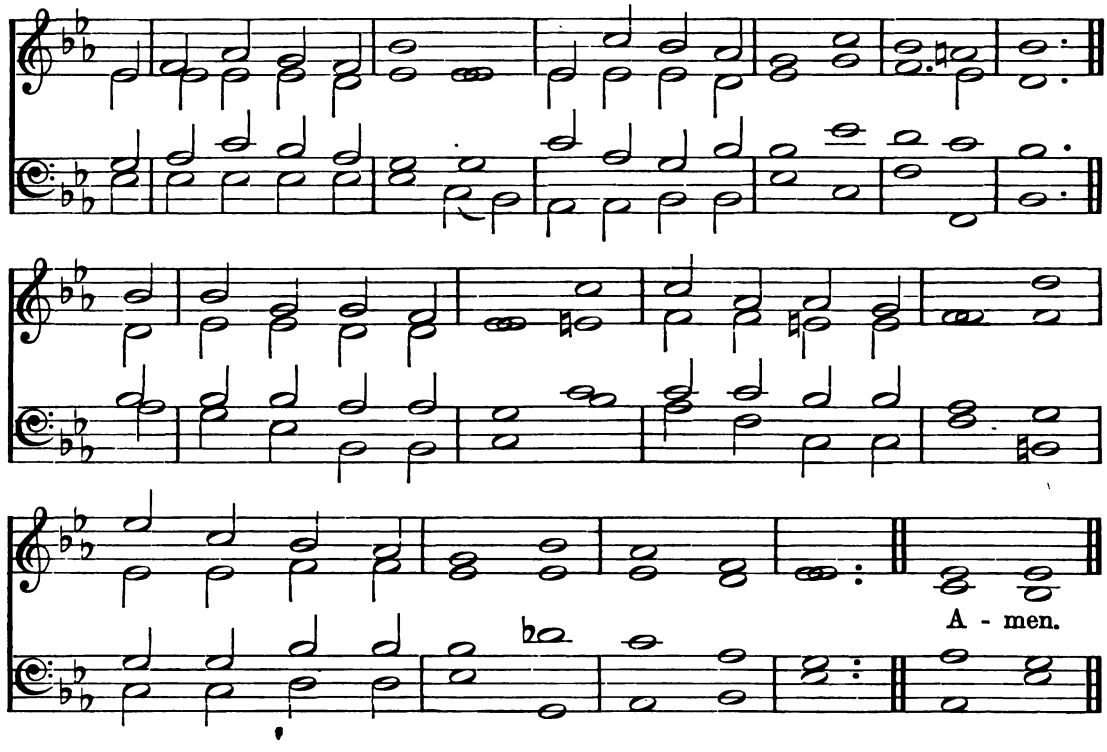
8 What is rigid gently bend;
What is frozen warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.

m 9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.

f 10 Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.



139

ST. AMBROSE. **W. H. MONK.**

'He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.'

mf COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray.
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

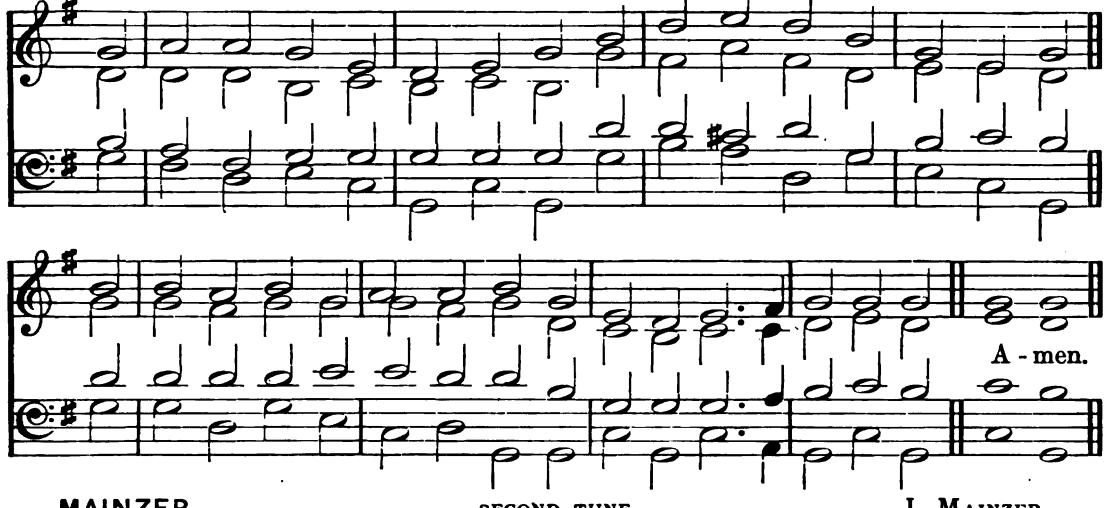
mp 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade,-'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour.

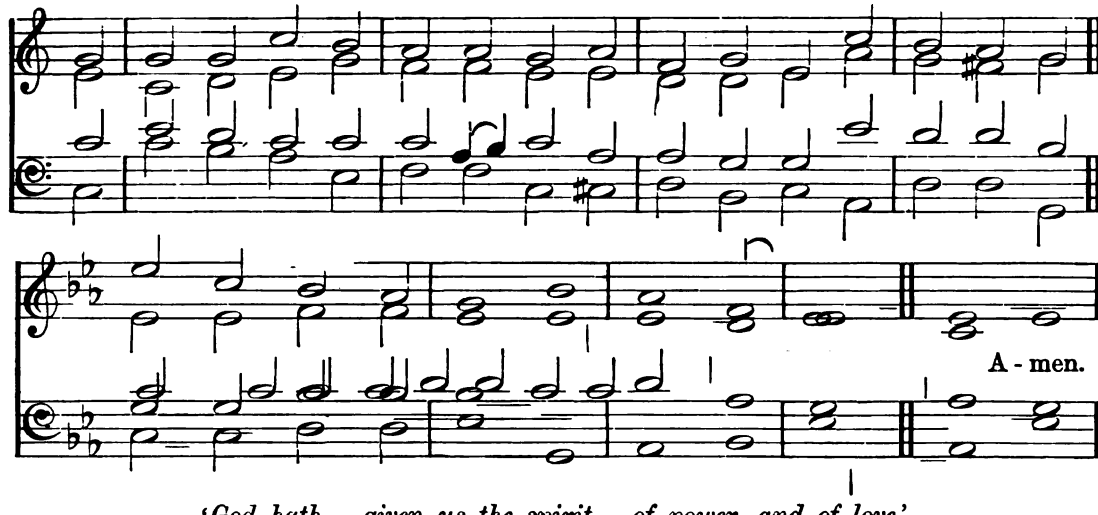
m 3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams Divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

mf 5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
c Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

140

SOLDAU. FIRST TUNE. WALTHER'S GESANGBUCH, 1524.

MAINZER. SECOND TUNE. J. MAINZER.



'God hath . . given us the spirit . . of power, and of love.'

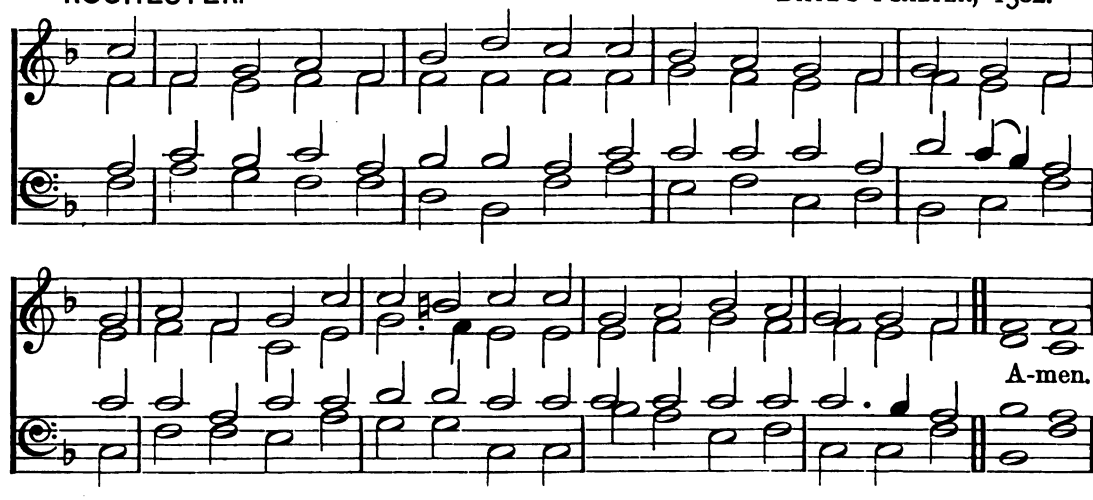
SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

2 Thou that art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

mf 3 Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace Divine;

mp 4 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

141

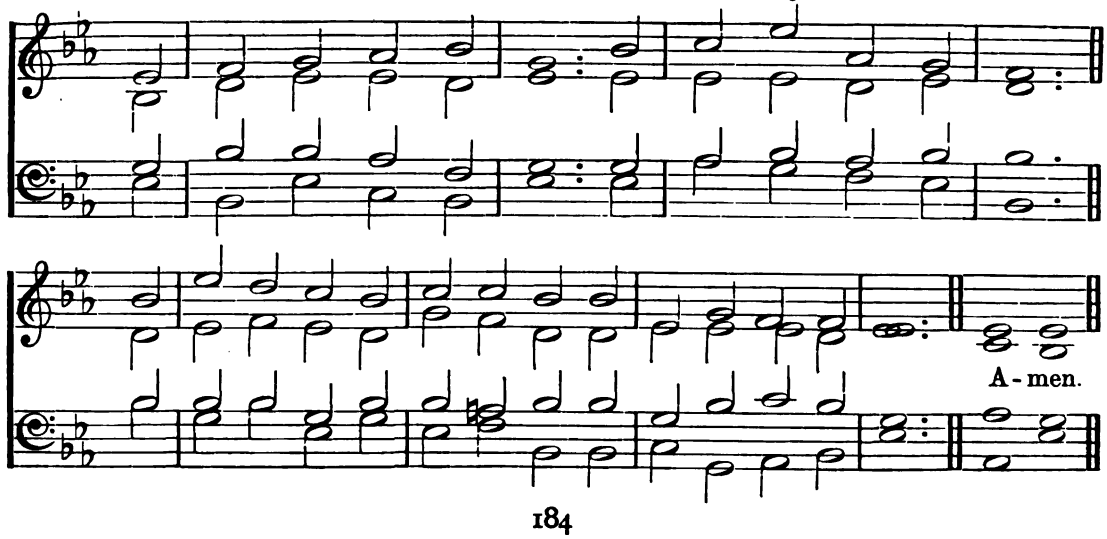
ROCHESTER. DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.

'The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.'

mf COME, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
The fulness of Thy glory pour,
Who with the Son and Father art
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

2 So shall our soul and voice conspire
Thy praise eternal to resound;
So shall Thy love our hearts inspire,
And kindle every heart around.

m 3 Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Hear us, O Holy Ghost most high,—
One God, while endless ages run.

142

FRANCONIA. KÖNIG'S CHORALBUCH, 1738.
Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

'The Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me.'

m COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

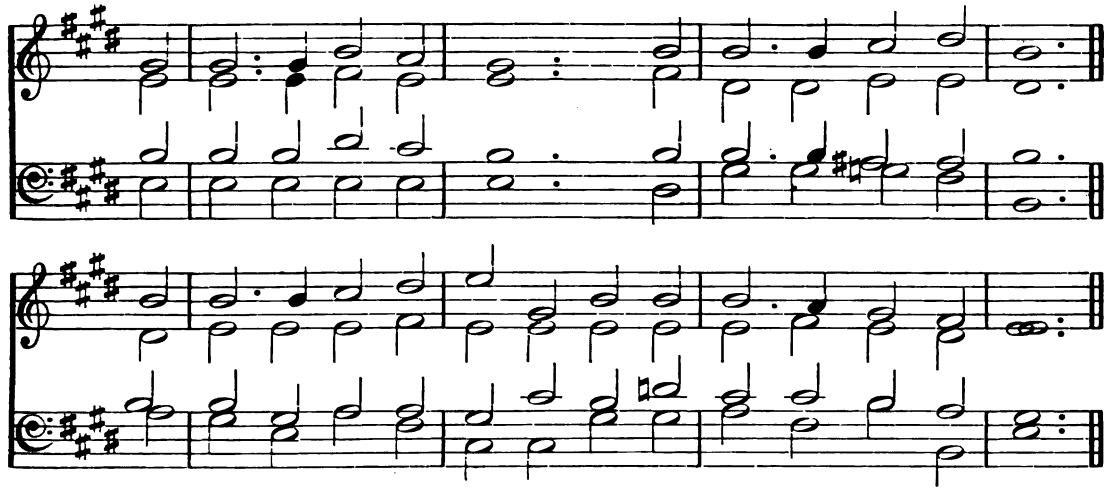
3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

mp 4 Convince us of our sin;
c Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

m 5 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
mf To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

143

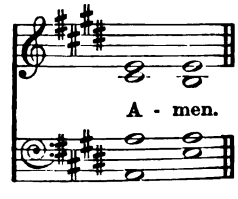
ALDERSGATE. G. P. MERRICK.

'He . . commanded them that they should . . wait for the promise of the Father.'

m LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

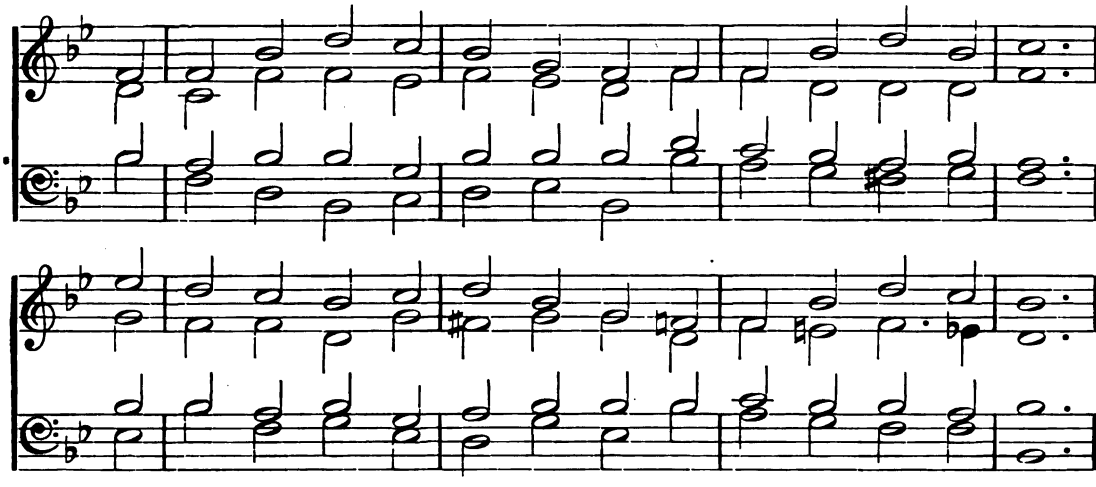
2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

mf 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
c With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

144

EVAN. W. H. HAVERGAL.



'They were all with one accord in one place . . And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.'

mp SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
c O come, great Spirit, come!

m 2 Come as the Light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

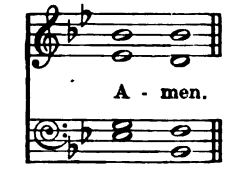
mf 3 Come as the Fire: and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

m 4 Come as the Dew: and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

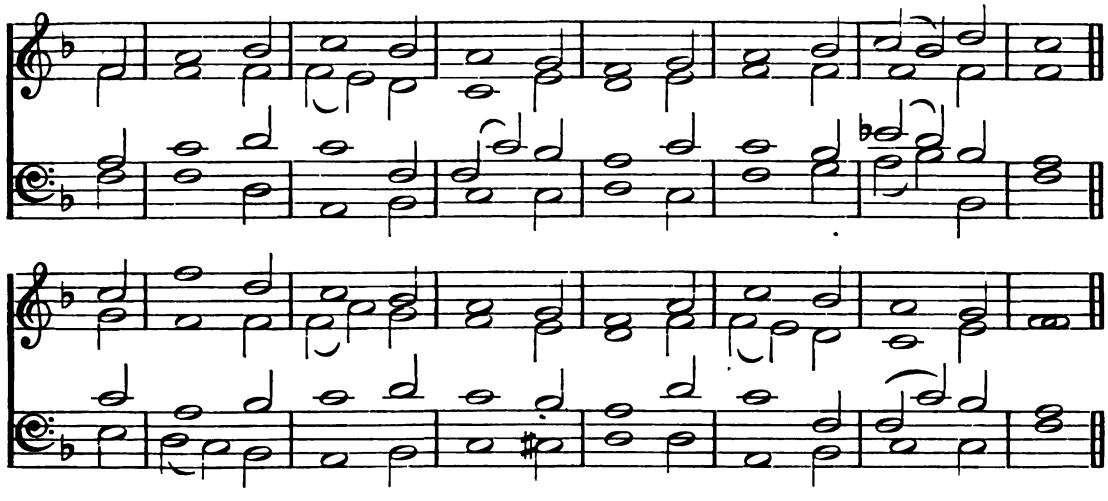
5 Come as the Dove: and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

mf 6 Come as the Wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!



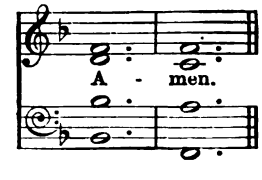
145

ERIN. ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH MELODY.

'Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'

mp COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

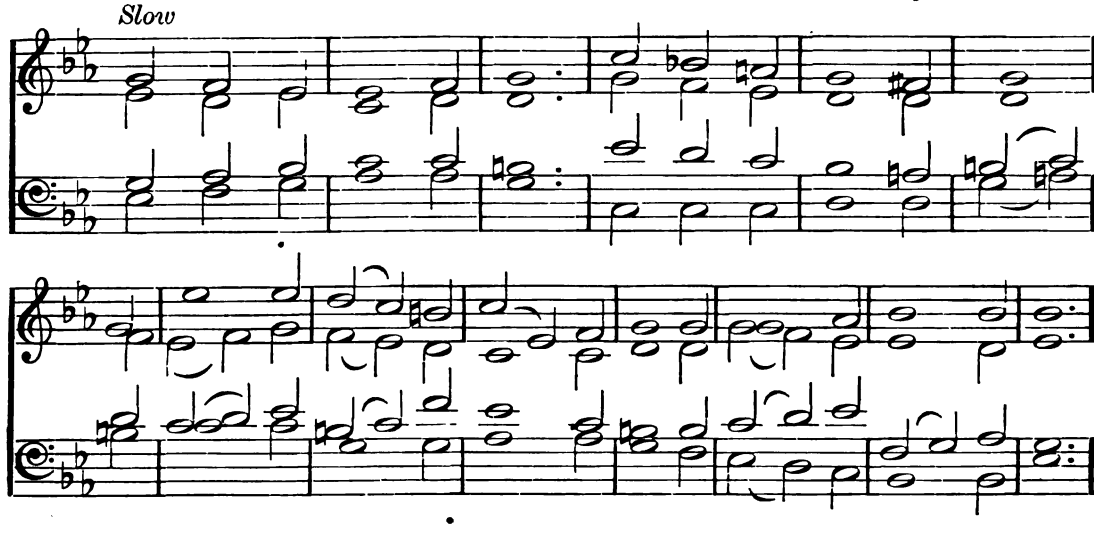
m 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

mf 4 God through Himself we then shall know
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love Divine.

146

VENI SPIRITUS. J. STAINER.

Slow

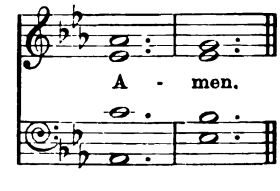


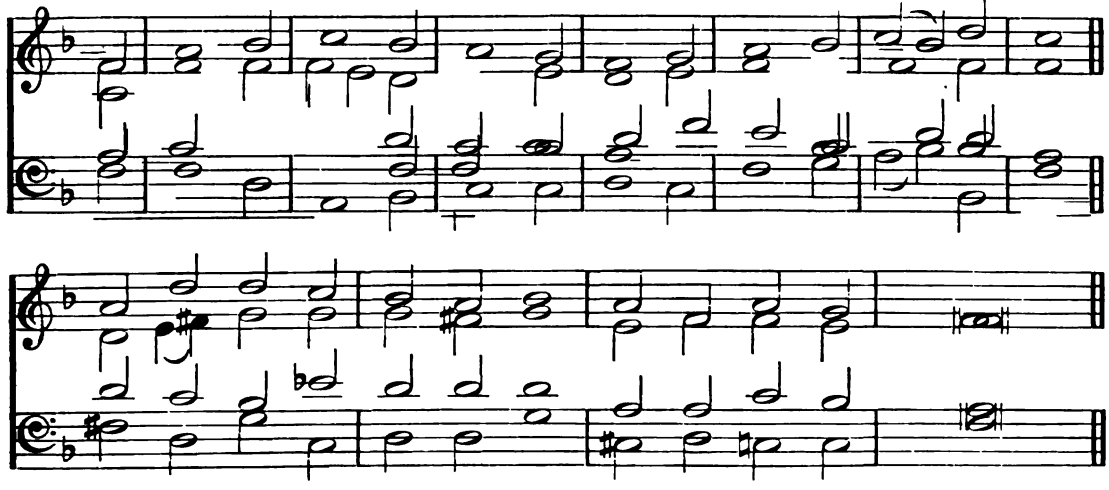
'Come . . O breath, and breathe upon these . . that they may live.'

m BREATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire Divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
mf So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

147

ABBA. J. BARNBY.

'The Spirit helpeth our infirmities . . the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us.'

mp COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

p 2 We are sinful,—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint,—Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

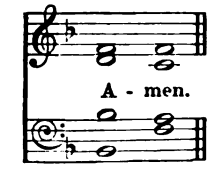
m 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil:
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

mp 4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

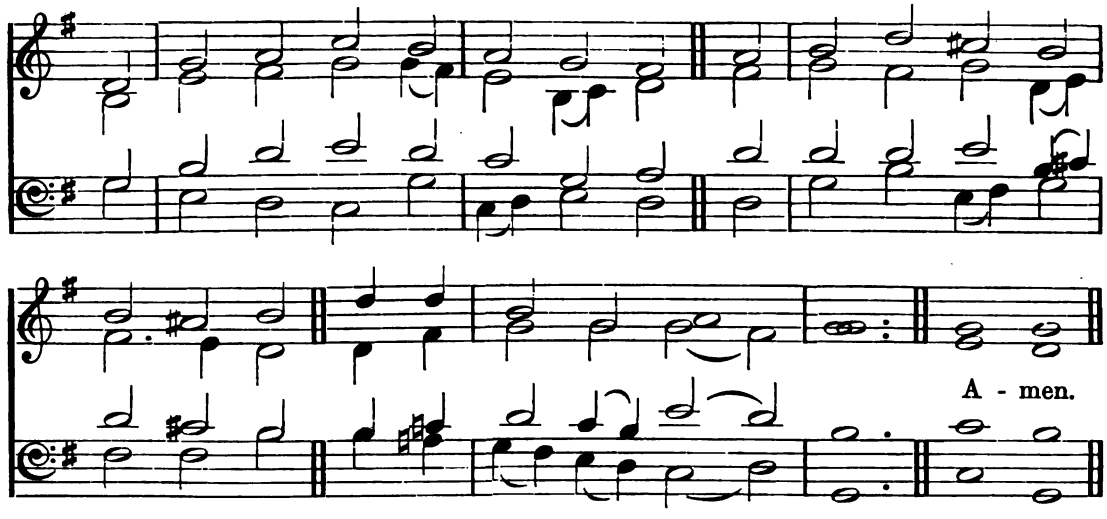
5 With us, for us intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

m 6 In us, 'Abba, Father!' cry,
c Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

mf 7 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.



148

SALES. FIRST TUNE. F. H. CHAMPNEYS.

'The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.'

mf TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Hallelujah!

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Hallelujah!

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Hallelujah!

4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Hallelujah!

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Hallelujah!

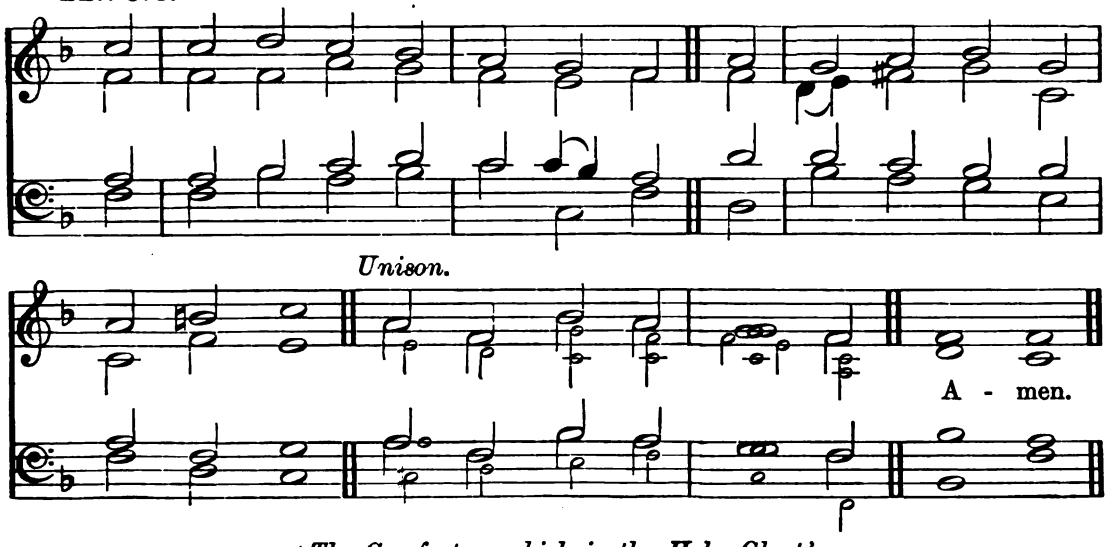
6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Hallelujah!

f 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Hallelujah!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever one,
Sing we Hallelujah!

148

LEIPSIC. SECOND TUNE. CHR. GREGOR.



'The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.'

mf TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Hallelujah!

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Hallelujah!

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Hallelujah!

4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Hallelujah!

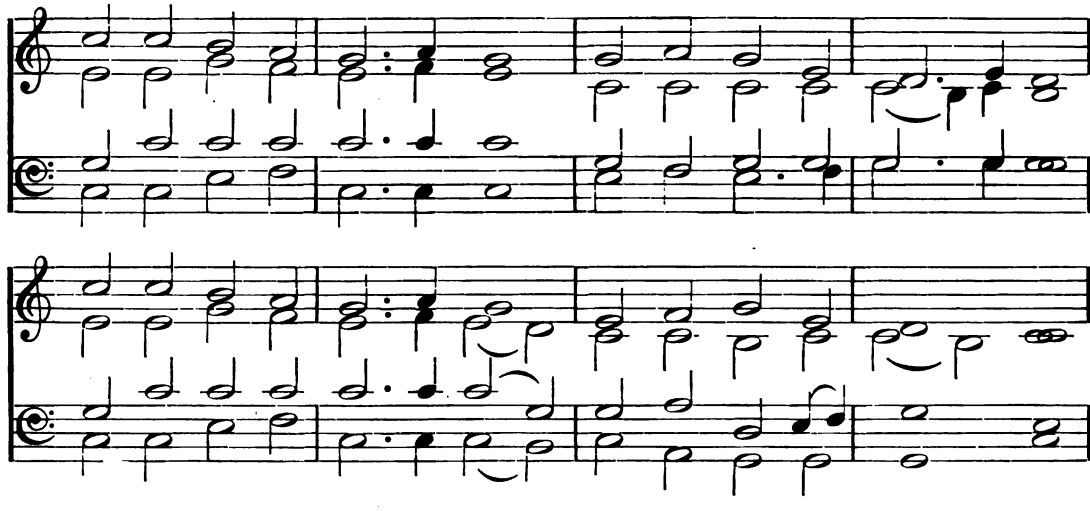
5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Hallelujah!

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Hallelujah!

f 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Hallelujah!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever one,
Sing we Hallelujah!

149

ST. MEDAN. FIRST TUNE. Har. by W. H. MONK.

'I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.'

m

SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word
One eternal God and Lord,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

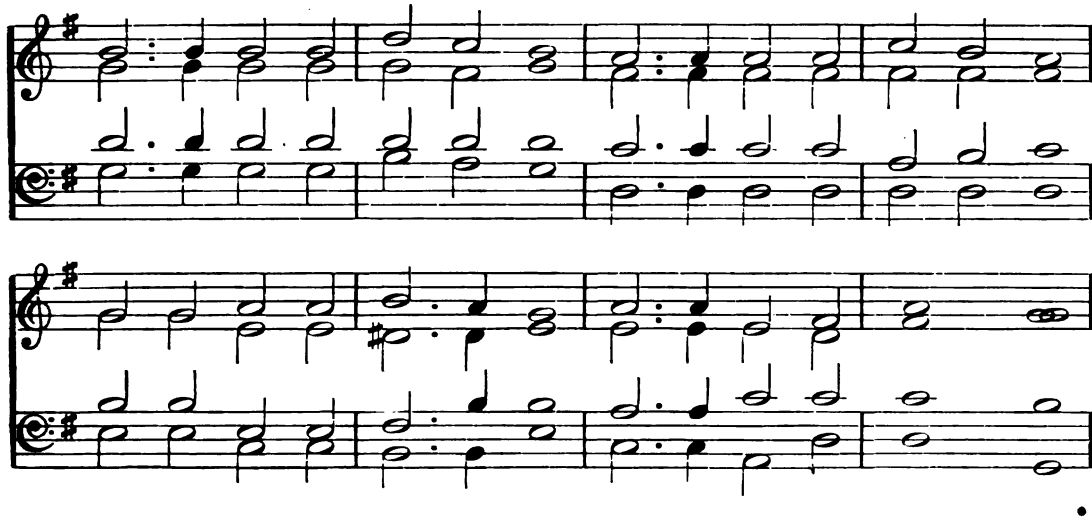
3 Spirit, guiding us aright,
Spirit, making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Thou whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 All our evil passions kill;
Bend aright our stubborn will;
Though we grieve Thee, patient still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Come, to raise us when we fall;
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

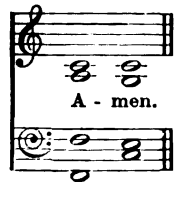
149

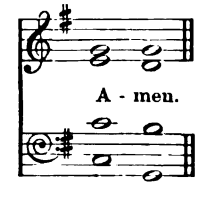
EVELYN. SECOND TUNE. A. S. SULLIVAN.

7 Come, to strengthen all the weak;
Give Thy courage to the meek;
Teach our faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Come, to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Keep us in the narrow way;
Warn us when we go astray;
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

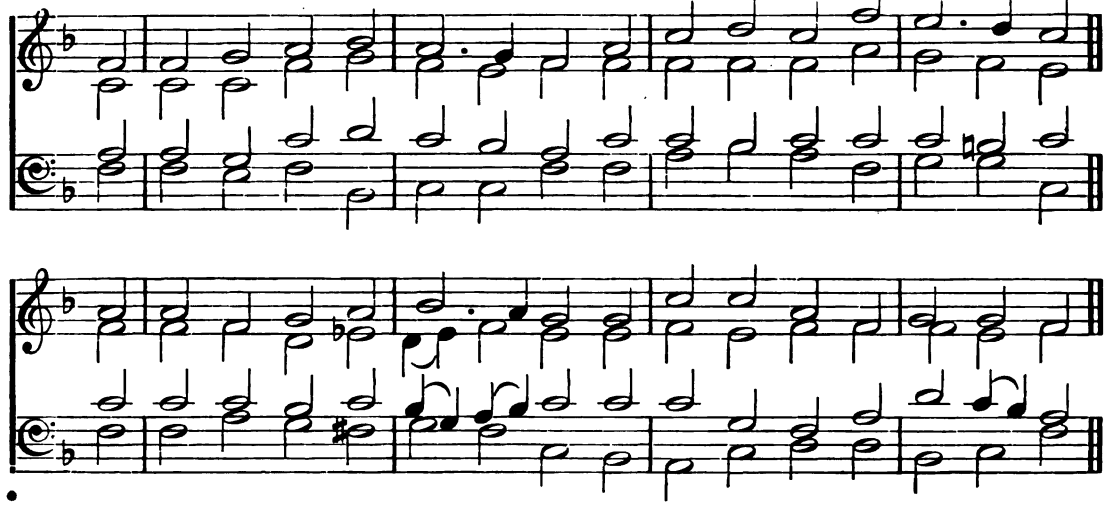
mf 10 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
All Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Nevermore from us depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



150

ST. ANSELM.

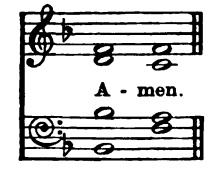
ANCIENT MELODY,
Arr. by L. G. HAYNE.

'I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.'

m O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

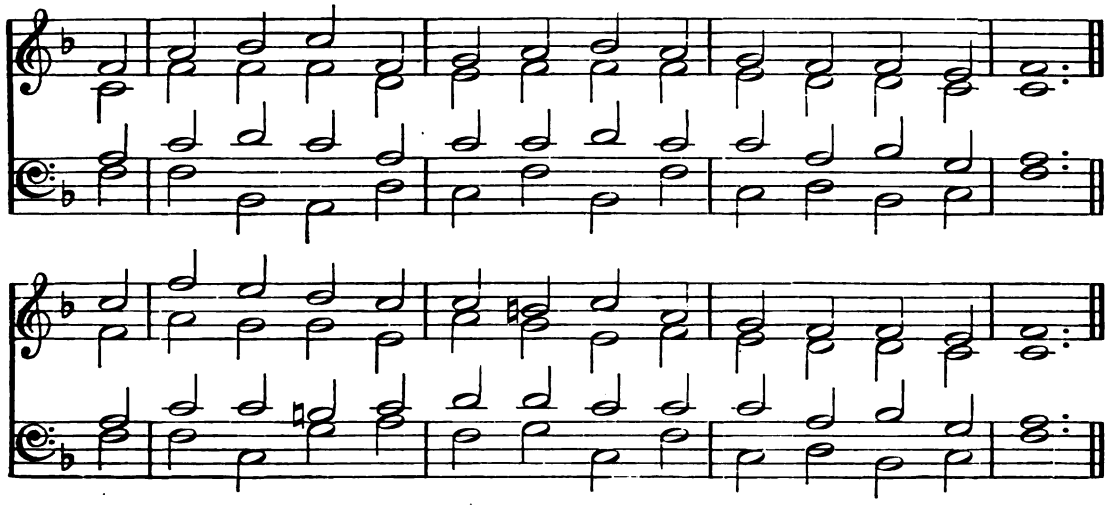
4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

f 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

Also the following:

244 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.
429 Thou whose almighty word.
430 O Lord our God, arise.
448 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high.
489 The glory of the spring how sweet.
84, 86 Hymns of Our Lord's Ascension.

151

FRENCH. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



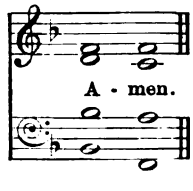
'*The entrance of Thy words giveth light.*'

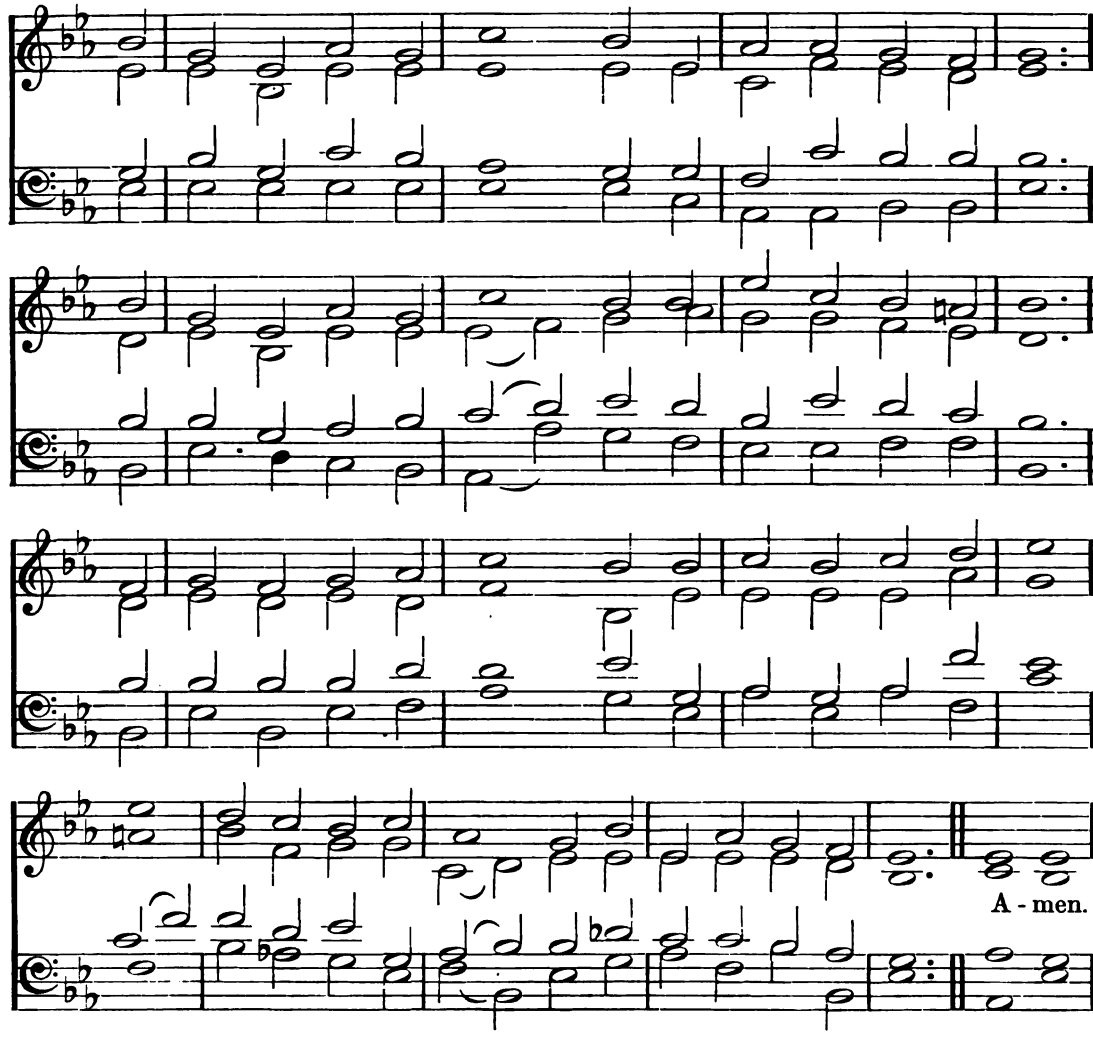
m THE Spirit breathes upon the word
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

f 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

m 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

f 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

152

CHEBAR. **H. SMART.**

'Ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life.'

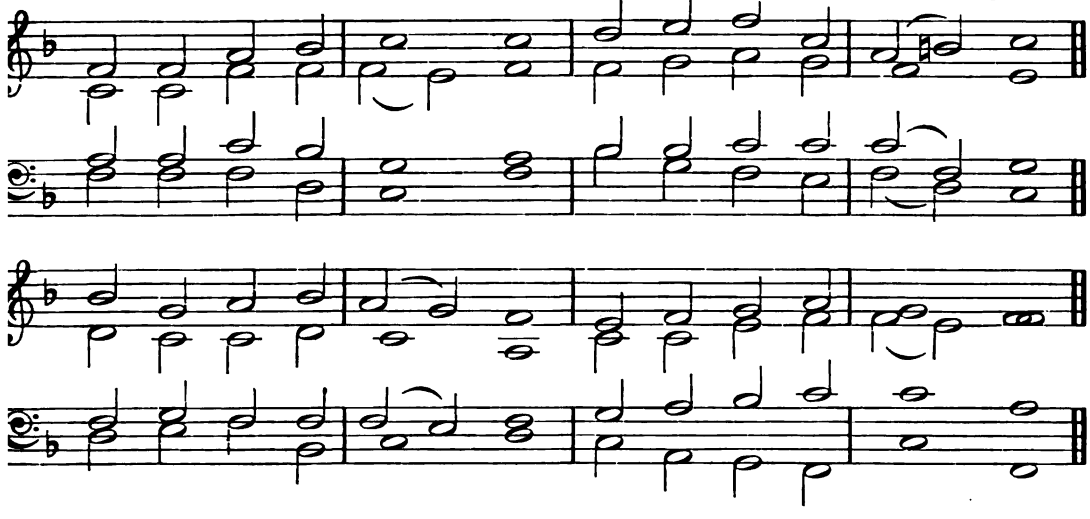
m O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
mf We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word;

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon,
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

f 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
c Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

153

RAVENSHAW. WEISSE'S GESANGBUCH, 1531.

'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.'

1 LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

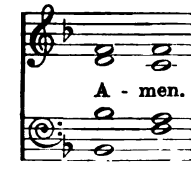
2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

mp 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
m Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

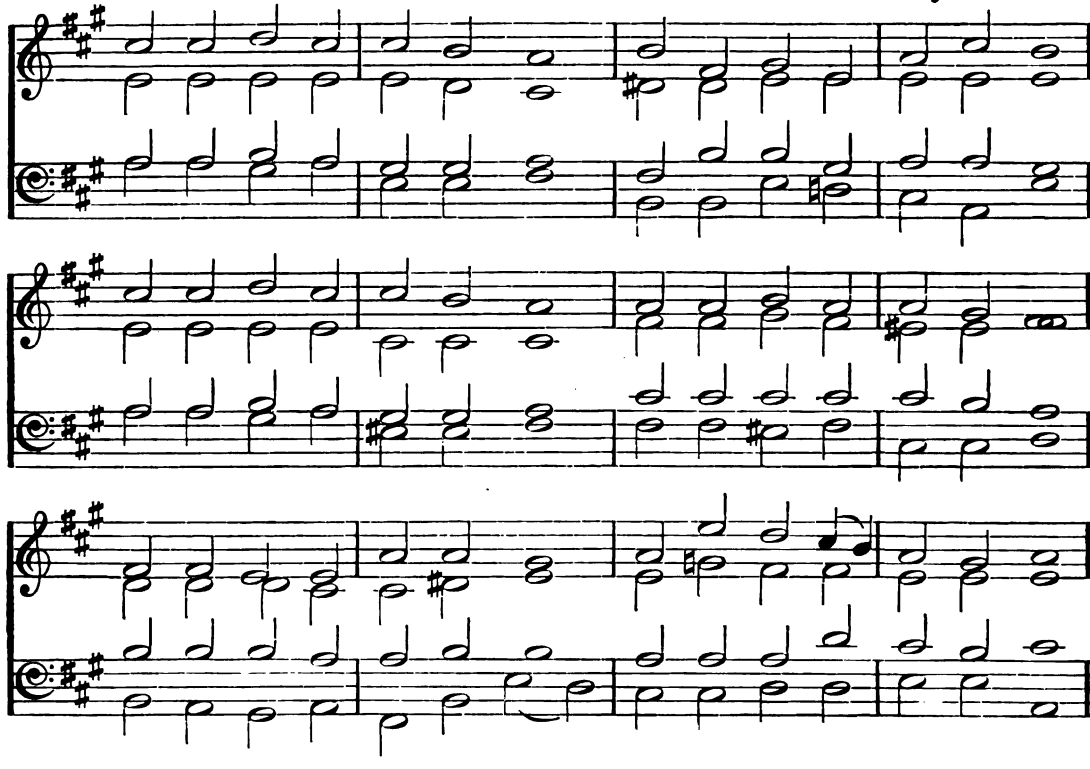
mf 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
mp Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

m 6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!



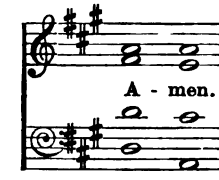
154

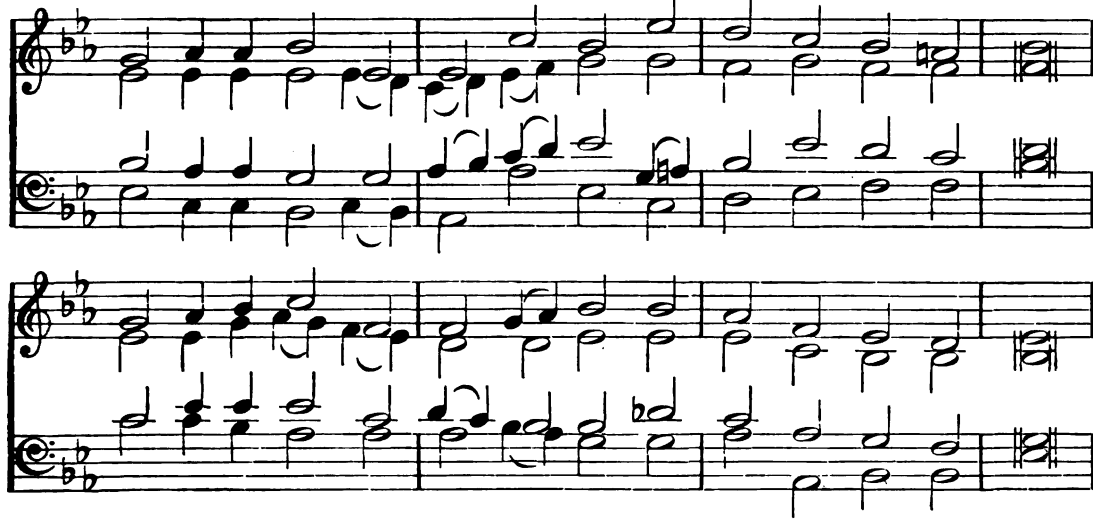
ILLUMINATIO. G. J. ELVEY.

'The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.'

m HOLY Father, Thou hast given
Holy truth from highest heaven;
Words of counsel wise and pure,
Words of promise bright and sure;
Light that guides us back to Thee,
Back to peace and purity.

2 Clearer than the sun at noon,
Fairer than the silver moon,
Through the clouds and through the night
Shineth aye this heavenly light;
Help us, Lord, to lift our eyes,
Take its guidance, and be wise.

3 Here the wisdom from above,
Beaming holiness and love,
Stirring hope, dispelling fear,
Shines to save; for Christ is here:
Knowing, trusting Him, we come
From our wanderings gladly home.

mf 4 Blessèd Saviour, Light Divine,
Thou hast bid us rise and shine;
Grant Thy grace, and we shall be
Children of the day in Thee,
Showing all around the road
Back to life, and love, and God.

155

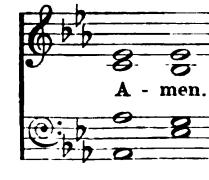
ELVET. J. B. DYKES.

'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'

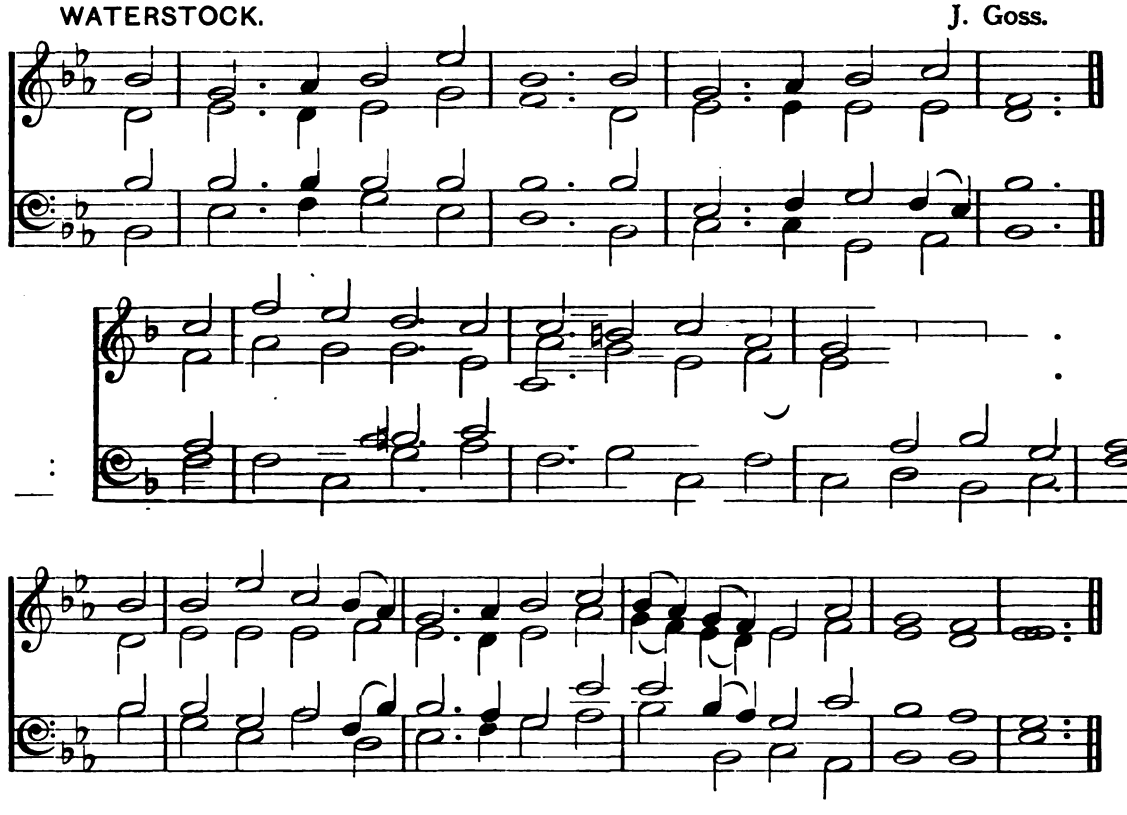
m LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing barque,
Our anchor and our stay;

mf 4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son,—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

m 5 Lord, grant that we aright may learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

156

WATERSTOCK. J. Goss.

'He hath sent Me . . to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.'

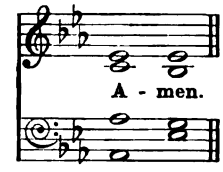
mf BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

m 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

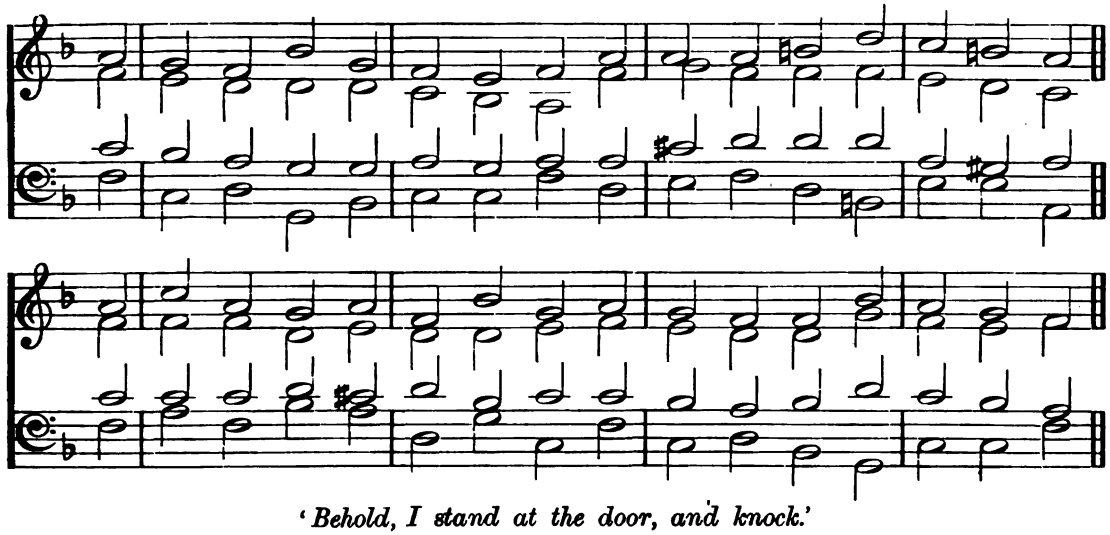
mf 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

m 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

m 5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

m 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home.

157

ELLESMERE. A. R. REINAGLE.



'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.'

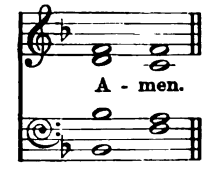
mp BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
p You treat no other friend so ill.

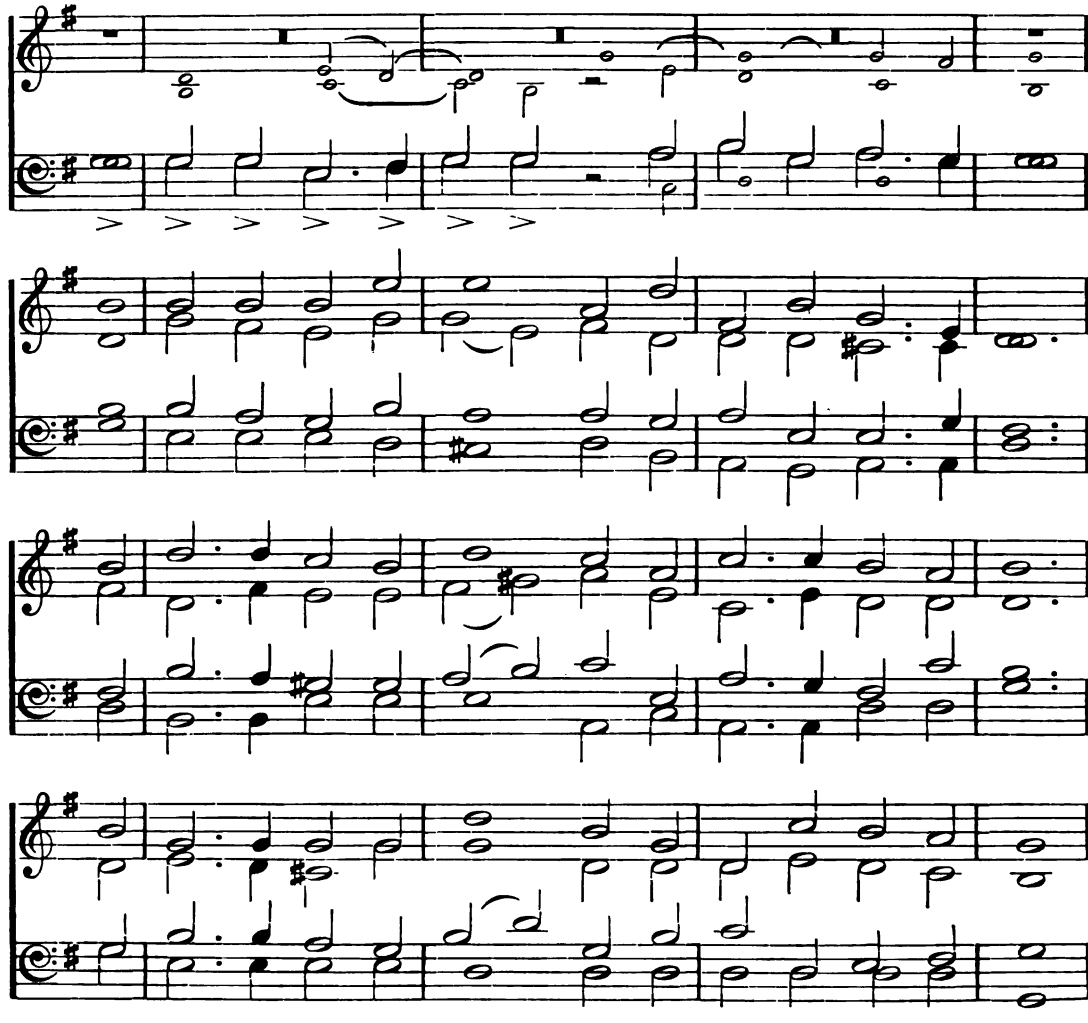
m 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
c O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

mf 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

mp 4 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour 's at hand
When at His door denied you 'll stand.

m 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

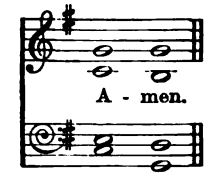
mf 6 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase:
f Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

158

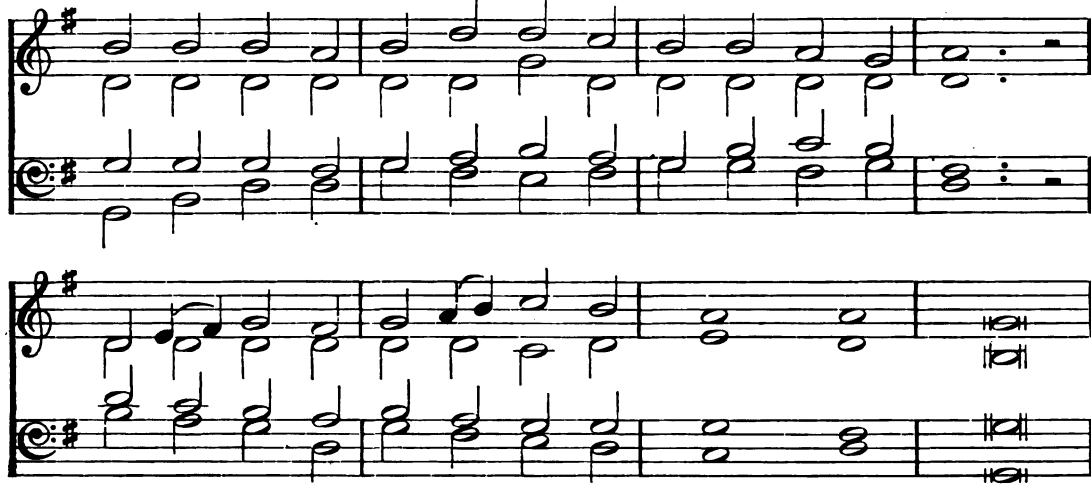
COME UNTO ME. J. B. DYKES.

'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

mp 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
m O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
mf It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

mp 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
m O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
mf But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

p 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
m O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
mf But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

m 4 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
mf O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
c Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

159

STEPHANOS. FIRST TUNE. H. W. BAKER. Har. by W. H. MONK.

'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'

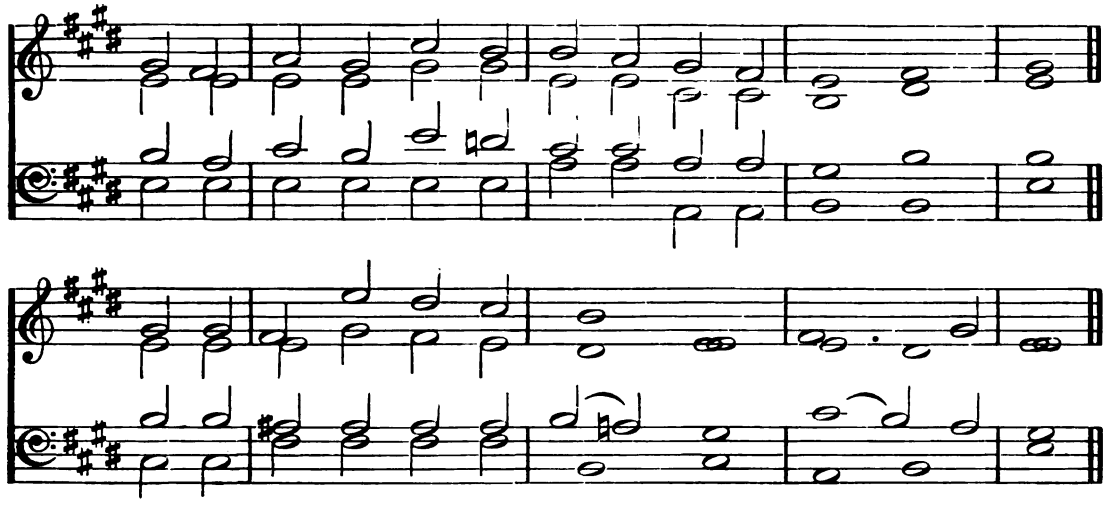
mp 'ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
m "Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."'

2 'Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?'
p 'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side!'

m 3 'Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?'
mp 'Yea, a crown in very surety,
p But of thorns!'

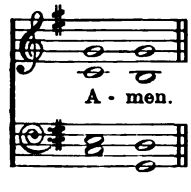
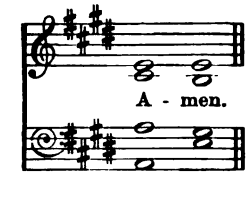
m 4 'If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?'
mp 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!'

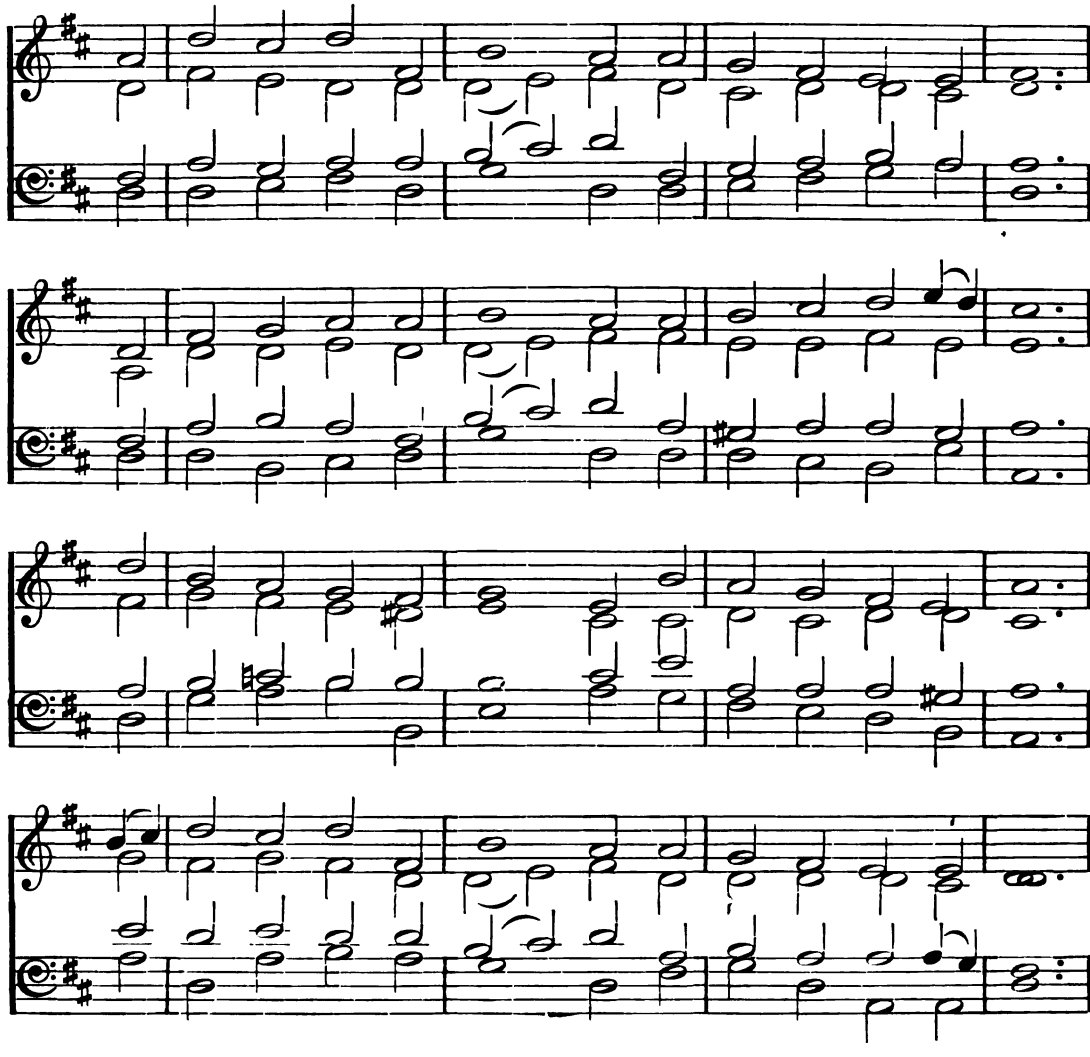
159

ST. HELEN'S. SECOND TUNE. R. P. STEWART.

m 5 'If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?'
mf 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!

m 6 'If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?'
mf 'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!'

m 7 'Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?'
f 'Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets
Answer, "Yes!"'

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

160

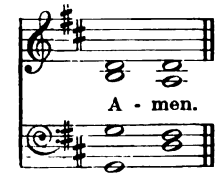
PEARSALL. R. L. DE PEARSALL.

'Mighty to save.'

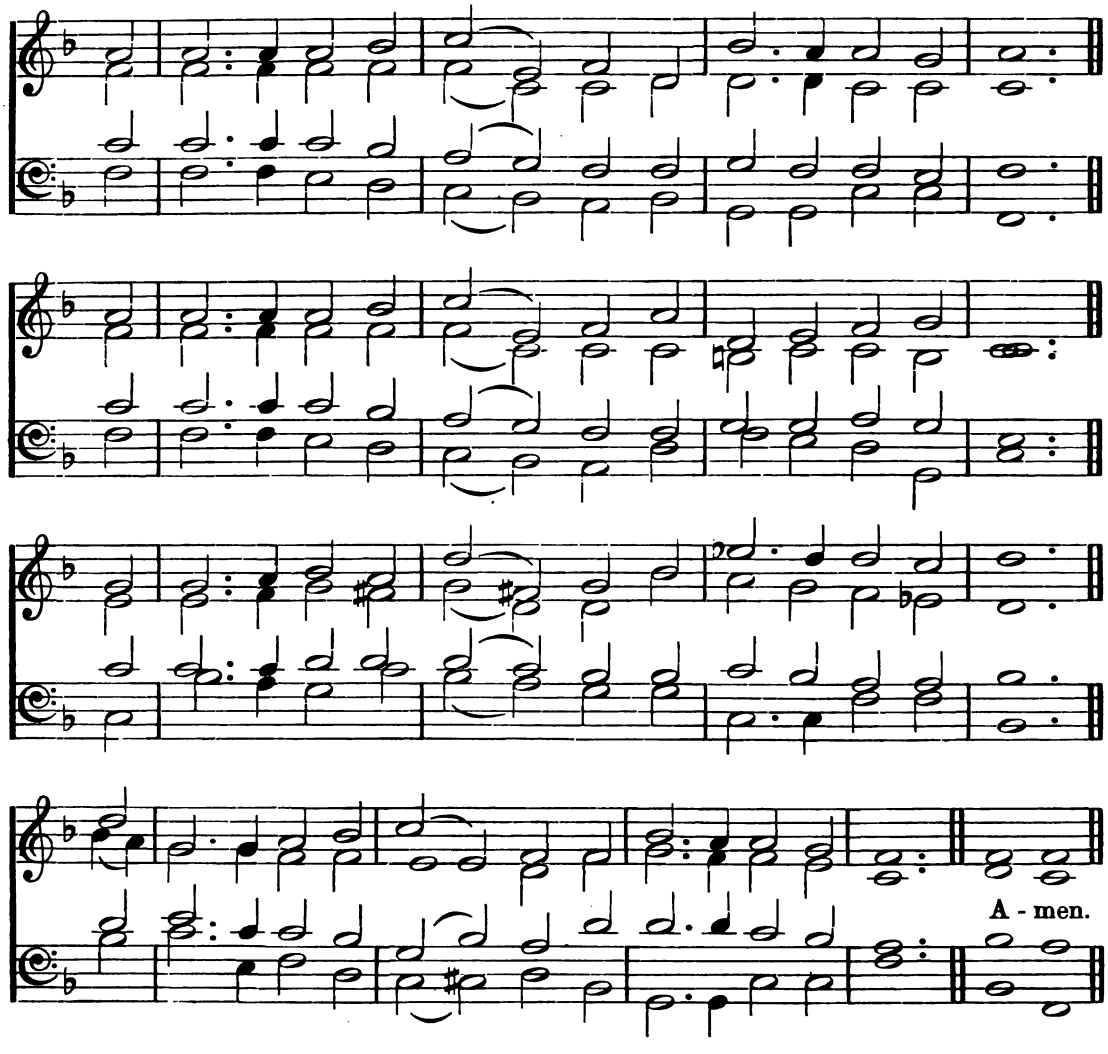
mf THE King of Glory standeth
Beside that heart of sin;
His mighty voice commandeth
The raging waves within:
The floods of deepest anguish
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, 'Peace, be still.'

2 At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done;
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won,
While we, with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true
That even our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.

m 3 He comes in blood-stained garments,
Upon His brow a crown;
The gates of brass fly open;
The iron bands drop down;
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
mf While angels shout triumphant
That Christ is Lord of all.

mp 4 But sometimes, in the stillness,
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome
Into the sinner's ear,
With anxious heart awaiteth
The answer to His cry,
The oft-repeated question,
p 'O wherefore wilt thou die?'

f 5 O Christ, Thy love is mighty;
Long-suffering is Thy grace;
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from Thy face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward,
To dwell with Thee above.

161

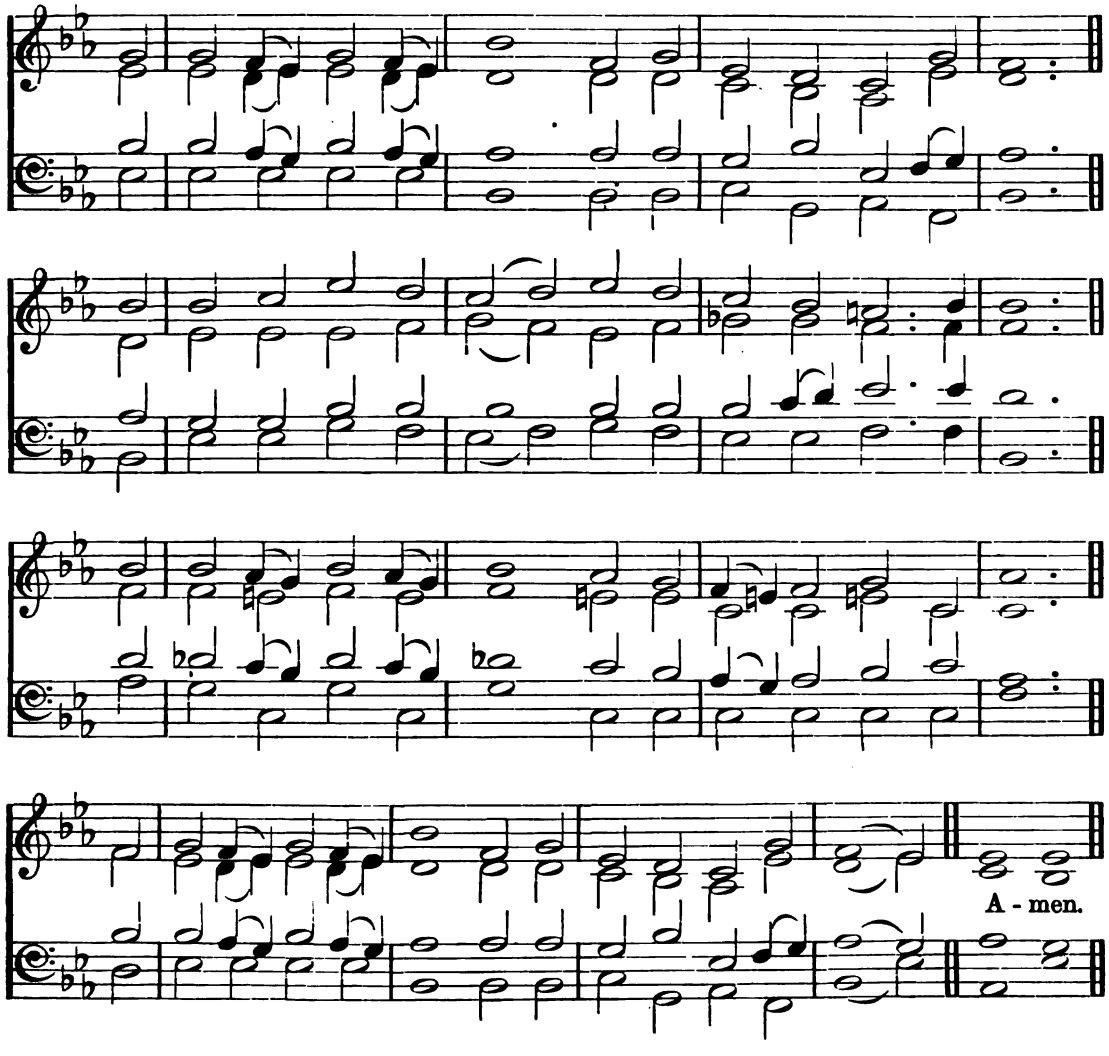
STO AD OSTIUM. FIRST TUNE. G. C. MARTIN.

'If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.'

mp O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.

mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

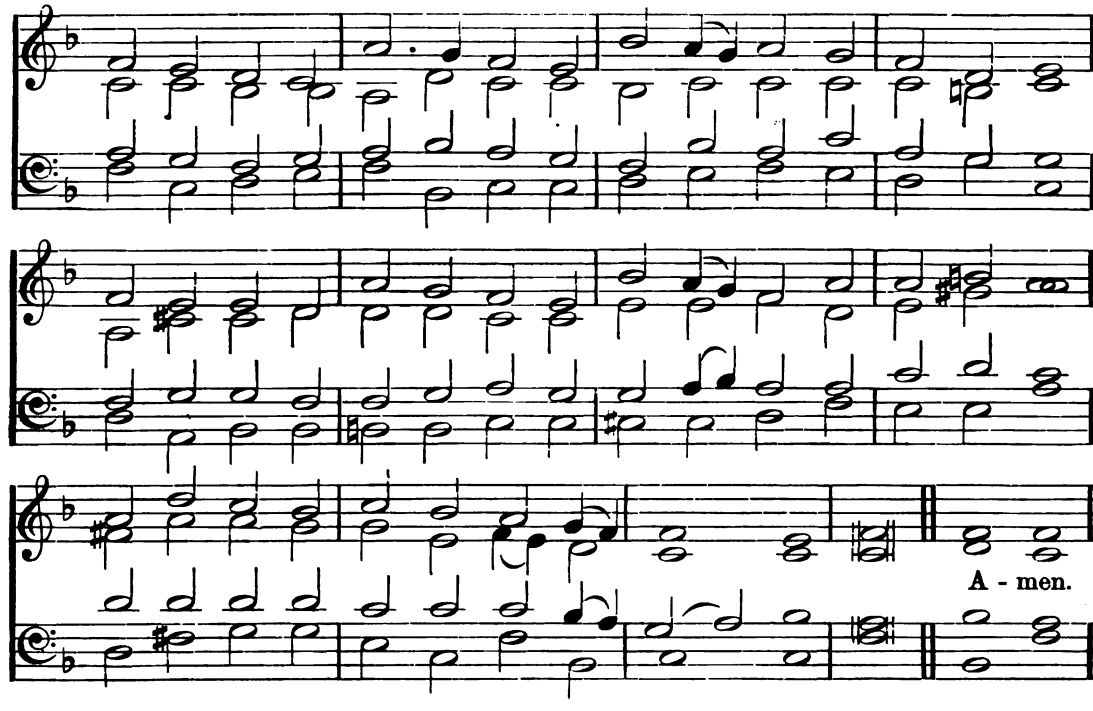
161

SECOND TUNE.

LUX MUNDI. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) A. S. SULLIVAN.

mp 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
p And, lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
m O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

mp 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
p 'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
mp O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
mf Dear Saviour, enter, enter
And leave us nevermore.

162

ETON. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **J. BARNBY.**

'My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.'

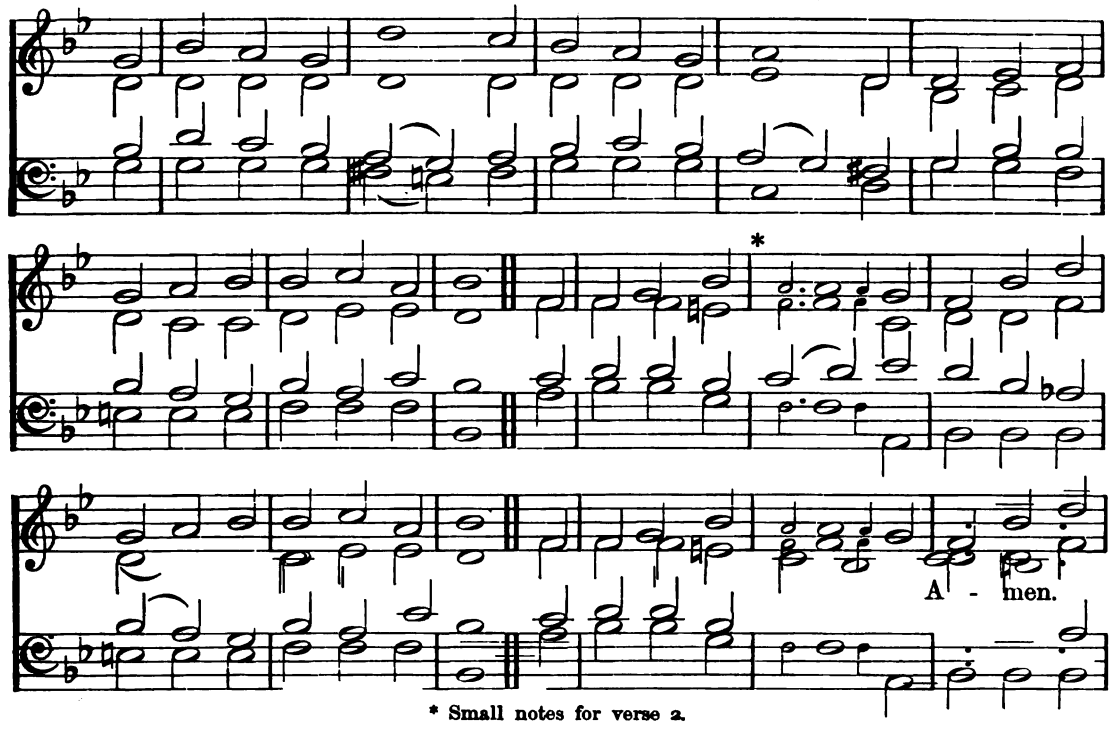
mp COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
mf Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through Him alone.

m 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
c While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

m 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary
Is the rest the cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

f 4 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

163

VAUGHAN. E. J. HOPKINS.

* Small notes for verse 2.

'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.'

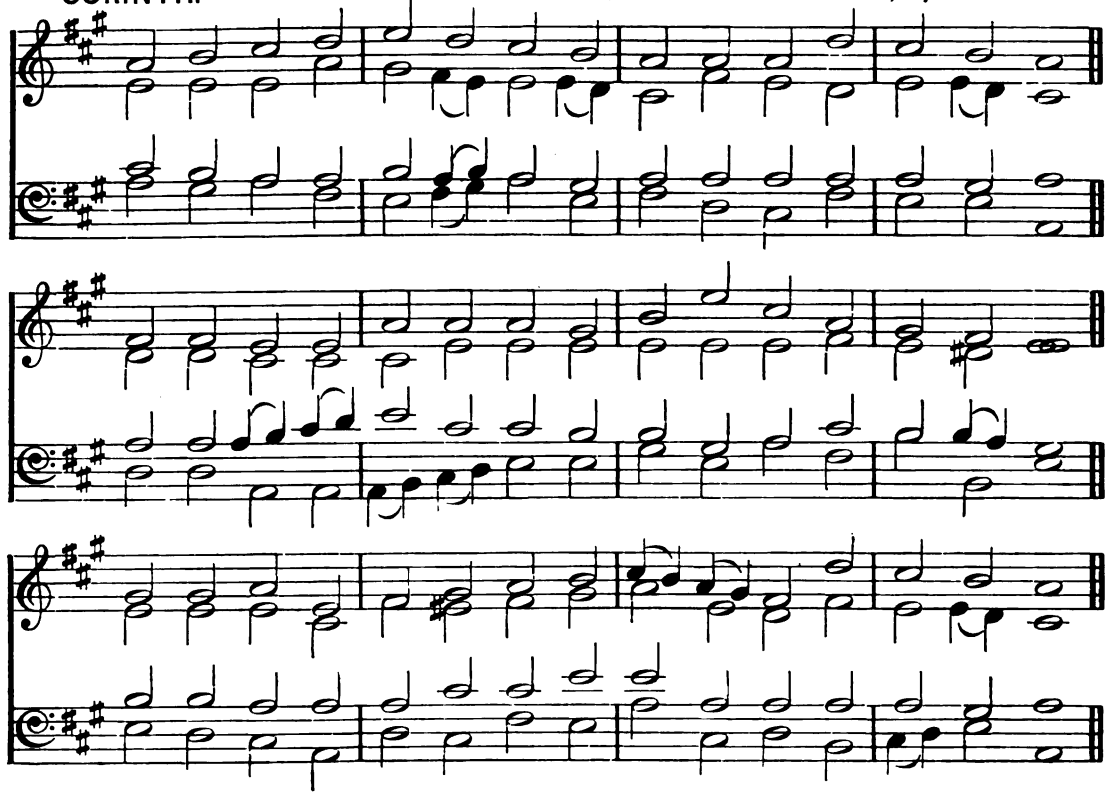
mp ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
m Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is;
p Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

mp 2 For what you have done
His blood must atone;
The Father hath given for you His dear Son.
p The Lord in the day
Of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, (*c*) and He bore them away.

mp 3 He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
m Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave
Who made intercession, (*p*) 'My Father, forgive.'

mf 4 He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place:
His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.

164

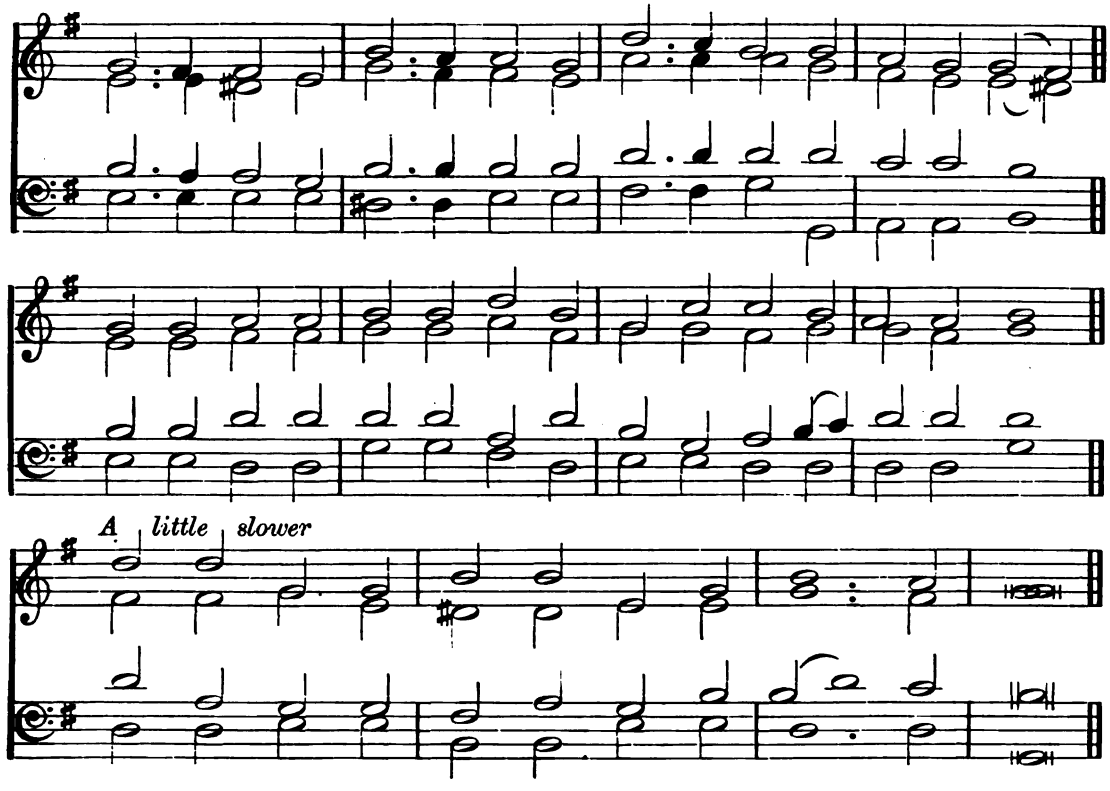
CORINTH. FIRST TUNE. ESSAY ON CHURCH PLAIN CHANT, 1782.

'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.'

mp COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
c Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
f He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

mf 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

m 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

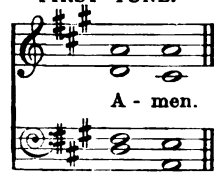
164

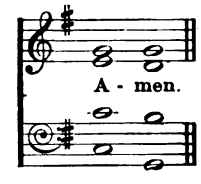
EVERTON. SECOND TUNE. W. H. MONK.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
mf Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

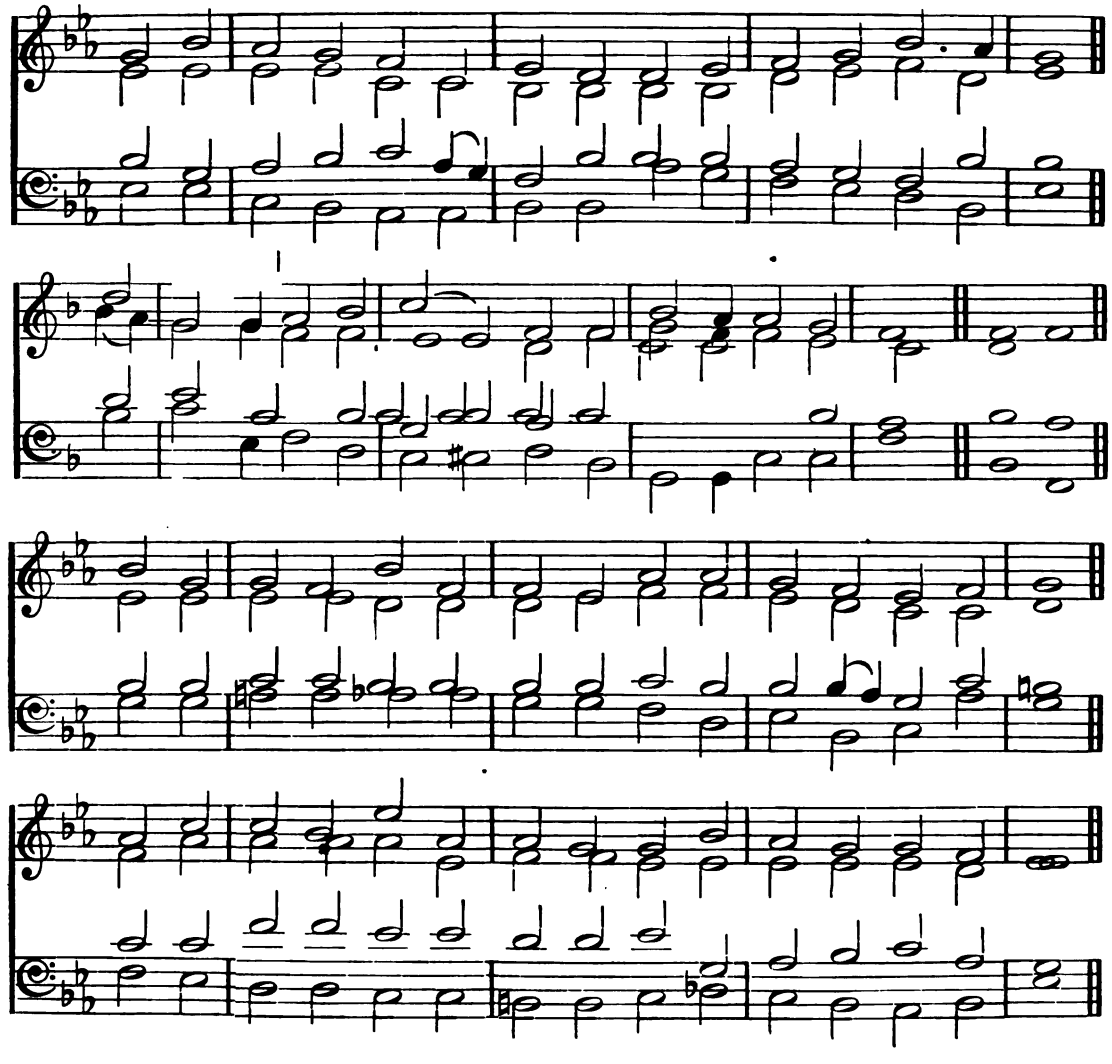
p 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
Bleeding on the tree behold Him!
c Hear Him cry, before He dies,
'It is finished!'
m Sinner, will not this suffice?

mf 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
c Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
f None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

165

FABER. S. ALCOCK.

'God is love.'

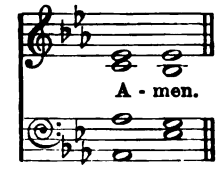
SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

mf 2 It is God; His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'T is our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

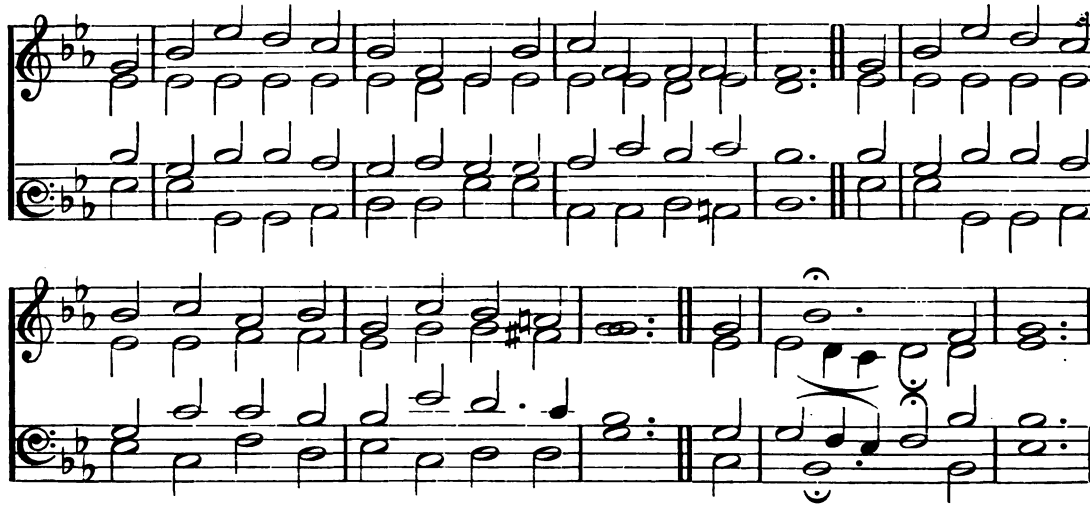
m 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
mf For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

m 5 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
mf There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

mp 6 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.
m If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

166

PENITENCE. W. H. MONK.

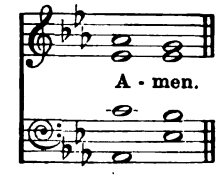


'Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him.'

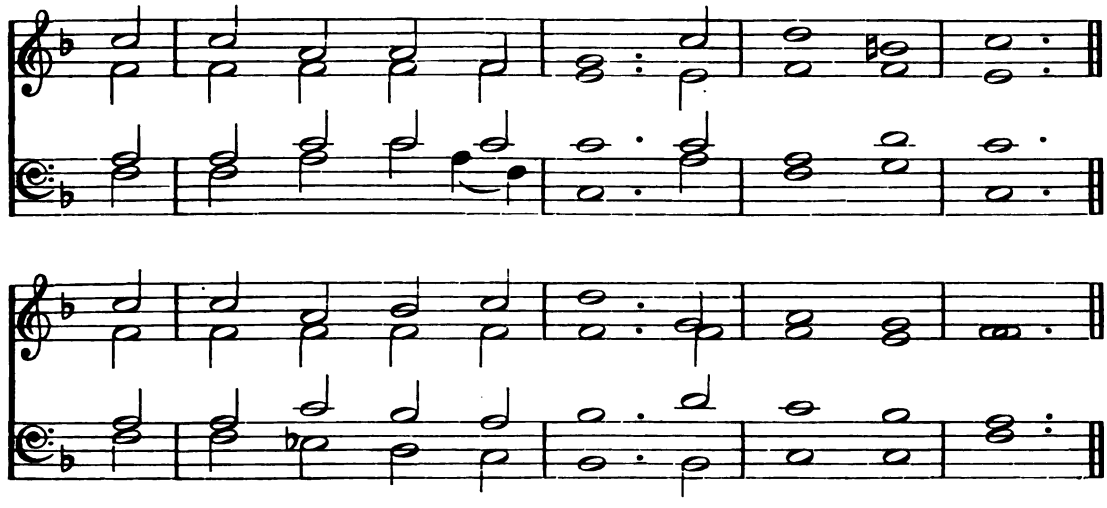
mp RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come';
O now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay;
p There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.



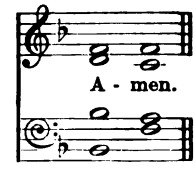
167

NAIN. **L. MASON.**

'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'

mp TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

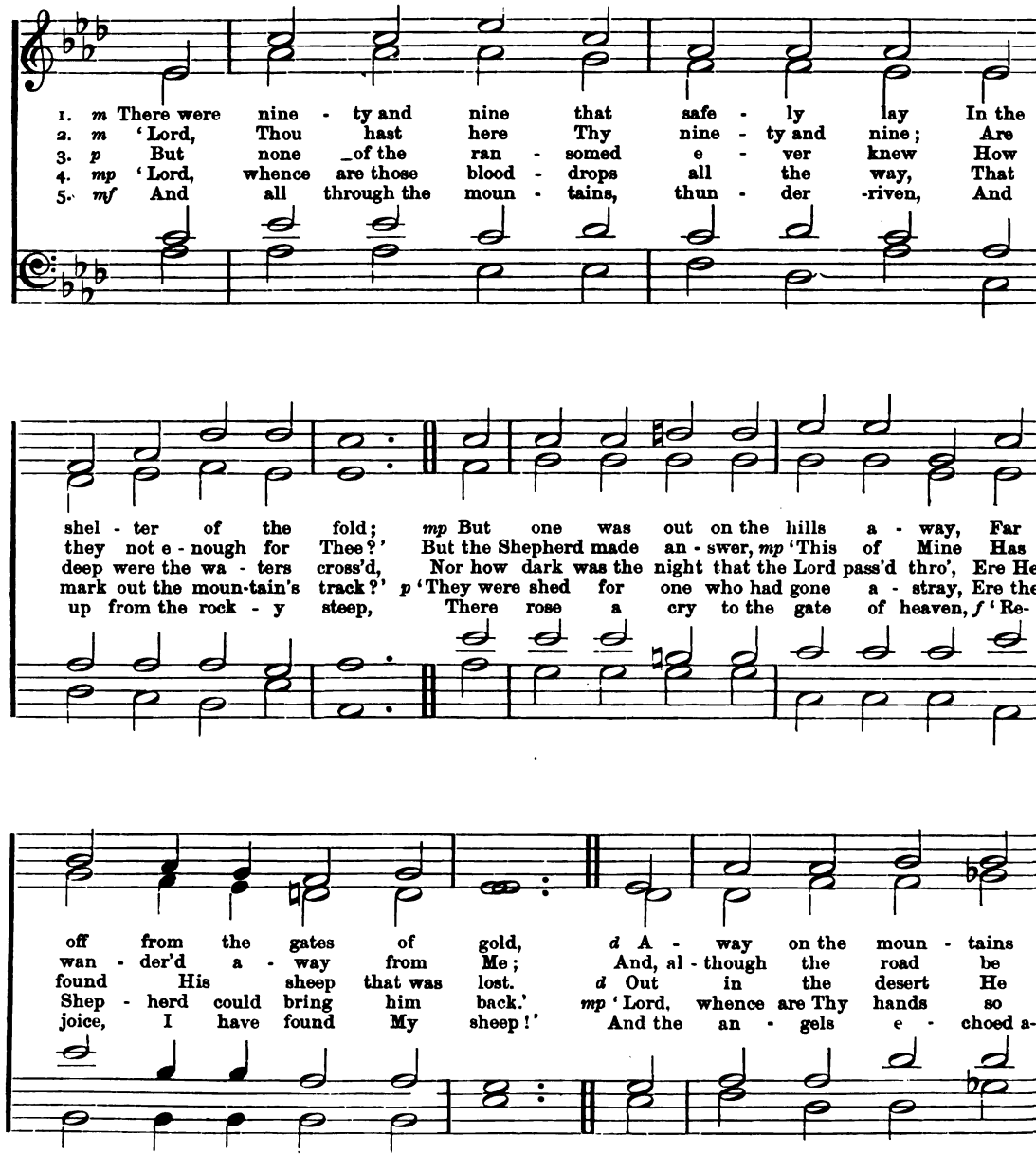
2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

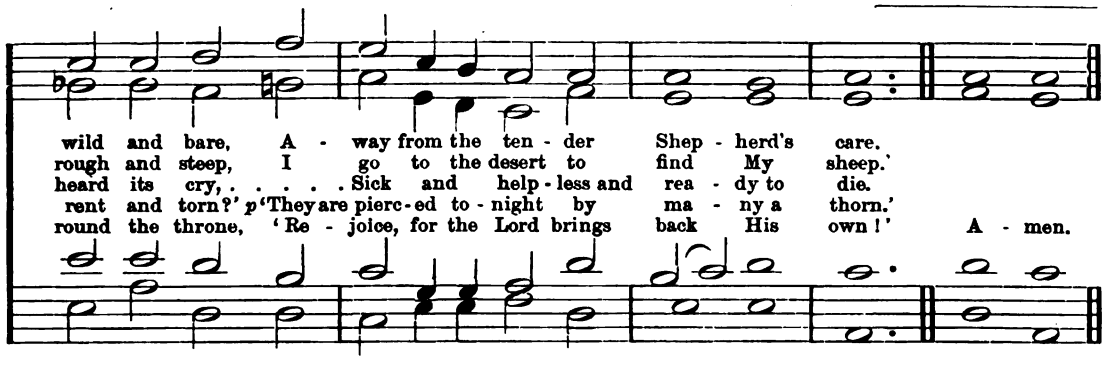
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
d The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

p 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

168

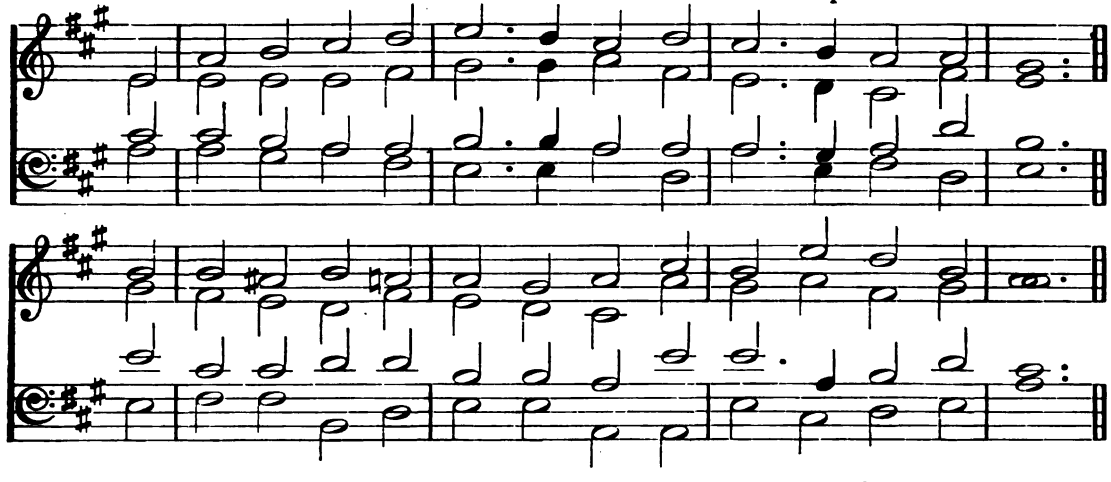
'Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.'

COMPASSION. F. MEEN.


1. m There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
2. m 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are
3. p But none of the ran - somed e - ver knew How
4. mp 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
5. mf And all through the moun - tains, thun - der -riven, And
shel - ter of the fold; mp But one was out on the hills a - way, Far
they not e - nough for Thee?' But the Shepherd made an - swer, mp 'This of Mine Has
deep were the wa - ters cross'd, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro', Ere He
mark out the moun-tain's track?' p 'They were shed for one who had gone a - stray, Ere the
up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, f 'Re-
off from the gates of gold, d A - way on the moun - tains
wan - der'd a - way from Me; And, al - though the road be
found His sheep that was lost. d Out in the desert He
Shep - herd could bring him back.' mp 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so
joice, I have found My sheep!' And the an - gels e - choed a-


wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find My sheep.'
heard its cry, ... Sick and help - less and rea - dy to die.
rent and torn?' p 'They are pierc - ed to - night by ma - ny a thorn.'
round the throne, 'Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own!' A - men.

169

SOUTHWARK. Adapted from C. TYE.

'Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins.'

f O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

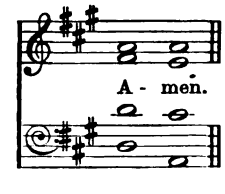
mf 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
c To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

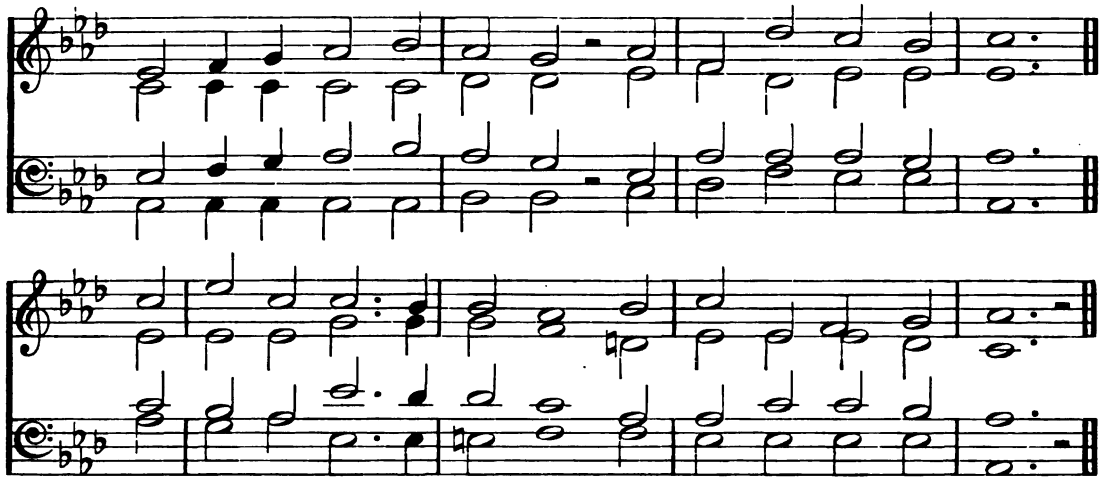
mf 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life and health and peace.

mf 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

f 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

ff 7 Glory to God, and praise, and love
Be ever, ever given
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

170

REMEMBRANCE. J. Booth.

'We would see Jesus.'

m TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

mp 2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

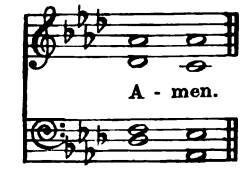
m 3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
d The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

p 5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I 'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

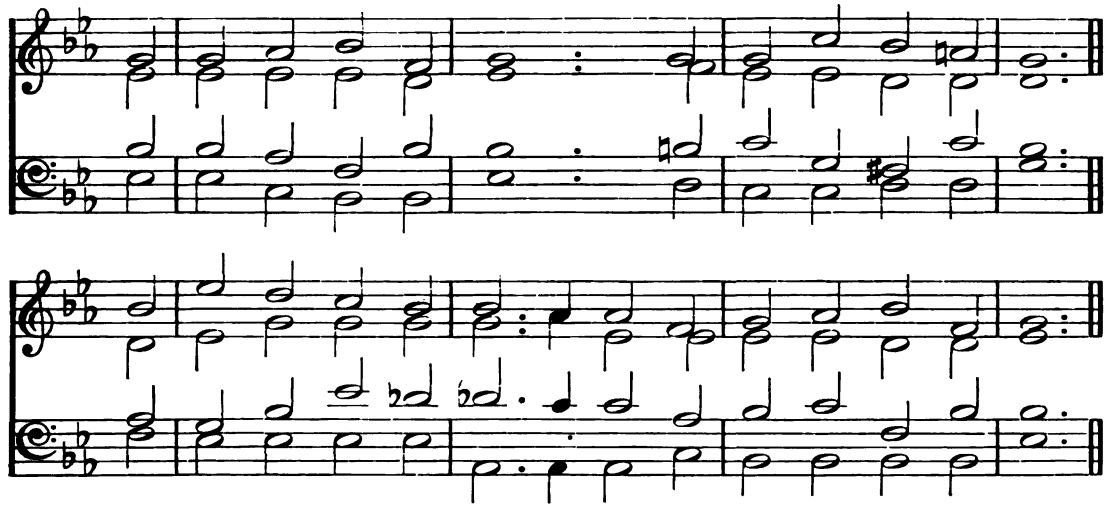
m 6 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

7 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

8 Yes, and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
mf 'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

Also the following:

308 Hark! hark, my soul!
28-132 Hymns of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
171-197 Hymns of Faith and Penitence.

171

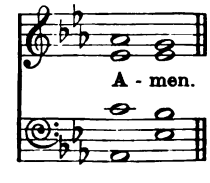
AGNUS DEI. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.'

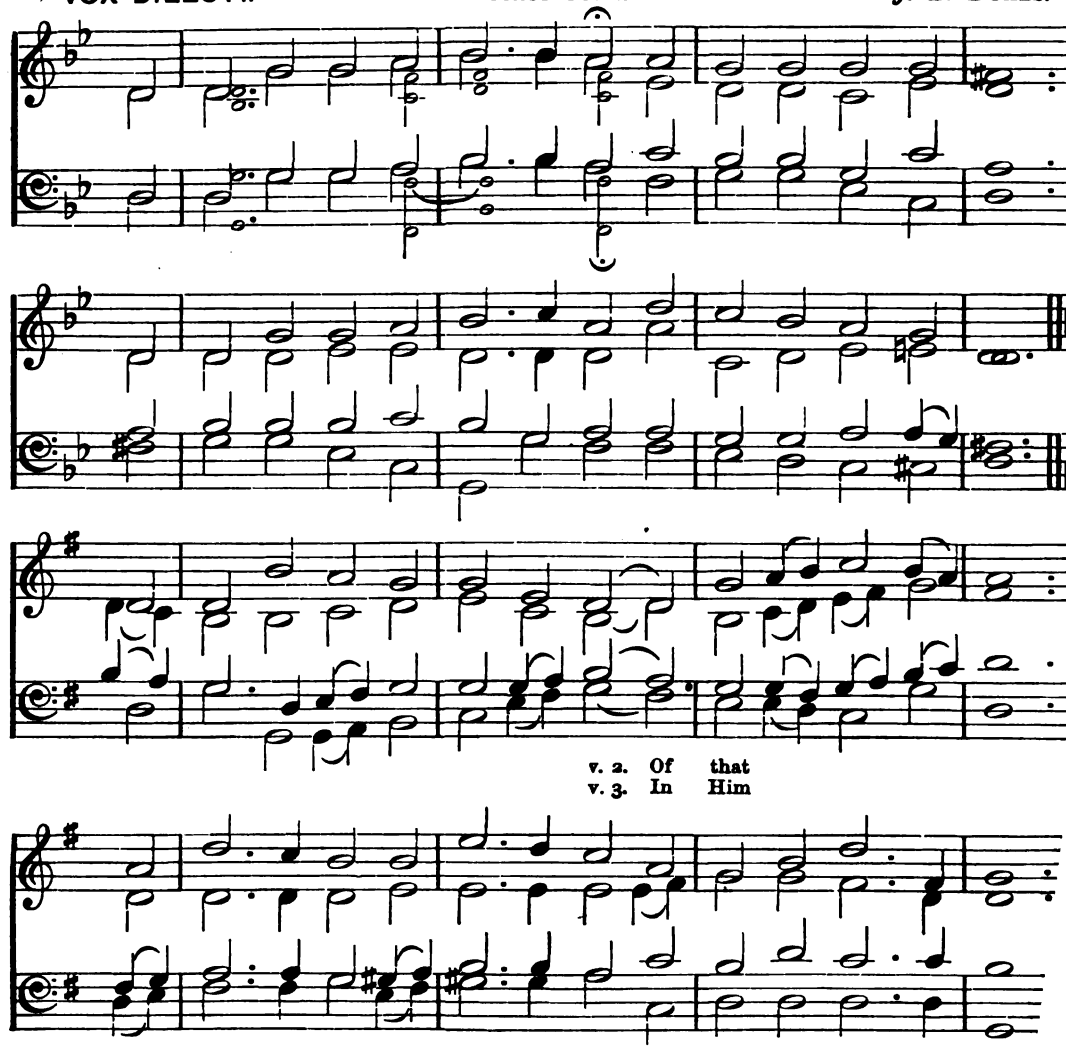
m NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
c A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

mp 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin,

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

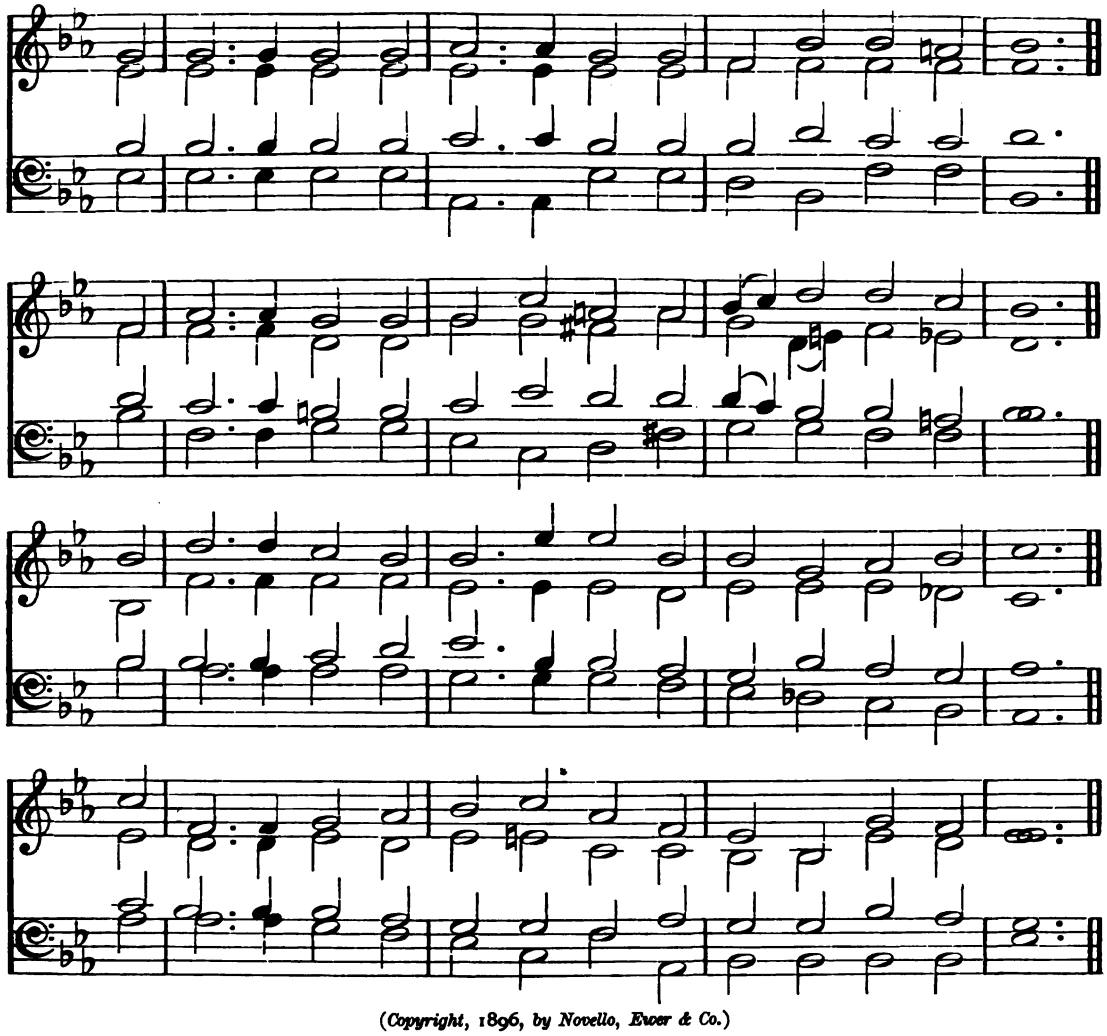
m 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

172

VOX DILECTI. FIRST TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

'Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live.'

mp I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
p 'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast':
mp I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
c I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

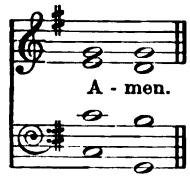
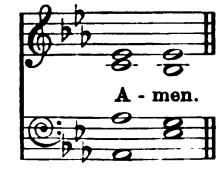
m 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and li
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
c My thirst was quenched, my soul
And now I live in Him.

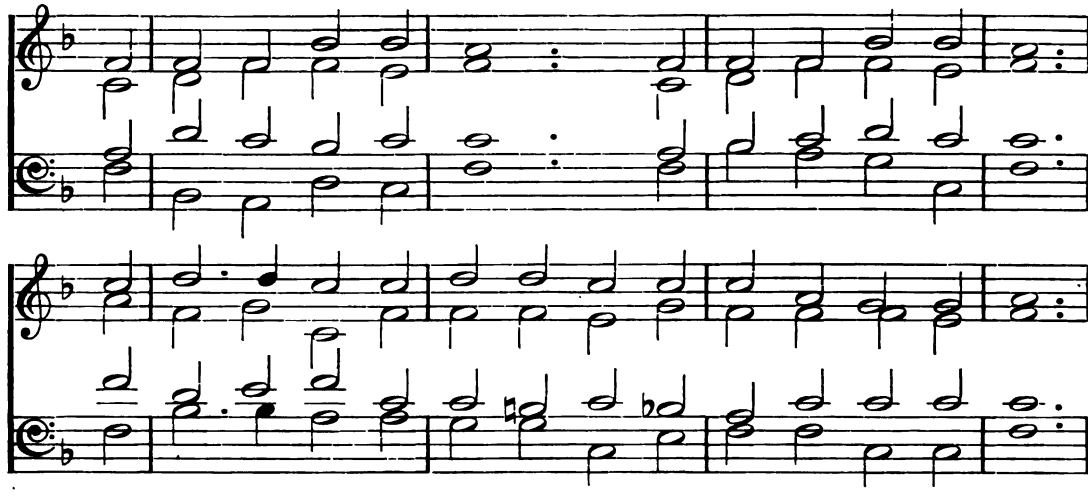
172

VOX DOMINI. SECOND TUNE. J. BARNBY.

(*Copyright, 1896, by Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

m 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
c Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright':

f I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

173

ST. JEROME. **H. J. GAUNTLETT.**

'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.'

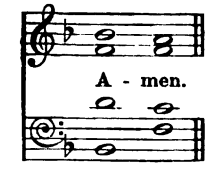
mp NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

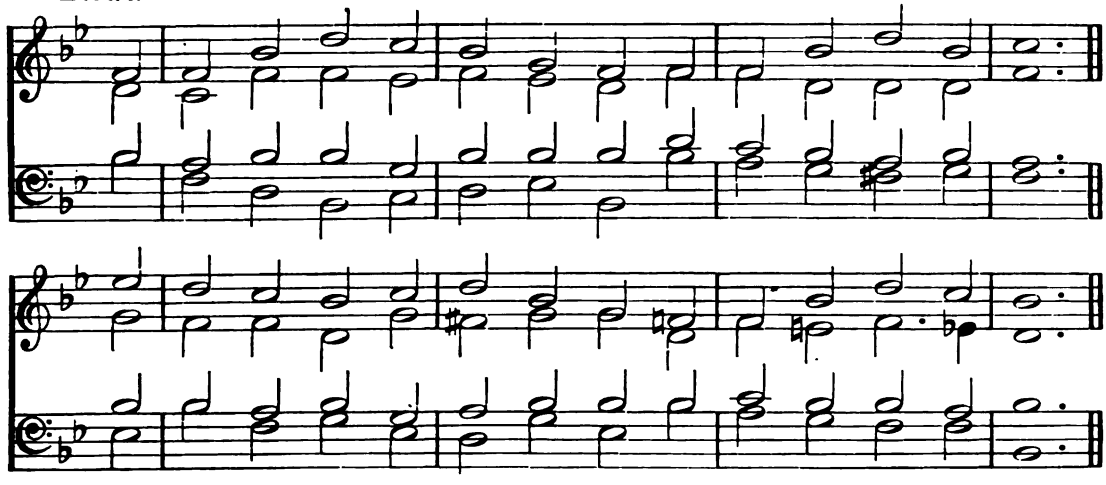
m 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

mf 6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

174

EVAN. W. H. HAVERGAL.



'A fountain . . for sin and for uncleanness.'

m THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

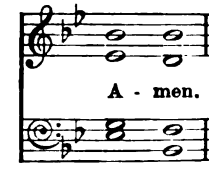
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

mf 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
c Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

m 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

f 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing Thy power to save,
d When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

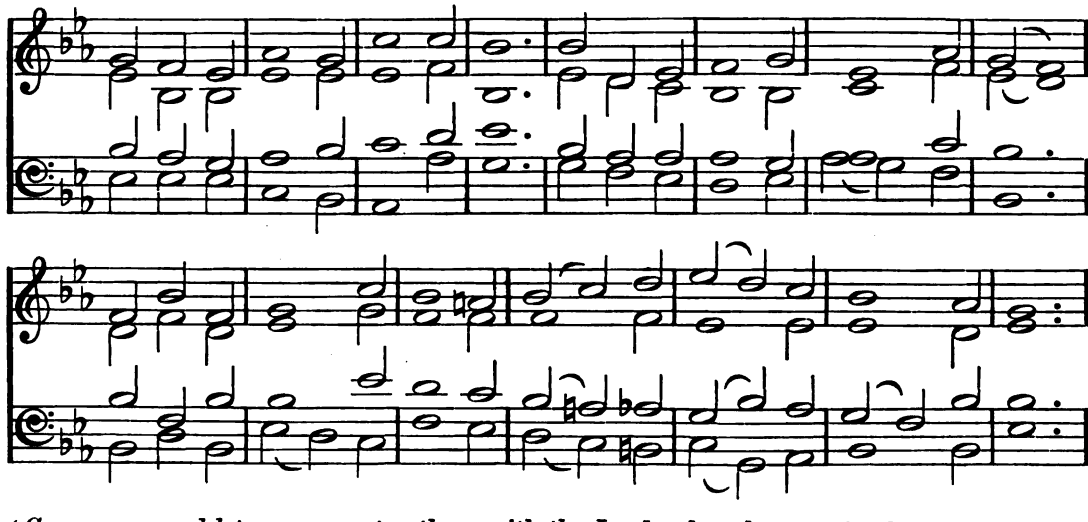
mf 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me;

f 7 'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed, by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

175

FIRST TUNE.

JUST AS I AM. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **J. BARNBY.**

MISERICORDIA. SECOND TUNE. **H. SMART.**



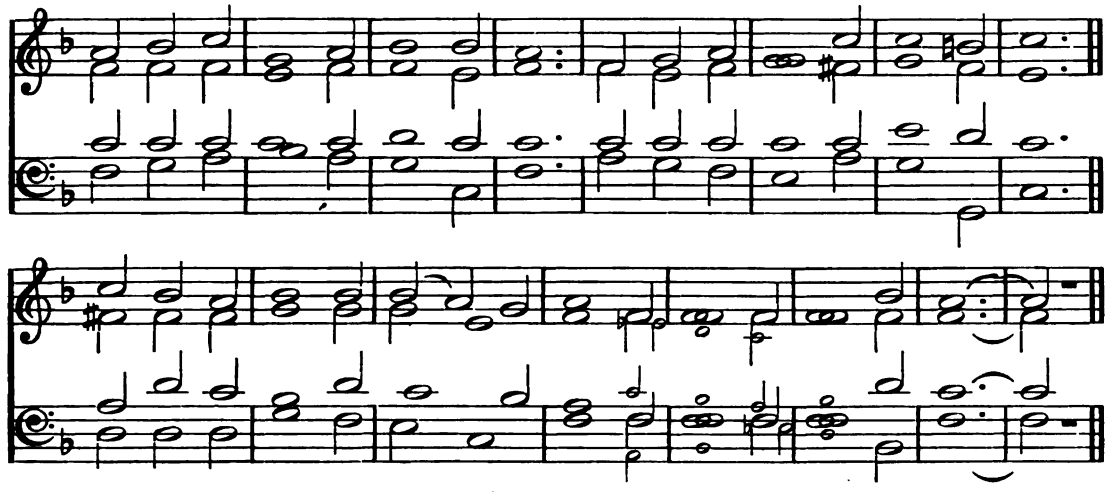
'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

p JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

175

THIRD TUNE.

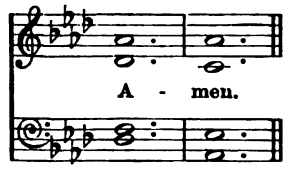
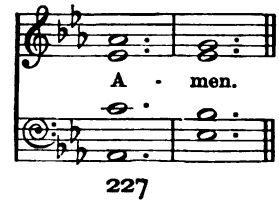
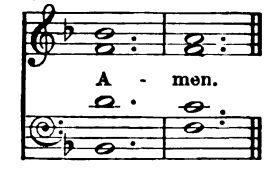
SANDRINGHAM. F. A. J. HERVEY.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
c Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

m 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

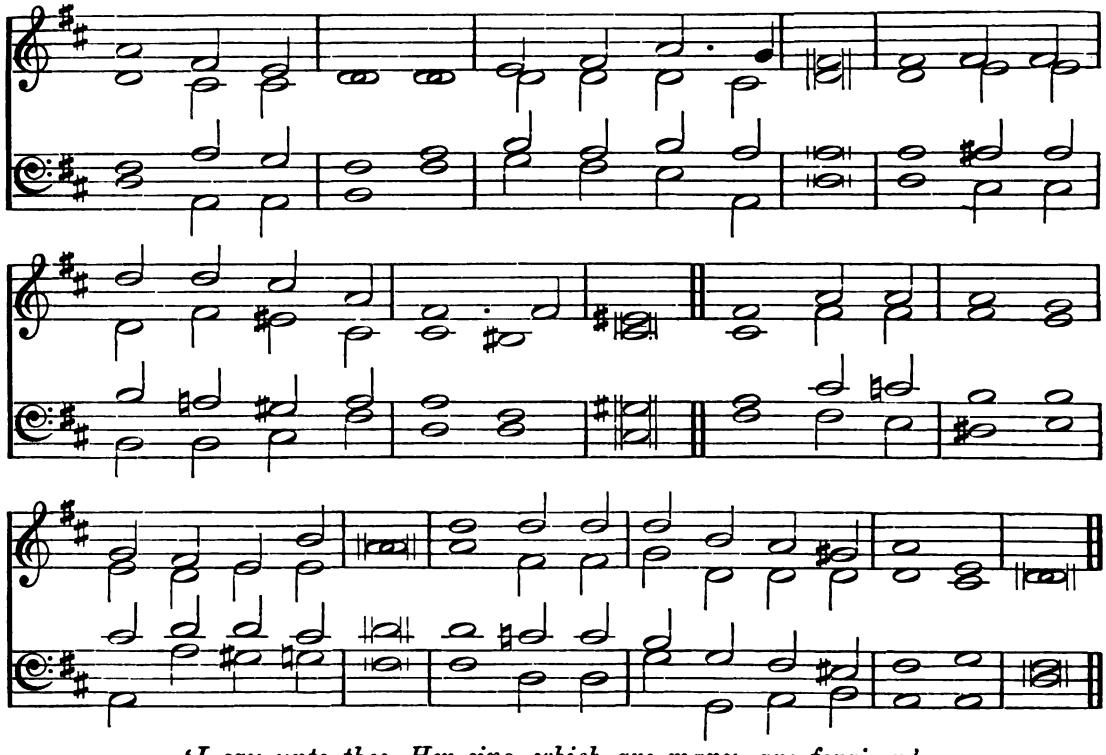
6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
mf Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

THIRD TUNE.

176

FIRST TUNE.

DALKEITH. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) T. HEWLETT.



'I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.'

mp WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
m And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
m Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

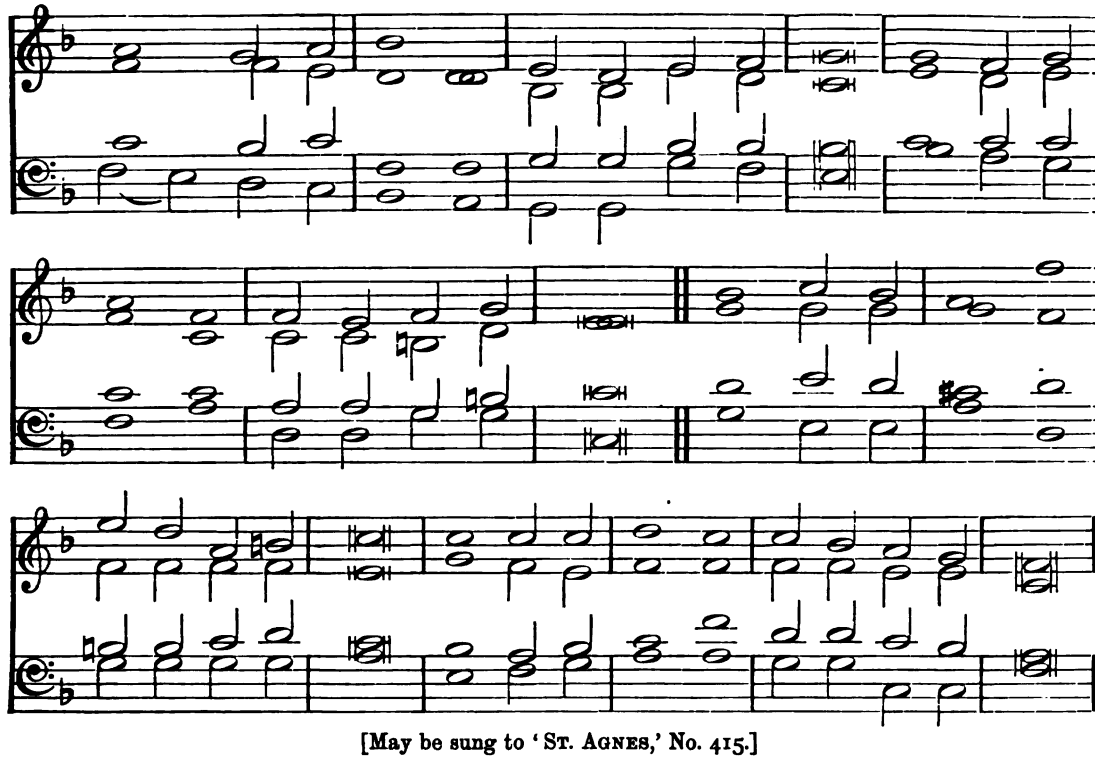
mp 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
m Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

mf 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

m 5 'T was He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

176

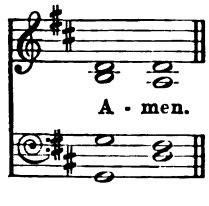
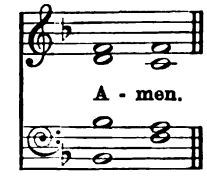
SECOND TUNE.

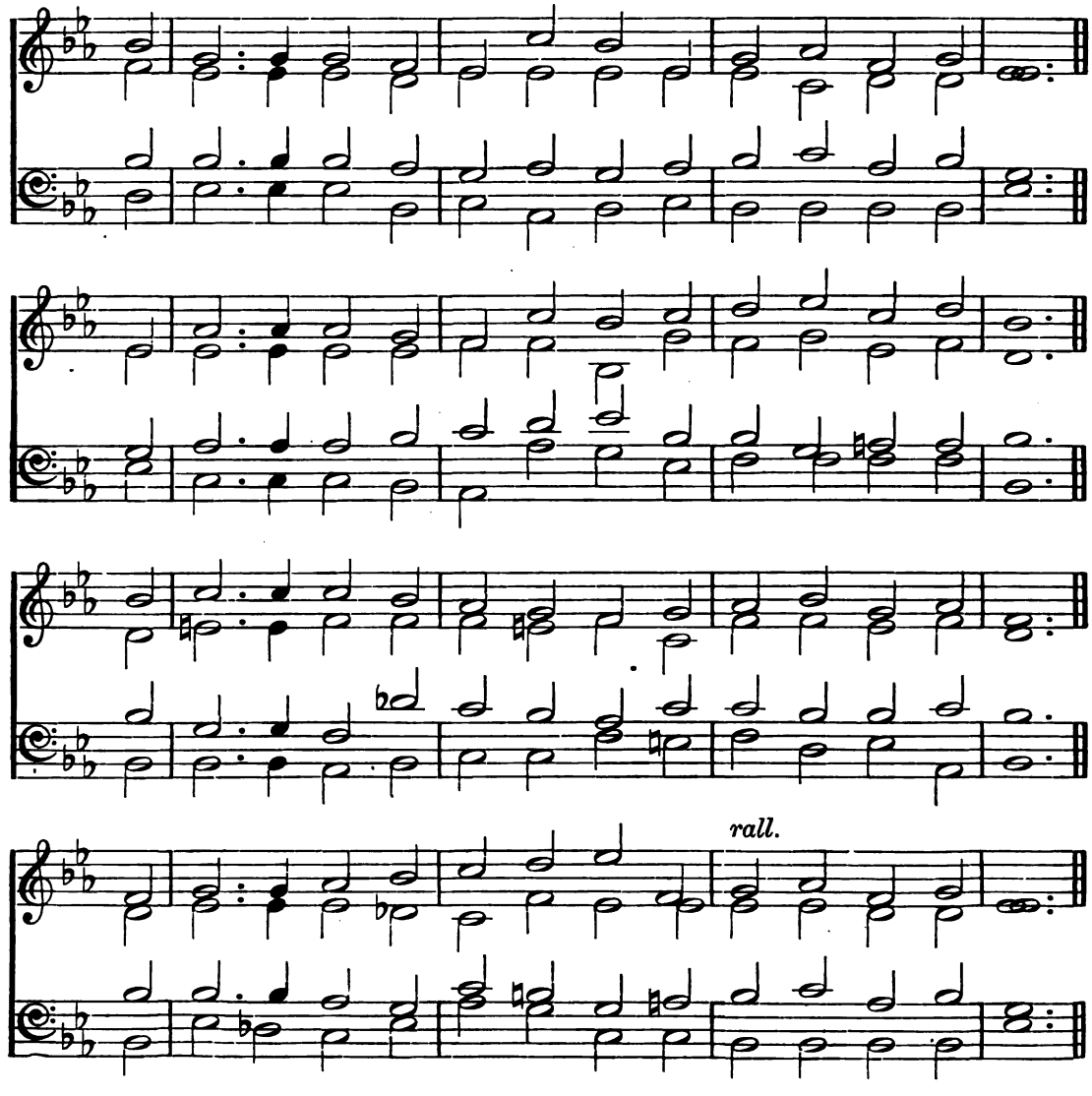
ABSOLUTIO. W. HATELY.

[May be sung to 'ST. AGNES,' No. 415.]

mp 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
m That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

mf 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
mp Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
m Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

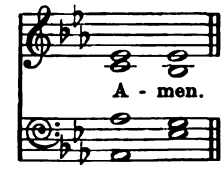
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

177

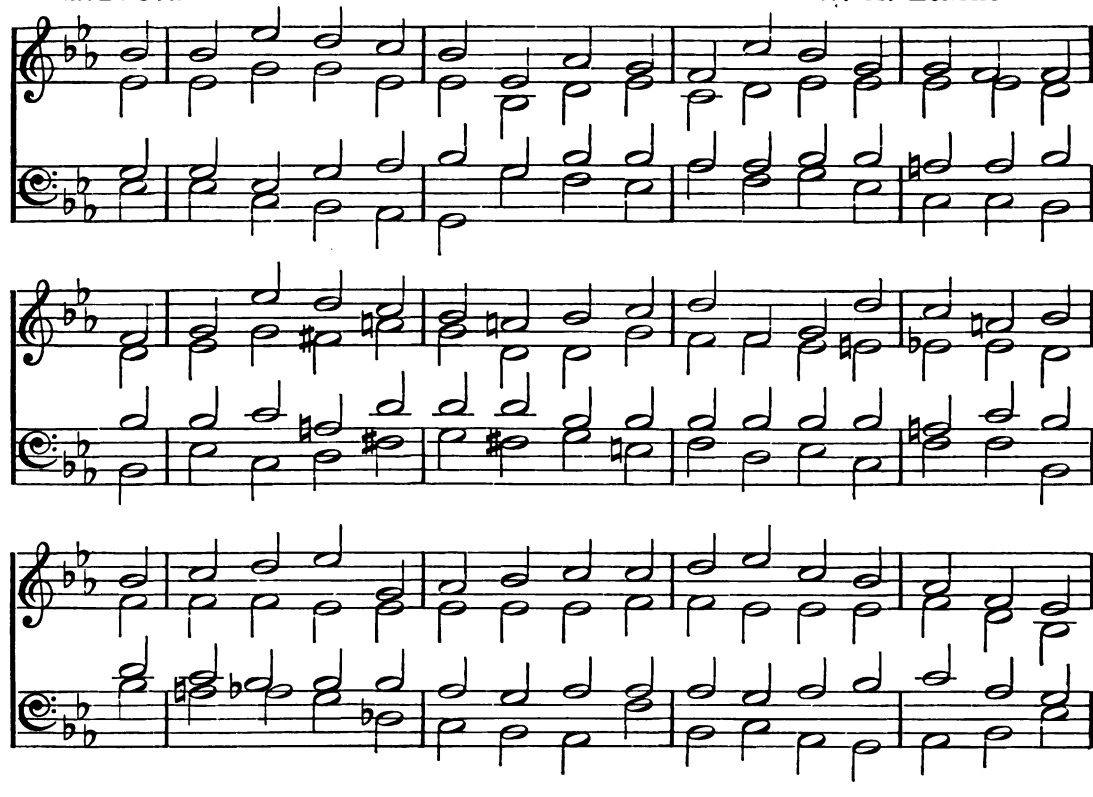
ST. PALLADIUS. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **J. BARNBY.**

'Behold, we come unto Thee; for Thou art the Lord our God.'

mp DEAR Lord, I now respond to Thy sweet call,
'Come unto Me';
mc I find my joy, my peace, my all in all,
My heaven, in Thee.

mp Too long I disobeyed Thy law, too long
I slighted Thee,
Too long I heeded not Thy voice, but now
I come to Thee.

2 I come with all my sins, with all my fears
I come to Thee;
With all my doubts, my burdens, weaknesses,
I come to Thee.
m Thy precious blood hath cleansed me white, Thy blood
Was shed for me;
Thy death my life, Thy cross my plea, O Lord,
I come to Thee.

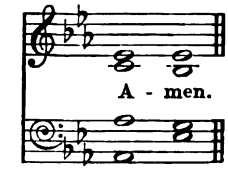
3 Sustain me, Jesus, by Thy mighty power;
Abide with me;
O make Thy word a lamp to light the path
That leads to Thee.
mp And, when I've stemmed the stormy waves, and crossed
Life's troubled sea,
c I'll see and know Thee as Thou art, and rest
In peace with Thee.

178

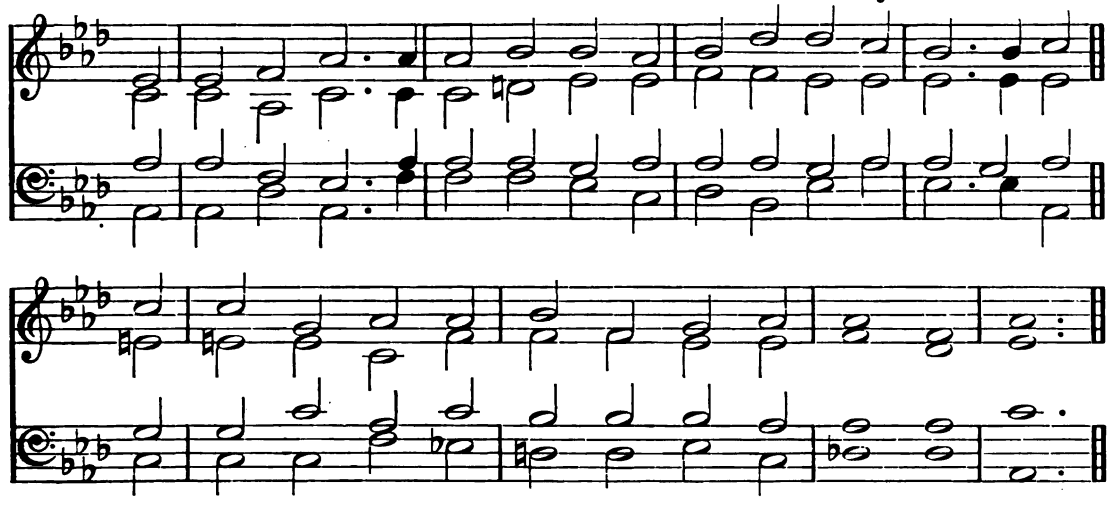
MILTON. W. H. LONGHURST.

'I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.'

mp WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn;
mf I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

mp 2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
c Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

m 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

mp 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

179

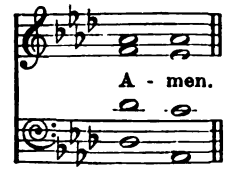
RISEHOLME. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.'

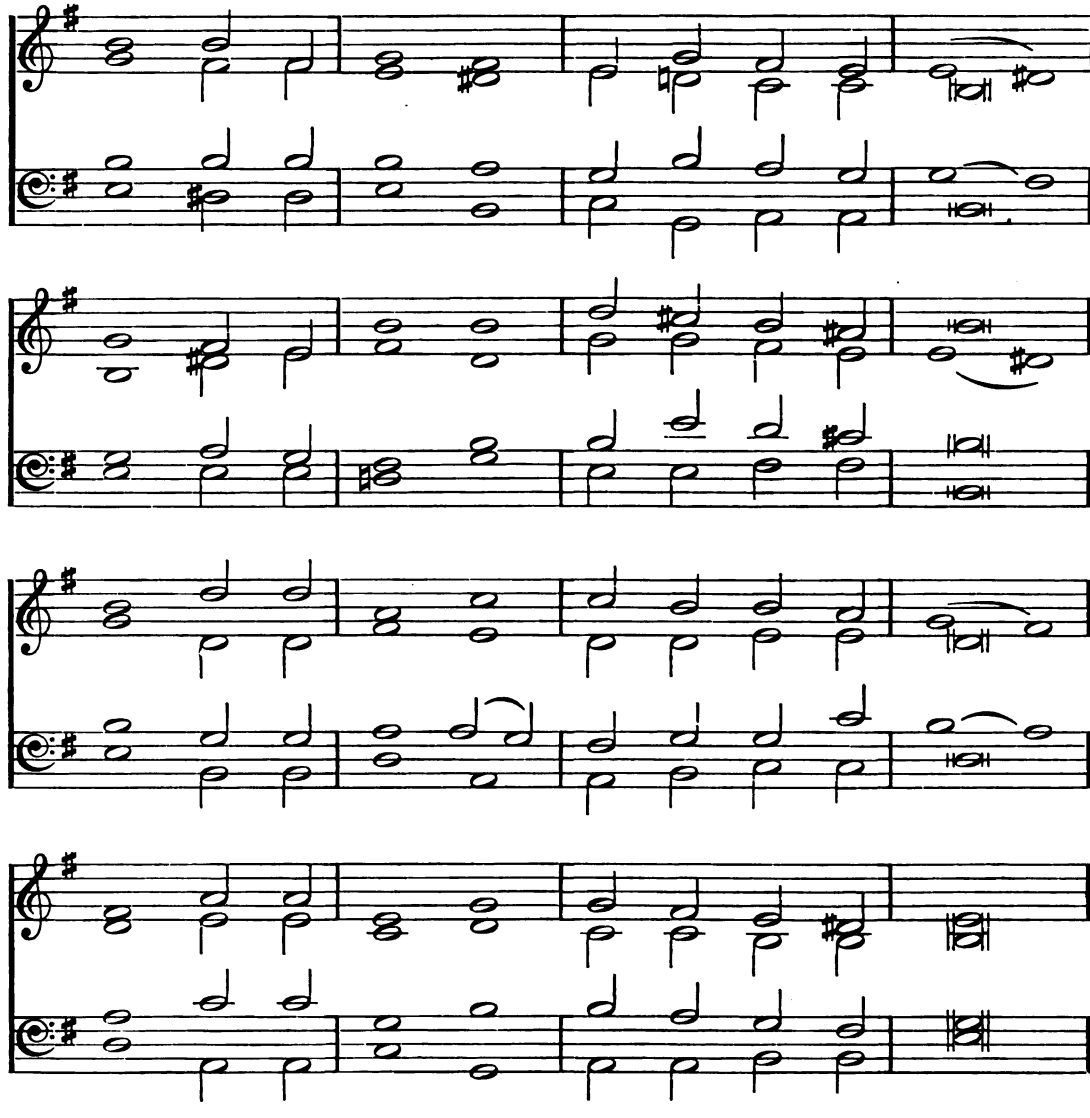
mp THERE is a holy sacrifice
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,
The contrite heart.

m 2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest cry,
And cheer and bless and purify
The contrite heart.

mp 5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

180

TENBURY. **J. STAINER.**

'The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.'

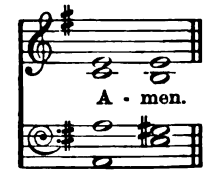
mp SHOW pity, Lord:
For we are frail and faint;
p We fade away;
O list to our complaint!

We fade away
  Like flowers in the sun;
We just begin,
  And then our work is done.

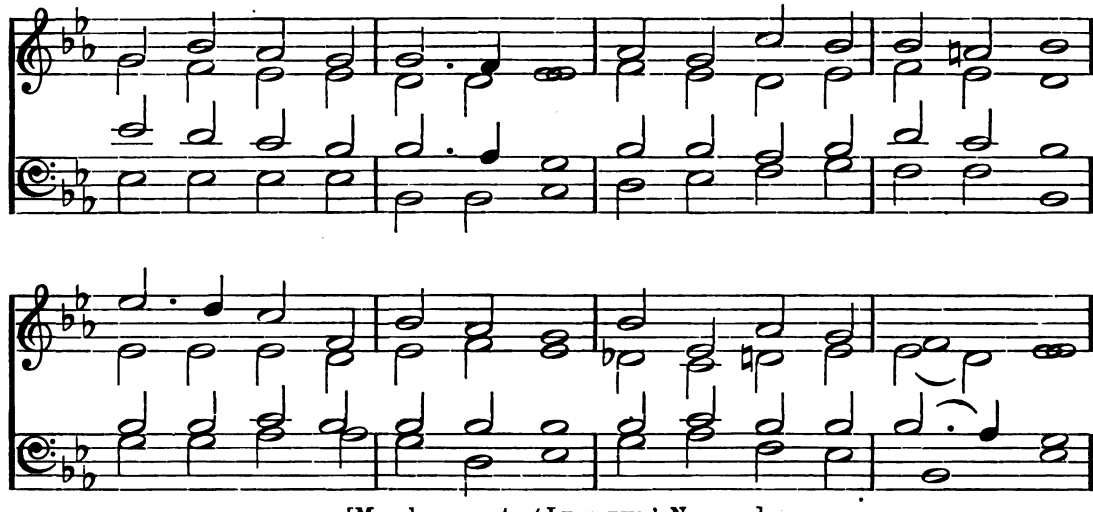
mp 2 Show pity, Lord:
  Our souls are sore distressed;
As troubled seas,
  Our natures have no rest;
As troubled seas
  That, surging, beat the shore,
We throb and heave
  Ever and evermore.

3 Show pity, Lord:
  Our grief is in our sin;
m We would be cleansed;
  O make us pure within!
We would be cleansed;
  For this we cry to Thee;
mf Thy word of love
  Can make the conscience free.

mp 4 Show pity, Lord:
  Inspire our hearts with love,—
That holy love
  Which draws the soul above,
mf That holy love
  Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
  Through all eternity.



181

AGNES. **E. BUNNETT.**

[May be sung to 'LEBBÆUS,' No. 559.]

'Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will He teach sinners in the way.'

mp JESUS, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day;
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
p Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Keep us lowly, that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 On our darkness shed Thy light;
Lead our wills to what is right;
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

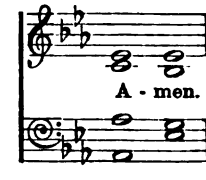
5 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

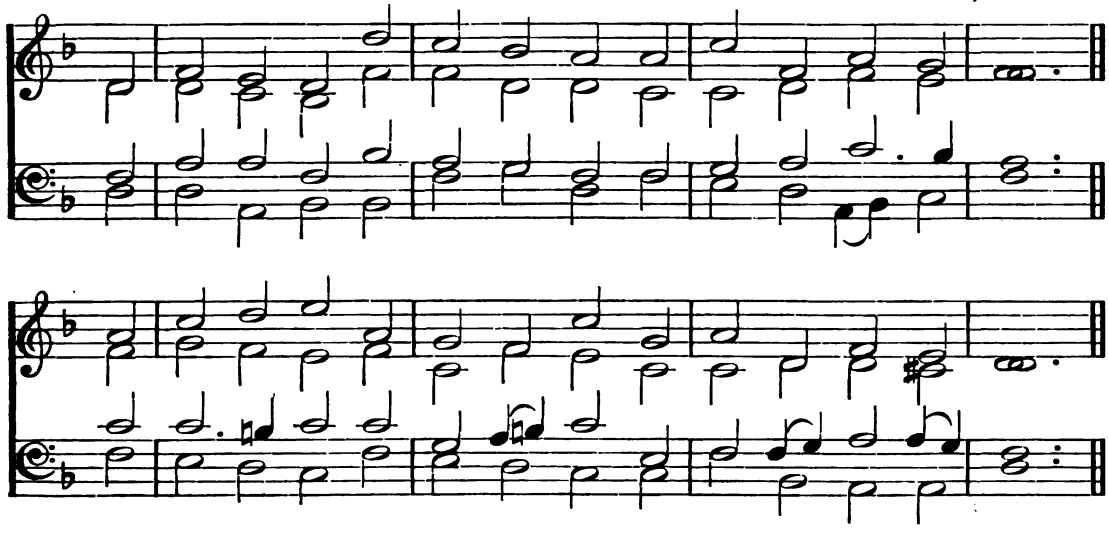
6 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow-creatures' weal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 Fix our hearts on things on high;
Let no evil thoughts come nigh;
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

182

ST. MARY. PRYS'S PSALM BOOK, 1621.

'God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us.'

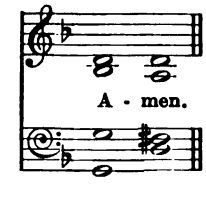
mp O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

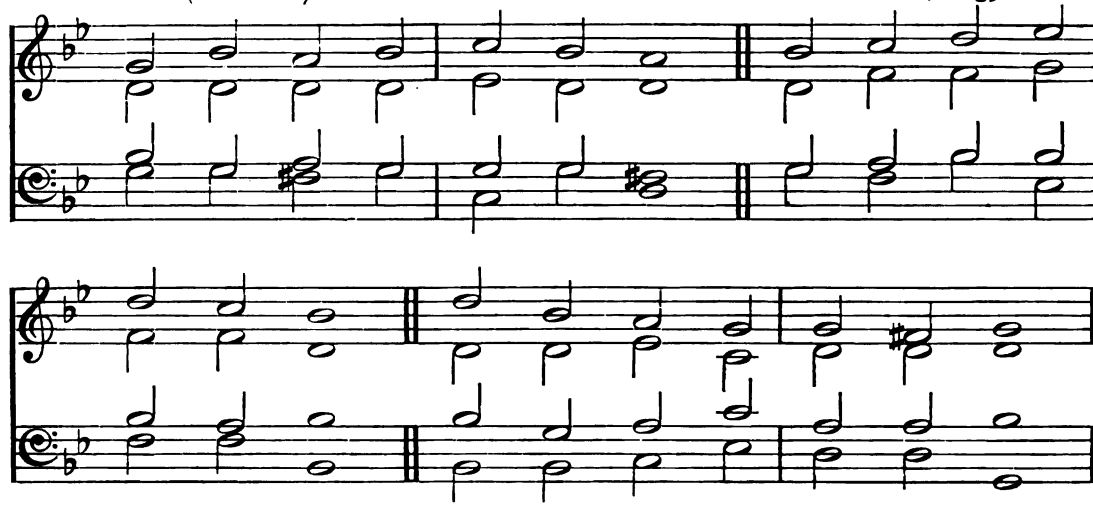
m 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault;
For surely Thou canst tell
What we have done, and what we are
Thou knowest very well;

p 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

mp 5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

m 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
c O let Thy mercy come.

183

CYPRUS (BERLIN). FIRST TUNE. GEISTLICHE LIEDER, Bremen, 1639.

'Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.'

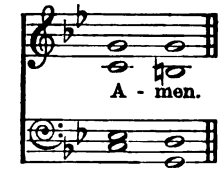
p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

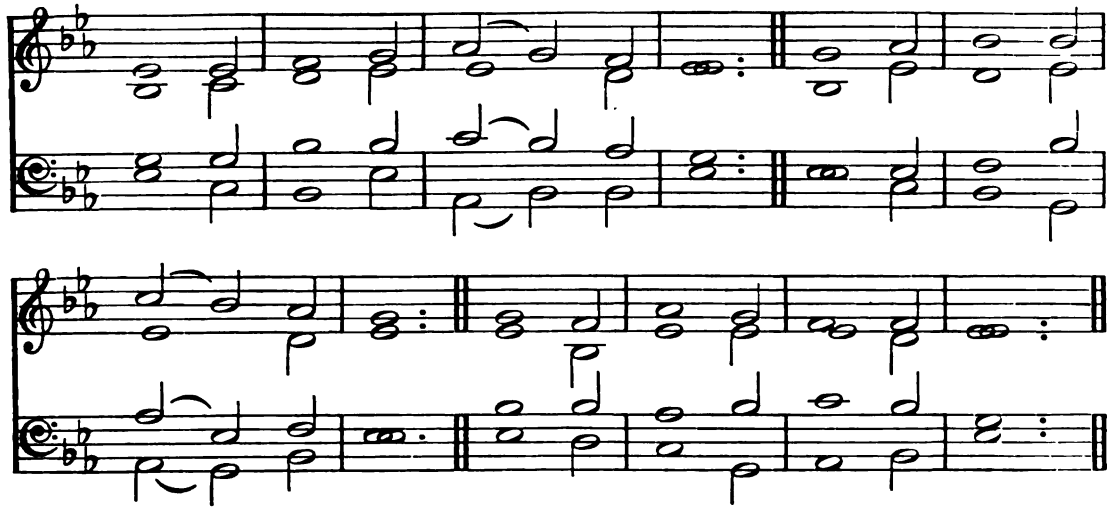
3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
pp Ere it close for evermore.

p 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

183

ST. PHILIP. SECOND TUNE. **W. H. MONK.**



'*Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.*'

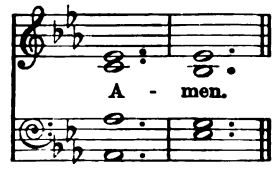
p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

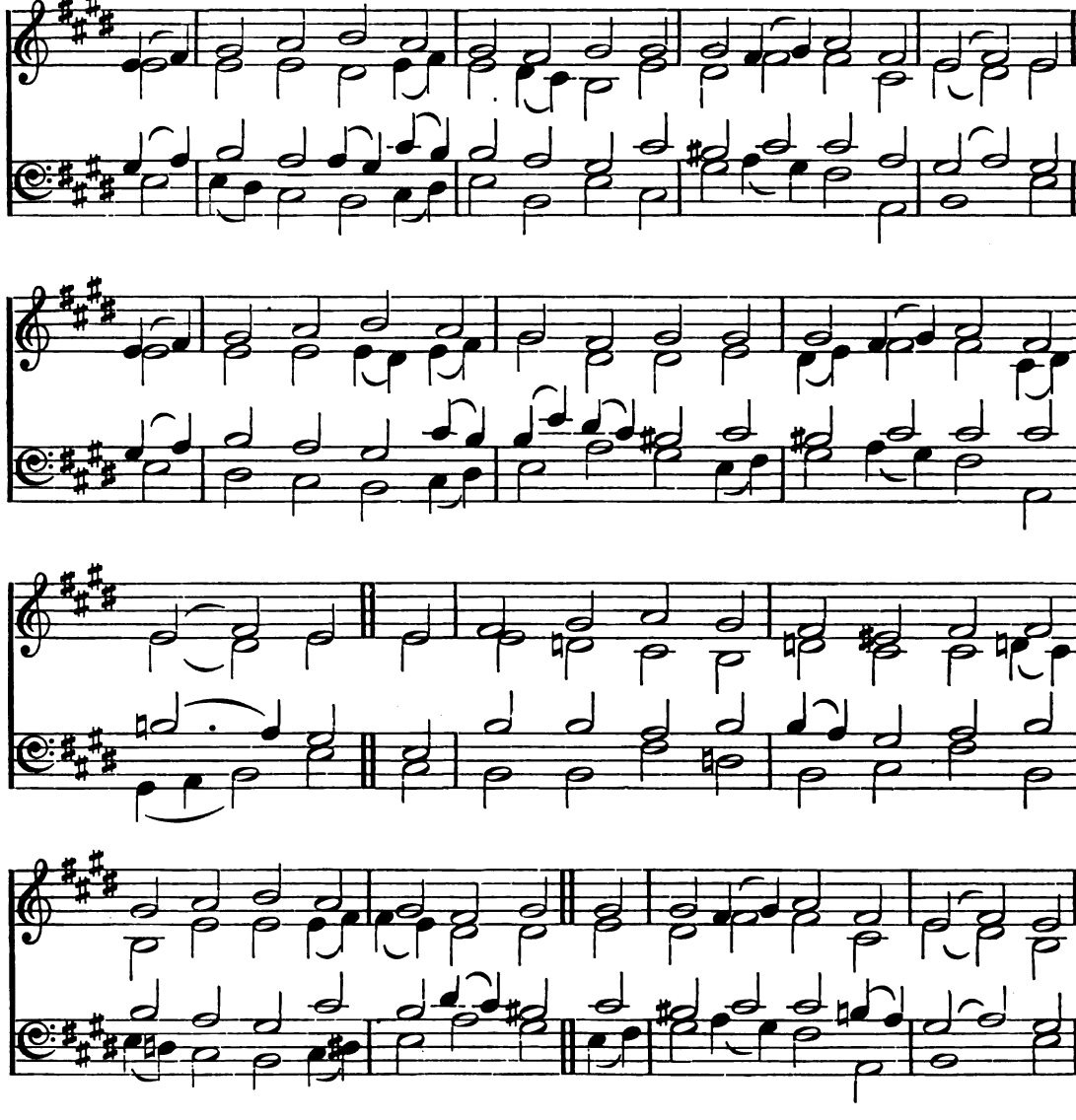
3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
pp Ere it close for evermore.

p 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

184

STETTIN.

N. DECIUS,
Har. by MENDELSSOHN.

'Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.'

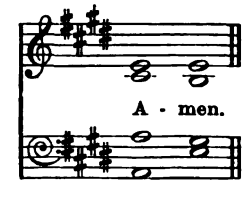
mp FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication:

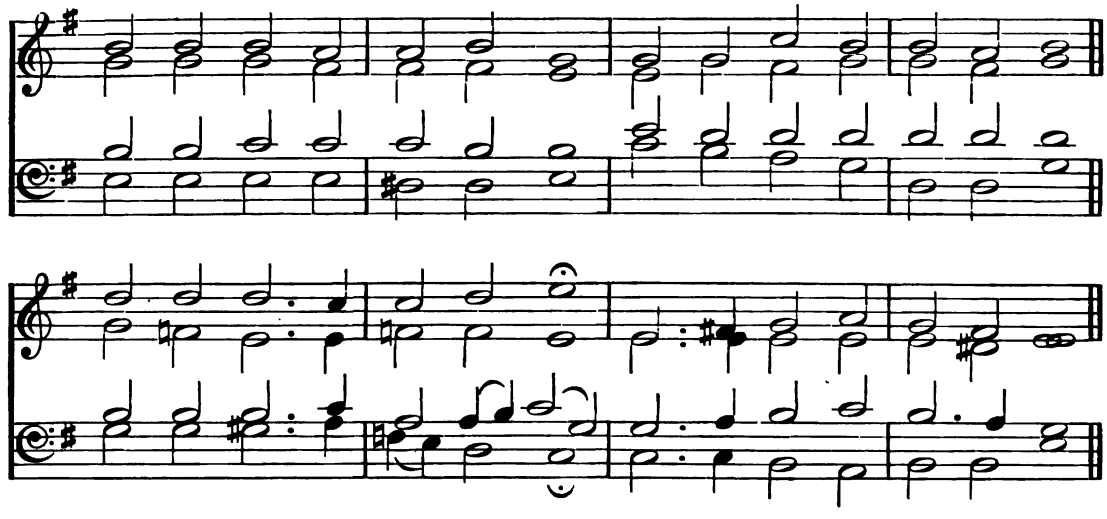
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
p O who could stand before Thee?

m 2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain;
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

mf 3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

m 4 What though I wait the livelong night,
And till the dawn appeareth,
mf My heart still trusteth in His might;
It doubteth not, nor feareth:
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

5 Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it;
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the Shepherd of the sheep
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

185

DEUS MISEREATUR. MYLES B. FOSTER.

'*God be merciful to me a sinner.*'

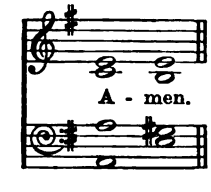
mp SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest,—
p God be merciful to me!

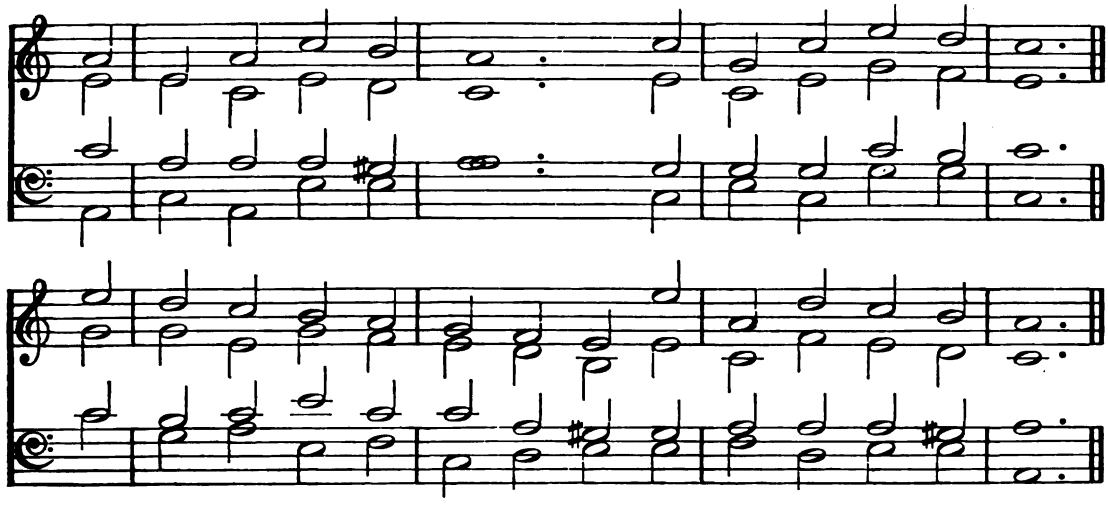
mp 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
p God be merciful to me!

mp 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
p God be merciful to me!

m 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
p God be merciful to me!

mf 5 There is One beside Thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
p God be merciful to me!

mf 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
mp God be merciful to me!

186

ST. BRIDE. S. HOWARD.

'O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.'

mp OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
m But I will not despair.

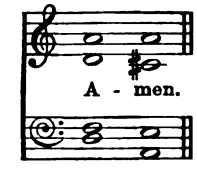
2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.

mp 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
c But Thou who giv'st to those who seek
Wilt give me strength within.

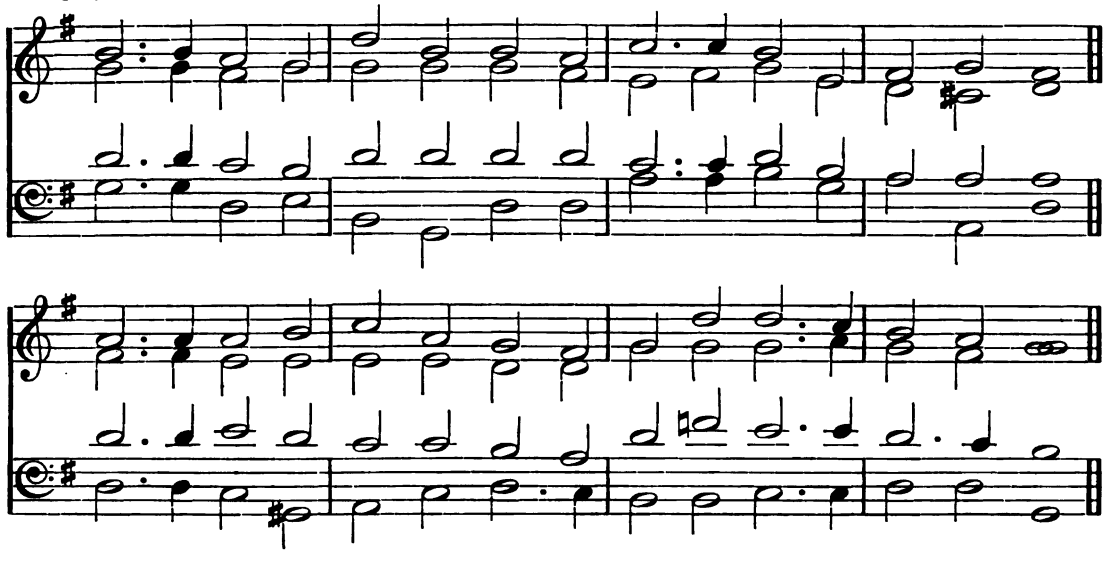
m 4 Far as this earth may be
From yonder starry skies,
Remoter still am I from Thee,
Yet Thou wilt not despise.

5 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

mf 6 In my Redeemer's name
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.



187

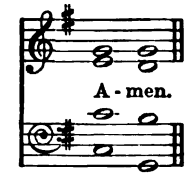
ST. MABYN. **A. H. BROWN.**

'I will arise and go to my father.'

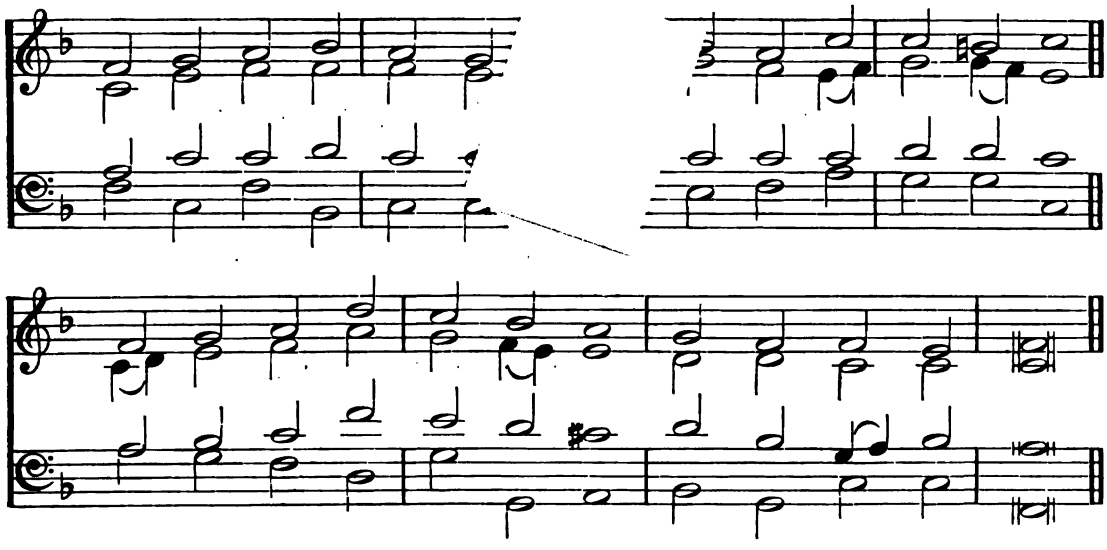
m TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me make me;
Let Thy will in me be done.

mp 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
'Take me to Thy love, my God.'

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

m 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
mf In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

188

ST. AGATHA. F. SOUTHGATE.

'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'

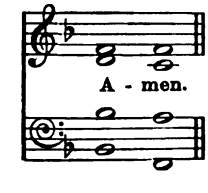
mp THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

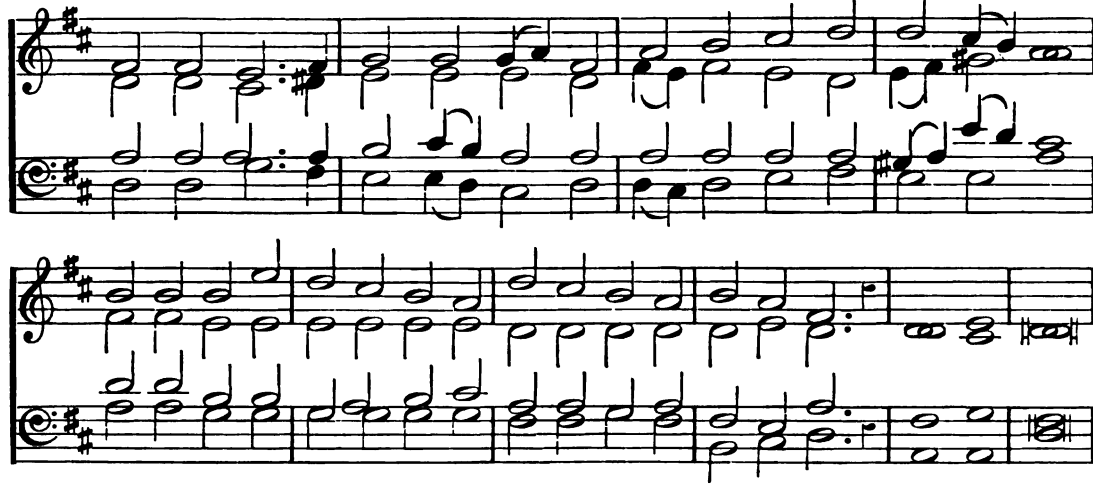
2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.

m 4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
c Surely so may I.

mp 5 There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
p In the last and darkest hour,
c Jesus, be Thou nigh.

189

ETIAM ET MIHI. J. B. DYKES.

'O visit me with Thy salvation.'

m LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me,
Even me.

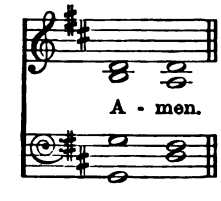
mp 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest call for me,
Even me.

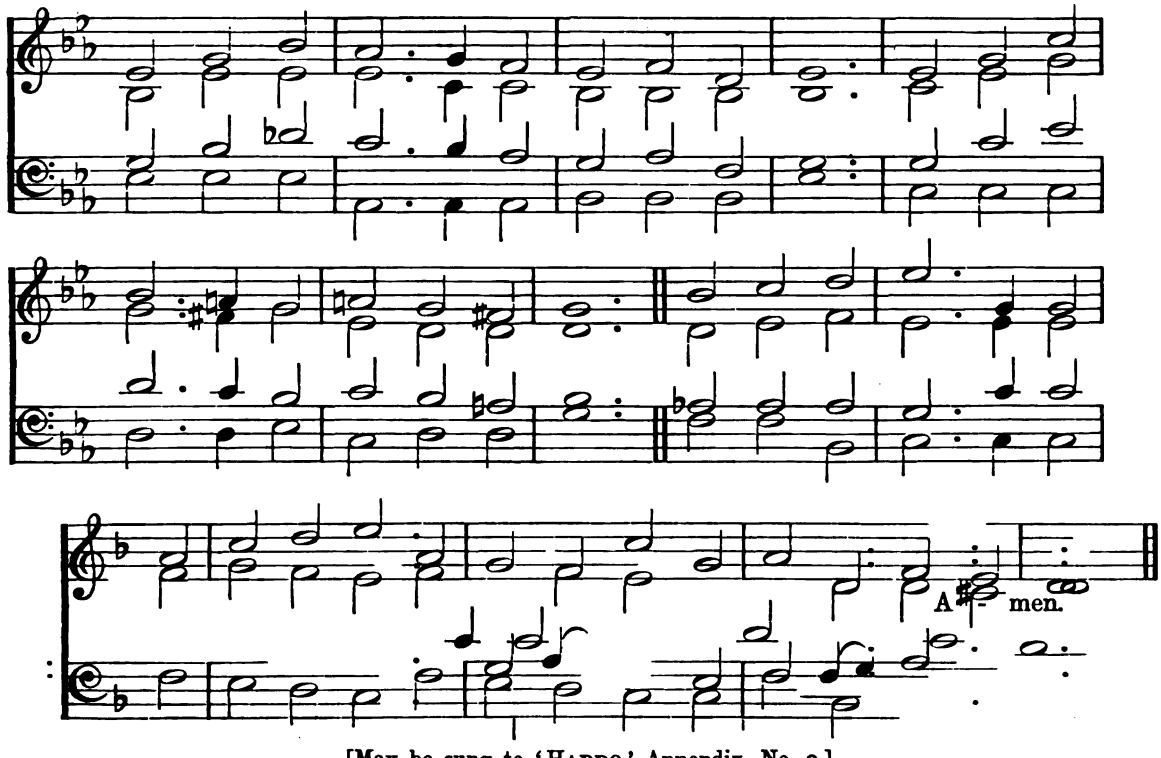
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

mf 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.



190

ST. WERBURGH. **R. P. STEWART.**

[May be sung to 'HADDO,' Appendix, No. 3.]

'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

m NO! not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No! not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
p Sin hath gone over me,
c Yet is this still my plea,
'Jesus hath died.'

p 2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson has been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin,
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

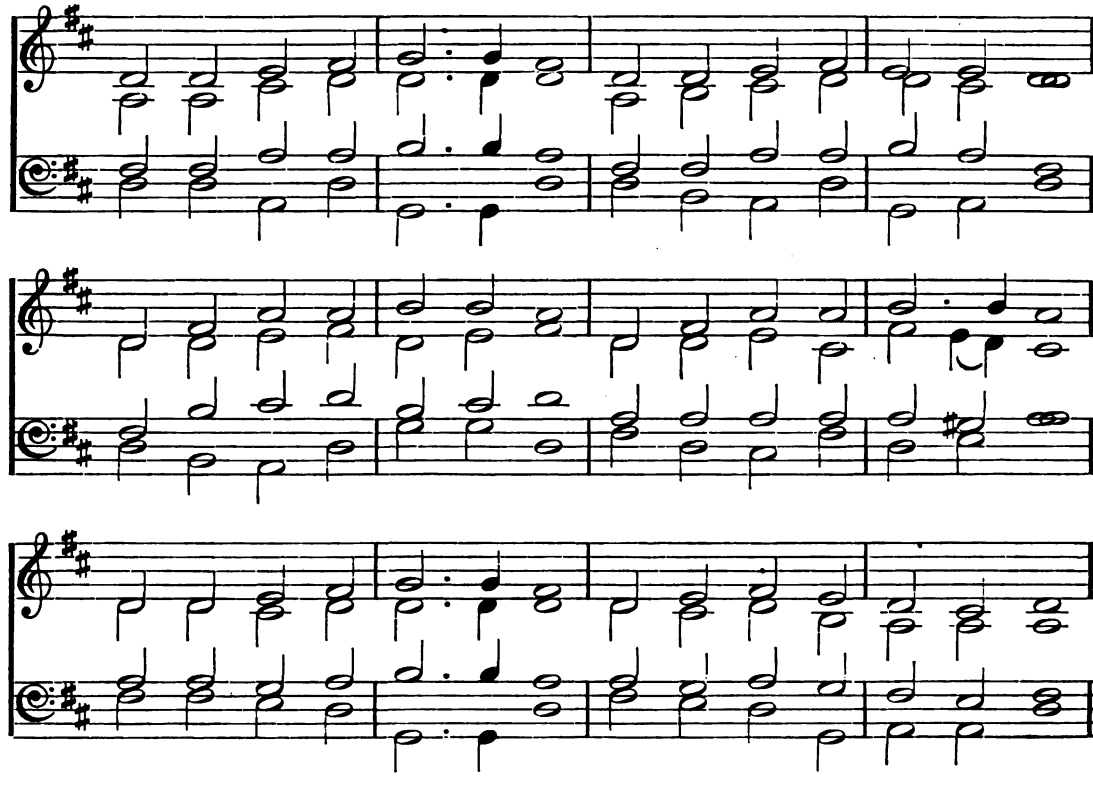
3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.

c Purge Thou my sin away;
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

m 4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

mf 5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

191

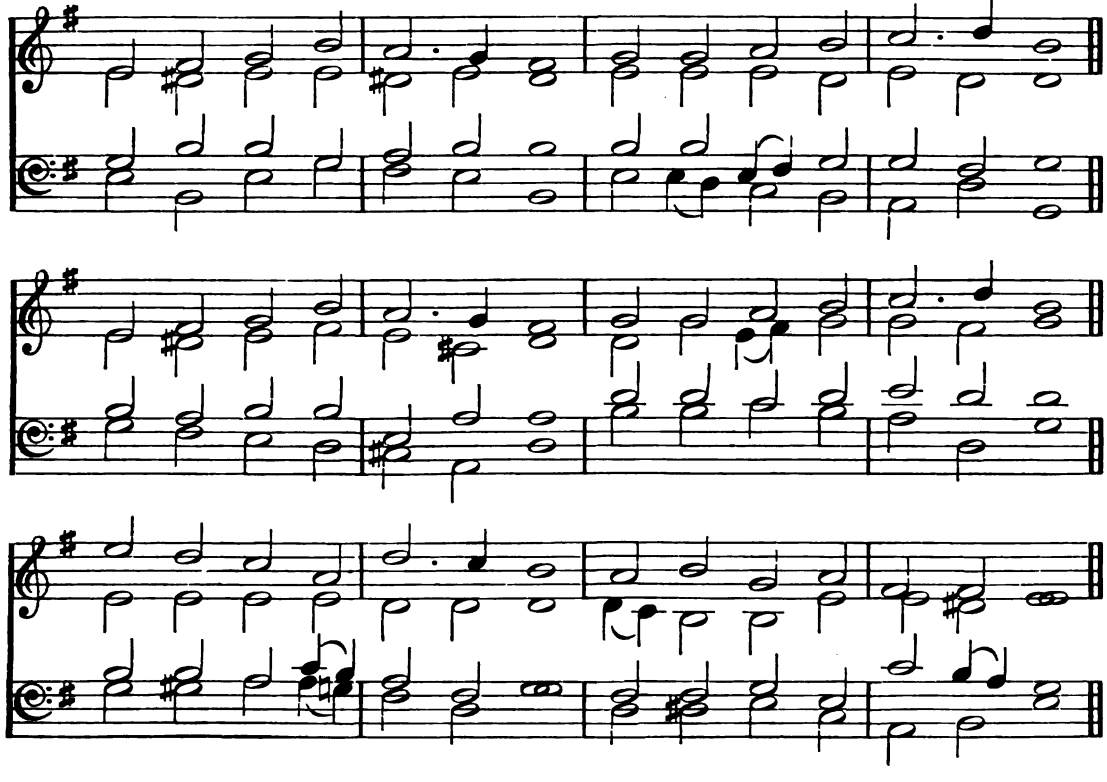
PETRA. FIRST TUNE. R. REDHEAD.

'He only is my rock and my salvation.'

m ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

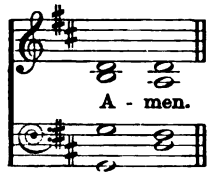
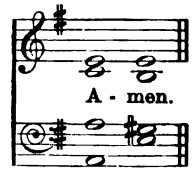
2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
c Thou must save, and Thou alone.

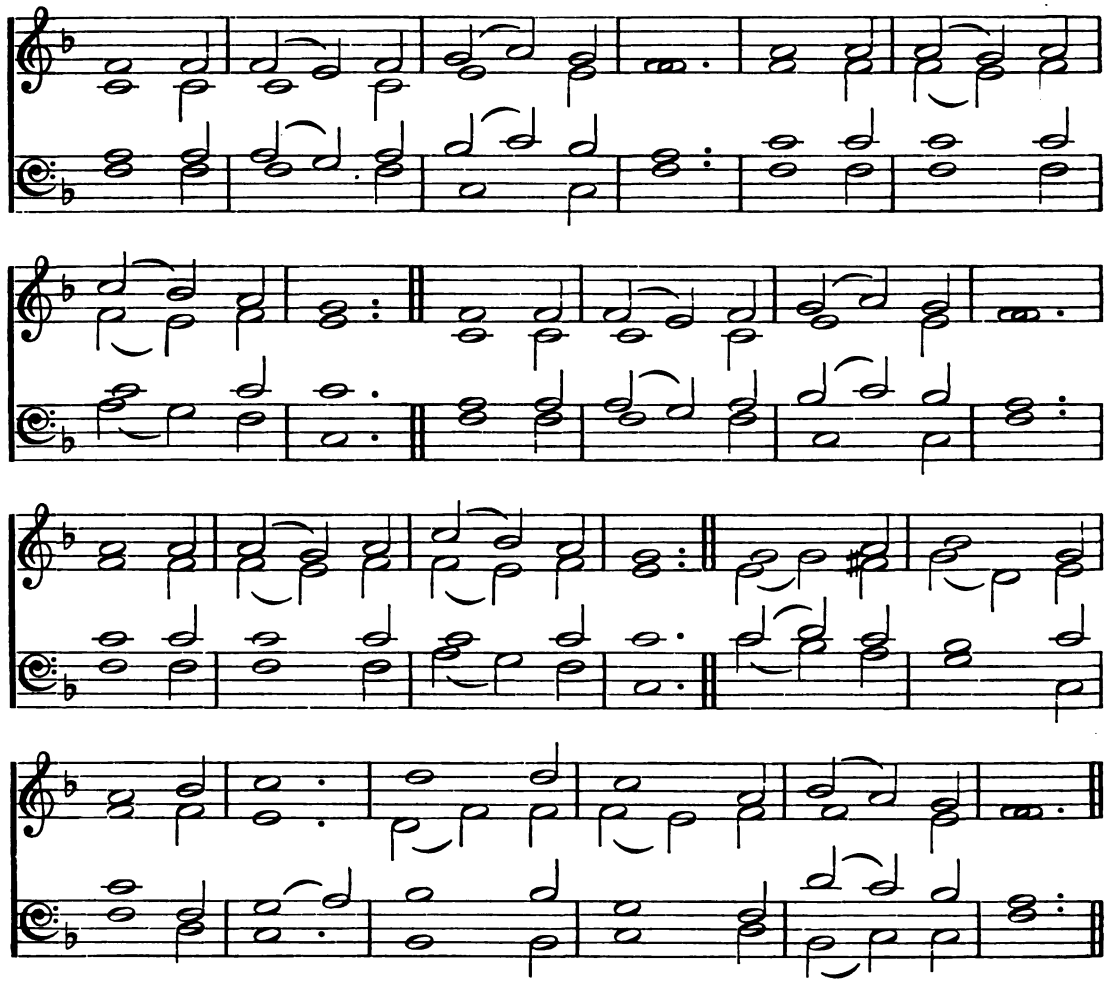
mp 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;

191

ROCK OF AGES. SECOND TUNE. MEININGEN GESANGBUCH, 1693.

Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
c Wash me, Saviour, (*d*) or I die.

p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
c Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

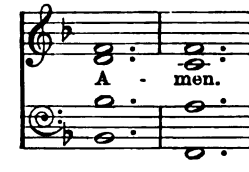
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

191

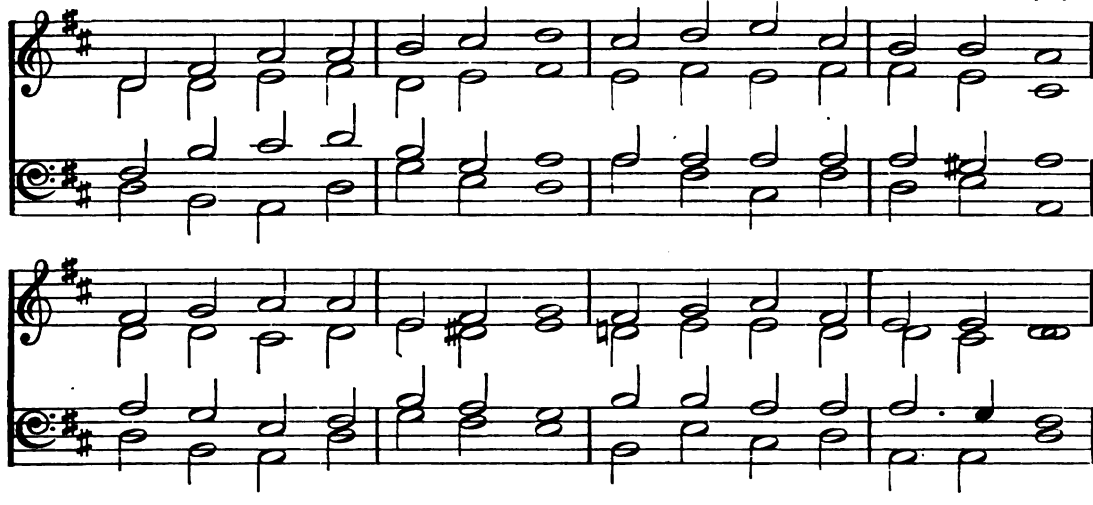
PASCAL. THIRD TUNE. KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, Vienna, 1774 (?).

'He only is my rock and my salvation.'

m ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
c Thou must save, and Thou alone.

mp 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
c Wash me, Saviour, (*d*) or I die.

p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
c Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

192

LÜBECK. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S GESANGBUCH, 1704.

'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

mf CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

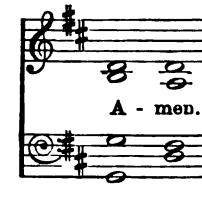
2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

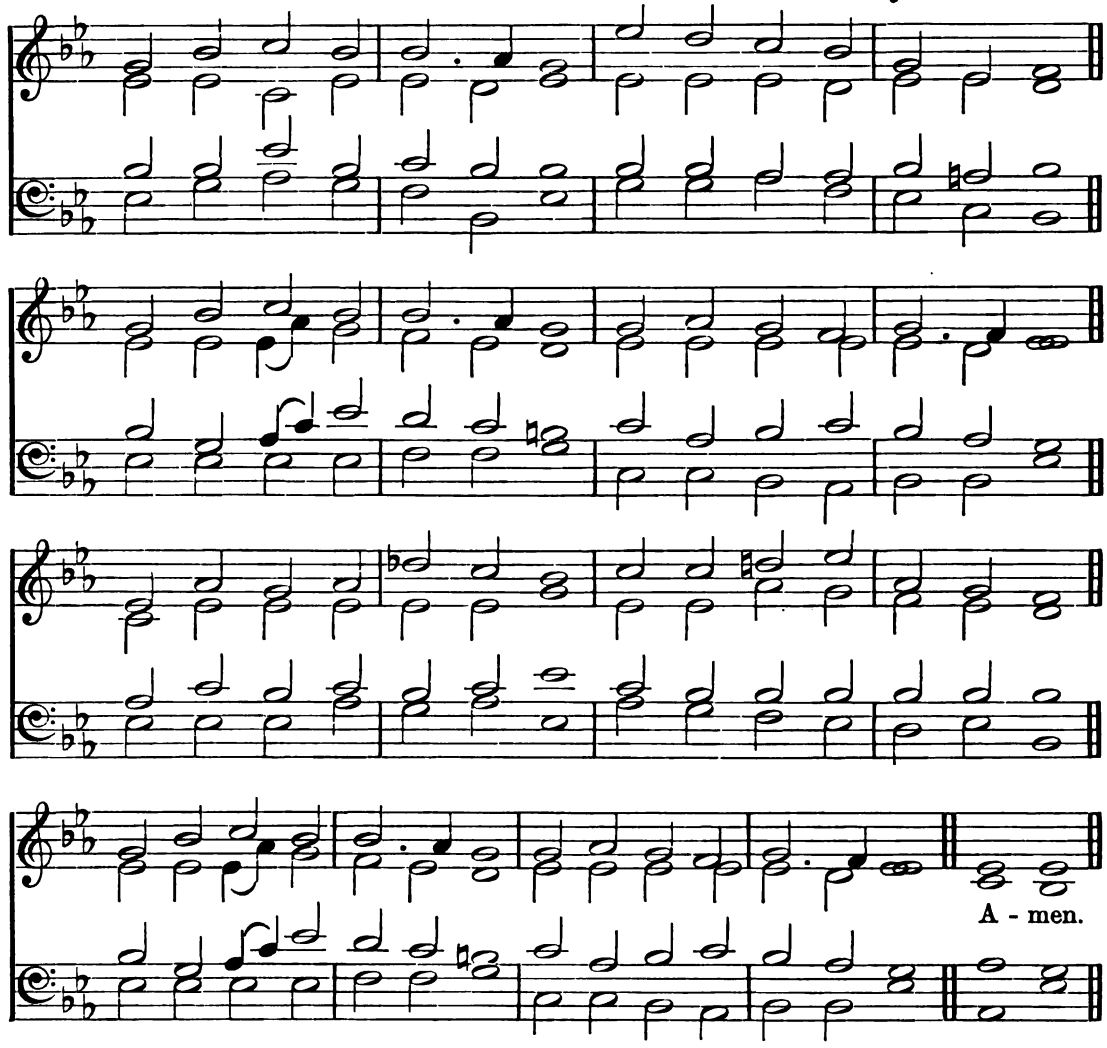
3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it 'Christ to live.'

f 4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

mp 5 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
c Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

m 6 Thus, O thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it 'Christ to live,'
Let me know it 'gain to die,'—

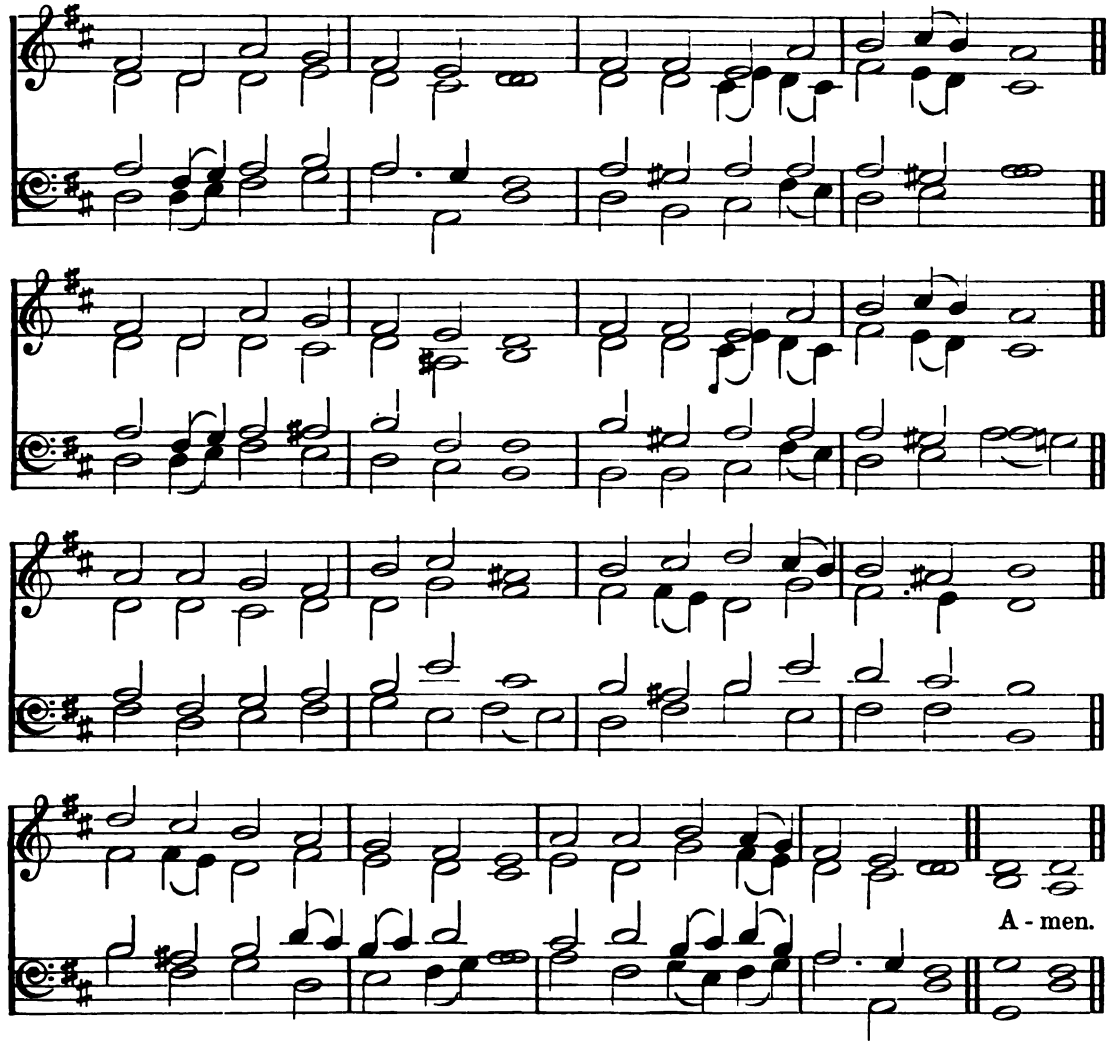
7 Gain to part from all my grief,
Gain to bid my sins farewell,
Gain, of all my gains the chief,
Ever with the Lord to dwell.

193

HOLLINGSIDE. FIRST TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

'A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.'

mp JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
c Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

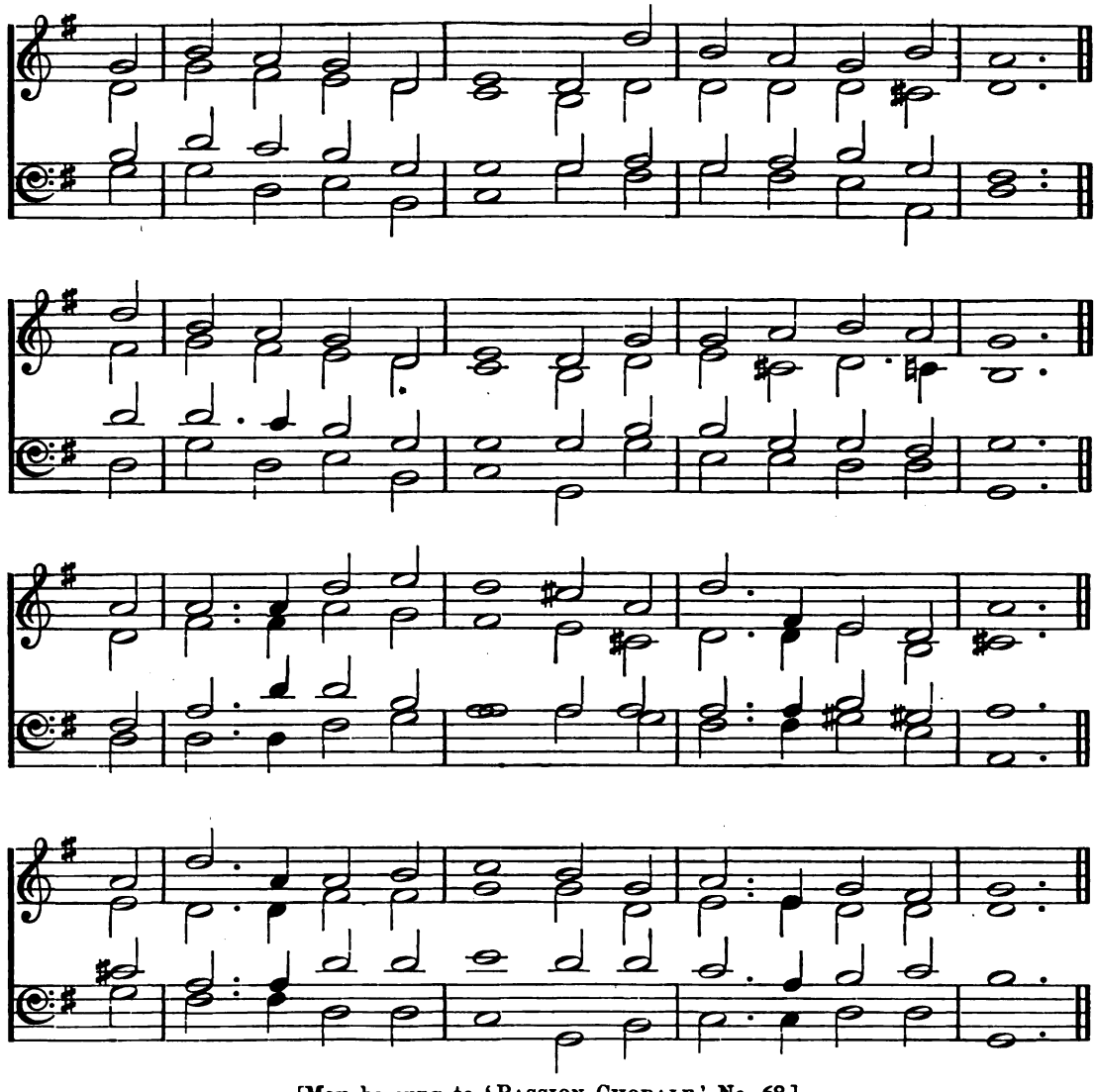
mp 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
m All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

193

JESU REFUGIUM MEUM. SECOND TUNE. MÜLLER'S CHORALBUCH, 1754.

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
p I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
n Thou art full of truth and grace.

mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

194

HOLY CHURCH. A. H. BROWN.

[May be sung to 'PASSION CHORALE,' No. 68.]

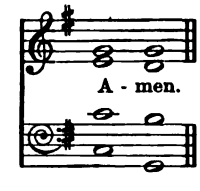
'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

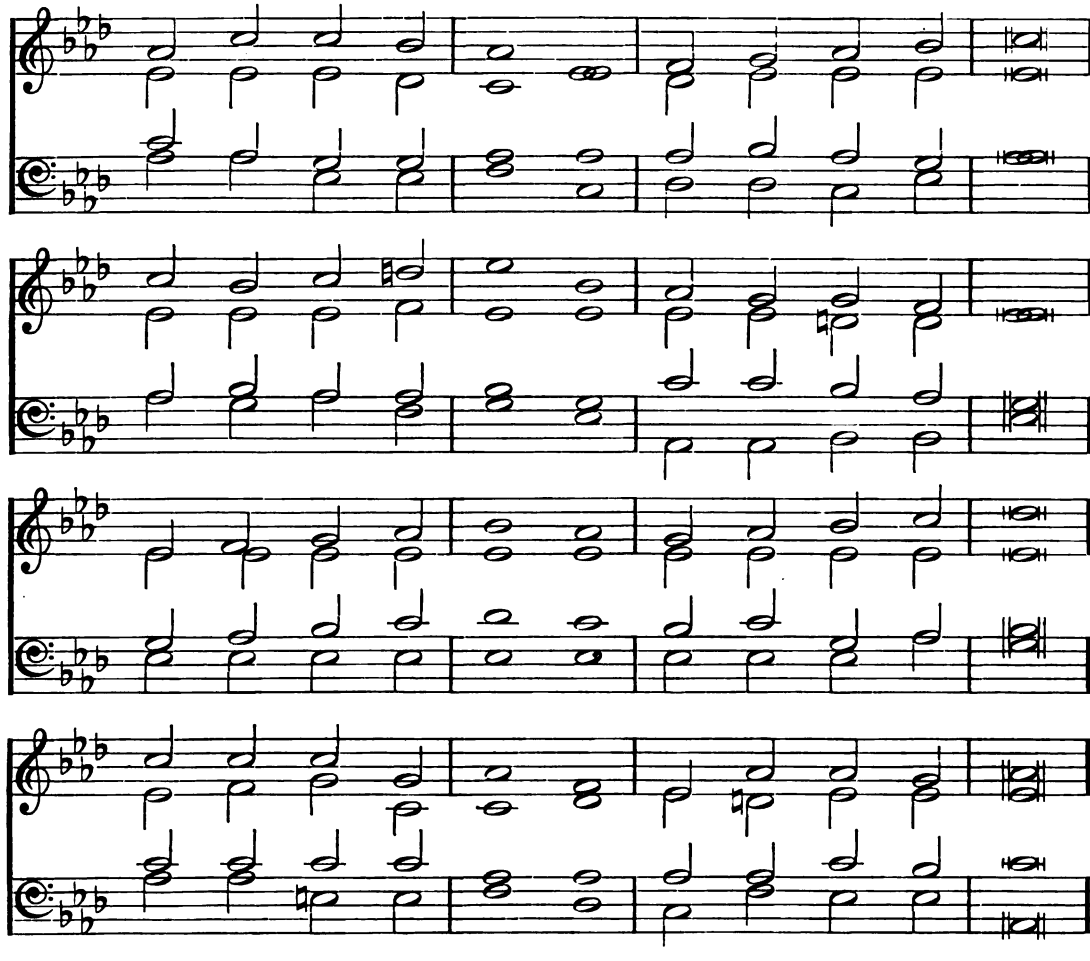
mp I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
m I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

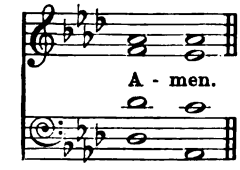
mp 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
mf I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

195

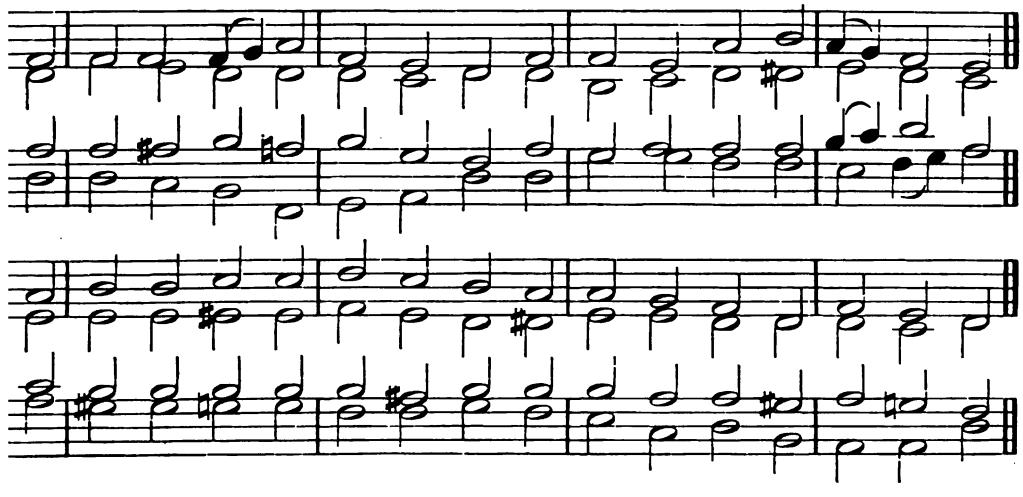
URSWICKE. G. J. ELVEY.

'In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.'

m JESUS, I will trust Thee!
Trust Thee with my soul,
Guilty, lost, and helpless;
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

mf 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee!
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth,
mp Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame:
Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name.

m 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee!
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days.
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

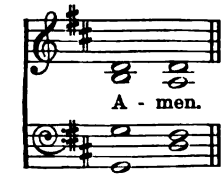
mf 4 Jesus, I do trust Thee!
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise;
Precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God!

196

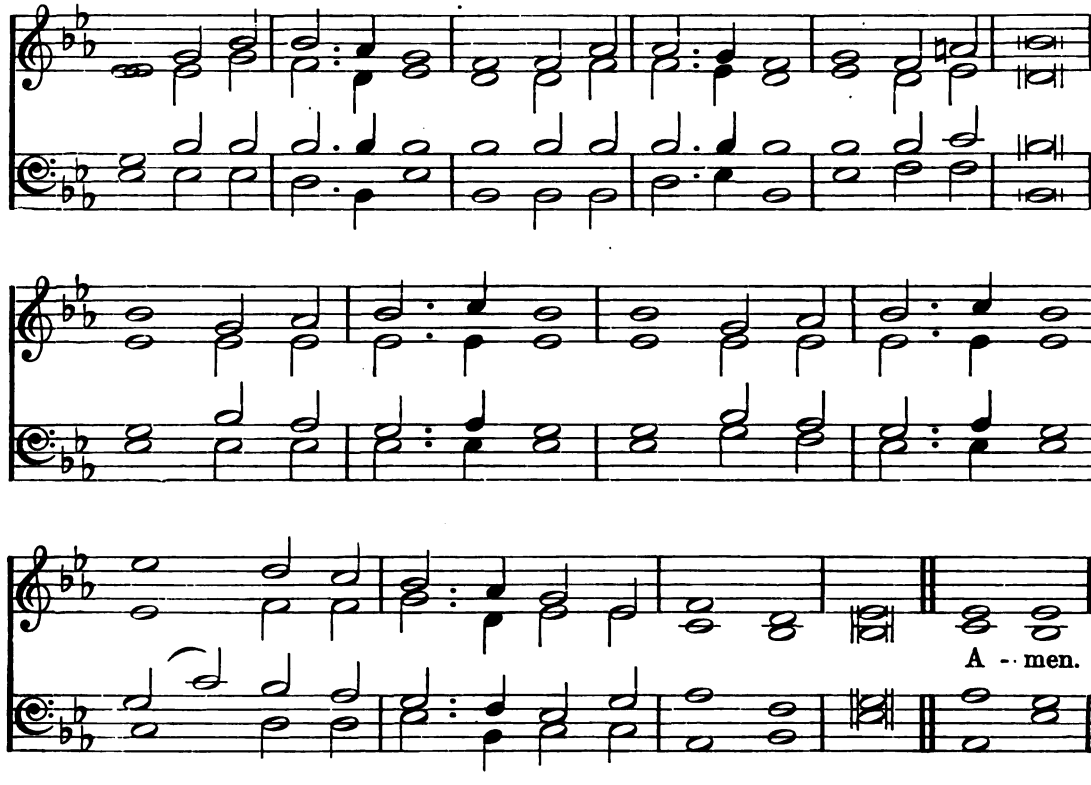
:FORD. J. STAINER.

'He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.'

mf JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

f 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through these, absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

mp 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
mf Even then, this shall be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'

4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice,—
f Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

197

OLIVET. FIRST TUNE. L. MASON.

'Look unto Me, and be ye saved . . for I am God.'

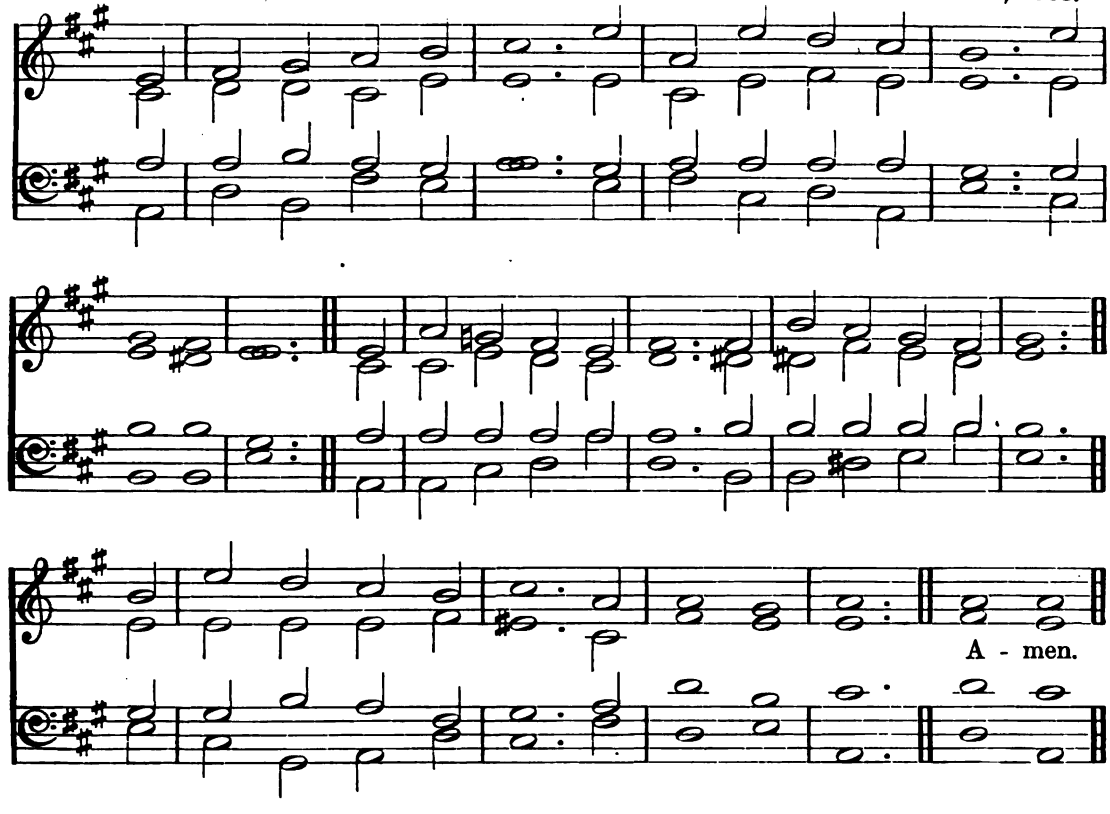
mf MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
p Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
c O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

m 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
c O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

197

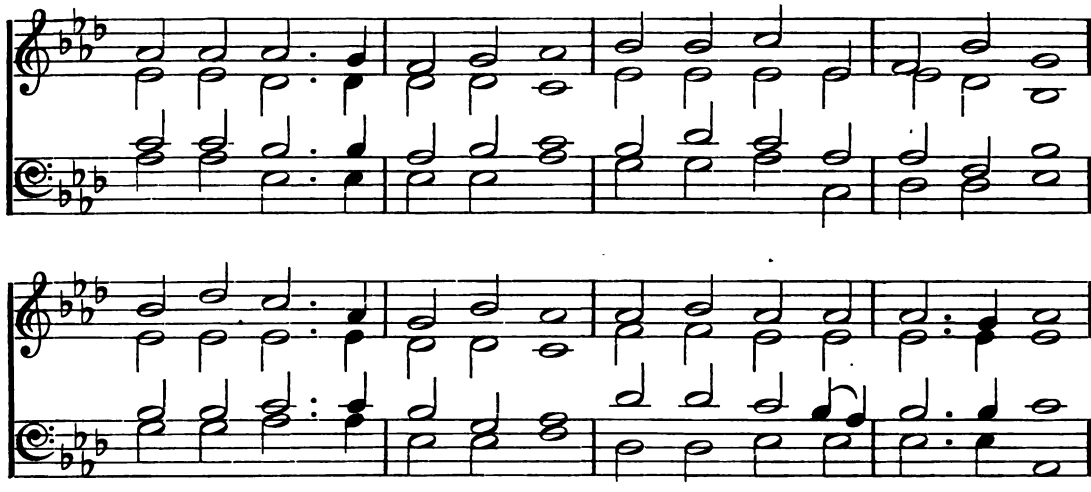
STOBEL.

SECOND TUNE.

HAVERGAL'S
OLD CHURCH PSALMODY, 1860.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
mp Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
pp When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
c Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
f O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

198

ST. BEES. **J. B. DYKES.**

'Lovest thou Me?'

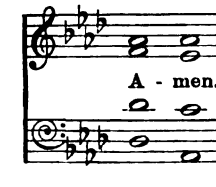
mp HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
p 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

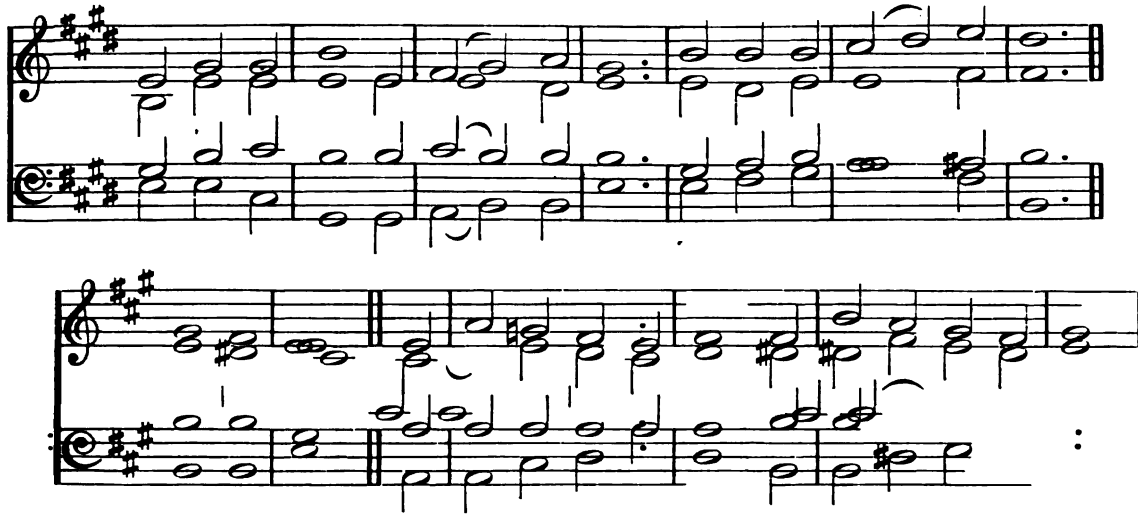
mp 2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
c Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

mp 3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
mf Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
p Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

mp 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
c Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

199

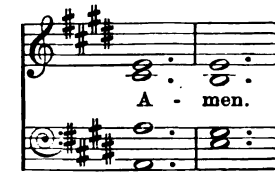
WALDRONS. C. E. MILLER.

'Whom having not seen, ye love.'

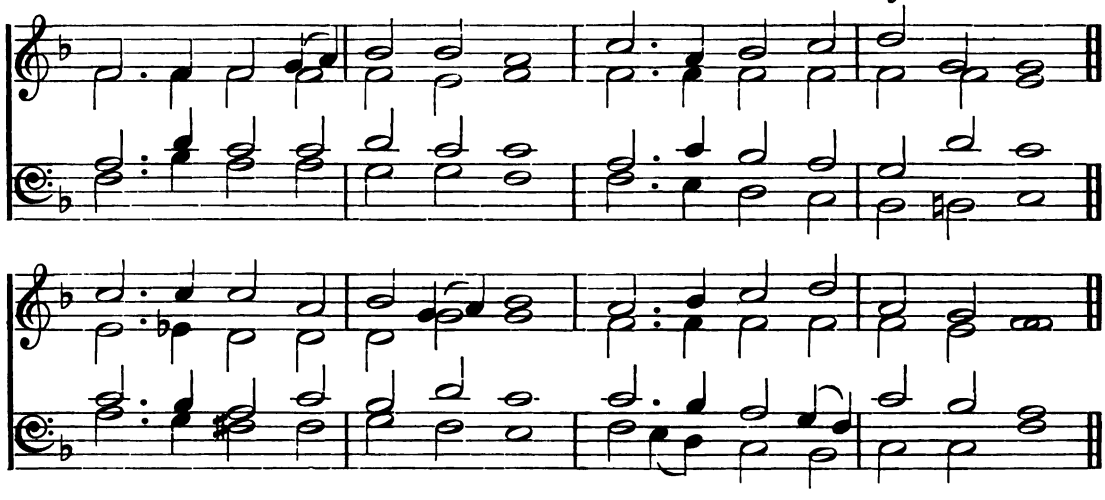
m JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
c I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

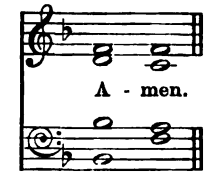
p 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
c The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

200

GLEBEFIELD. J. B. DYKES.

'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.'

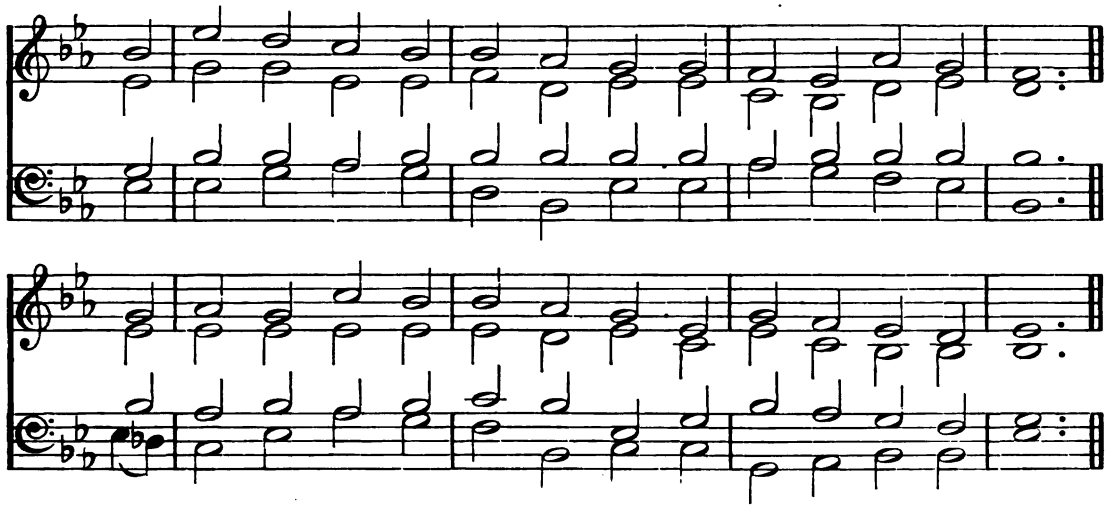
m OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.

2 Thee to please and Thee to know
Constitute our bliss below;
mf Thee to see and Thee to love
Constitute our bliss above.

mp 3 Lord, it is not life to live
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give
'T is no longer death to die.

mf 4 Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

201

ST. PETER. A. R. REINAGLE.



'Blessed be His glorious name for ever.'

m HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

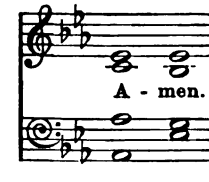
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

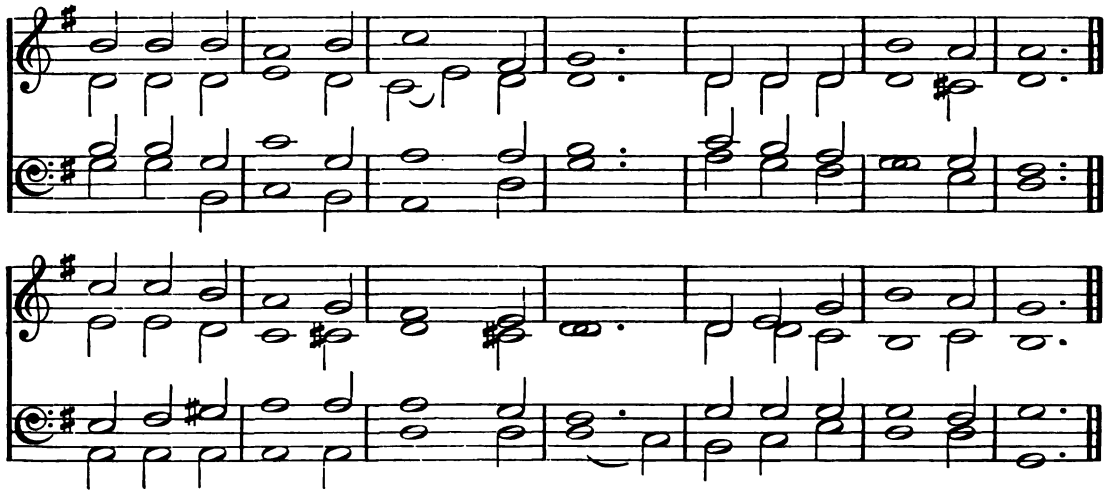
mf 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

m 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

mf 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

m 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
mf But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I 'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
mp And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

202

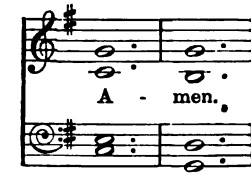
ST. AGNES, DURHAM. **J. B. DYKES.**

'Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.'

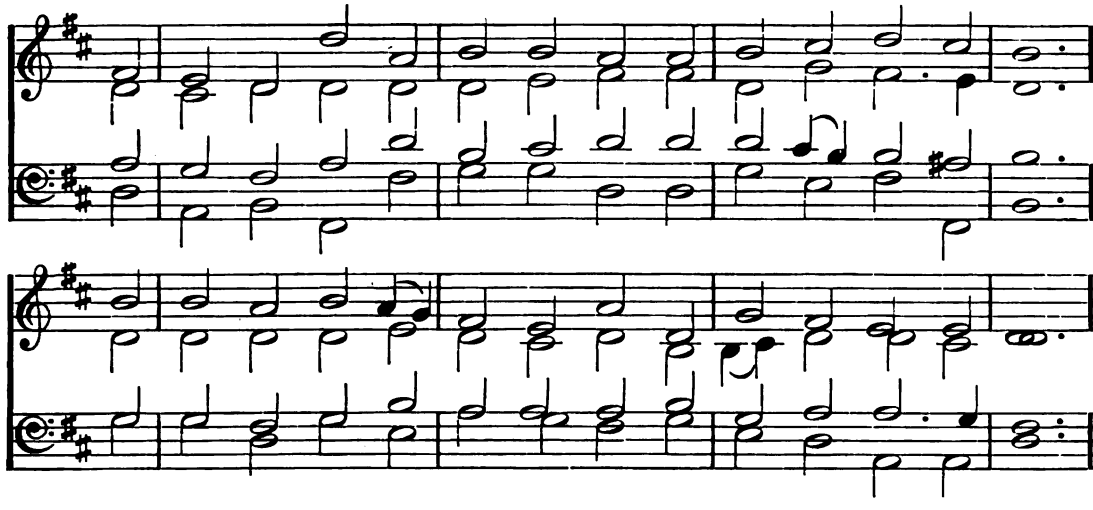
mp JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
m But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

mf 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
m To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? (*mp*) Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

mf 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

203

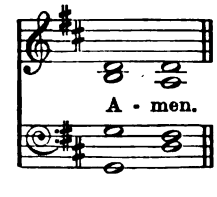
METZLER. R. REDHEAD.

'I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name for ever.'

mf O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

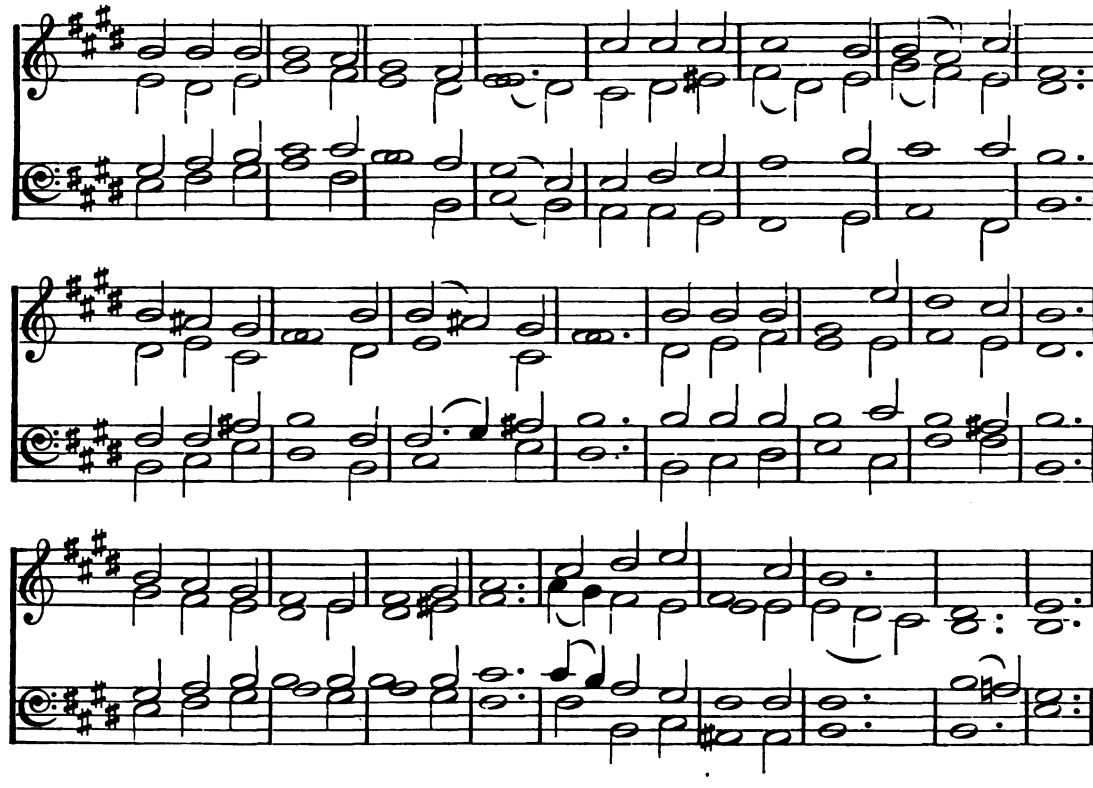
m 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

mf 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire,—

m 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

mf 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

204

ISRAEL. G. C. MARTIN.



'There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.'

m COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

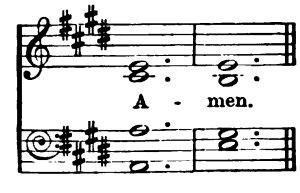
mp 2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
c But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

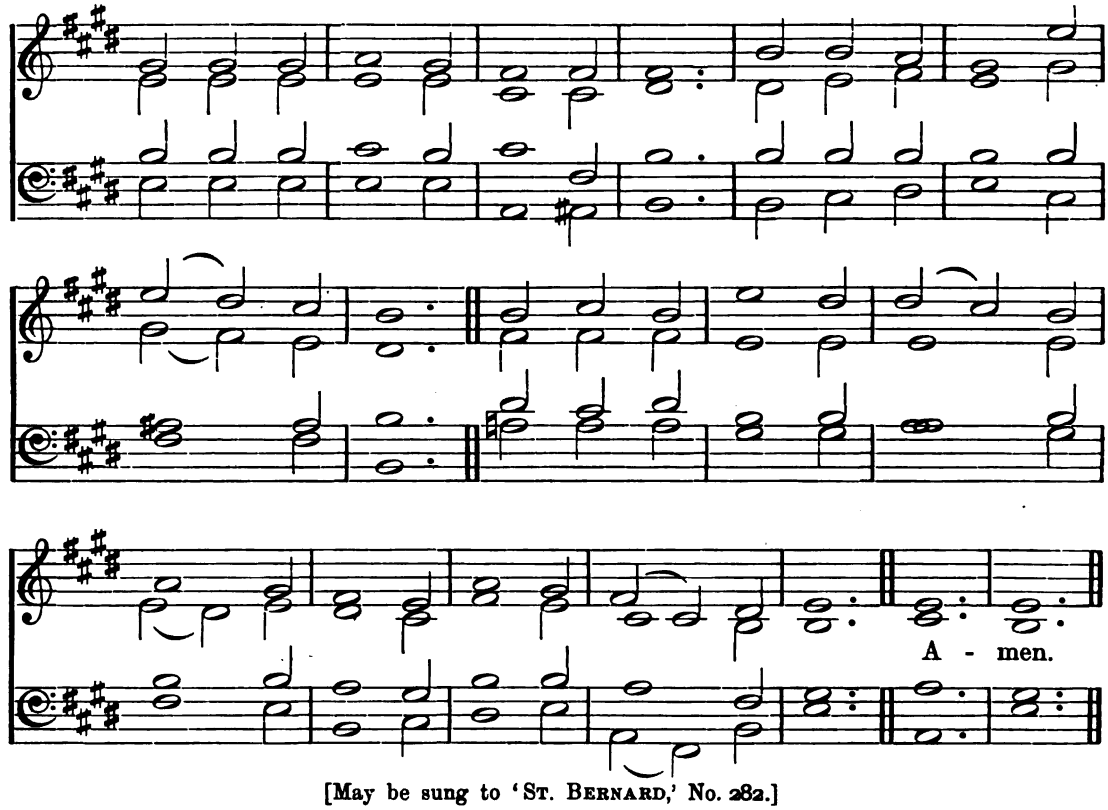
m 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

mp 4 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
m I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong;
And, when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer.
mf Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

m 6 'T is Love! 't is Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
c The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
mf To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

m 7 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
f Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

205

MARYTON. H. PERCY SMITH.

[May be sung to 'ST. BERNARD,' No. 282.]

'He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.'

mf JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

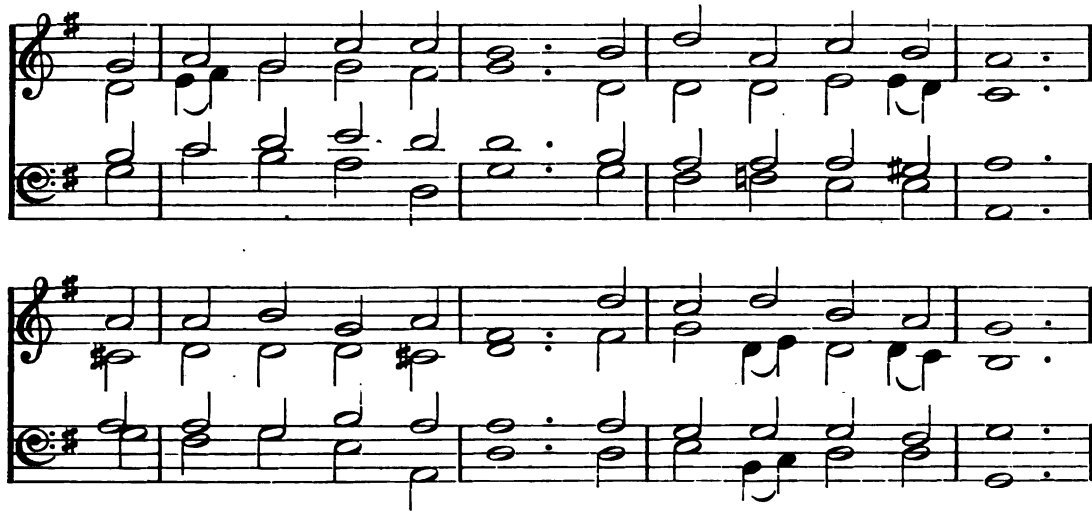
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call:
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

m 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,—
mf Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

m 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
mf Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

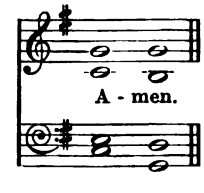
206

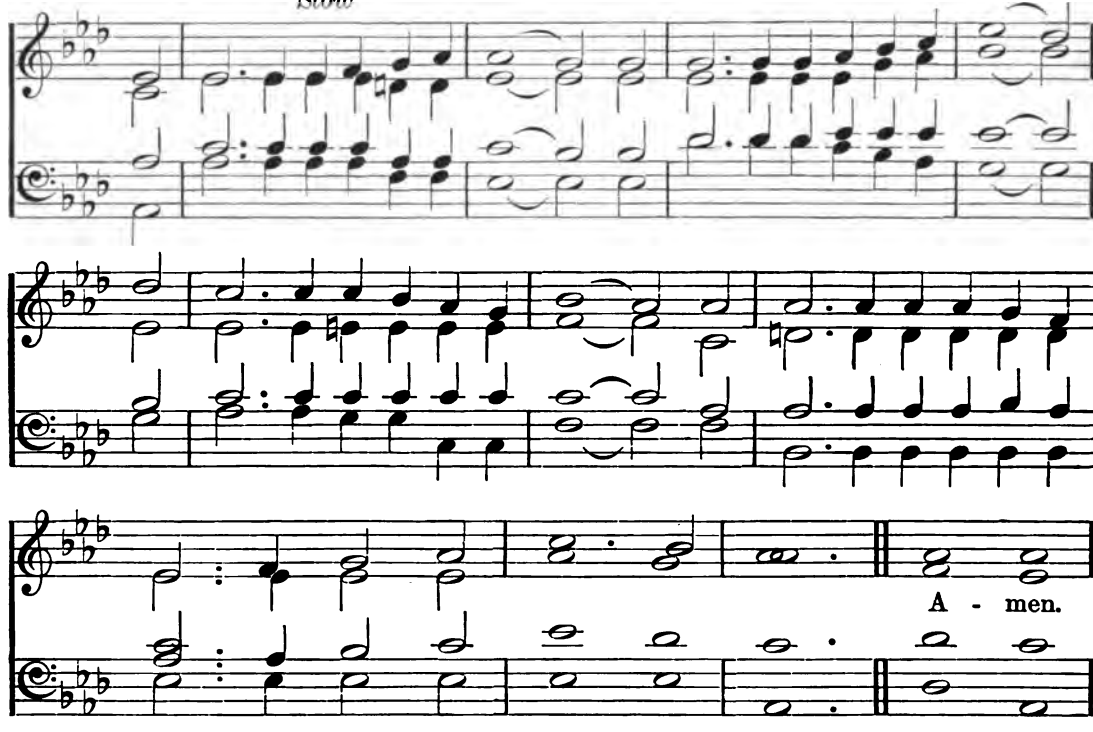
LAWES. H. LAWES.

'Perfect love casteth out fear.'

m O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in;
Wellspring of heavenly peace,
Thou living water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

mf 4 Love of the living God,
Of Father, and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

207

ST. MARGARET. *Slow* **A. L. PEACE.**

'To know the love of Christ . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.'

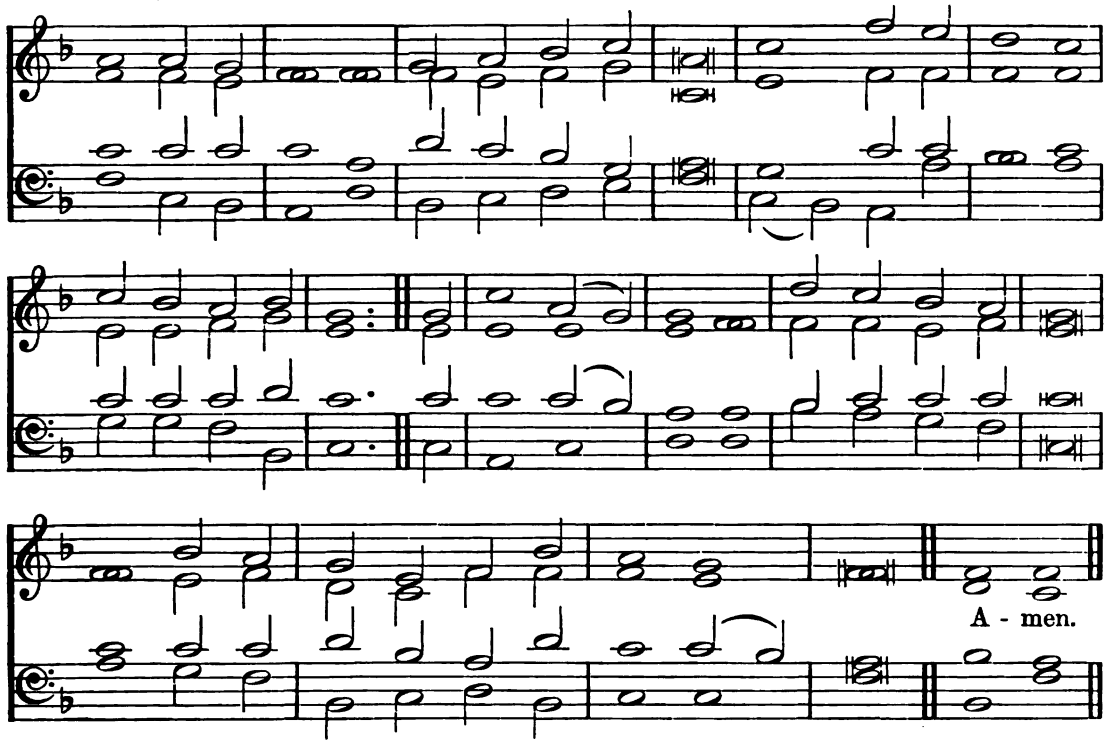
mp O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

m 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

mp 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

p 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

208

ELLINGHAM. S. S. WESLEY.

'The love of Christ constraineth us.'

mp O GOD, I love Thee; not that my poor love
May win me entrance to Thy heaven above,
Nor yet that strangers to Thy love must know
The bitterness of everlasting woe.

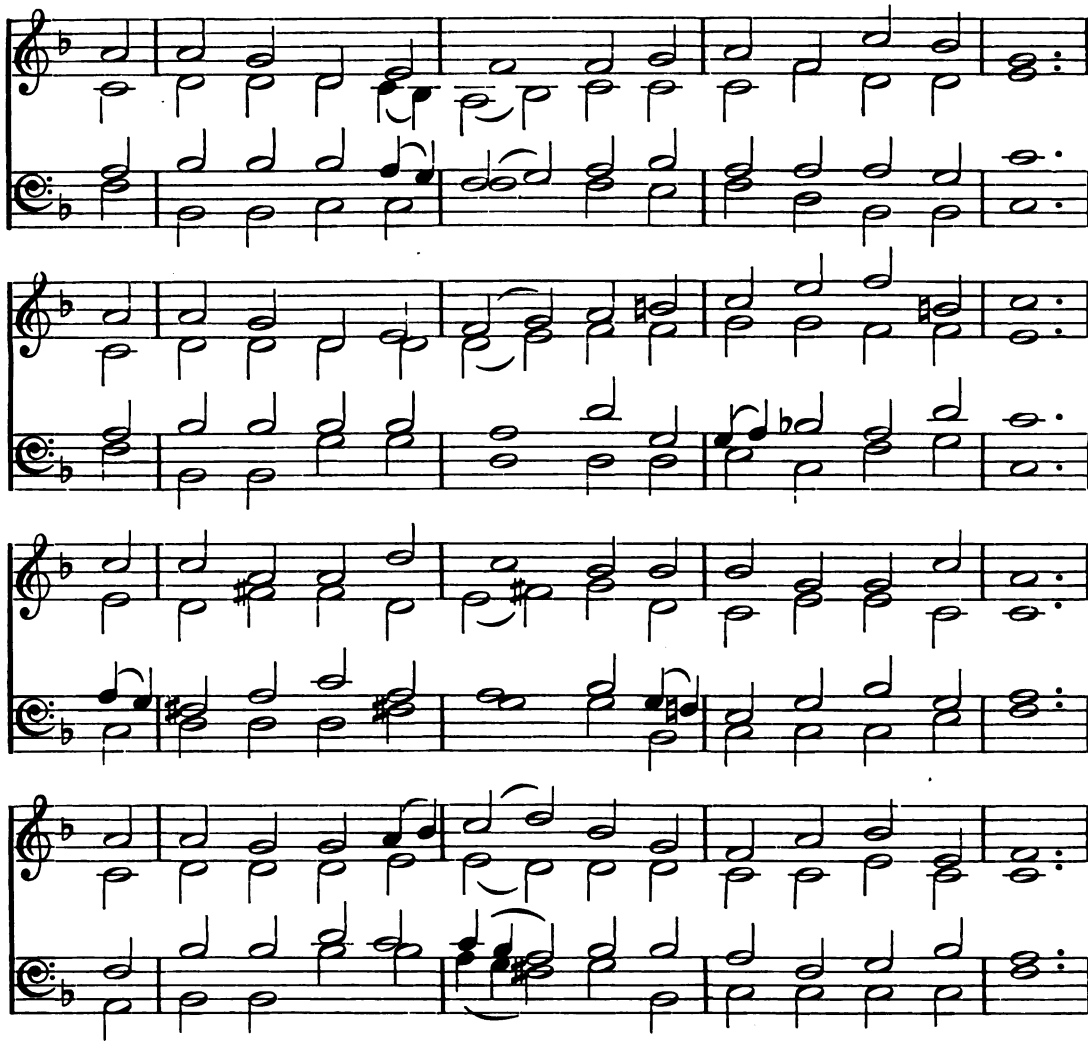
mf 2 But, Jesus, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
Clasped to Thy bosom by Thy arms Divine,
p Who on the cruel cross for me hast borne
The nails, the spear, and man's unpitying scorn.

3 No thought can fathom and no tongue express
Thy griefs, Thy toils, Thy anguish measureless,
Thy death, O Lamb of God the undefiled,—
And all for me, Thy wayward sinful child.

mp 4 How can I choose but love Thee, God's dear Son,
O Jesus, loveliest and most loving One?
Were there no heaven to gain, no hell to flee,
For what Thou art alone I must love Thee.

mf 5 Not for the hope of glory or reward,
But even as Thyself hast loved me, Lord,
f I love Thee, and will love Thee and adore,
Who art my King, my God for evermore.

209

JESU MAGISTER BONE. **J. B. Dykes.**

'Continue ye in My love.'

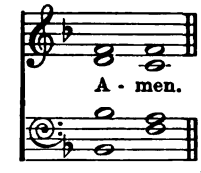
m TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest;
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
mf And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine.

m 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies,
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
mf And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

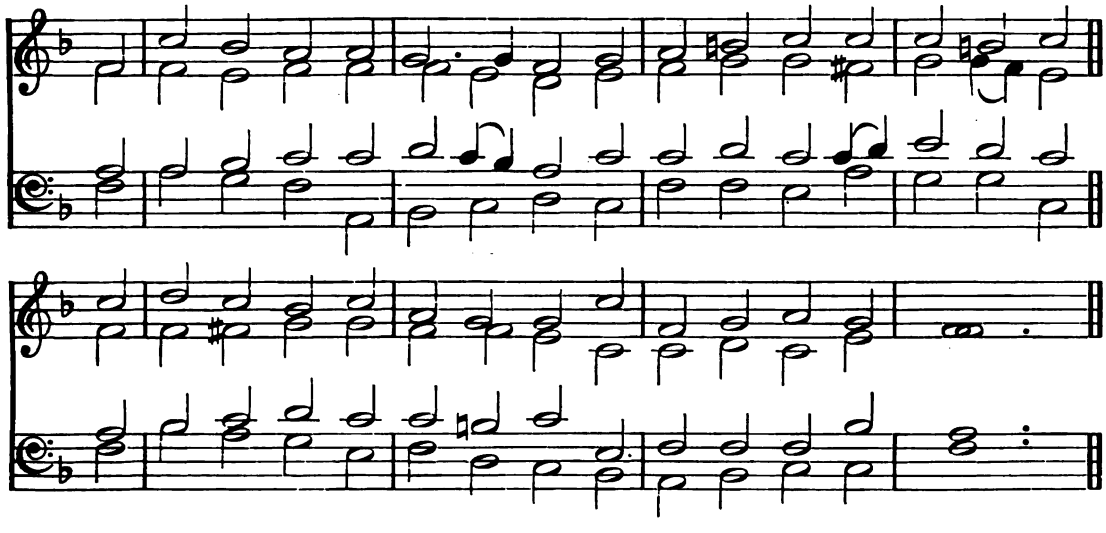
mp 3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
mf My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

mp 4 Alas! that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me.
m O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed or word or thought!

mf 5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
d The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

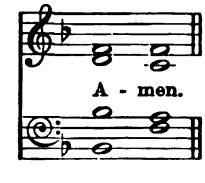


210

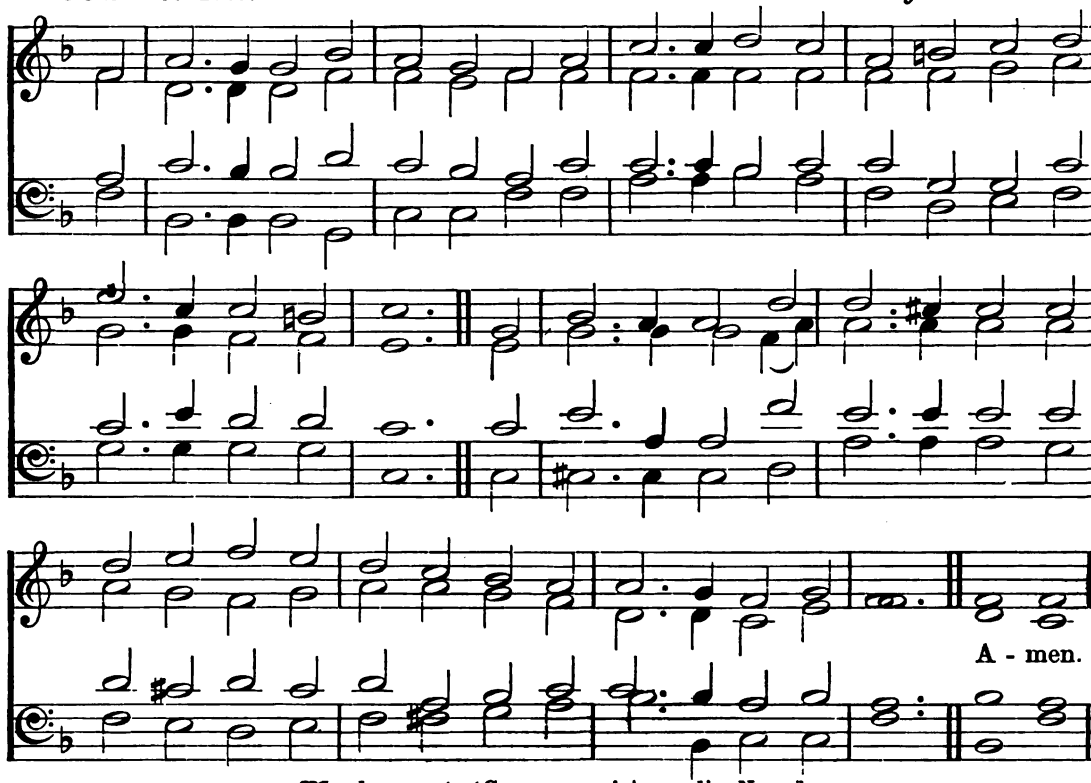
AMOR DEI. BREMEN GESANGBUCH, 1707.

'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'

m O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
mf The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.



211

COLWYN BAY. T. J. LINEKAR.

[May be sung to 'GAUNTLETT,' Appendix, No. 7.]

'The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

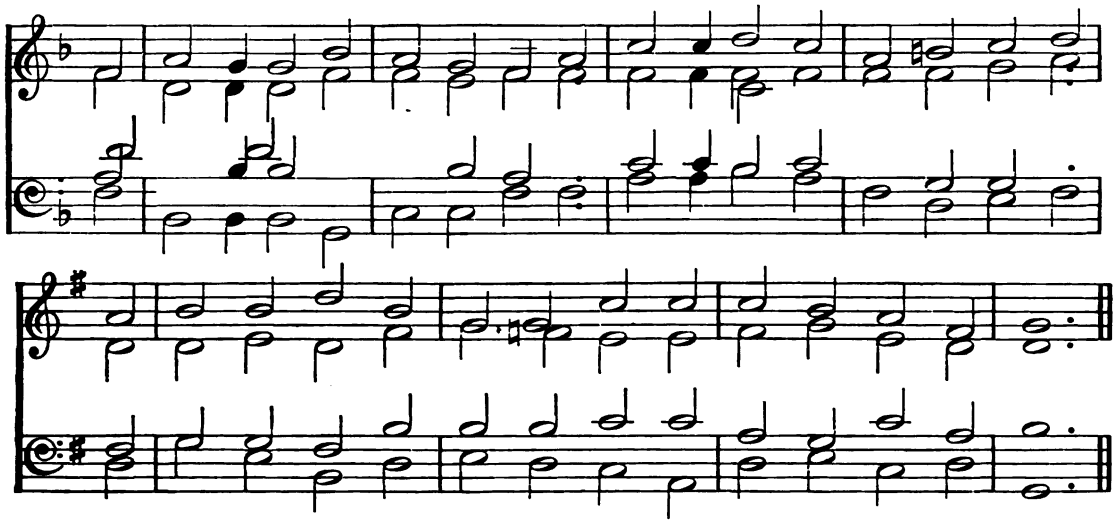
m O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

mf 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

m 3 God only knows the love of God:
mp O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
m This only portion, Lord, be mine
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
mf Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

212

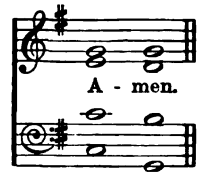
EASTNOR. A. KING.

'If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.'

m BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

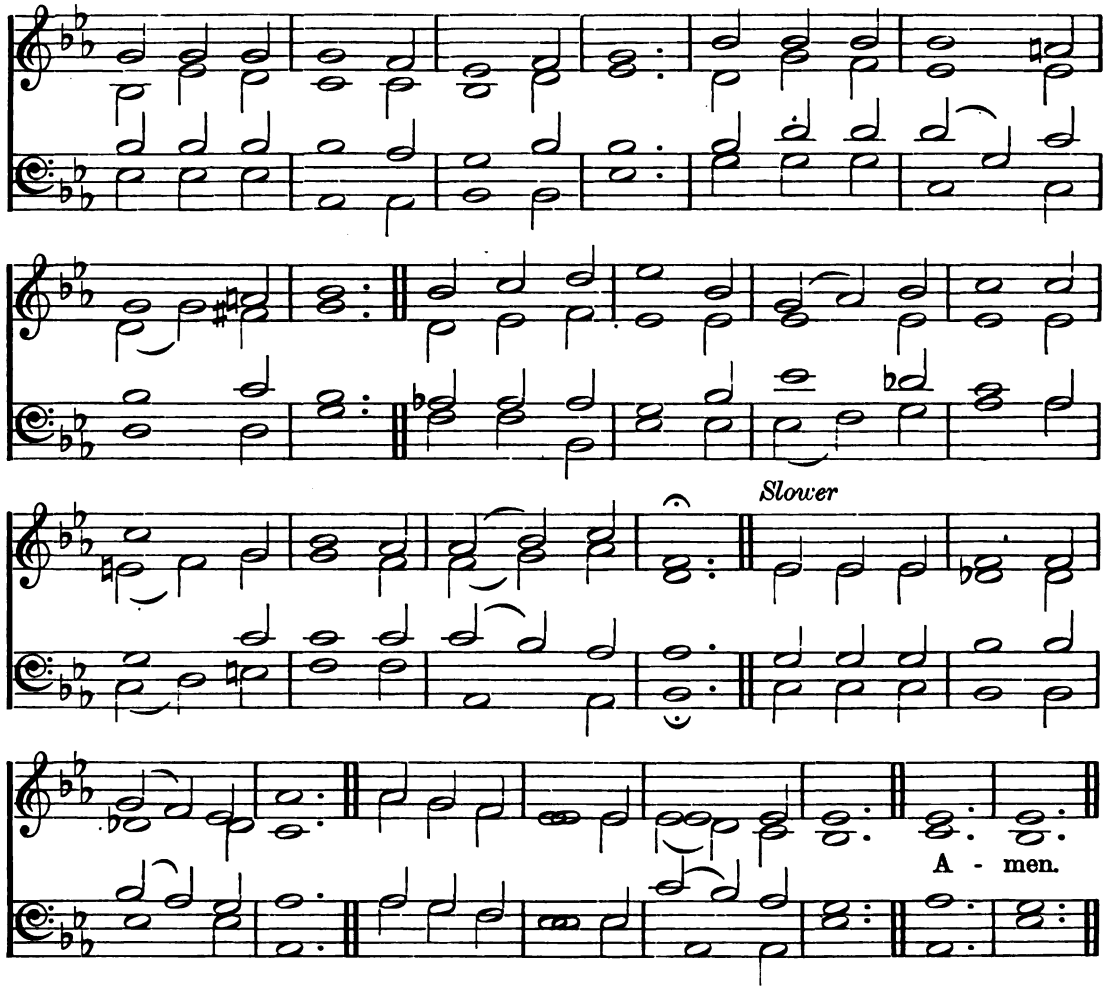
2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.



213

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.'

m JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.

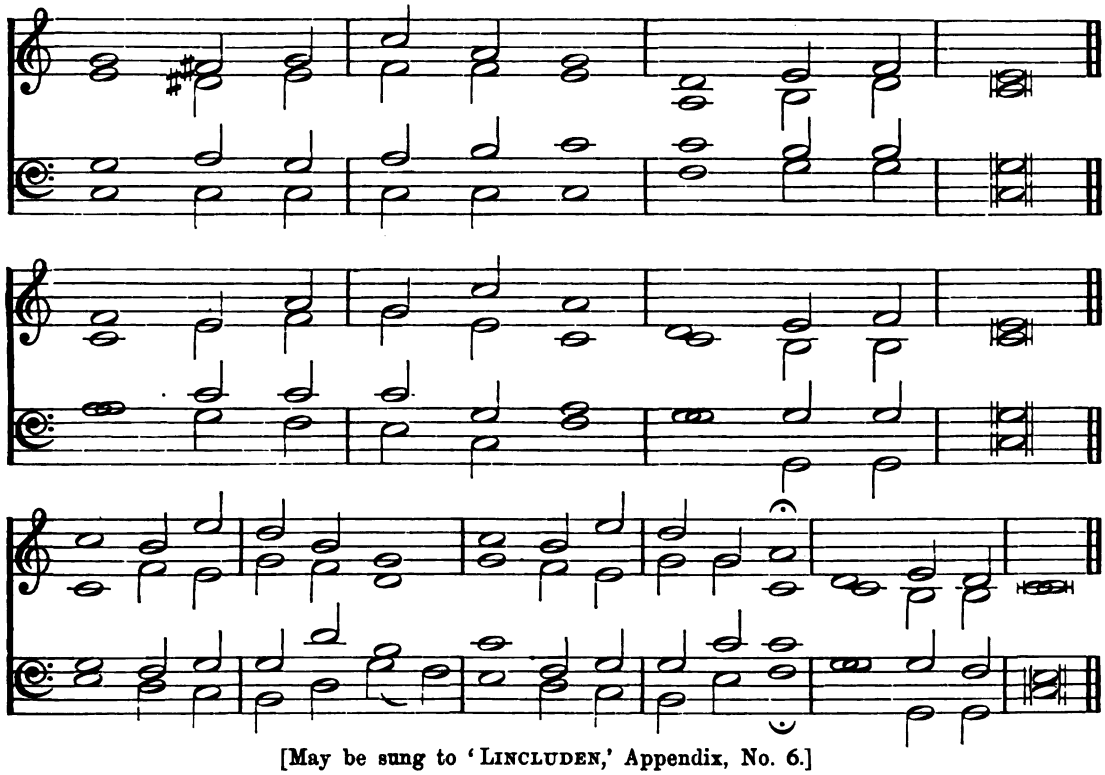
mf *Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;*
O make me love Thee more and more.

mp 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
m How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

mp 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
m How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

mf 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

214

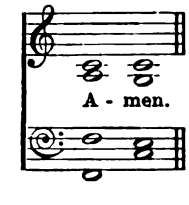
MISTLEY. L. G. HAYNE.

[May be sung to 'LINCLUDEN,' Appendix, No. 6.]

'With my soul have I desired Thee.'

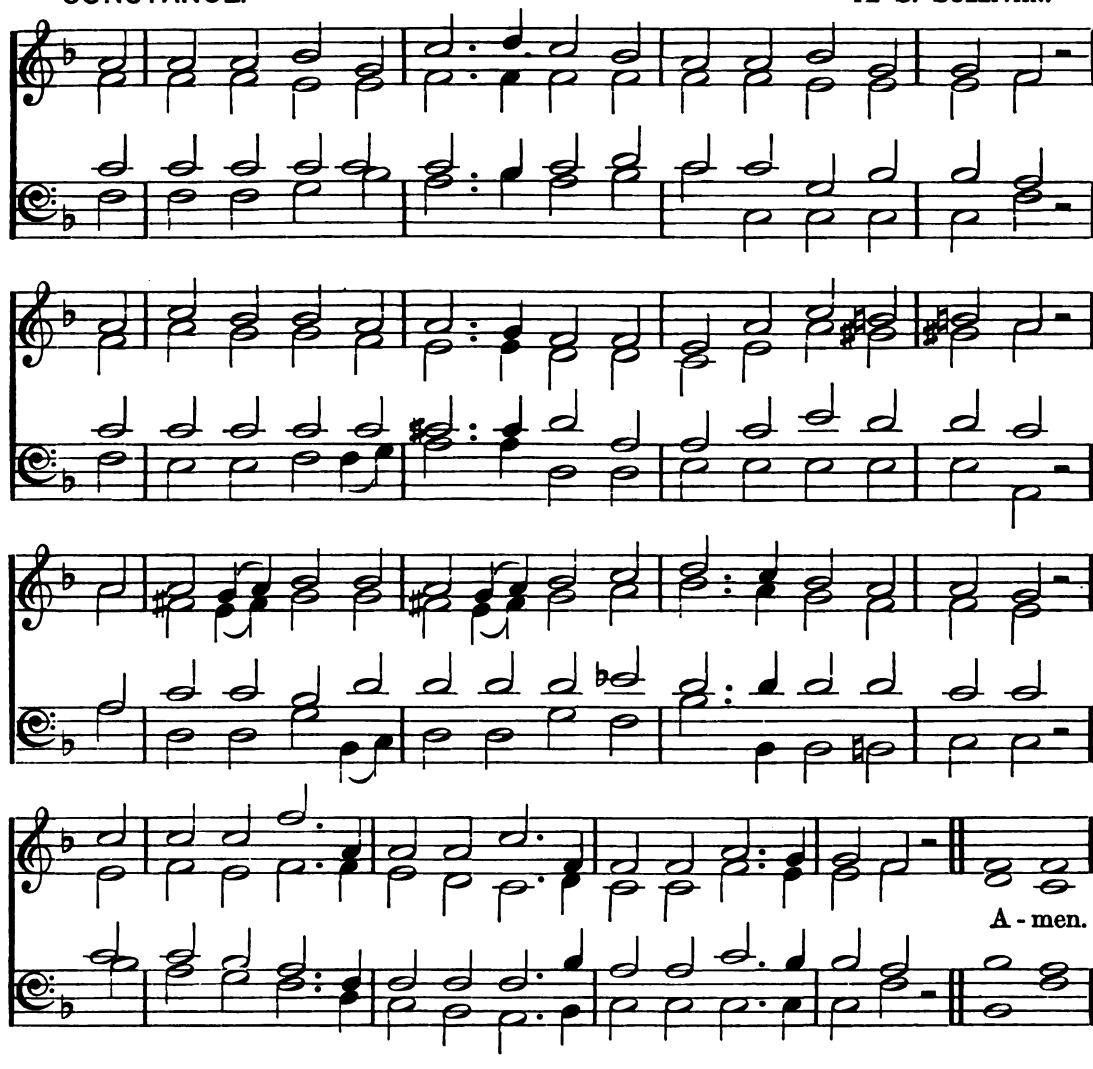
mp MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'

p 3 Let sorrow do its work;
Send grief and pain;
mp Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'

p 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
mp This still its prayer shall be,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'

215

FIRST TUNE.

CONSTANCE. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'This is my beloved, and this is my friend.'

mf I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
c For I am His and He is mine
For ever and for ever.

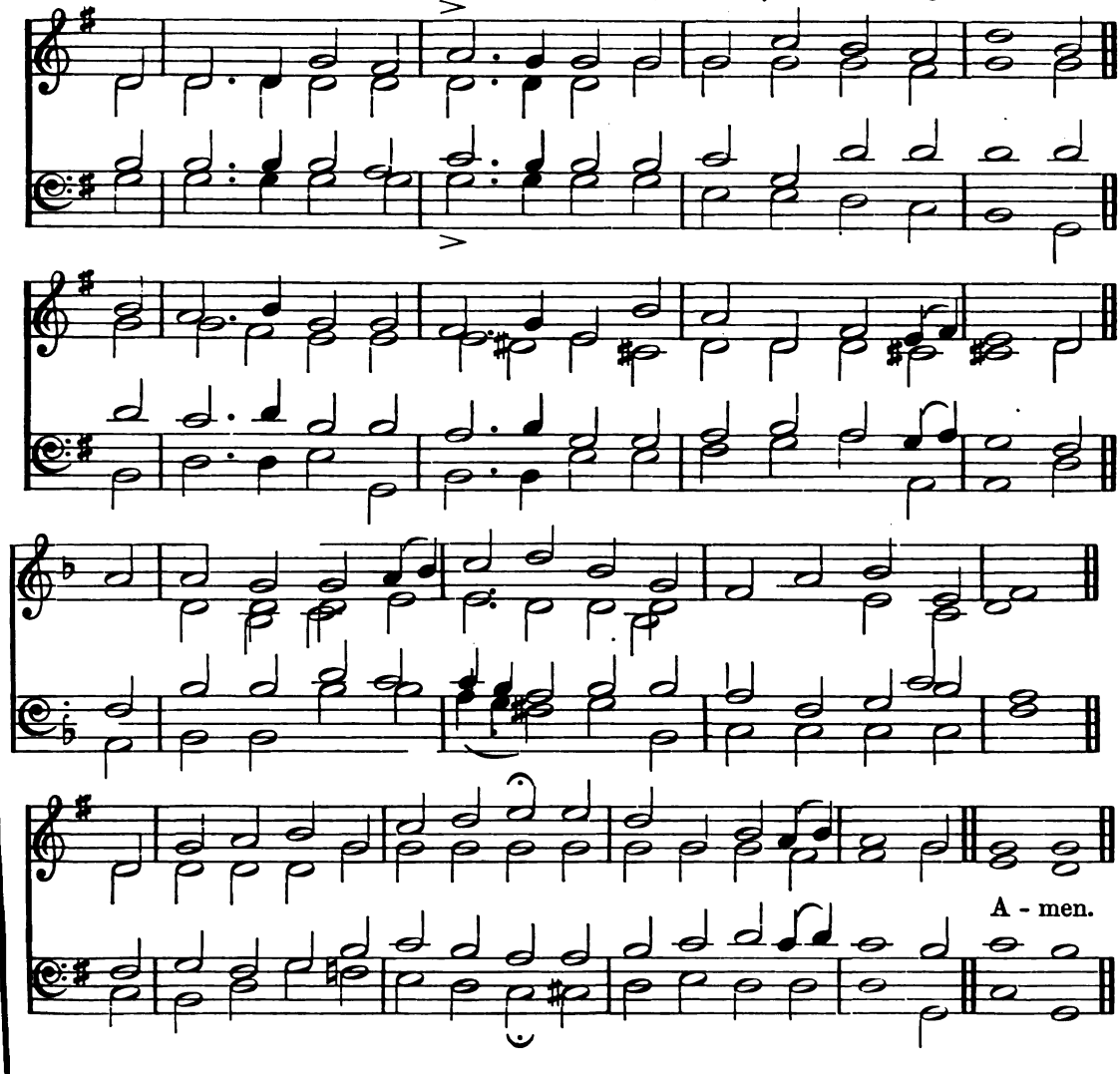
mp 2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
m And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
c My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

215

SECOND TUNE.

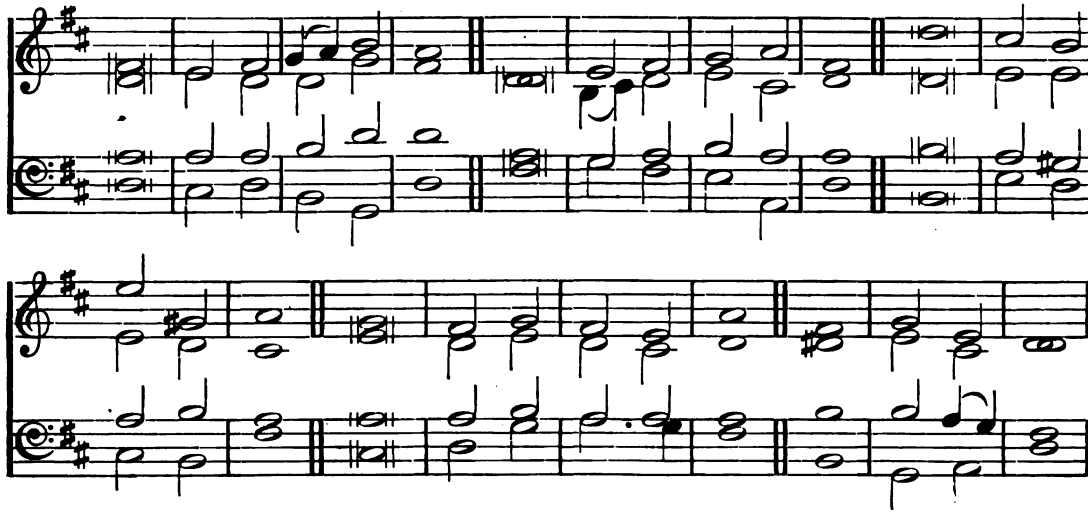
HIS FOR EVER.

(*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

J. BARNBY.

sf 3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

m 4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
mf From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
c Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever.

216

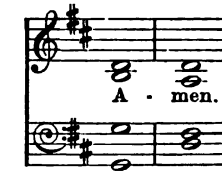
ST. KEVERNE. **A. H. BROWN.**

'To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

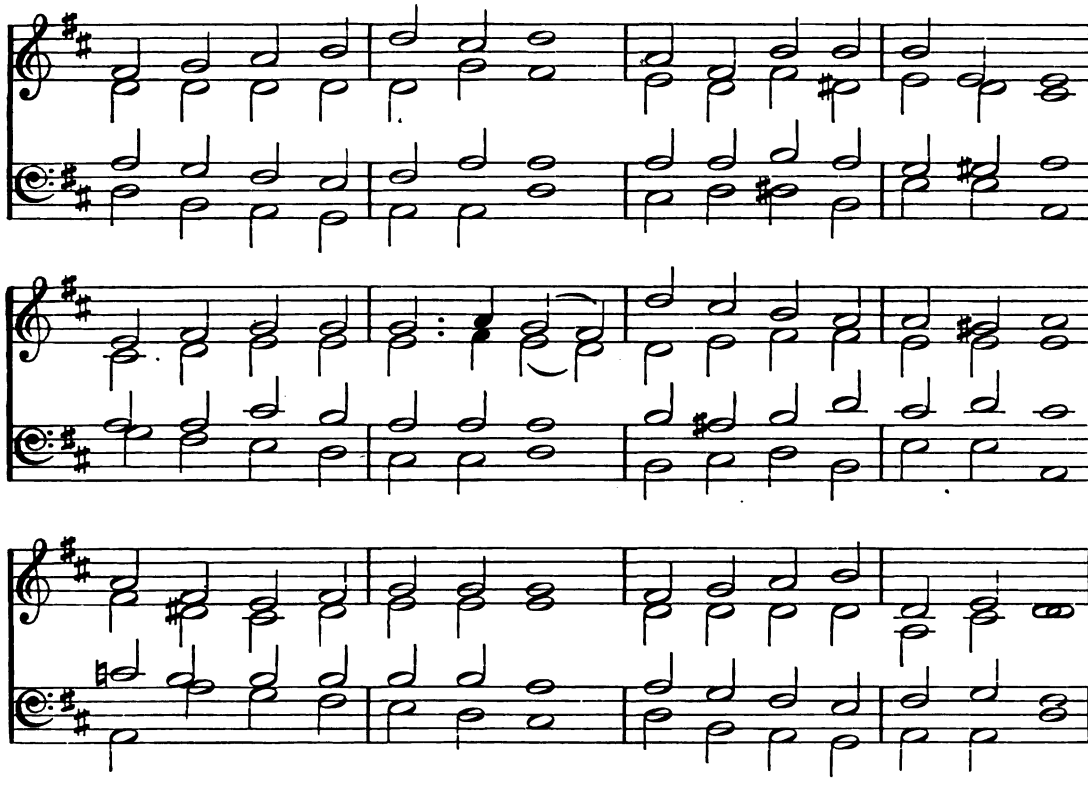
mp IT passeth knowledge, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! | yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its | everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

m 2 It passeth telling, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! | yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to | sinners, far and near,
A love which can re- | move all guilty fear
And love beget.

mf 3 It passeth praises, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! | yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so | full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel | sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

m 4 But, though I cannot | sing or tell or know
The fulness of Thy | love, while here below,
My empty vessel | I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of | love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 O fill me, Jesus, | Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the | living fount above;
Thither may I, in | simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to an- | other fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

217

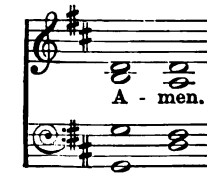
MOUNT ZION. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Then shall I know even as also I am known.'

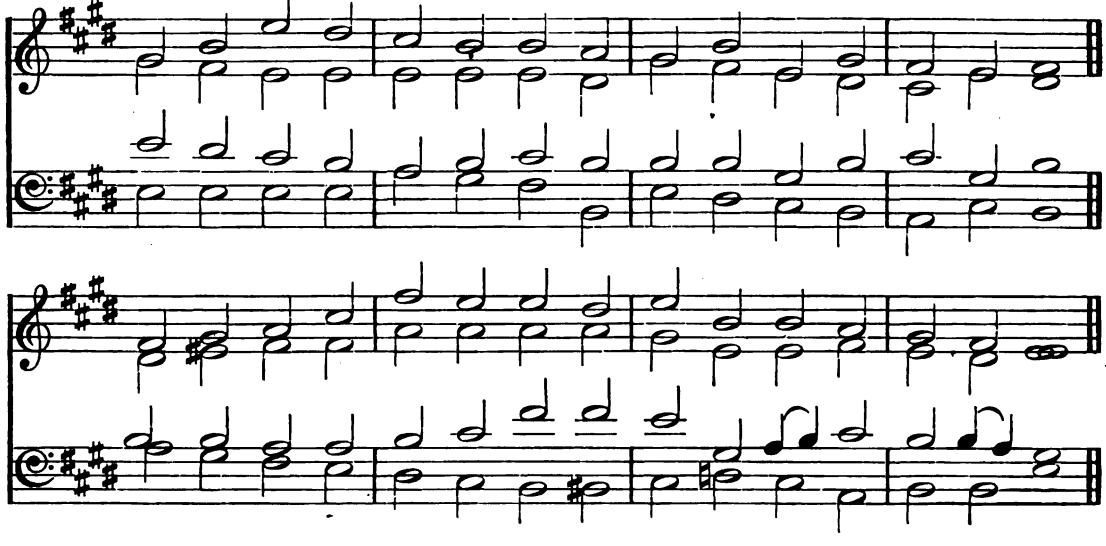
mp WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
m When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

m 2 When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
mf Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

mp 4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
mf Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

m 5 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
mf Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

218

ALL FOR JESUS. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **J. STAINER.**

'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'

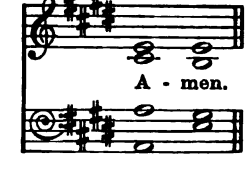
mf COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

mp 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

mf 4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

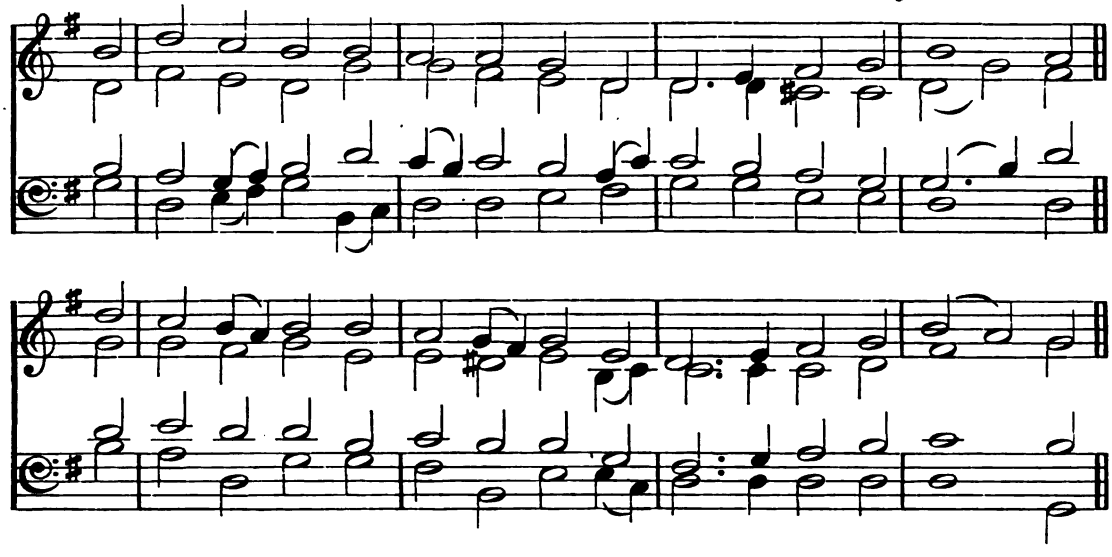
mp 5 Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
mf Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.



Also the following:

227 My heart is resting, O my God.
230 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
233 O God, Thou art my God alone.
234 Thou hidden Love of God, whose height.
306 The sands of time are sinking.

219

DOMINUS REGIT ME. J. B. DYKES.

'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.'

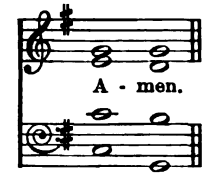
mf THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

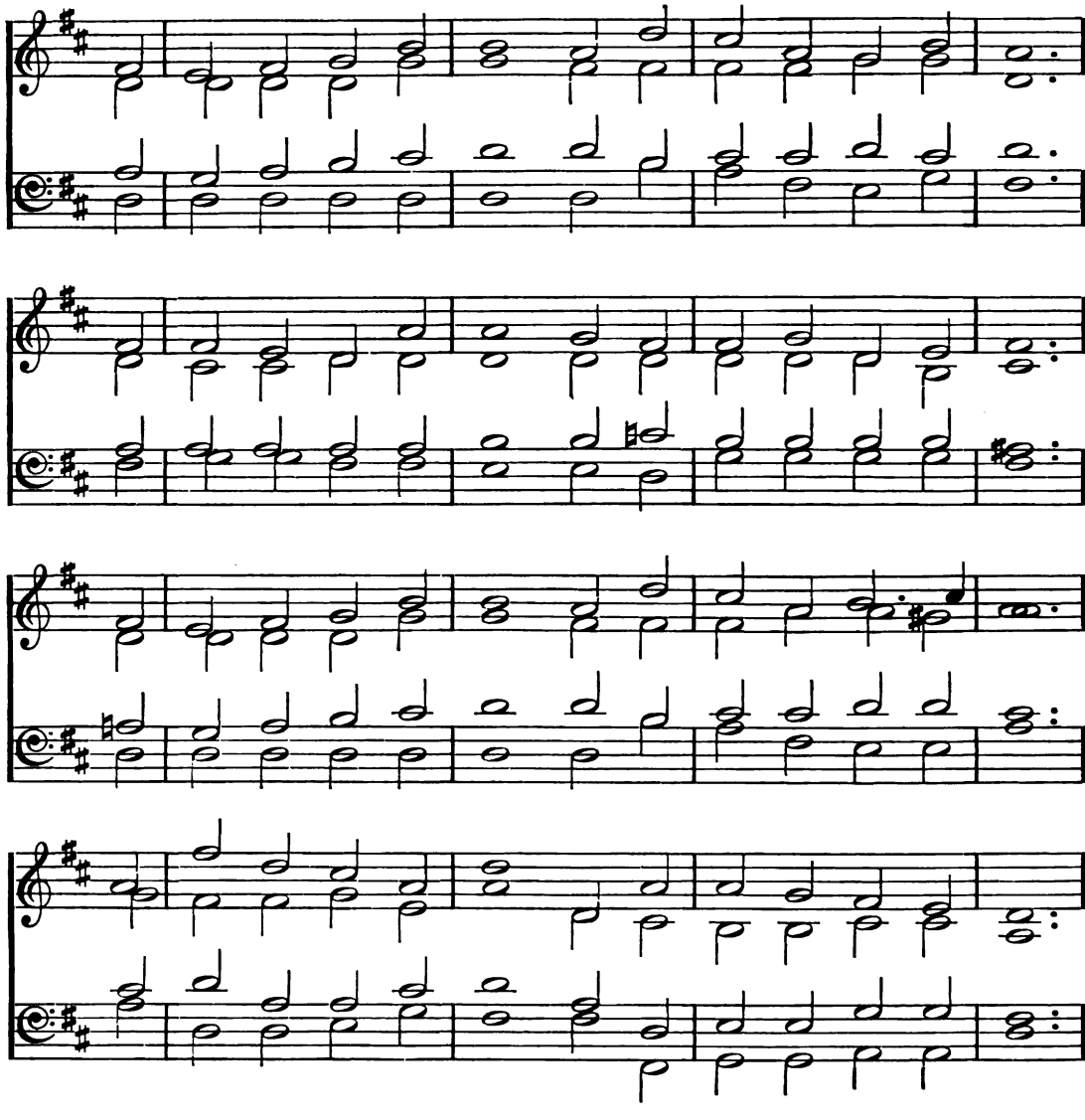
2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

mp 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
c And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

m 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,—
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

mf 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

220

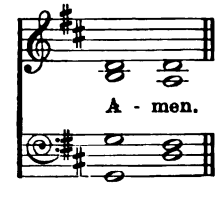
BENTLEY. J. HULLAH.

'Joy and peace in believing.'

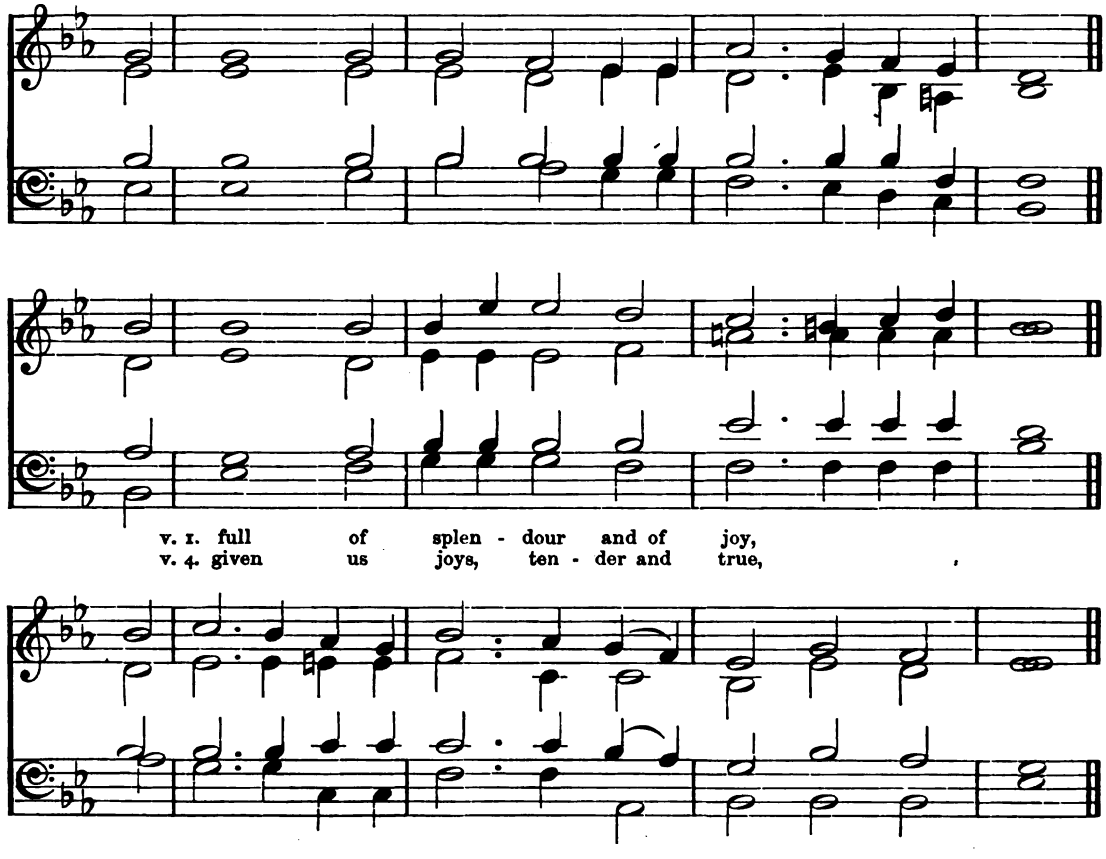
m SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
mf 'Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 'It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.'

mp 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
mf Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

221

CARROW. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.'

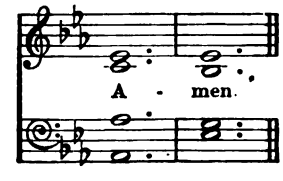
mf MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

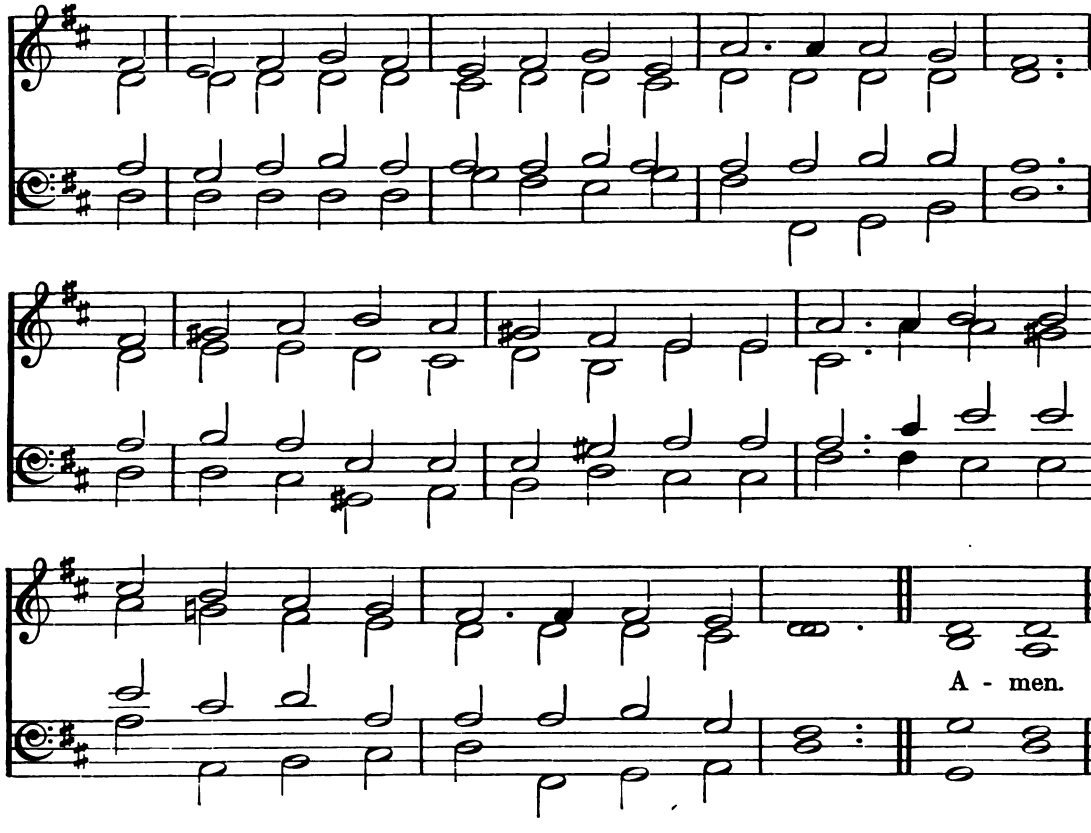
2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

mp 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,
m So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

mp 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
c So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

m 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
mp Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

222

CAMPFIELDS. **M. J. Monk.**

'The Lord will bless His people with peace.'

m DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

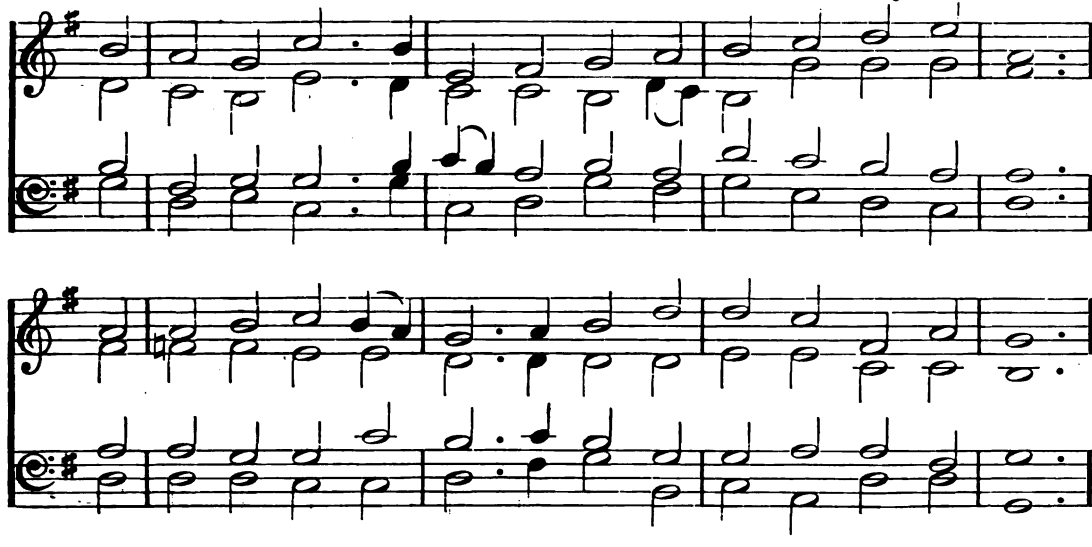
mp 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

p 4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

mp 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

223

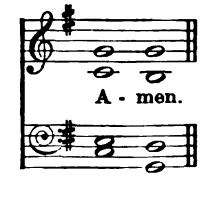
FAITH. J. B. DYKES.

'He went up into a mountain apart to pray.'

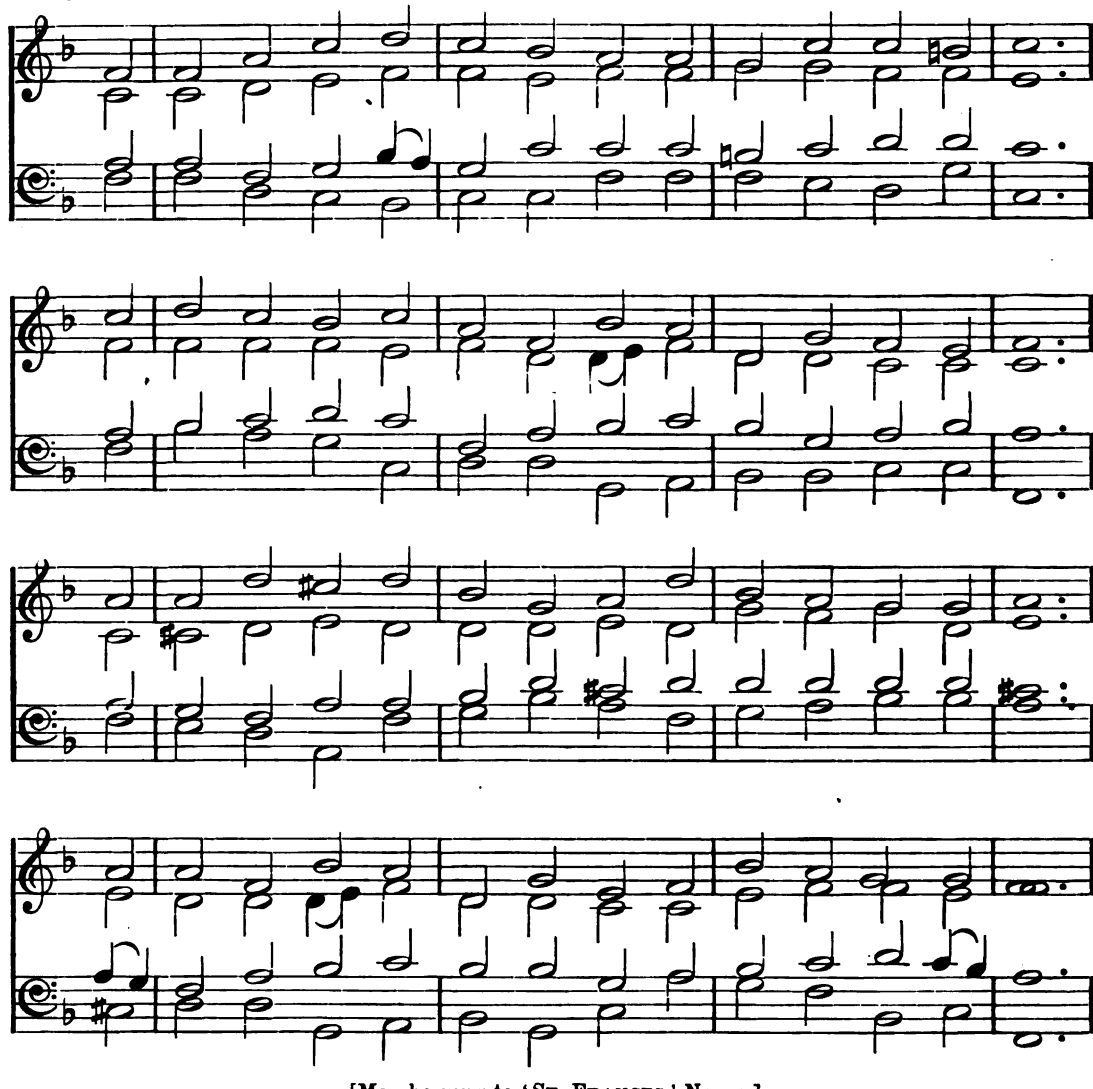
mp FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

m 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

mf 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe Thee and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

224

GRETTON. **R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.**

[May be sung to 'ST. FRANCES,' No. 53.]

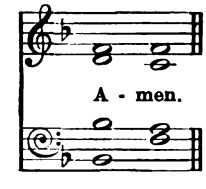
'In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul.'

m 'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

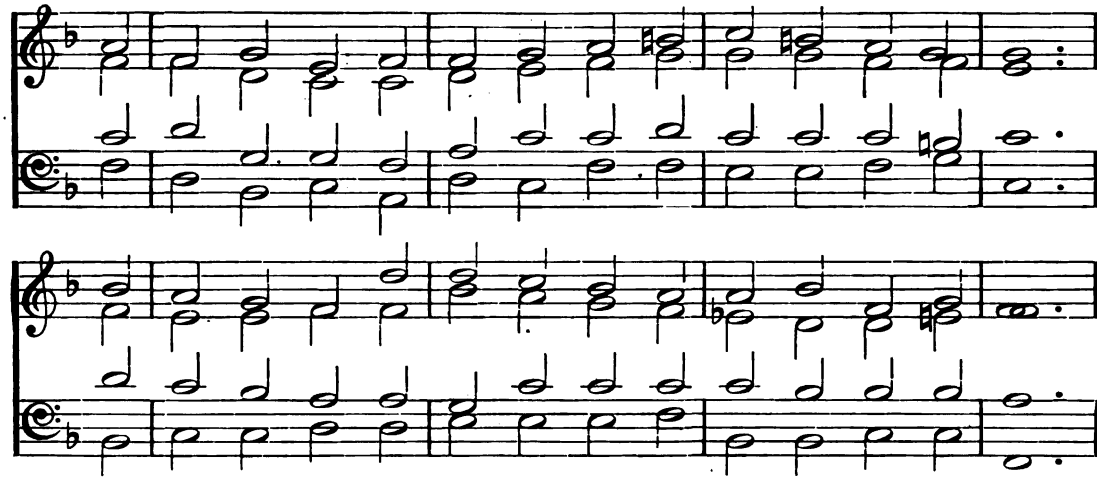
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
mf But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not:
The same Thou art alway.

m 2 I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
mp I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness, and cold unrest.
m Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,
In this alone rejoice with awe—
Thy mighty grasp of me.

3 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.
mf Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

m 4 Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean—let changing mood
And feeling come or go—
mf Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

225

CALM. **J. F. Bridge.**



'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.'

mp CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

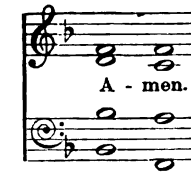
3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

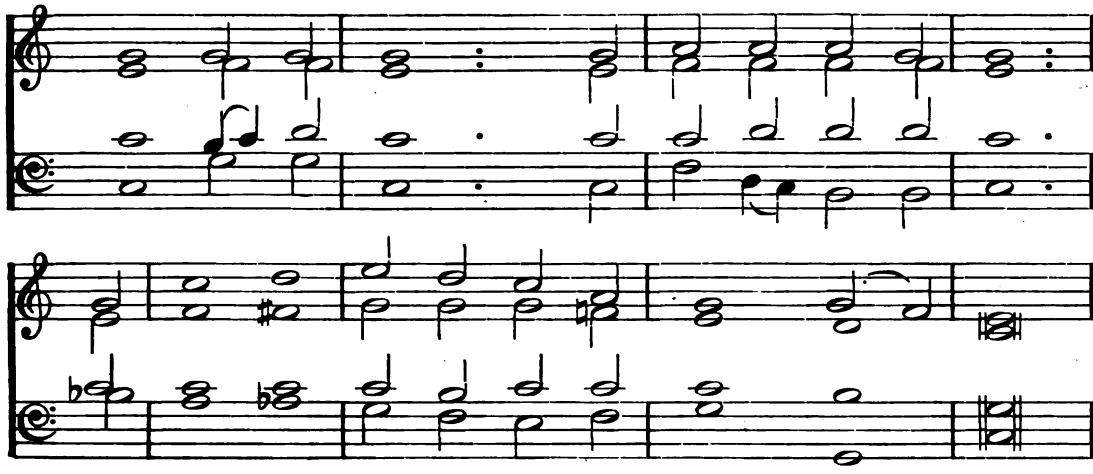
4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet:
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm, 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name;

7 Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir—
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

8 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

226

PAX TECUM. G. T. CALDBECK.

[May be sung to 'CŒNA DOMINI,' No. 409.]

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.'

mp PEACE, perfect peace? in this dark world of sin!
m The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

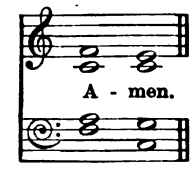
mp 2 Peace, perfect peace? by thronging duties pressed!
m To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

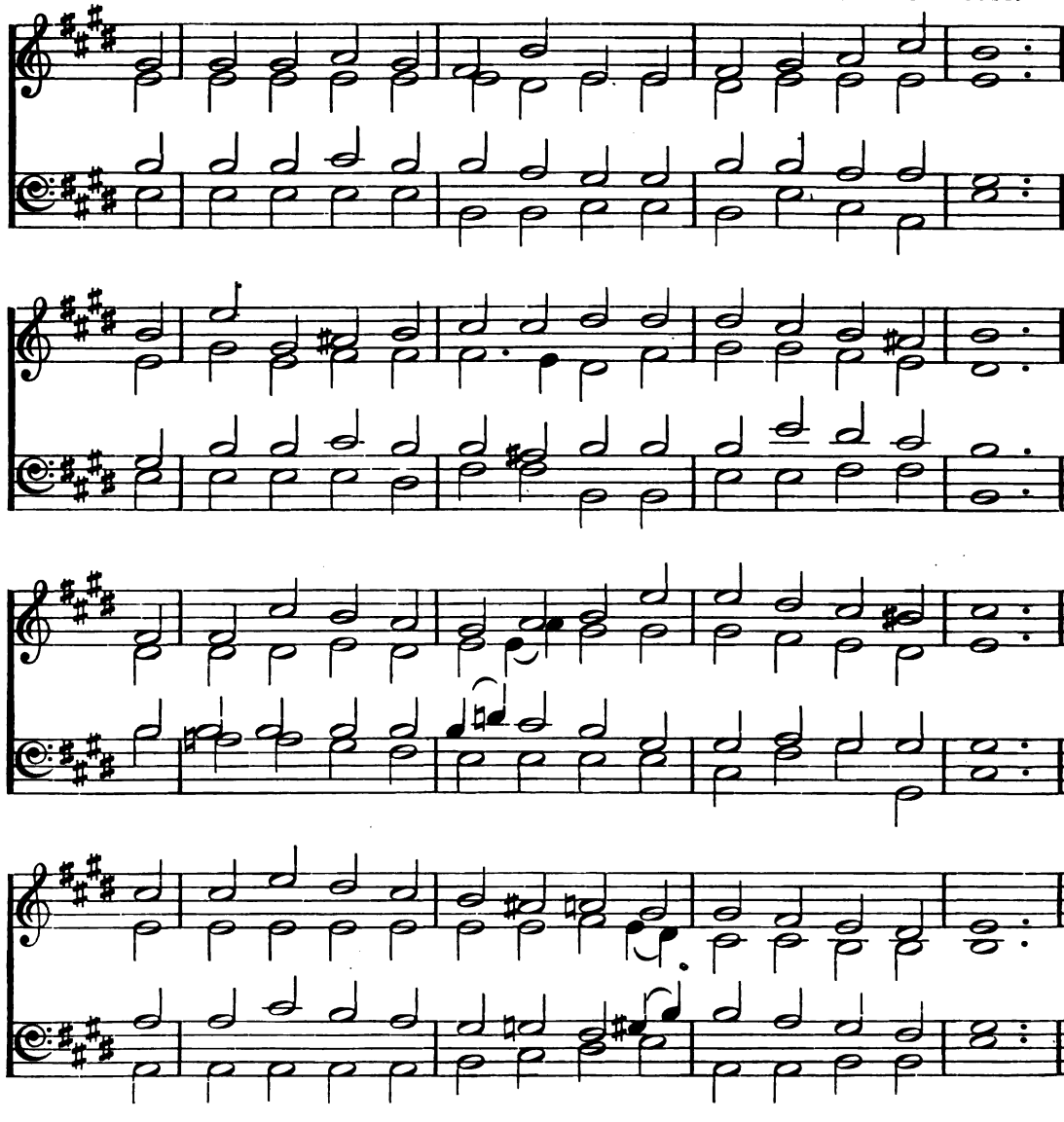
mp 3 Peace, perfect peace? with sorrows surging round!
m On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

mp 4 Peace, perfect peace? with loved ones far away!
m In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

mp 5 Peace, perfect peace? our future all unknown!
m Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

p 6 Peace, perfect peace? death shadowing us and ours!
m Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

mf 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

227

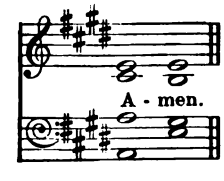
ELIM. W. H. CALLCOTT.

'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.'

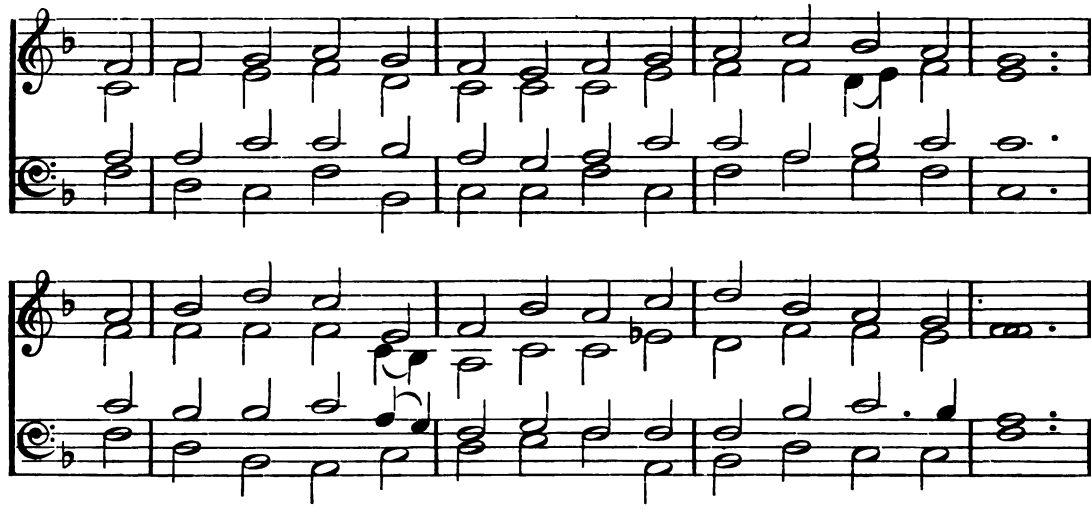
m MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
d For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

m 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
mf 'Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet;

3 'Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.'
m I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

mf 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
f 'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

228

ST. ETHELREDA. T. TURTON.

'Create in me a clean heart, O God.'

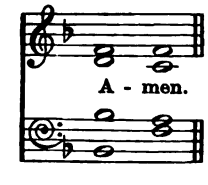
mf O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

mp 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
m Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

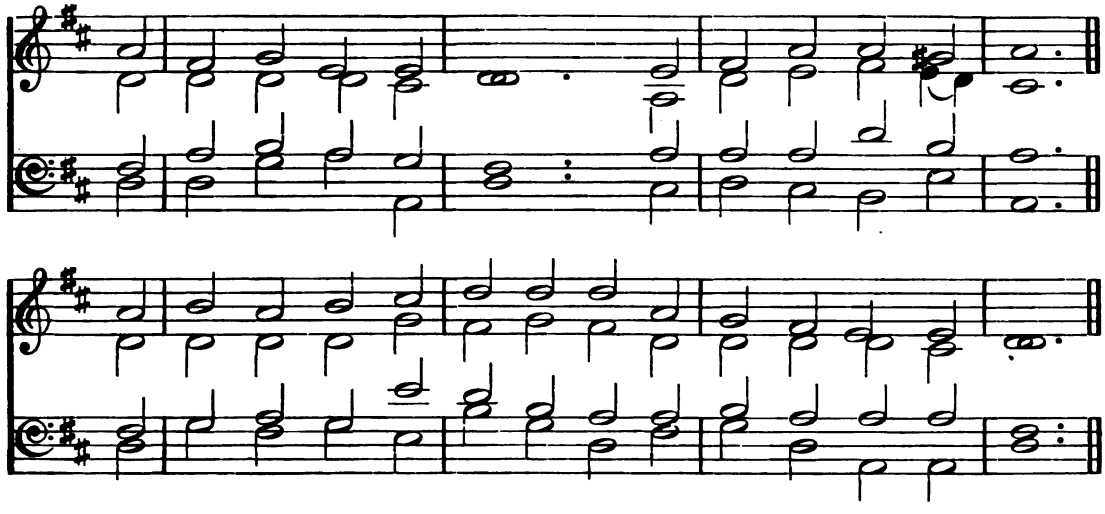
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

mf 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.



229

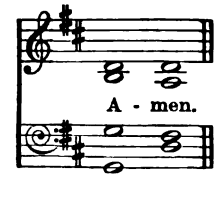
SWABIA.

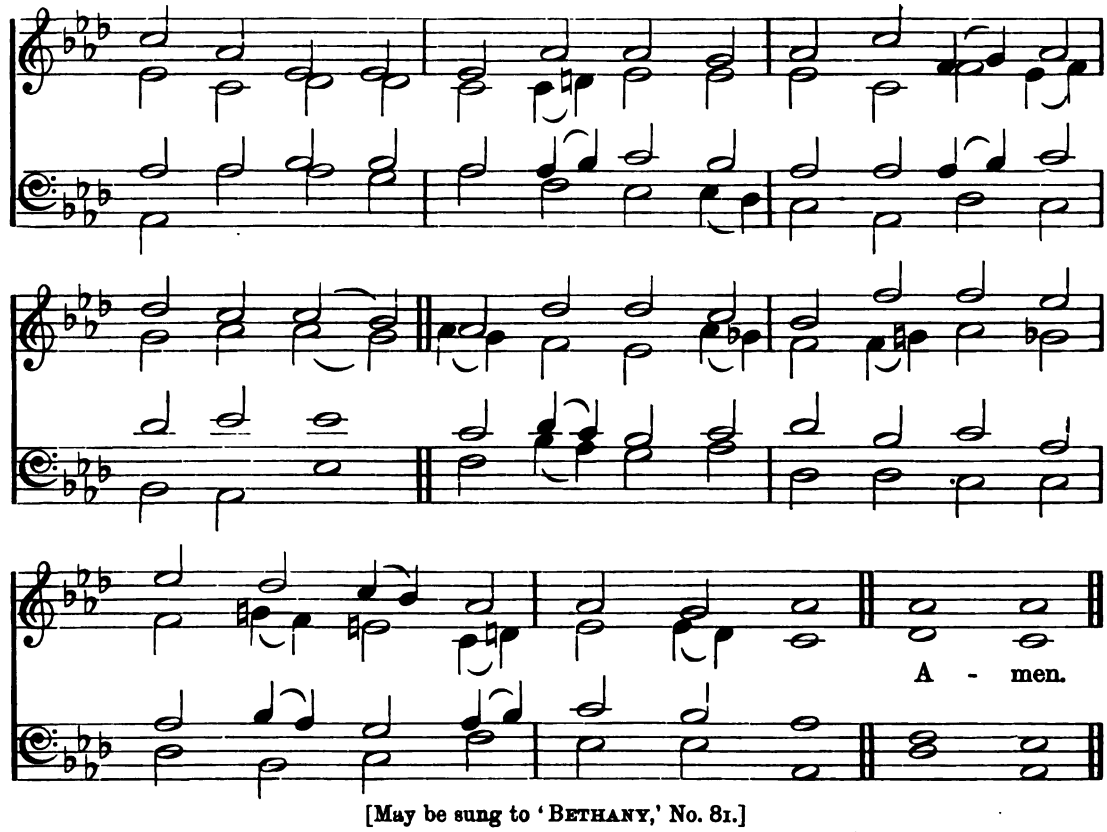
SPIESS'S GESANGBUCH, 1745.
Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'

mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

m 2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

mp 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

230

CROSS OF JESUS. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. STAINER.

[May be sung to 'BETHANY,' No. 81.]

'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

m LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

mp 2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

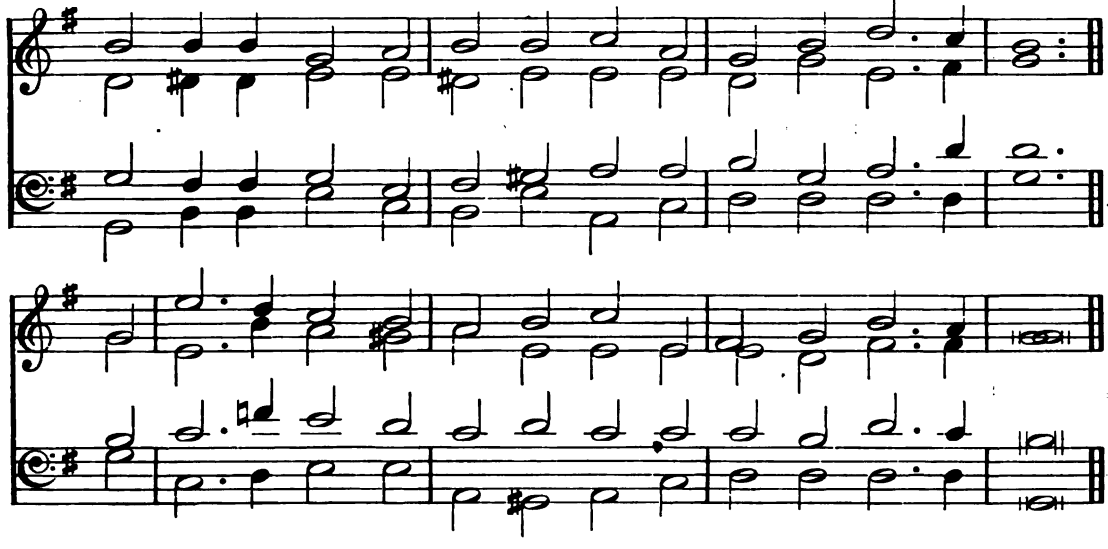
mf 3 Come, almighty to deliver;
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

m 5 Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,

mf 6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
f Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

231

NOX PRÆCESSIT. J. B. CALKIN.

'If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'

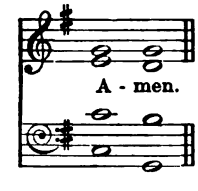
m WALK in the light: so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

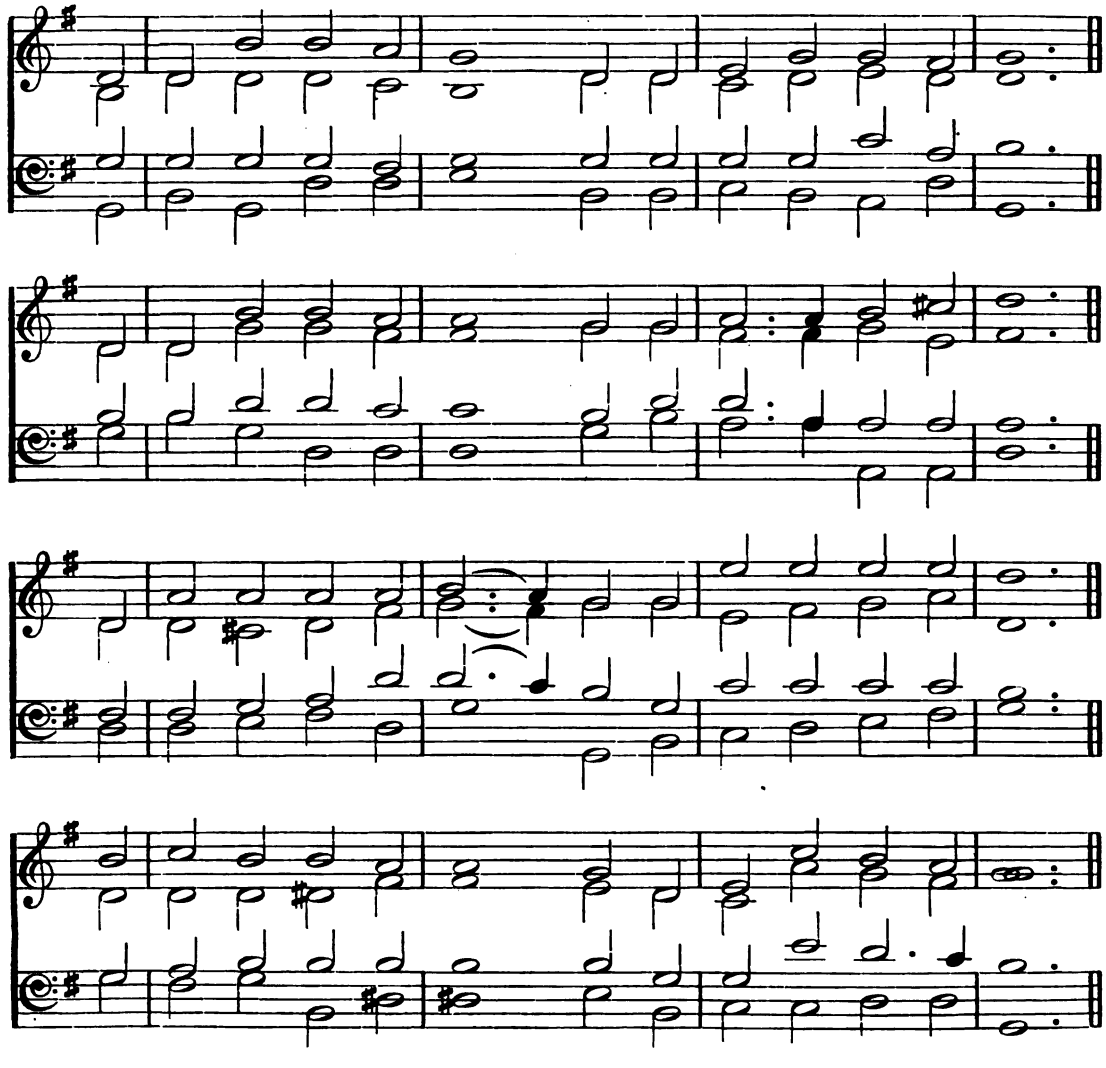
2 Walk in the light: and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

mf 4 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

m 5 Walk in the light: (*mp*) and even the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
mf Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

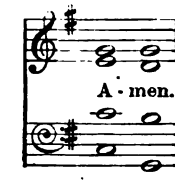
6 Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

232

CHENIES. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) T. R. MATTHEWS.

'Your life is hid with Christ in God'

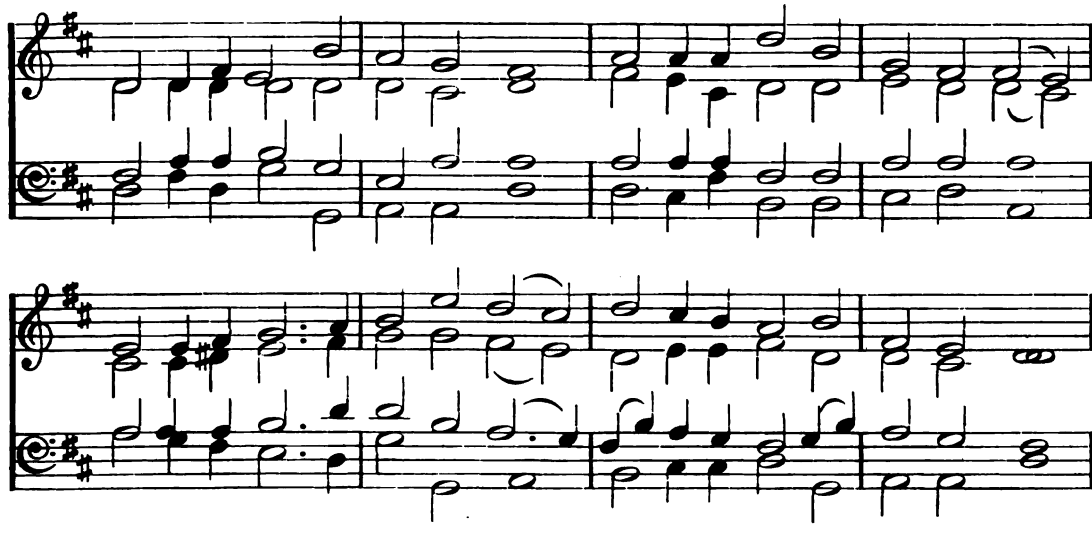
mp O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

m 2 'T is only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe:
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

mf 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.



233

WAINWRIGHT. R. WAINWRIGHT.

'O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee.'

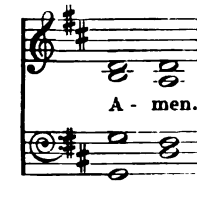
m O GOD, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

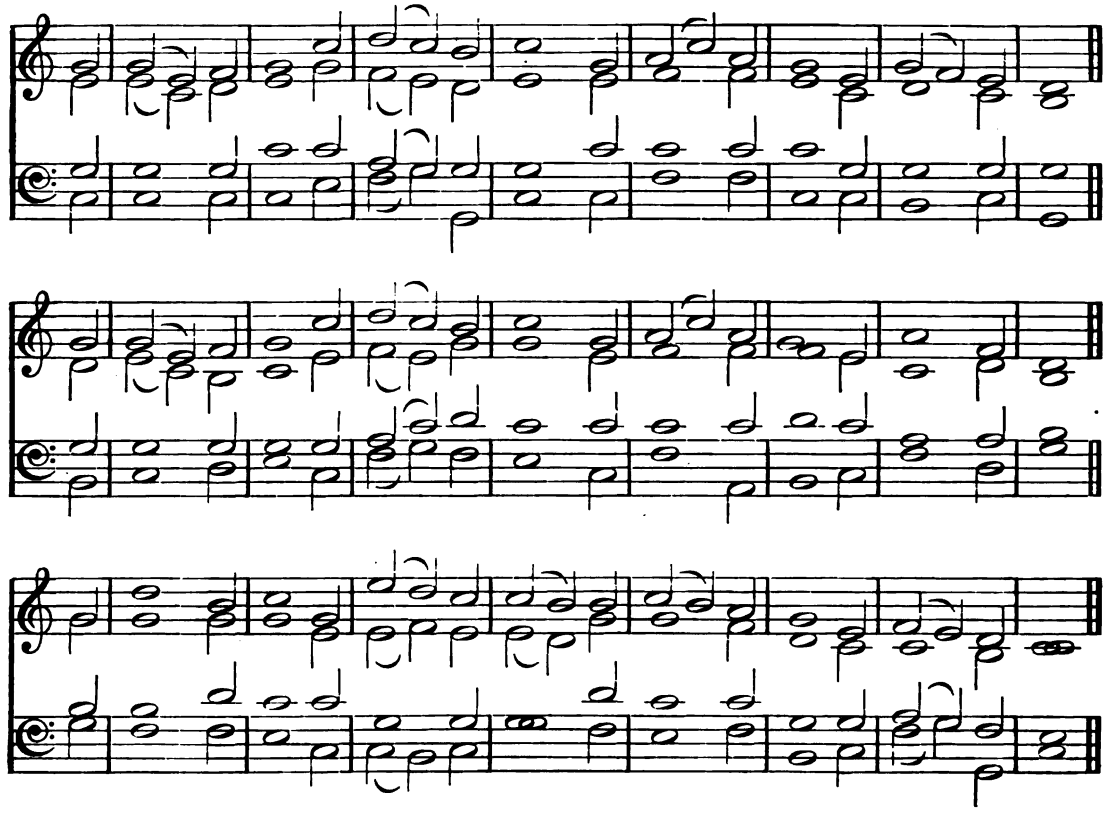
mp 2 O that it were as it hath been
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace!

m 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

mp 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

mf 5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

f 6 Praise, with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

234

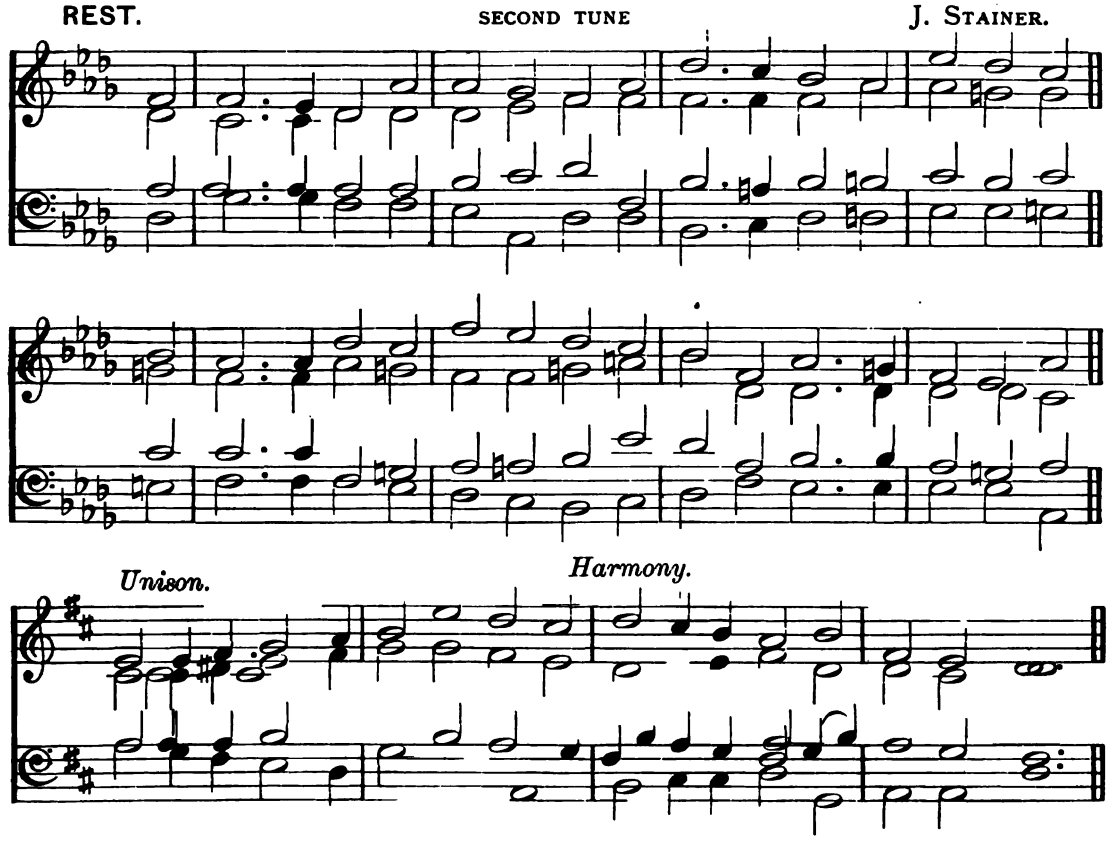
ST. PETERSBURG. FIRST TUNE. D. BORTNIANSKI.

'My soul followeth hard after Thee.'

m THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
mp Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

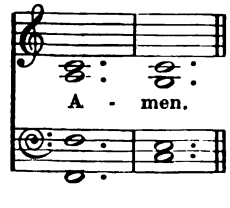
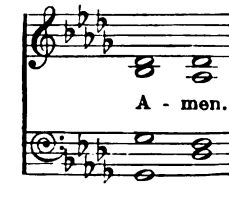
2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but, though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
Yet hindrances strow all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

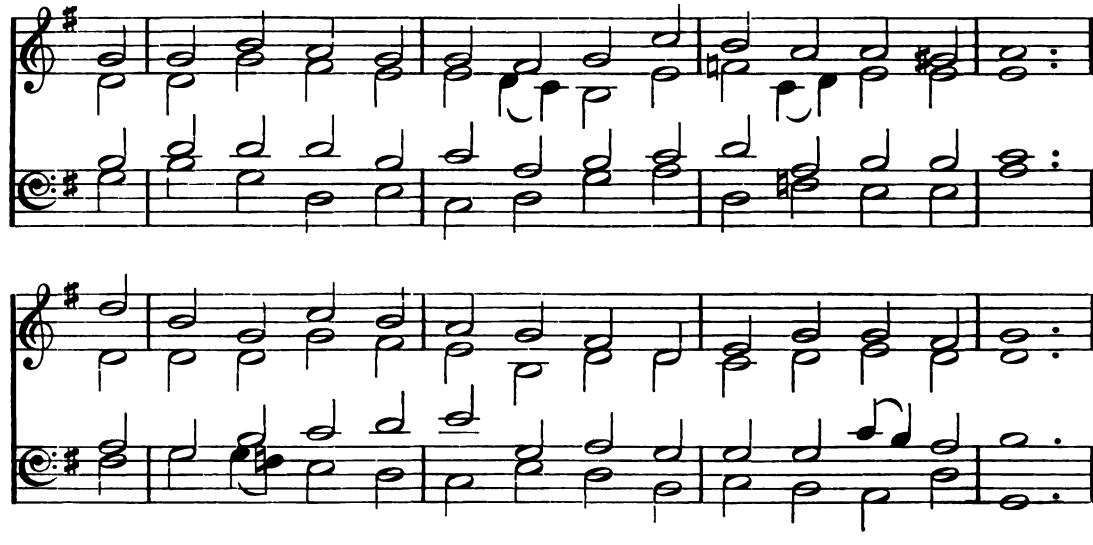
3 'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;

234

REST. SECOND TUNE J. STAINER.

Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

m 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
c Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
mf Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

235

ABBEY. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

'Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.'

mp O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
m Help us in thought and word and deed
Each hour on earth we live.

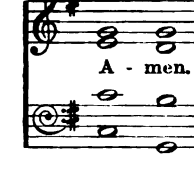
p 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And, when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

m 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

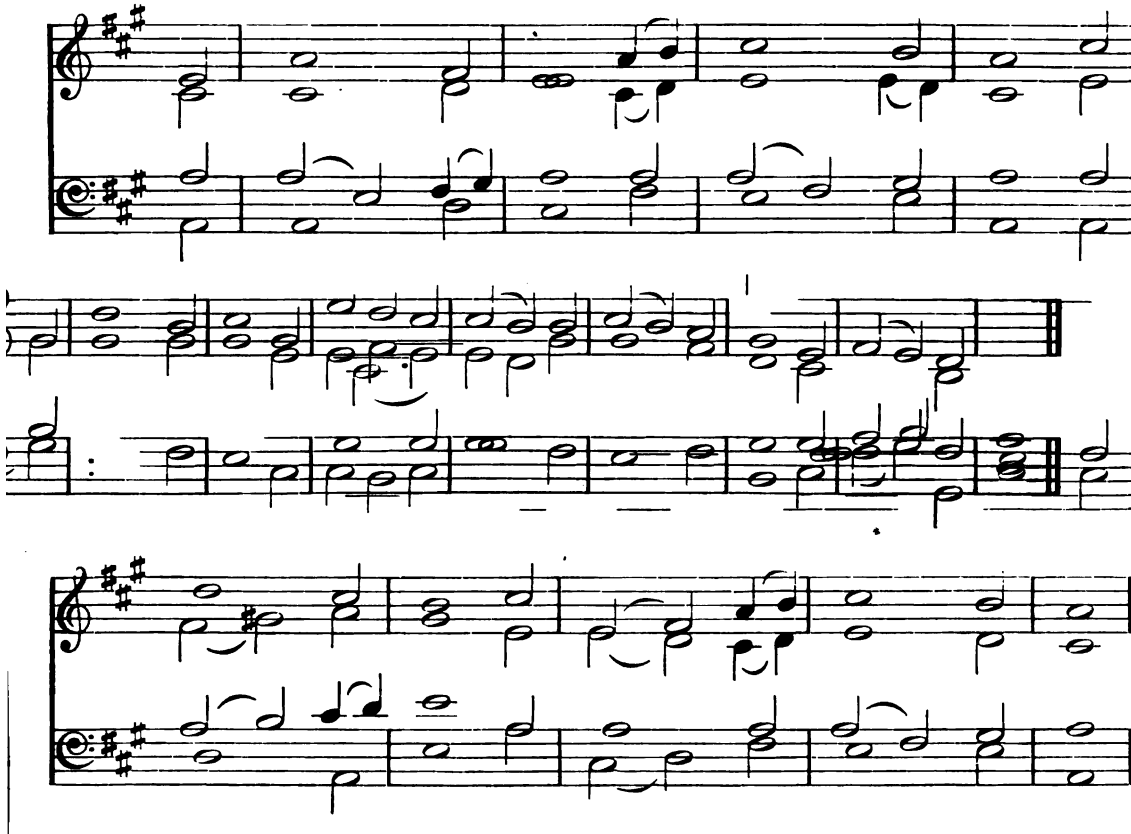
4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'T is all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.

mf 6 O help us, Saviour, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.



236

MARTYRDOM. H. WILSON.

'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.'

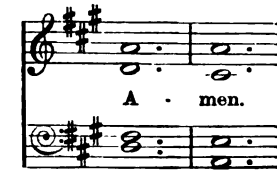
m O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

mp 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

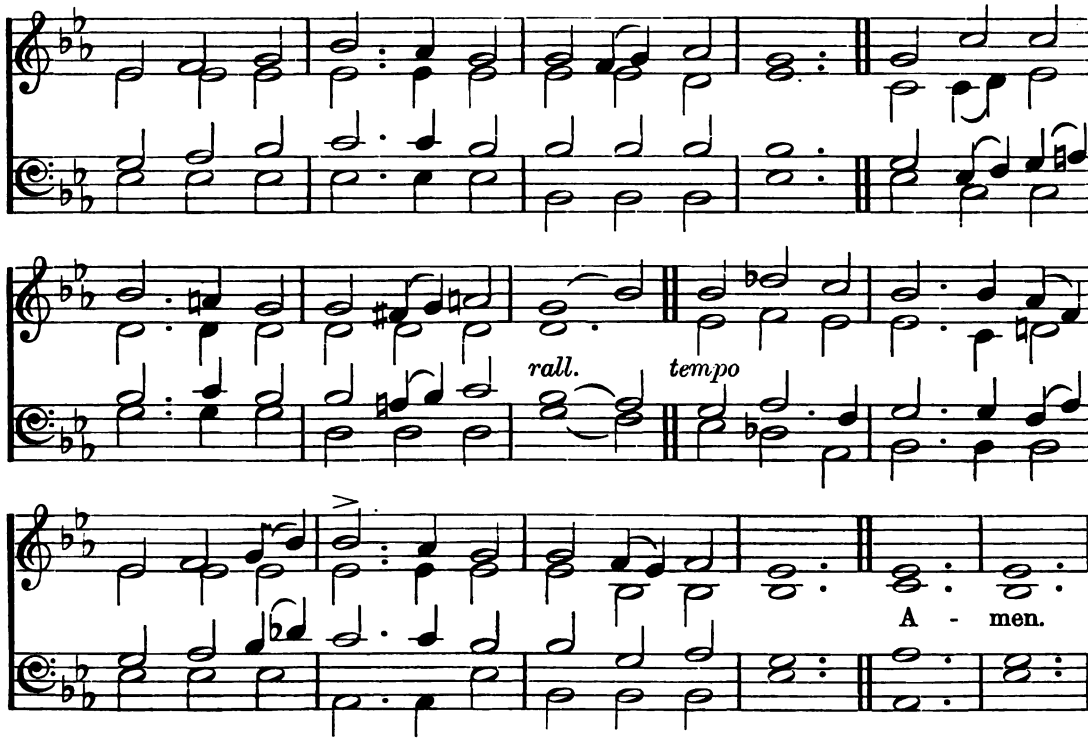
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
d But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

mp 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
m I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

mp 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

237

FIRST TUNE.

HORBURY. J. B. DYKES.

'My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.'

mp NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
c Still all my song would be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!'

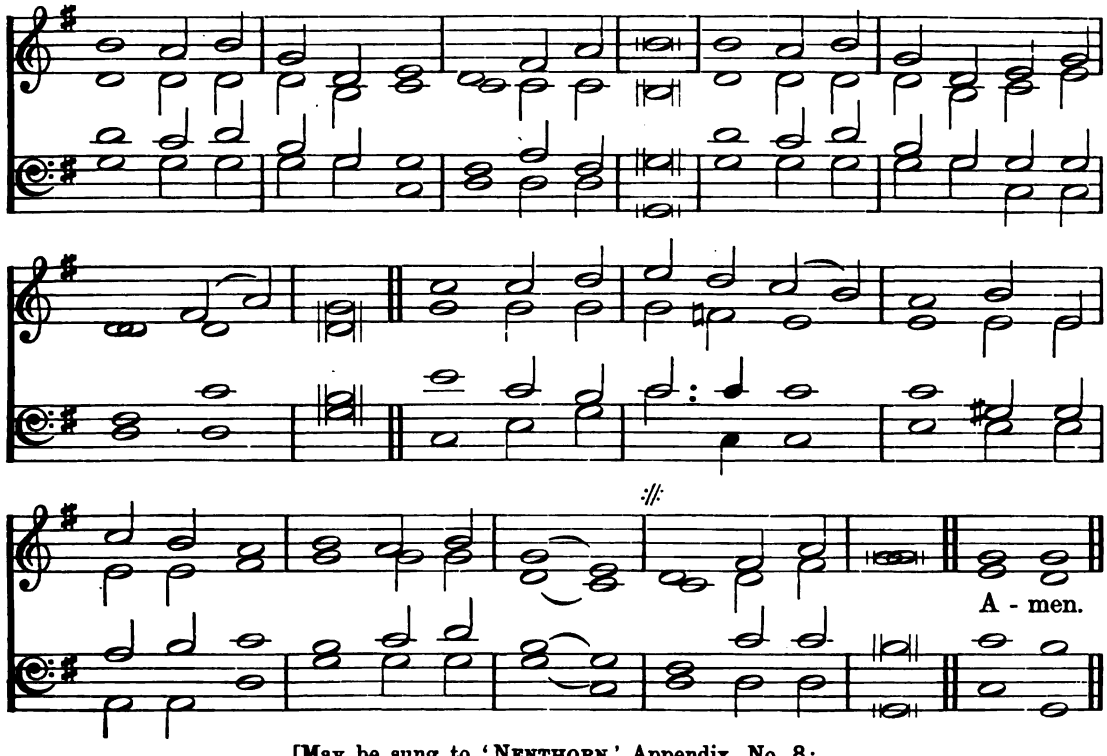
p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
c Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!

m 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given,

237

SECOND TUNE.

PROPIOR DEO. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) A. S. SULLIVAN.



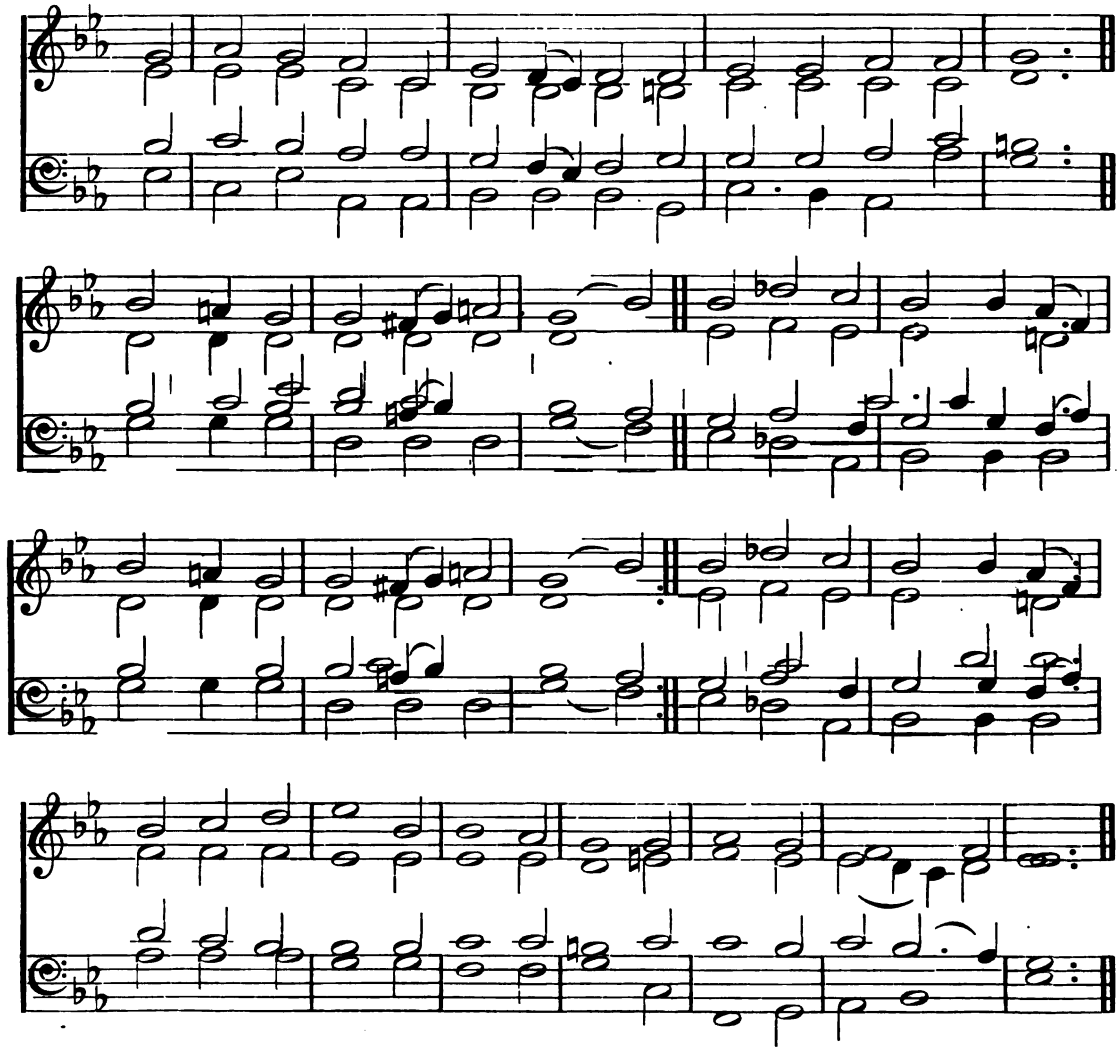
[May be sung to 'NENTHORN,' Appendix, No. 8;
or 'COMMUNION,' Appendix, No. 9.]

Angels to beckon me
c Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!

mf 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise,—
c So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!

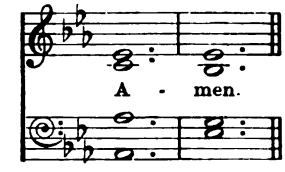
mf 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
c 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
d Nearer to Thee!'

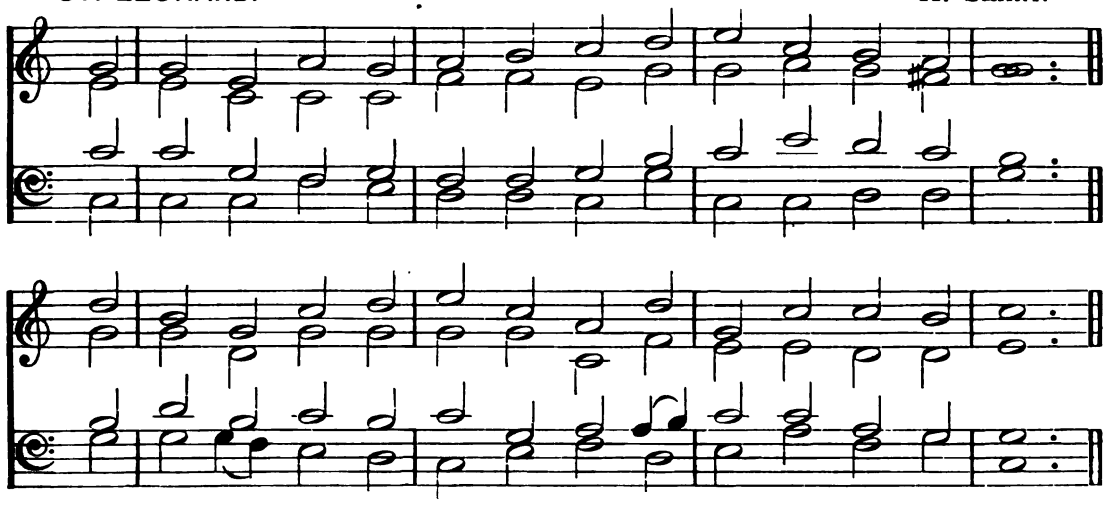
238

CASTLE RISING. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* F. A. J. HERVEY.

'When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.'

m THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
d How fast they fade away!
mf O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

m 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
mf O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

m 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
mp O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
m Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

239

ST. LEONARD. H. SMART.

'And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.'

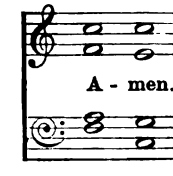
m O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe,

mp 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
m But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;

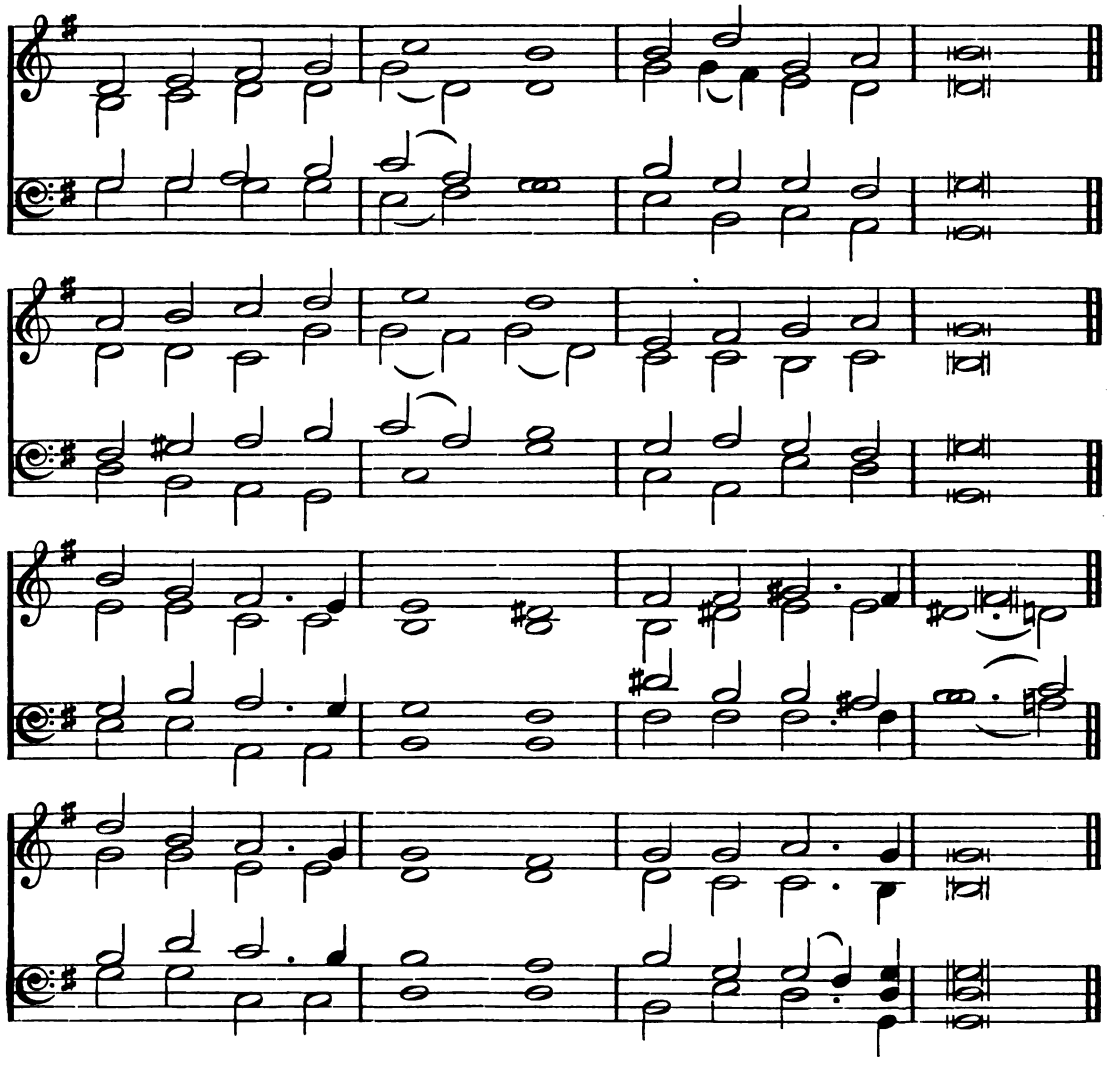
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

mf 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste even now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.



240

EDINA. **H. S. Oakeley.**

'They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.'

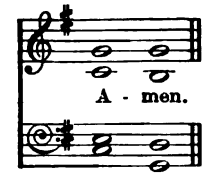
mf SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

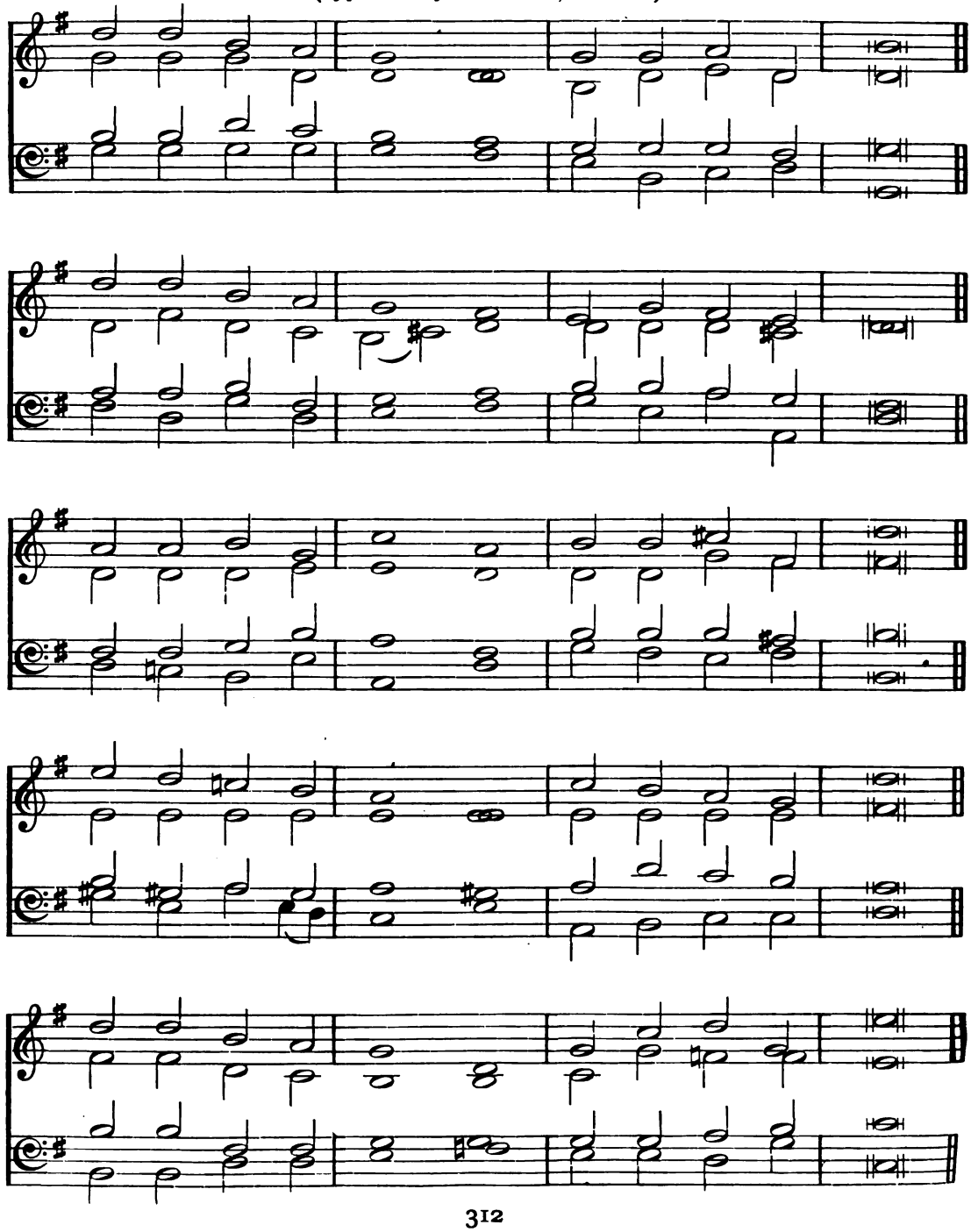
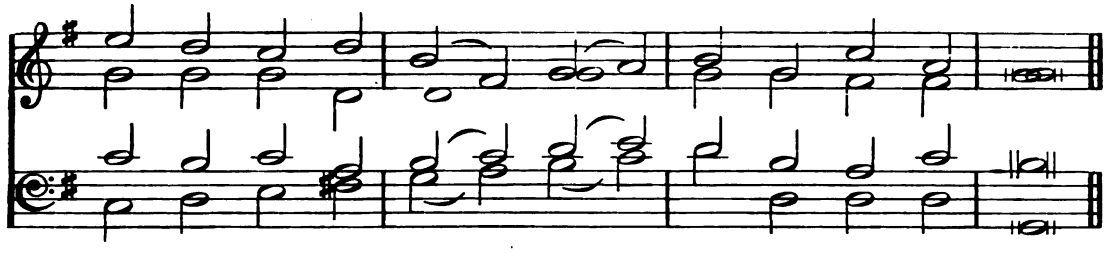
mp 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
m Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
mf Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
f Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

mf 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f 6 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal,
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

241

SMART. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) H. SMART.



'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.'

mf 'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?

f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

mf 2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.

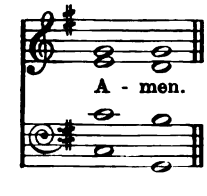
f Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

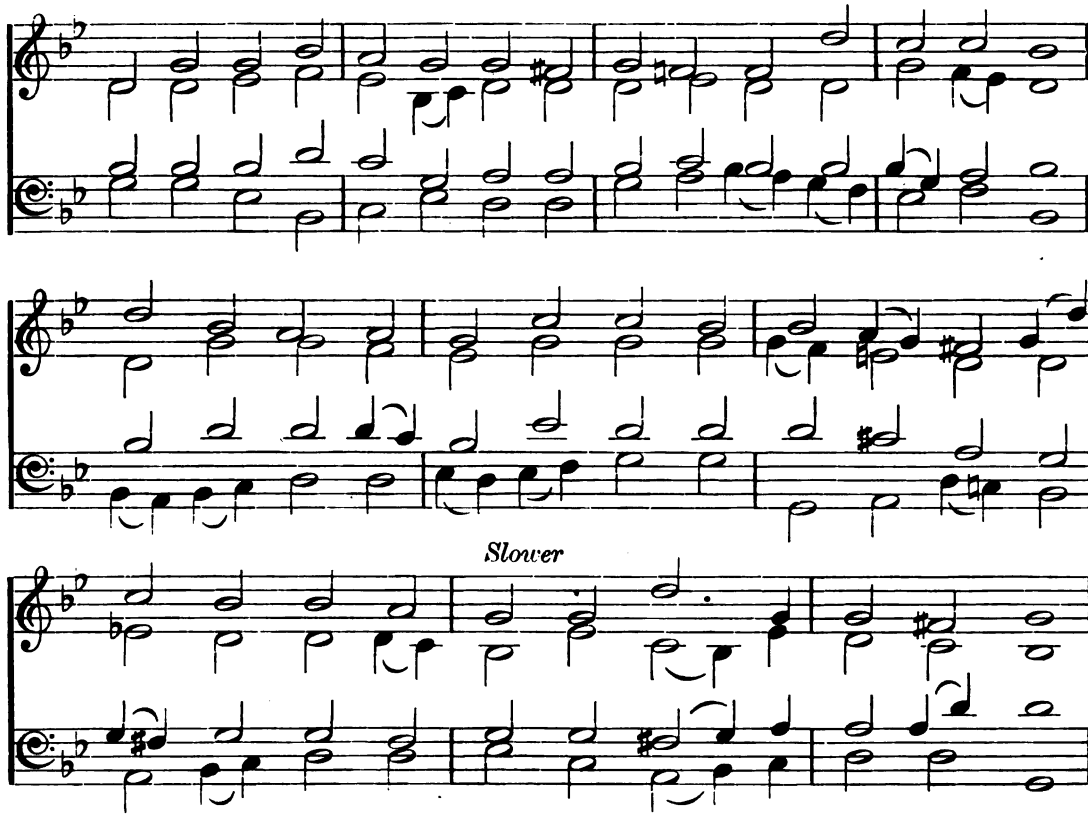
mf 3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.

f Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.

m Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;

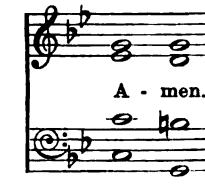
ff Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

242

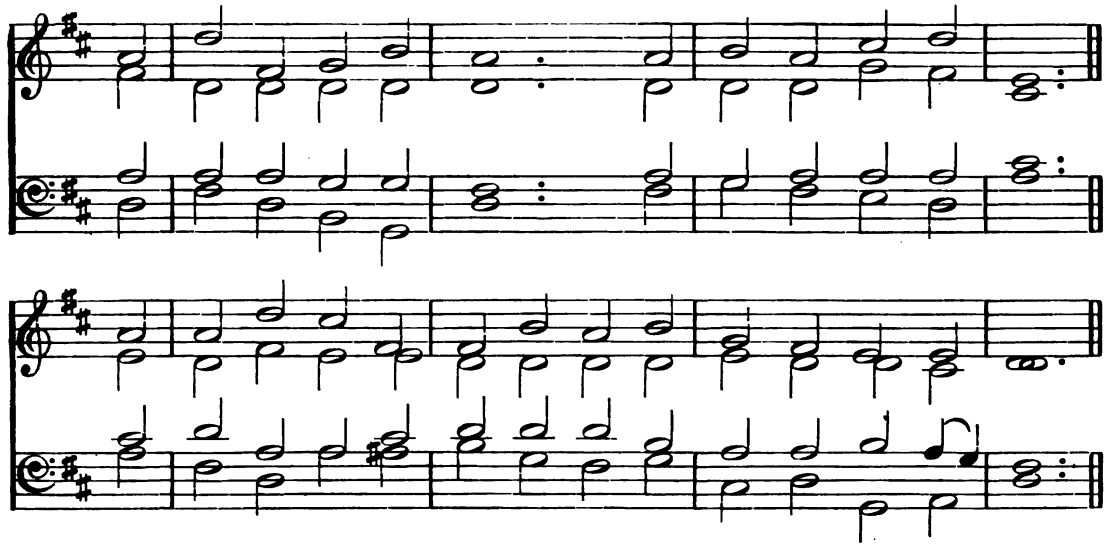
TETWORTH. **G. M. GARRETT.**

'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

mp O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
m 'All of self, and none of Thee!'

mp 2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
p 'Some of self, and some of Thee!'

mp 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p c 'Less of self, and more of Thee!'

m 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication,
mf 'None of self, and all of Thee!'

243

DONCASTER. S. WESLEY.

'The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.'

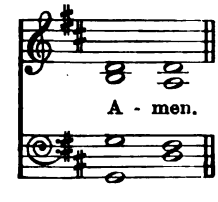
m BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

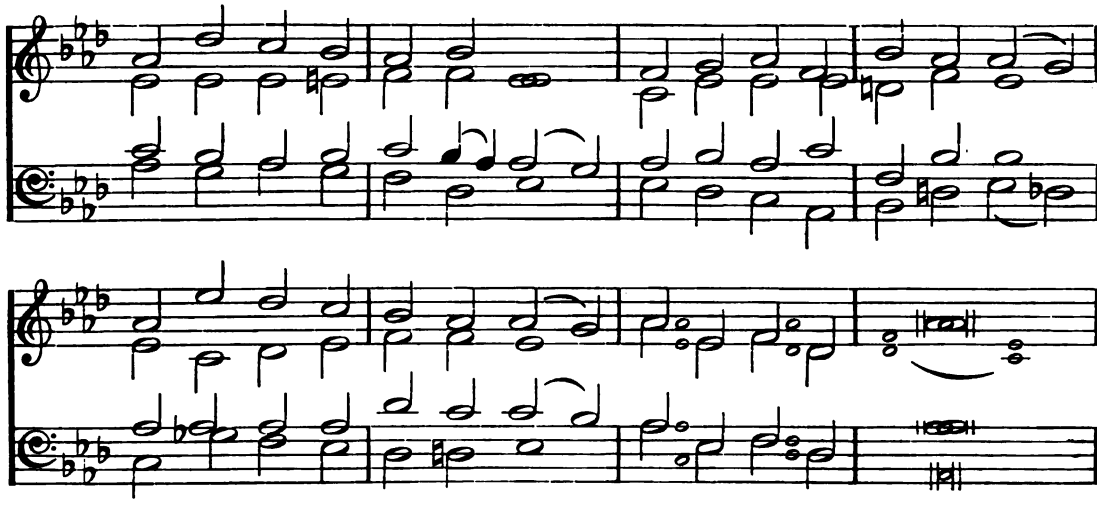
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

mp 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us keenest pain;
m But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

mf 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way.
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

244

CHARITY. **J. STAINER.**

'The greatest of these is charity.'

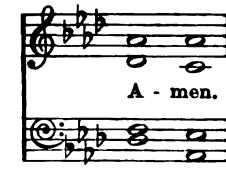
m GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
mf Therefore give me love.

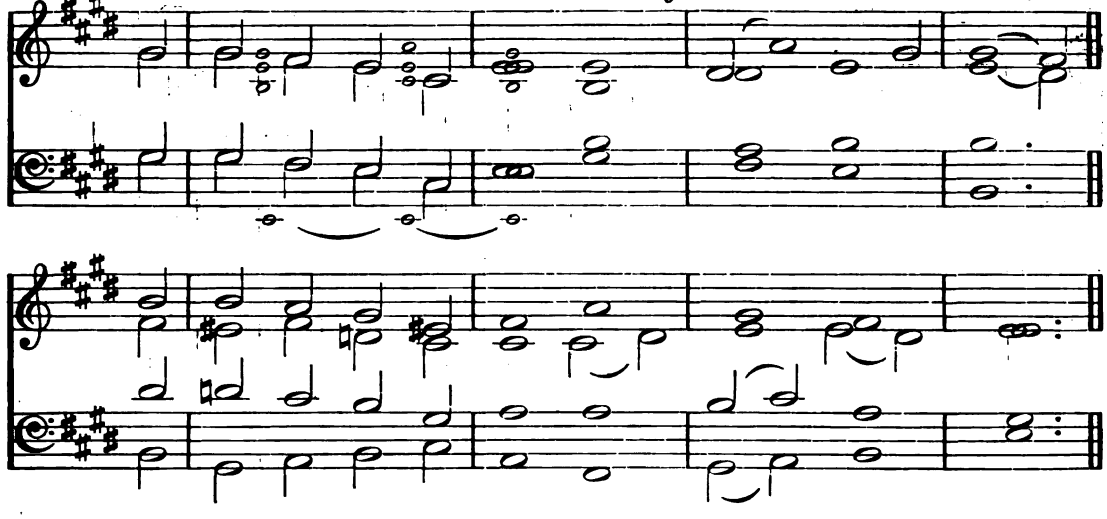
m 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
mf Therefore give us love.

m 5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
mf Therefore give us love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
f But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

245

GRANDPONT. J. STAINER.

Voices in Unison. *Harmony.*



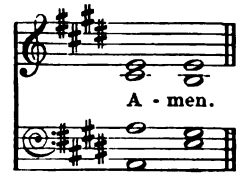
'Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God.'

m BELOVÈD, let us love: love is of God;
In God alone hath love its true abode.

2 Belovèd, let us love: for they who love,
They only, are His sons, born from above.

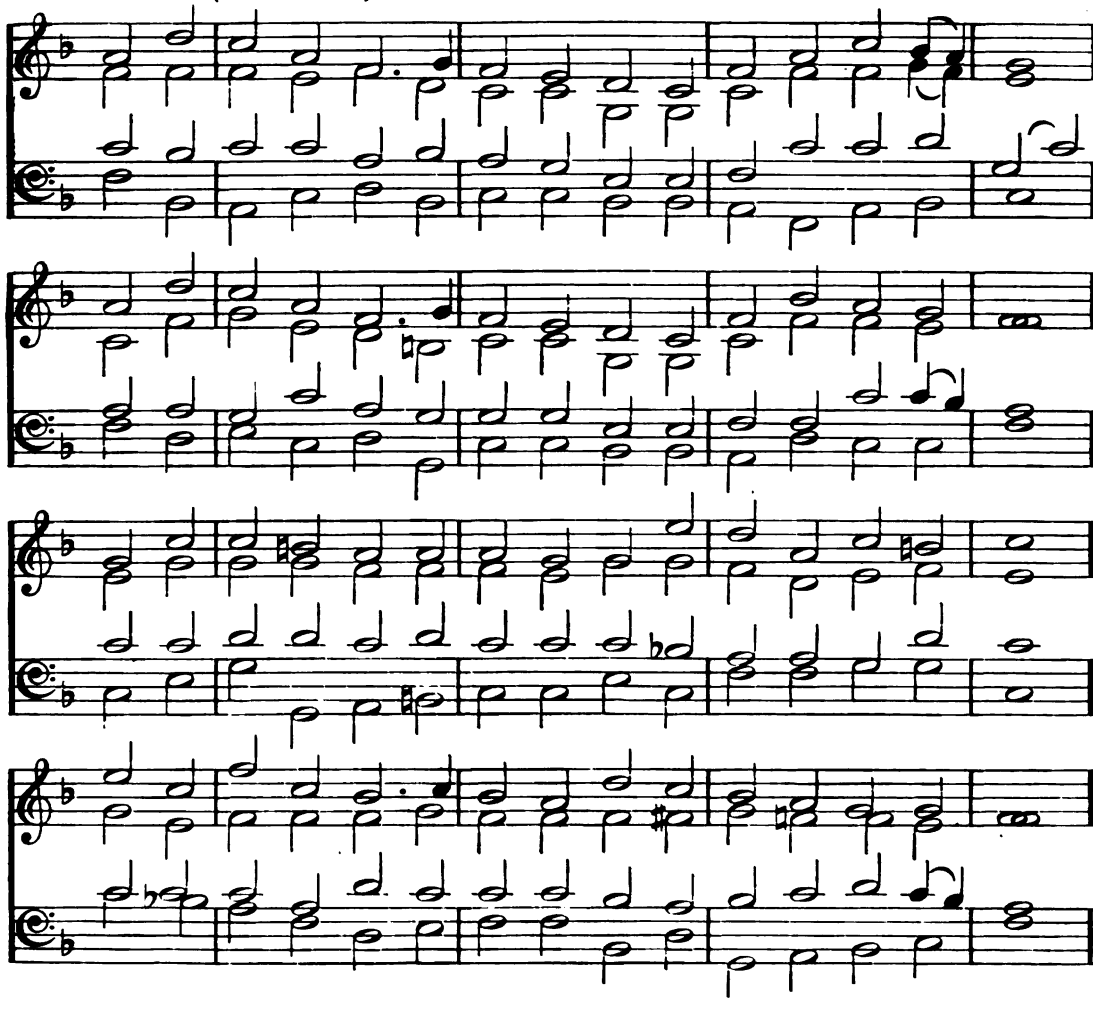
3 Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

4 Belovèd, let us love: for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

5 Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God who loveth us.

Also the following:

421 Fountain of good, to own Thy love.
456 One sole baptismal sign.
457 Jesus, Thou hast willed it.
458 Father of all, from land and sea.

246

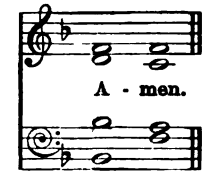
BETHANY (CRUCIFER). **H. SMART.**

'In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.'

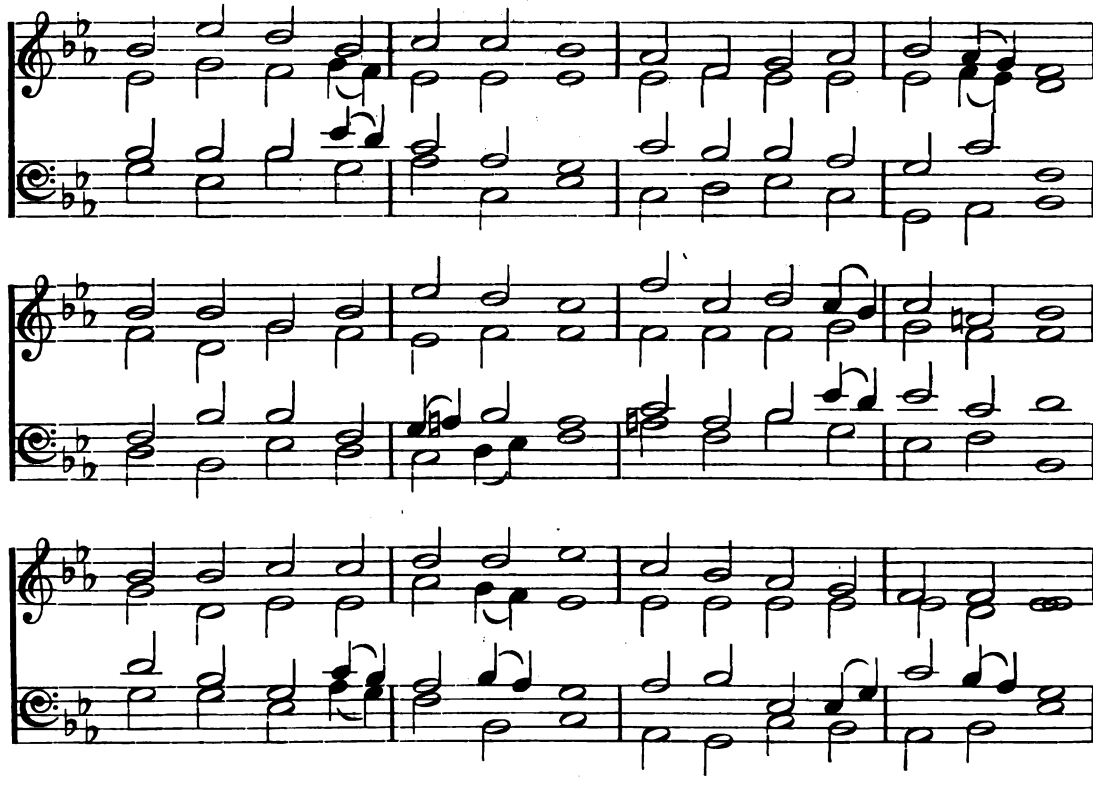
mp JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
m Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
mf Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

mp 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
mf Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

m 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
mf O 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

m 4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What thy Saviour died to win thee:
mf Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
m Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
f Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

247

HEATHLANDS. **H. SMART.**

'Whose I am, and whom I serve.'

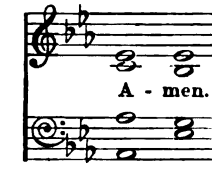
mp JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
m Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
mf Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

m 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
mp Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
mf O be Thou my All in all.

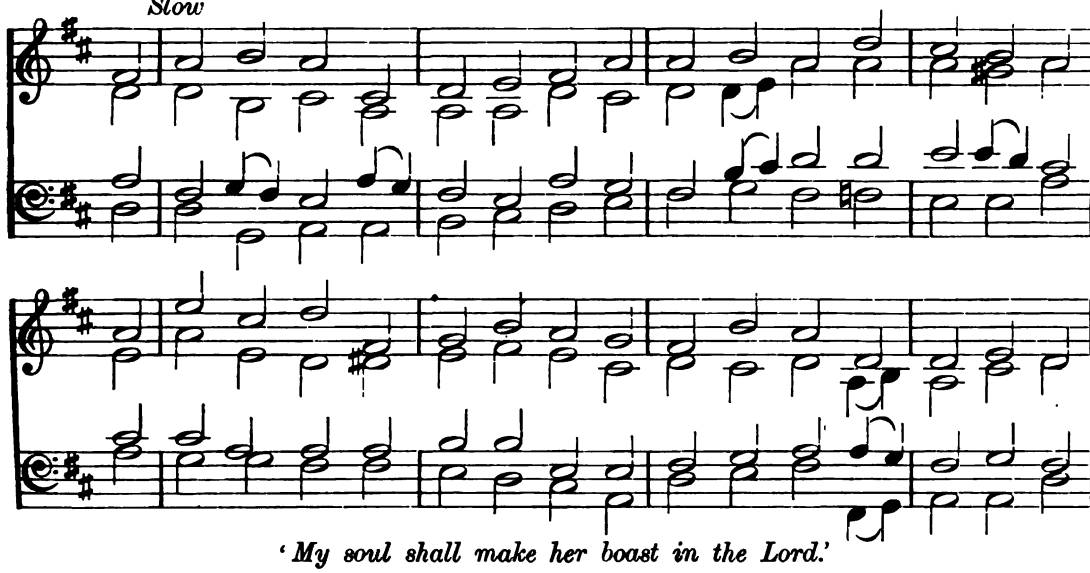
m 4 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

5 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
mf Thou an honour art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

m 6 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
mf Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

248

TOTLAND. J. STAINER.

Slow



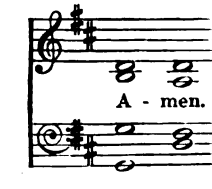
'My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.'

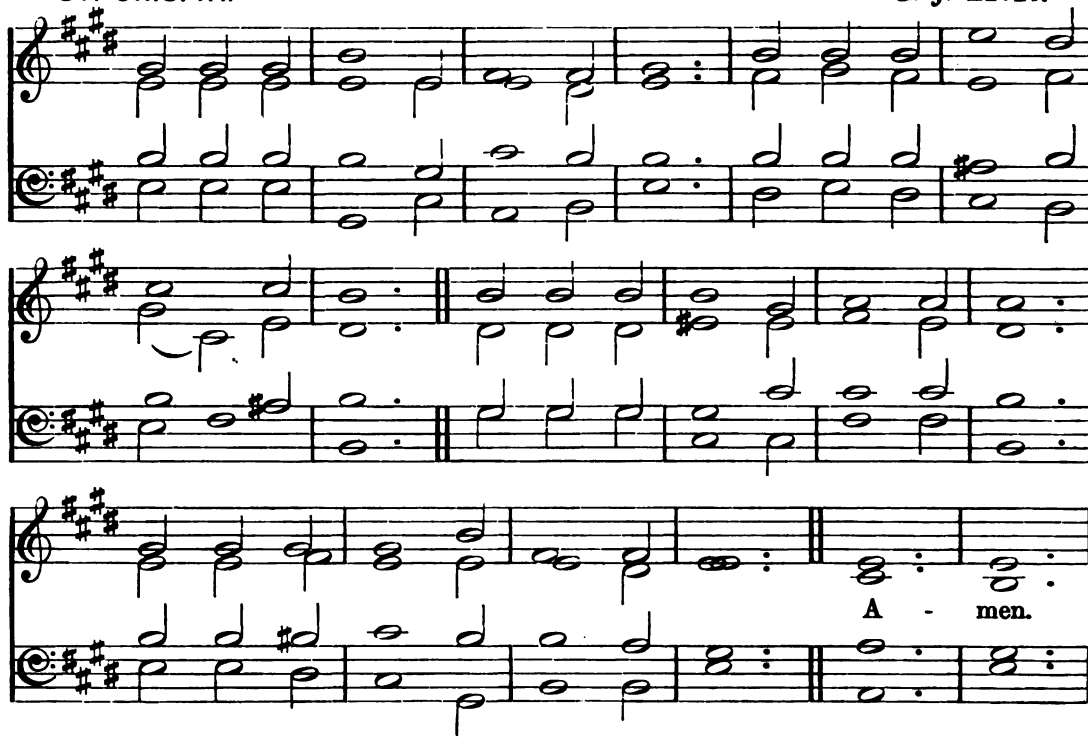
mp JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
c Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

m 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
mf He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

m 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
mf 'T is midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

m 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
mf 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

249

ST. CRISPIN. **G. J. ELVEY.**

'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.'

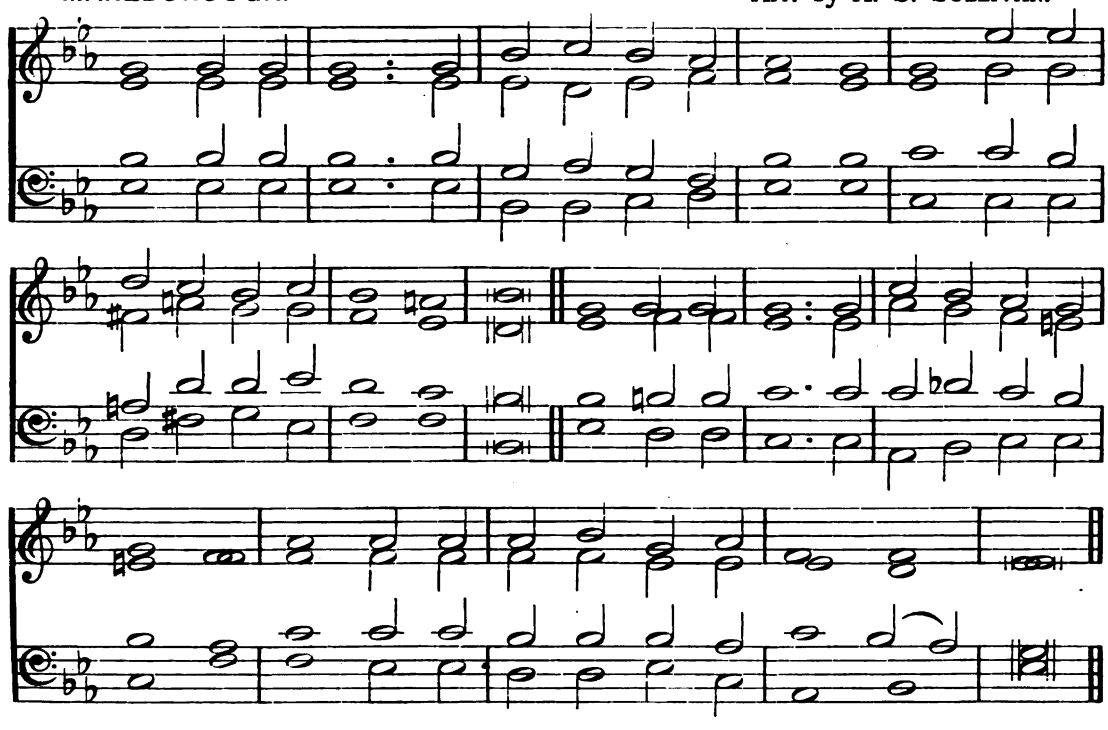
mf FIGHT the good fight
With all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

m 2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its path before us lies;
c Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

m 3 Cast care aside;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear;
His arm is near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
c Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

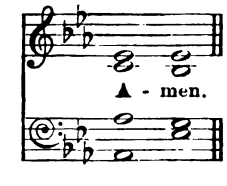
250

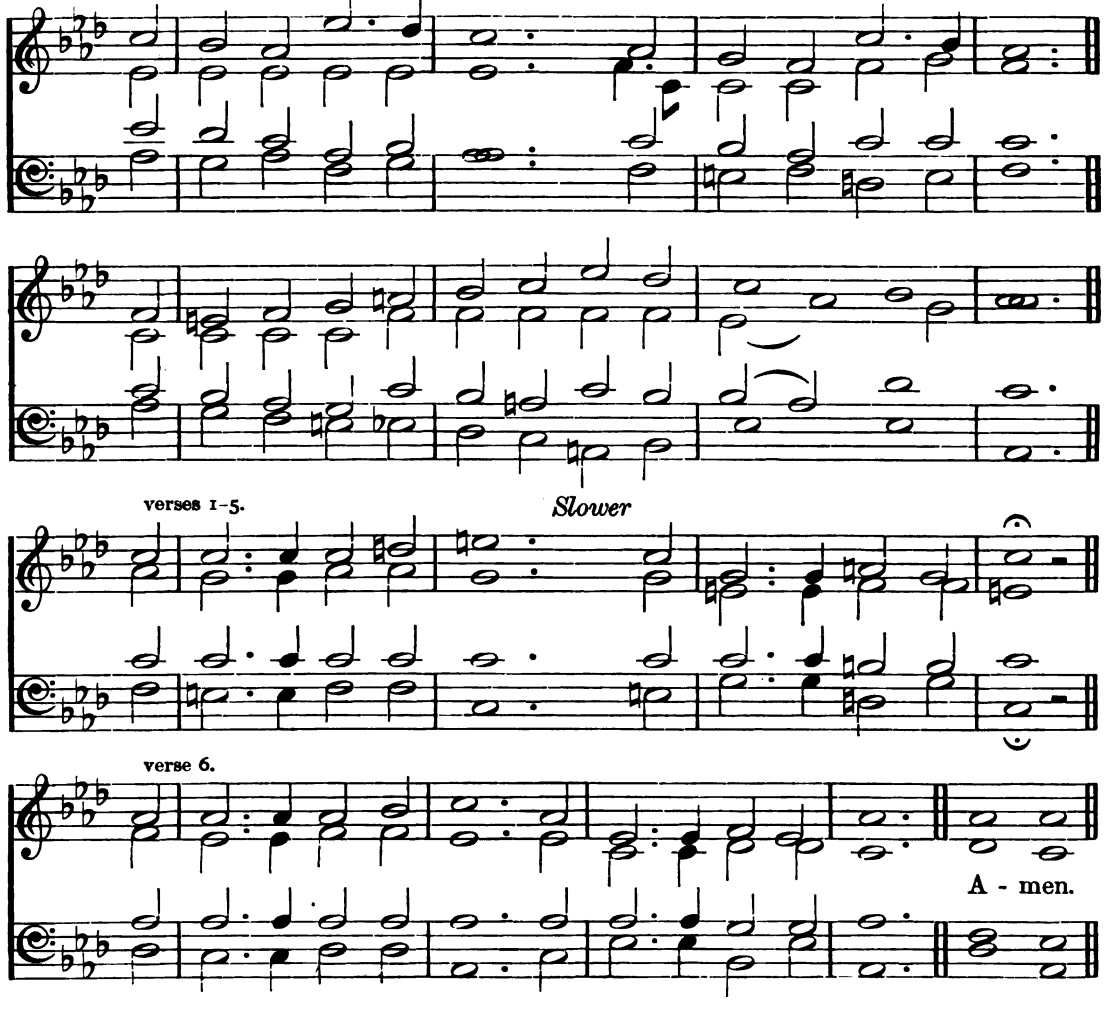
MARLBOROUGH. Arr. by A. S. Sullivan.

'Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.'

mf WE are the Lord's: His all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace accords;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit;
Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

2 We are the Lord's: then let us gladly tender
Our souls to Him, in deeds, not empty words;
Let heart and tongue and life combine to render
No doubtful witness that we are the Lord's.

mp 3 We are the Lord's: no darkness brooding o'er us
Can make us tremble, whilst this star affords
m A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.

mp 4 We are the Lord's: no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening cords;
No pangs of death shall even then appal us;
f Death we shall vanquish, for we are the Lord's.

251

OBLATION. J. W. ELLIOTT.

'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them.'

mp THY life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
Thy life was given for me;
p What have I given for Thee?

mp 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
Long years were spent for me;
p Have I spent one for Thee?

mp 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
Yea, all was left for me;
p Have I left aught for Thee?

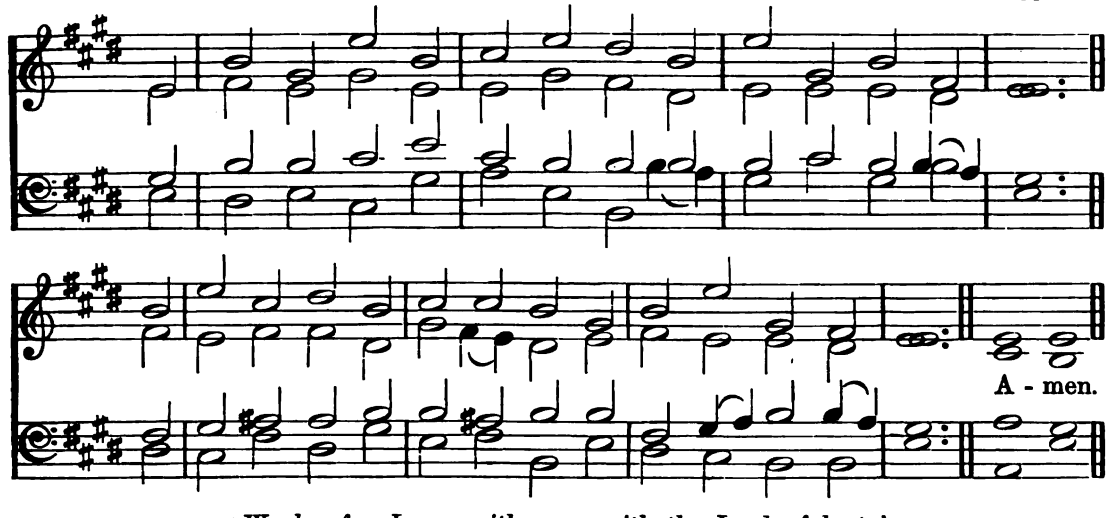
pp 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell:
p Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

mf 5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love:
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
mp What have I brought to Thee?

m 6 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
mf Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

252

LONDON NEW. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1635.



'Work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.'

mp OIT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

m 3 Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

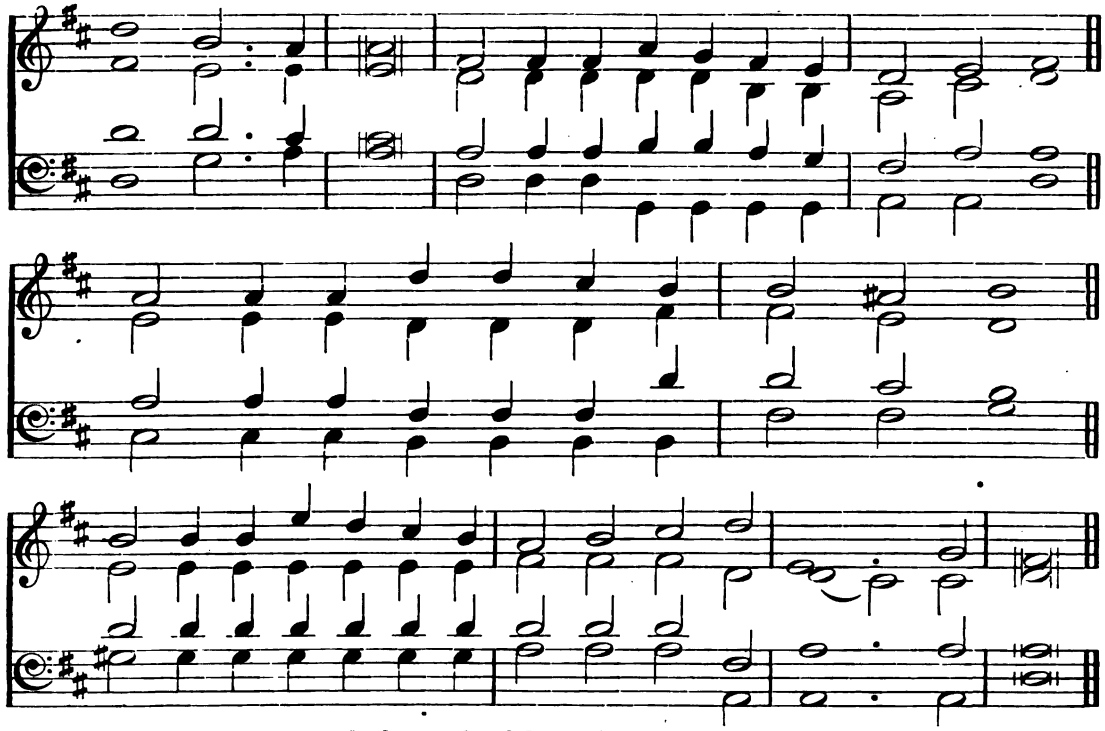
mf 4 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

5 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

m 6 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

mf 7 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

253

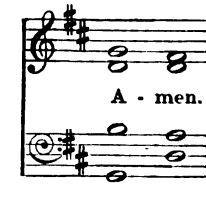
ORA, LABORA. R. P. STEWART.

'Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.'

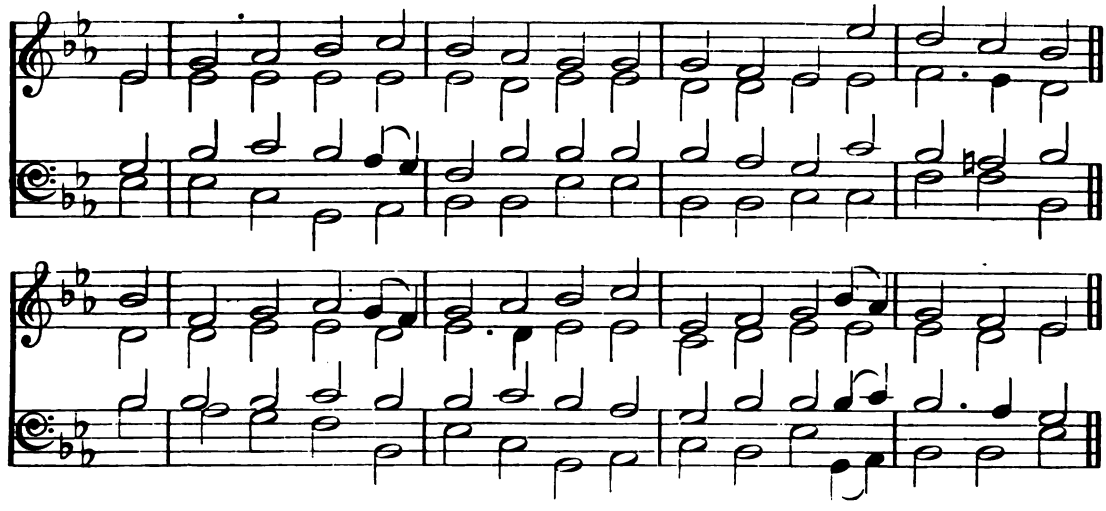
mf COME, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
'Go work to-day'?

2 Come, labour on:
Claim the high calling angels cannot share;
To young and old the joyful tidings bear;
Redeem the time: (*mp*) its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

mf 3 Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
m No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

4 Come, labour on:
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
d While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
c And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done.'

mf 5 Come, labour on:
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

254

LUDBOROUGH. T. R. MATTHEWS.

'Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

mf GO, labour on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

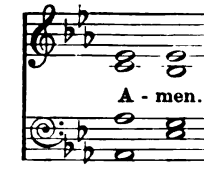
2 Go, labour on: 't is not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

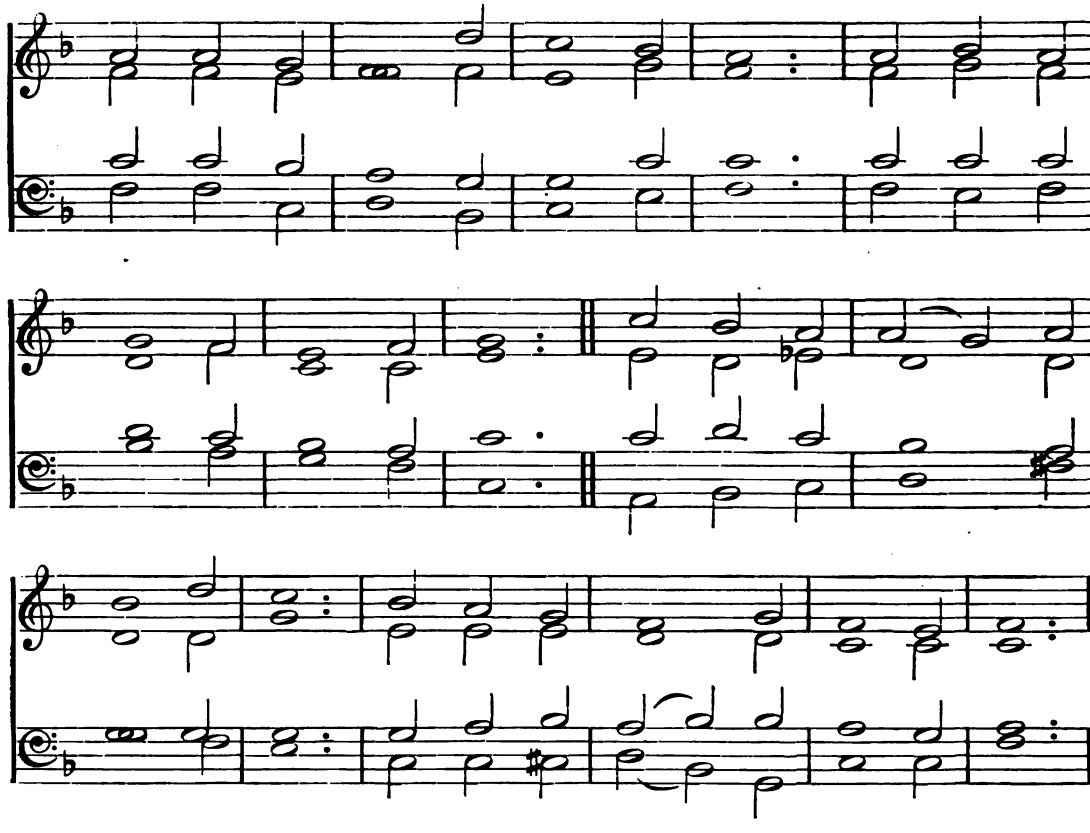
m 3 Go, labour on: your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
mf Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

m 4 Go, labour on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
mf Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

mp 5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
m Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray:
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

mf 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
f Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'

255

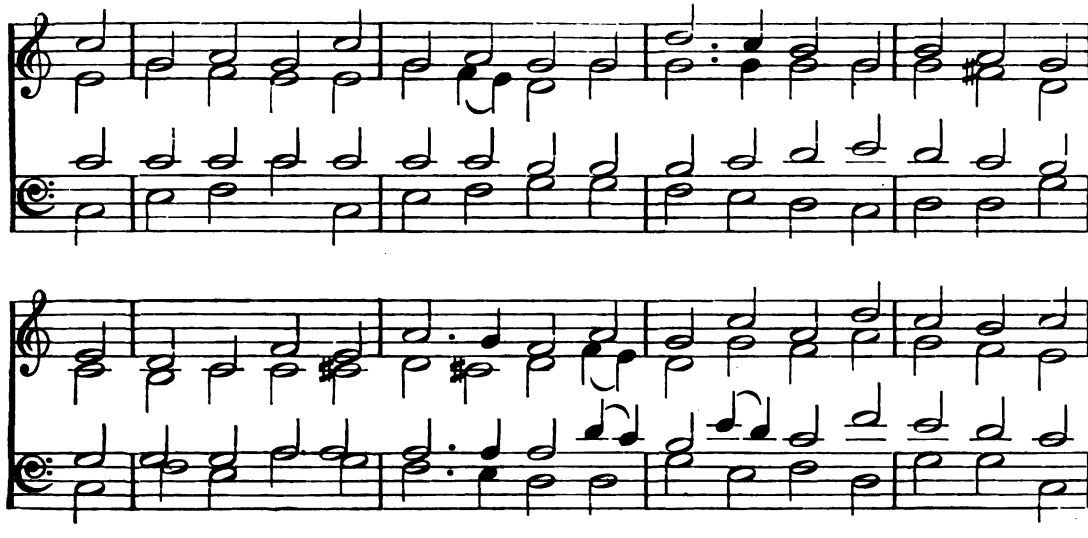
WINSCOTT. FIRST TUNE. S. S. WESLEY.

'I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.'

m LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

mf 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

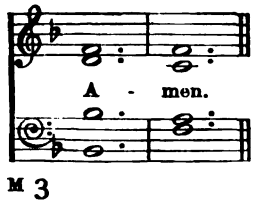
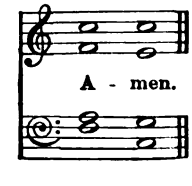
255

LAMBOURNE. SECOND TUNE. G. C. MARTIN.

m 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

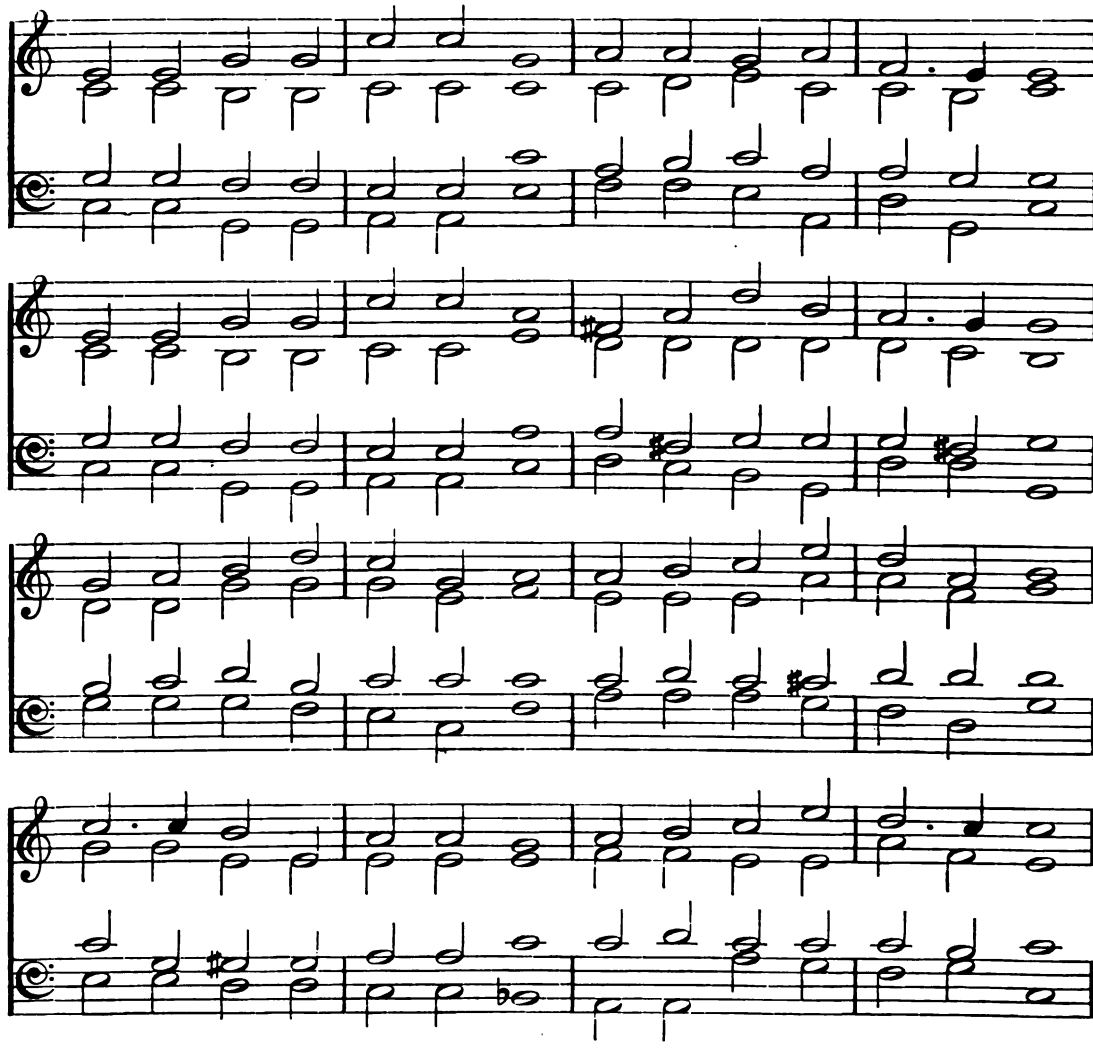
mp 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

mf 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

m 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
c Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

256

FIRST TUNE.

CULFORD. **E. J. HOPKINS.**

'I beseech you, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.'

m

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

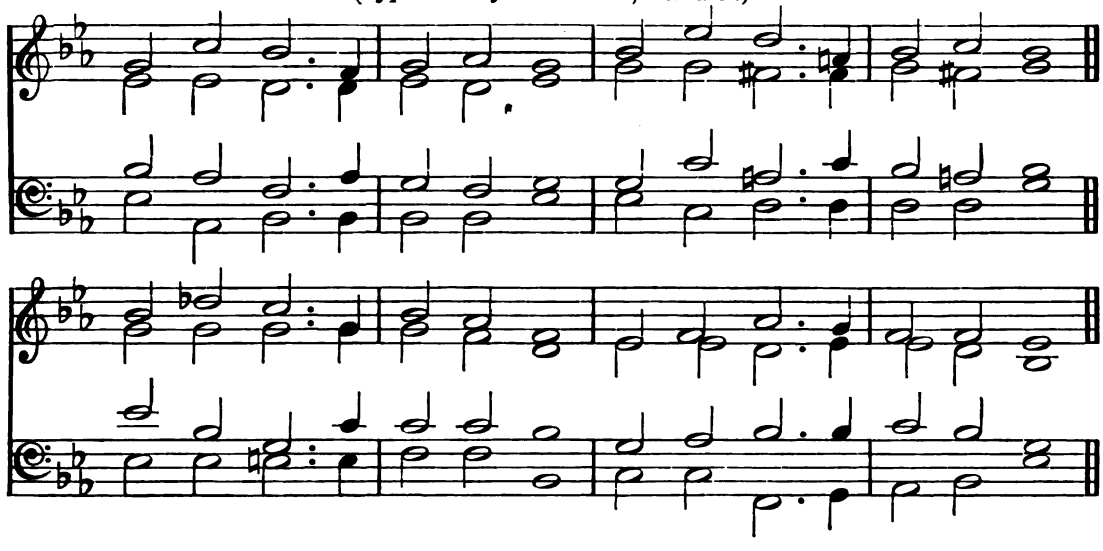
2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

256

SECOND TUNE.

CONSECRATION.

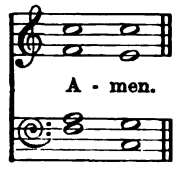
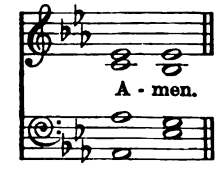
(*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

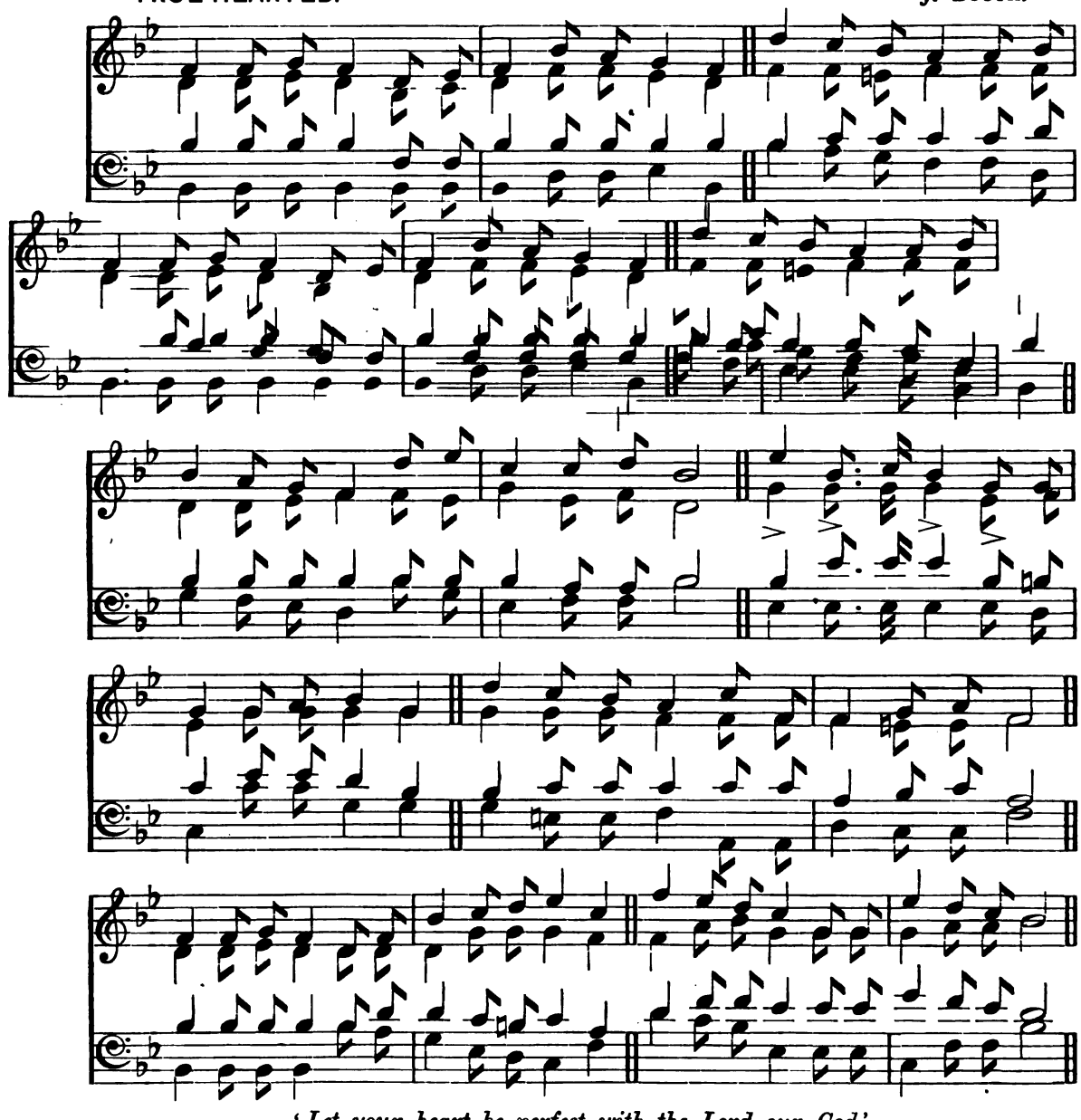
G. M. GARRETT.

mf 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

m 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
mf Take my heart—it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

m 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
f Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

257

TRUE-HEARTED. J. Booth.

'Let your heart be perfect with the Lord our God.'

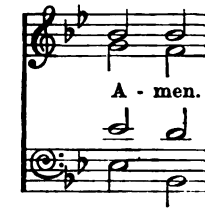
mf TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

f *Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,*
Song of our spirits rejoicing and free:
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

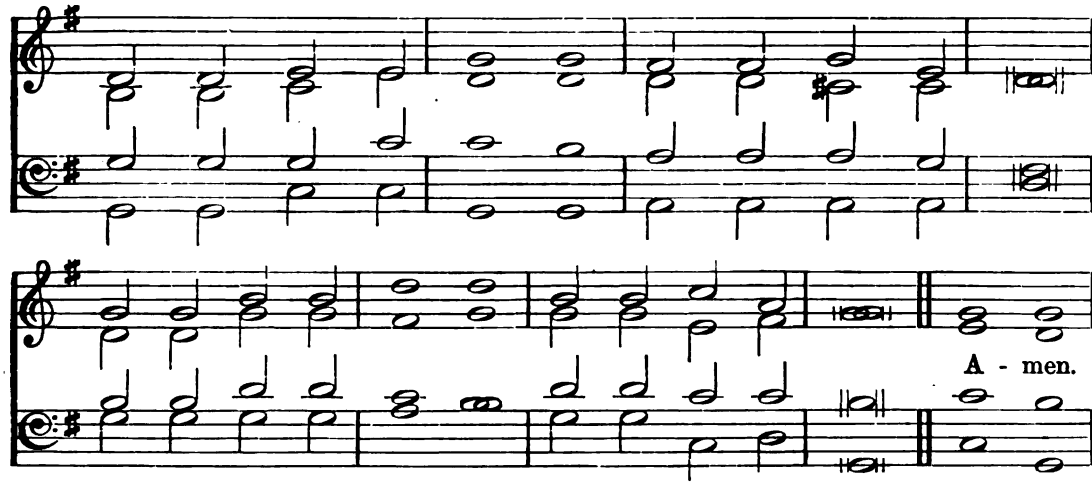
mf 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King,
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

mp 3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous; yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

mf 4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.



258

NORTH COATES. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) T. R. MATTHEWS.

'Always abounding in the work of the Lord.'

m CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Laboured, wearied, suffered,
Died upon the tree.

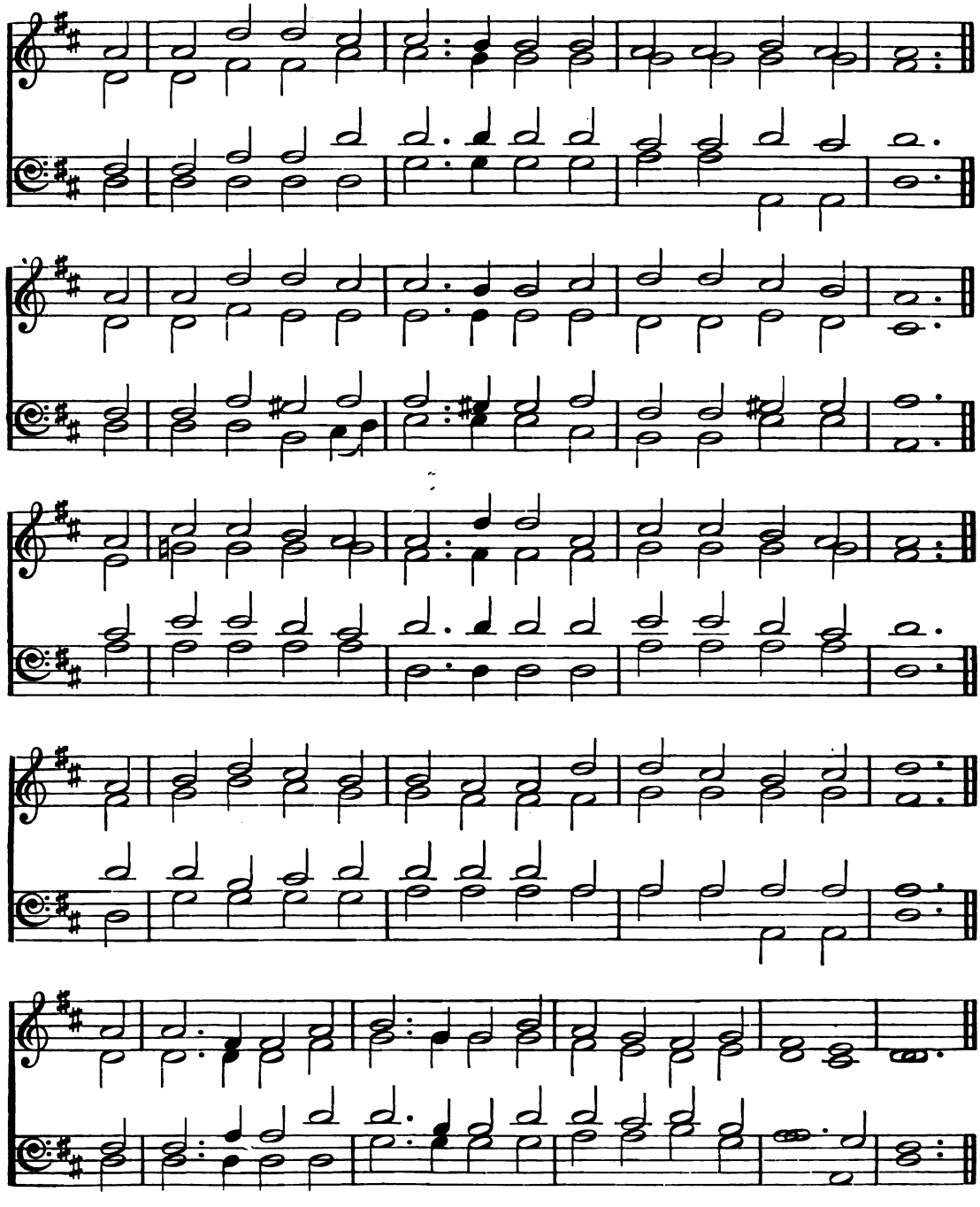
mf 2 Work, with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

m 3 Work, with heart that burneth
Humbly at His feet
Priceless gems to offer
For His crown made meet.

4 Work, with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

5 Work, while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
c Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

259

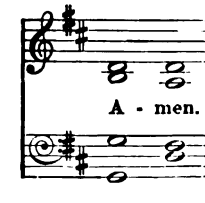
GUILD. A. L. PEACE.

'We will serve the Lord.'

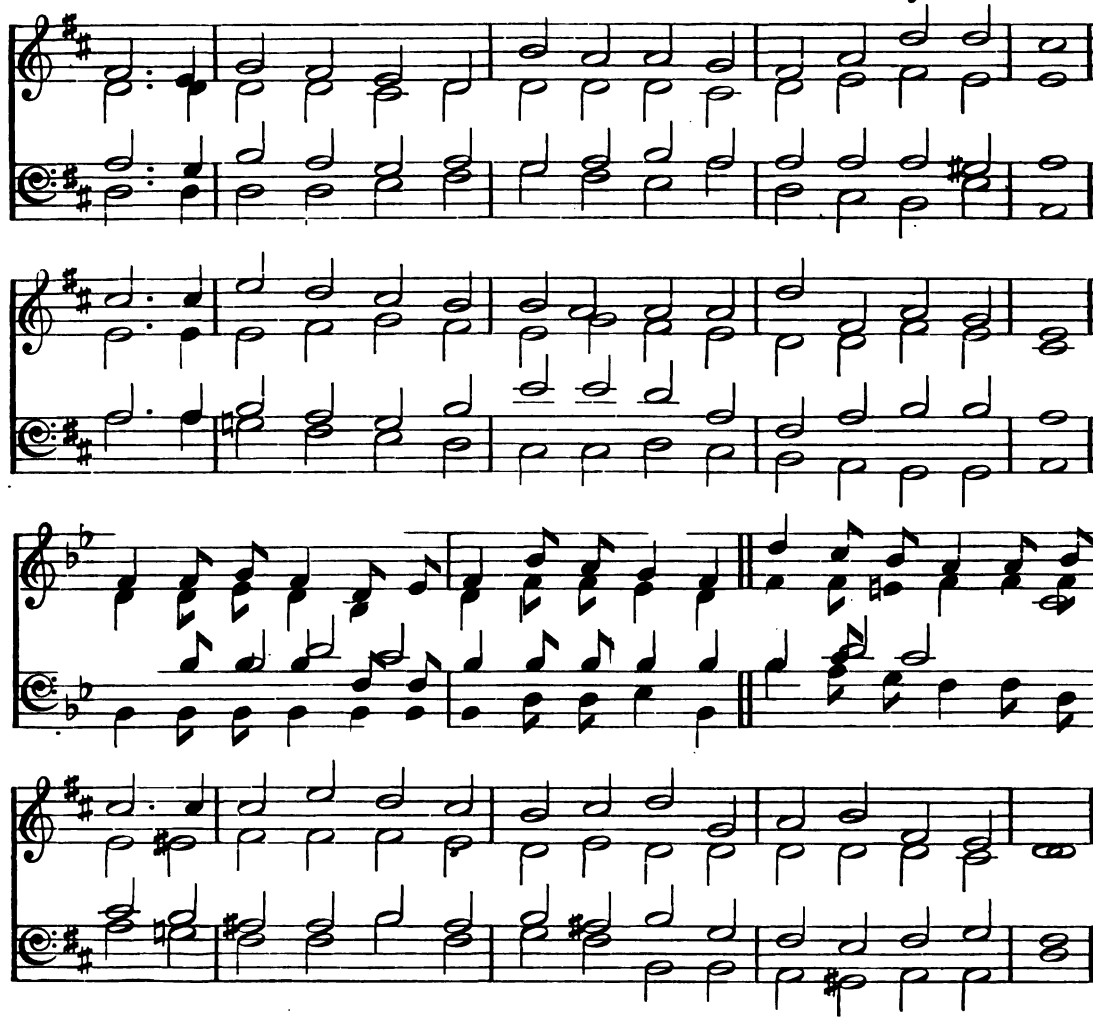
m BELIEVING fathers oft have told
What things by God were done,
When faithful men in days of old
Their lifelong battle won;
mf And now when God calls us to life,
And Satan tempts each man,
We choose our side in the mortal strife
To fight as best we can,—
f Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith and serve one Lord.

mf 2 Our King has come to claim His own,
m Has paid the debt we owe,
Himself has fought the fight alone,
In straits we cannot know.
Amid the world's confused noise,
Where we but darkly see,
The Christ appeals, with sweet, clear voice,
mf 'My brothers, follow Me,'—
Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith, to serve one Lord.

3 His Church our shelter, He our Guide,
Our strength His healing cross,
We range ourselves upon His side,
Where none can suffer loss.
We 're safe behind our Saviour's shield;
He makes us heirs of heaven;
We claim upon the embattled field
The victory Christ has given,—
f Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith and serve one Lord.

mp 4 And yet, O Christ, our Saviour King,
Unless Thou keep us Thine,
Our faith will soon dry at the spring,
Our love will shrink and pine.
m So by Thy Spirit mould us, Lord;
Inspire our hearts to pray;
Our hungry souls feed with Thy word,
Teach all our guild to say,
mf 'True brothers we, of one accord,
We hold one faith, we serve one Lord.'

5 We fain would do our Master's part,
And help our fellow-men,
Would cheer some lonely brother's heart,
Some lost one bring again,
Would serve the Church abroad, at home,
With hearts from self set free,
Striving to make Thy kingdom come.
O God, so may it be,
f That, brothers true, with one accord
We hold the faith and serve the Lord!

260

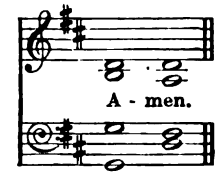
SONS OF LABOUR. **J. STAINER.**

'Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.'

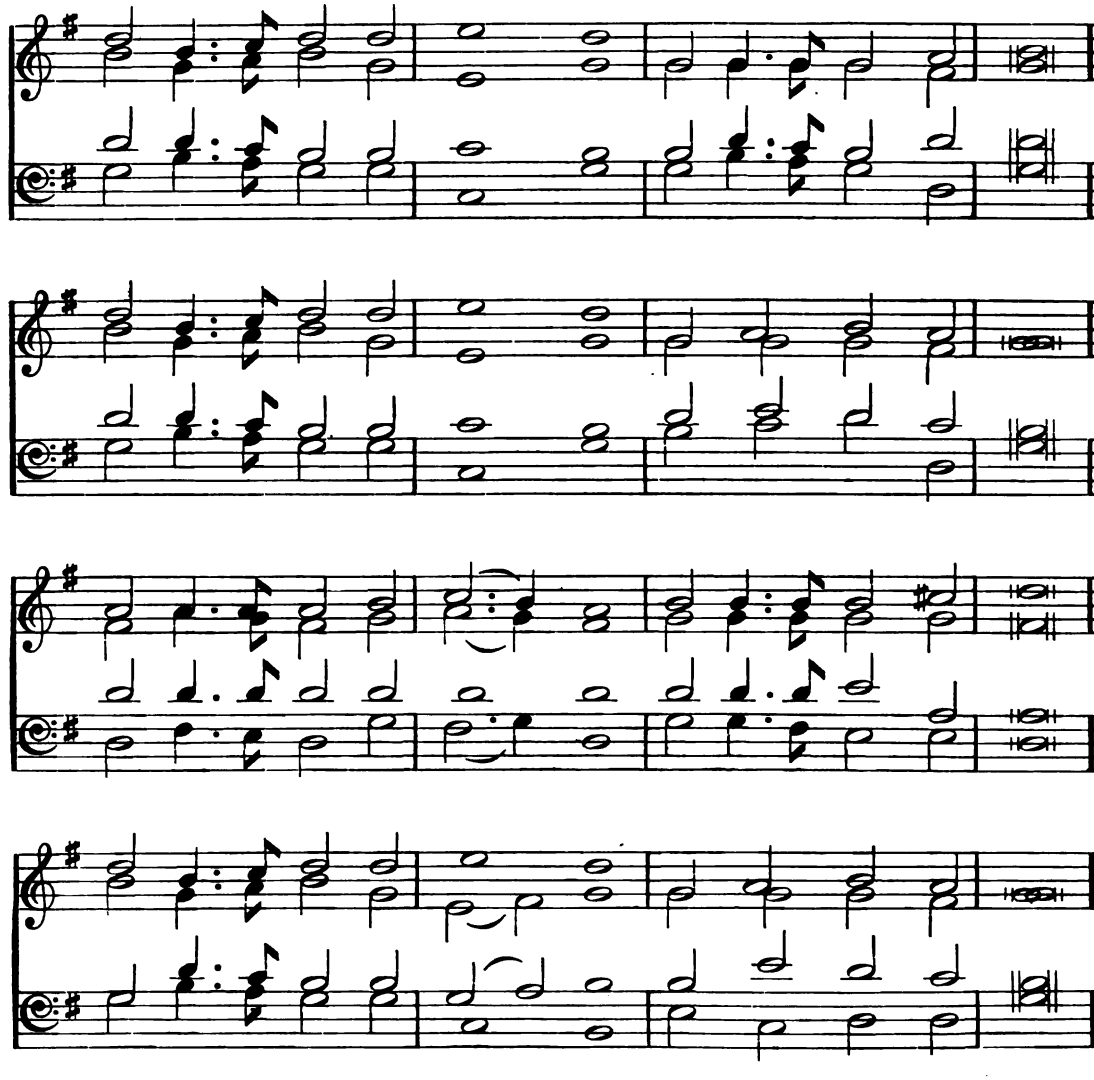
mf SONS of labour, dear to Jesus,
To your homes and work again!
Go with brave hearts back to duty,
Face the peril, bear the pain;
m Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,
Yet remember by your bed
mp That the Son of God most holy
Had not where to lay His head.

m 2 Sons of labour, pray to Jesus;
mp O how Jesus prayed for you,
In the moonlight, on the mountain
Where the shimmering olives grew!
m When you rise up at the dawning,
Ere to toil you wend your way,
Pray, as He prayed, in the morning,
Long before the break of day.

3 Sons of labour, be like Jesus,
Undefilèd, chaste, and pure,
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,
By His grace you shall endure.
Husband, father, son, and brother,
Be ye gentle, just, and true,
Be ye kind to one another,
As the Lord is kind to you.

mp 4 Sons of labour, go to Jesus
In your sorrow, shame, and loss;
He is nearest, you are dearest,
When you bravely bear His cross;
m Go to Him who died to save you,
And is still the sinner's Friend,
And the great love which forgave you
Will forgive you to the end.

mf 5 Sons of labour, live for Jesus;
Be your work your worship too;
In His name, and to His glory,
Do whate'er you find to do,
Till this night of sin and sorrow
Be for ever overpassed,
And we see the golden morrow,
Home with Jesus, home at last.

261

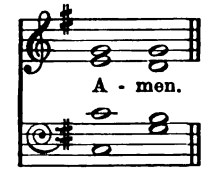
DILIGENCE. L. MASON.

'*The night cometh, when no man can work.*'

mf WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
d Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

mf 2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
d Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

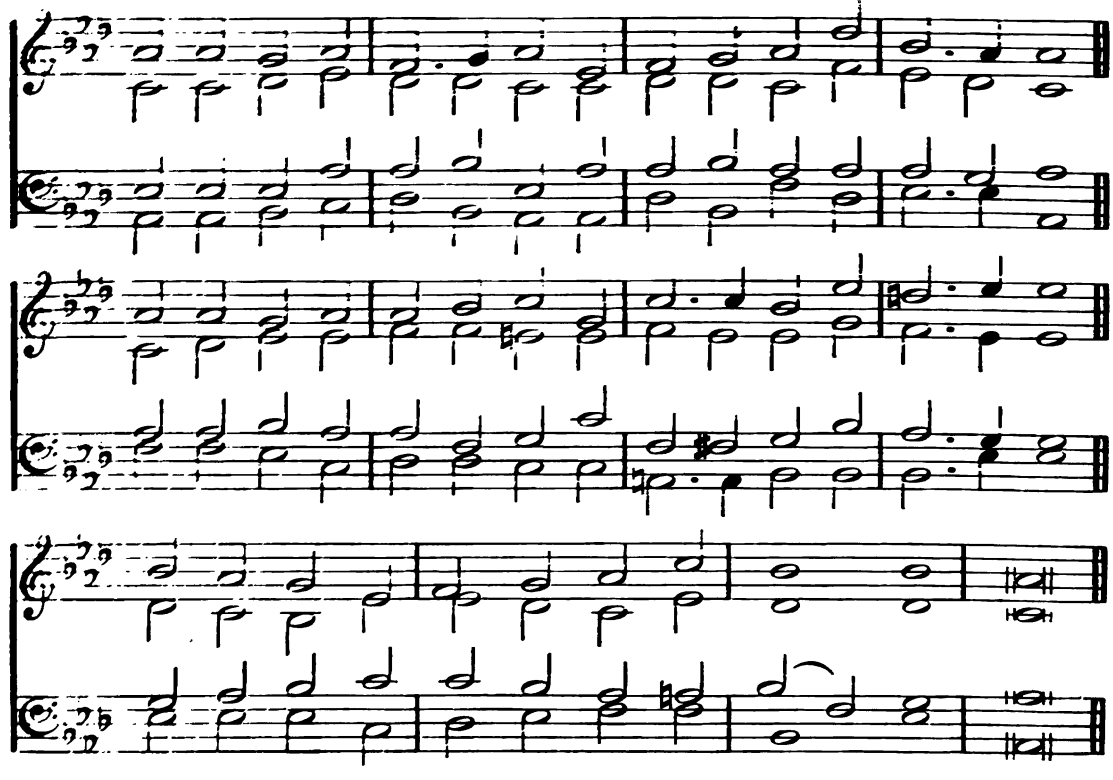
mf 3 Work, for the night is coming!
m Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
d Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.



Also the following:

115 Ye servants of the Lord.
118 Hark! 't is the watchman's cry.
432 Soldiers of the cross, arise.
433 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying.
38–56 Hymns on Our Lord's Life and Example.
421–428 Hymns of Beneficence.
443–453 Hymns of the Christian Ministry.

262

ST. RAPHAEL FIRST TUNE. **E. J. HOPKINS.**

'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'

mp JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

m 2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mp 3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

mp 4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

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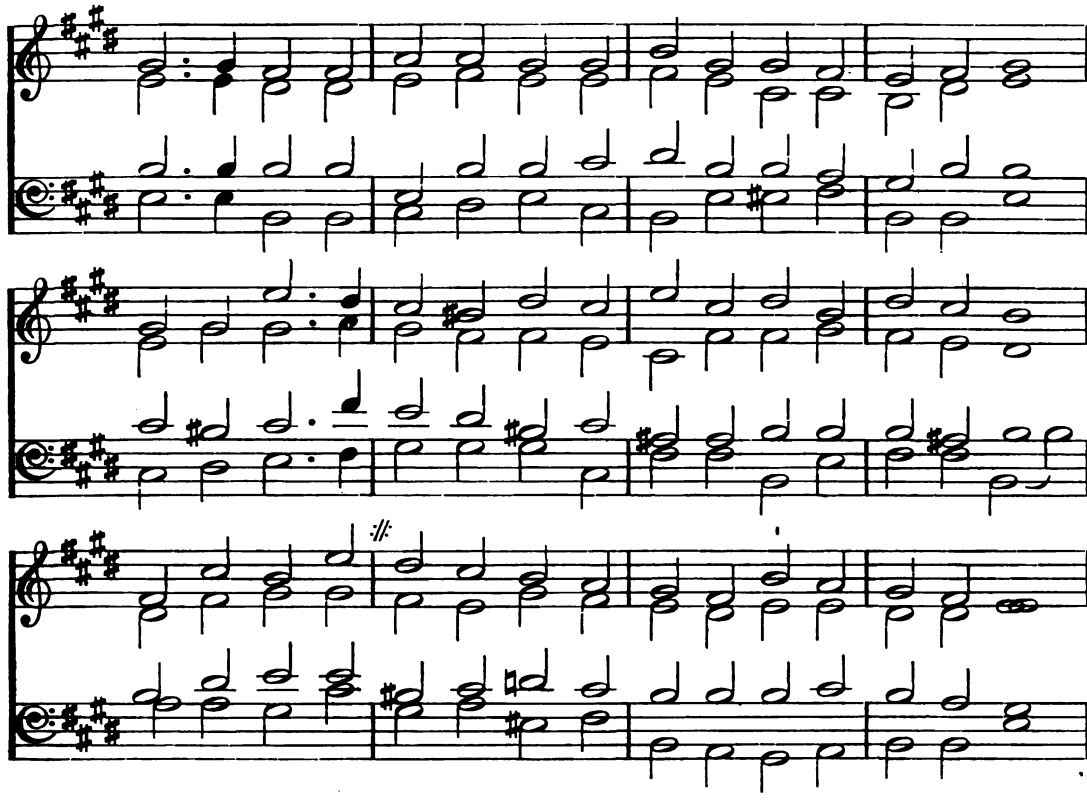
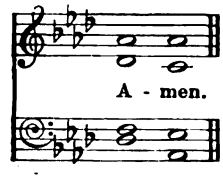
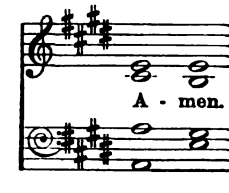
LITANY. SECOND TUNE. W. NEWPORT.

m 5 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

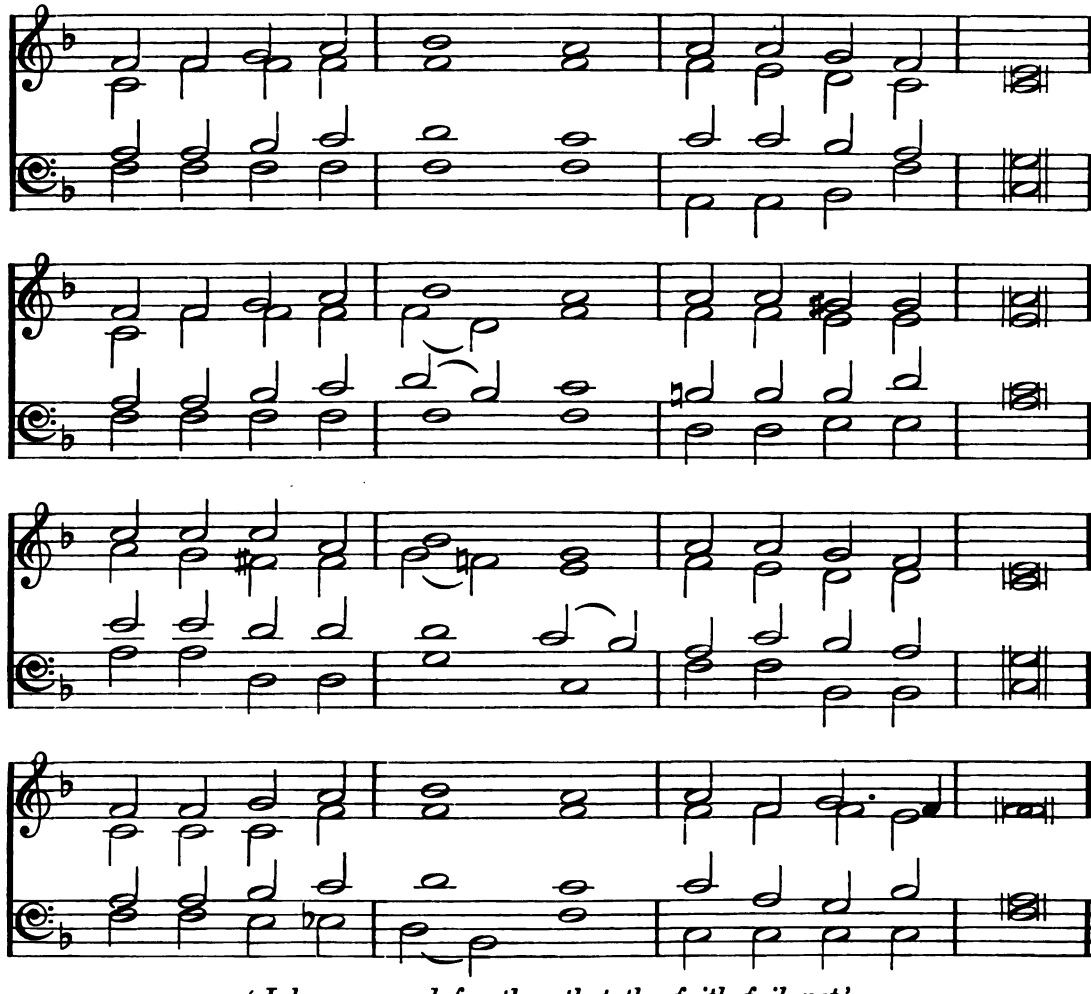
mp 6 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

pp 7 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
c May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
p By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

FIRST TUNE.



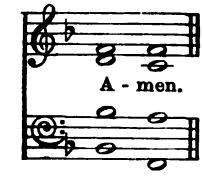
SECOND TUNE.

263

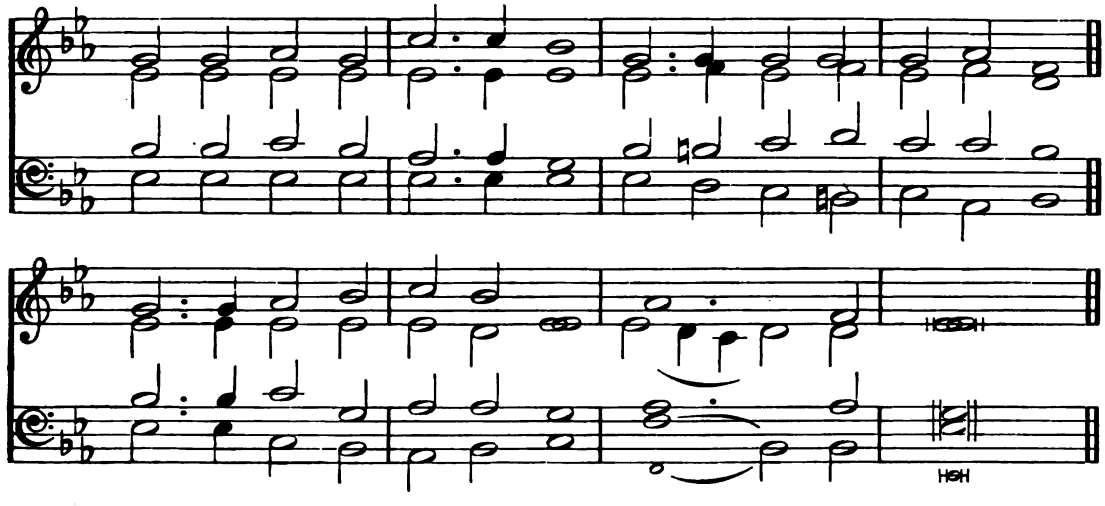
ST. MARY MAGDALENE. J. B. DYKES.

'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.'

mp IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

m 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,—
mp Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
p Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

mp 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

p 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
c While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
m On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

264

VIGILATE. W. H. MONK.

'Watch and pray.'

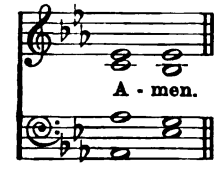
mf CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say,
mp 'Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.'

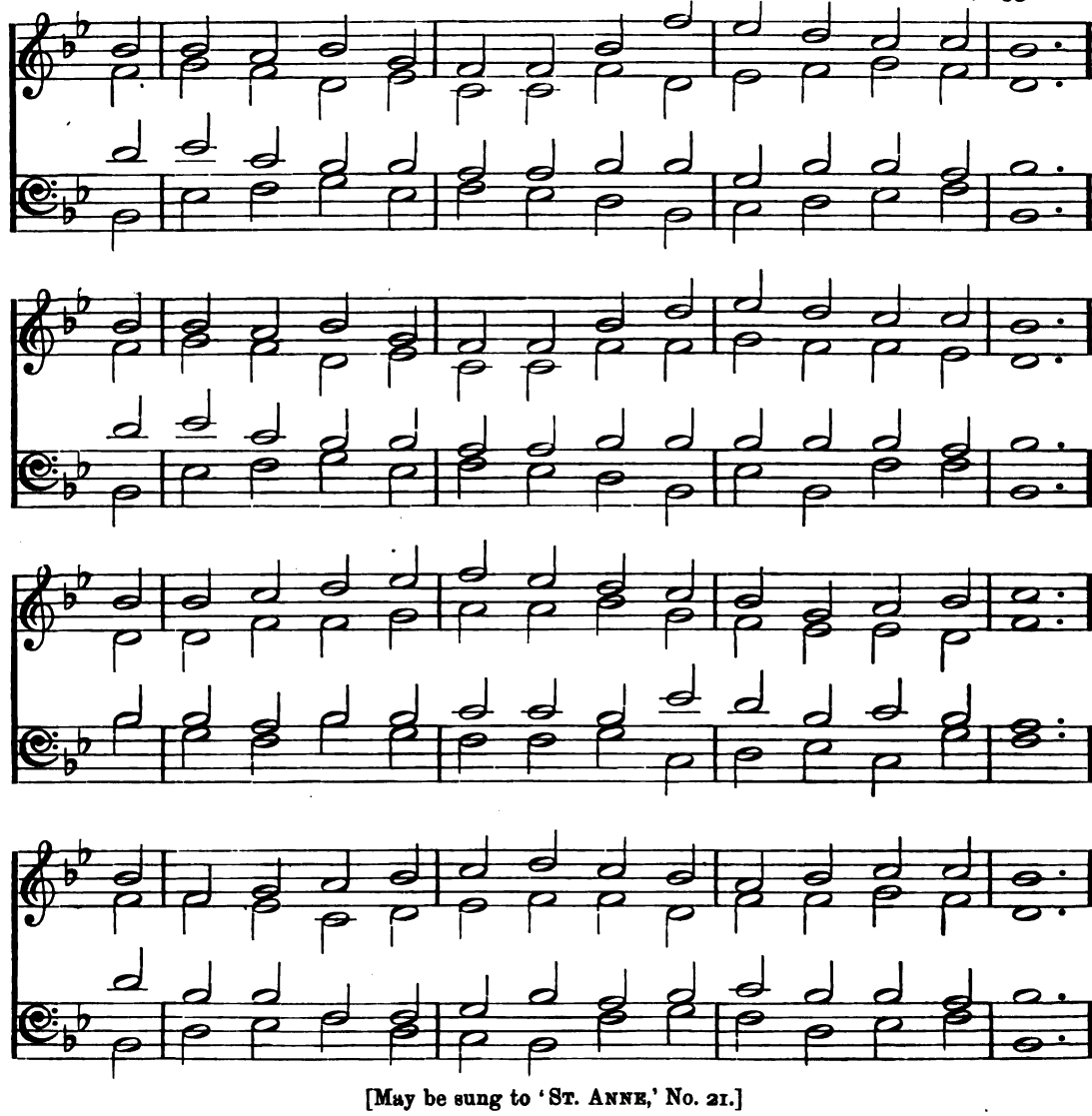
2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

m 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
mp 'Watch and pray.'

m 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

mf 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

265

OLD 44TH. ANGLO-GENEVAN PSALTER, 1556.

[May be sung to 'ST. ANNE,' No. 21.]

'They overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.'

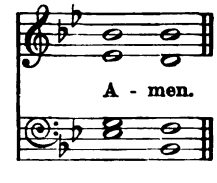
mf THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

m Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
mf . He follows in His train.

m 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
mp Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
mf Who follows in his train?

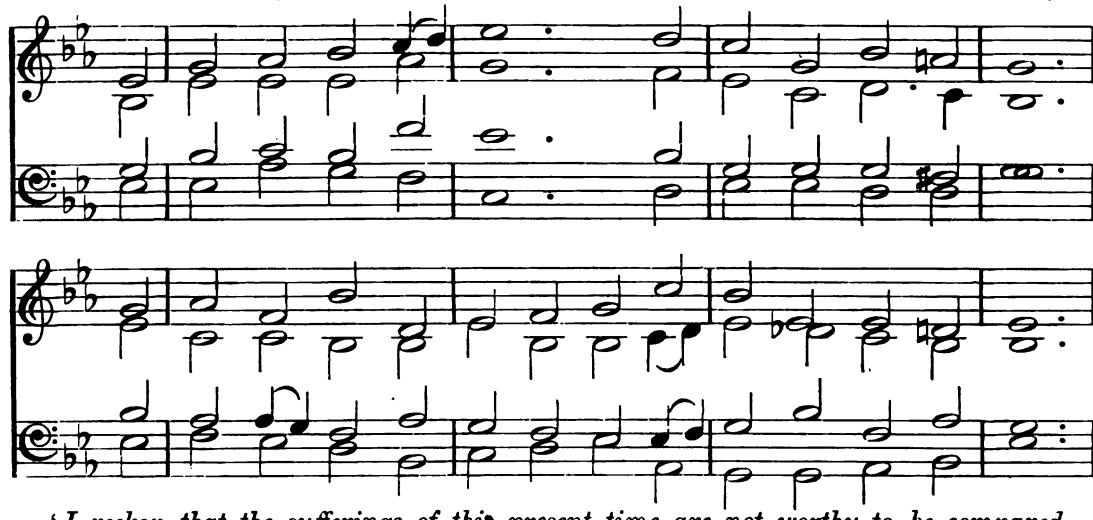
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
d They bowed their necks the death to feel:
m Who follows in their train?

mf 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
m They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
mp O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.



266

BEN RHYDDING. A. R. REINAGLE.



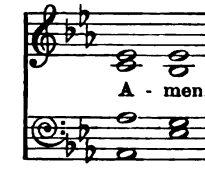
'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'

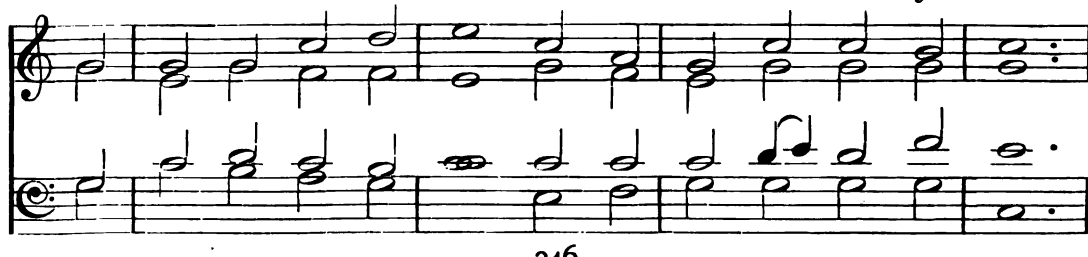
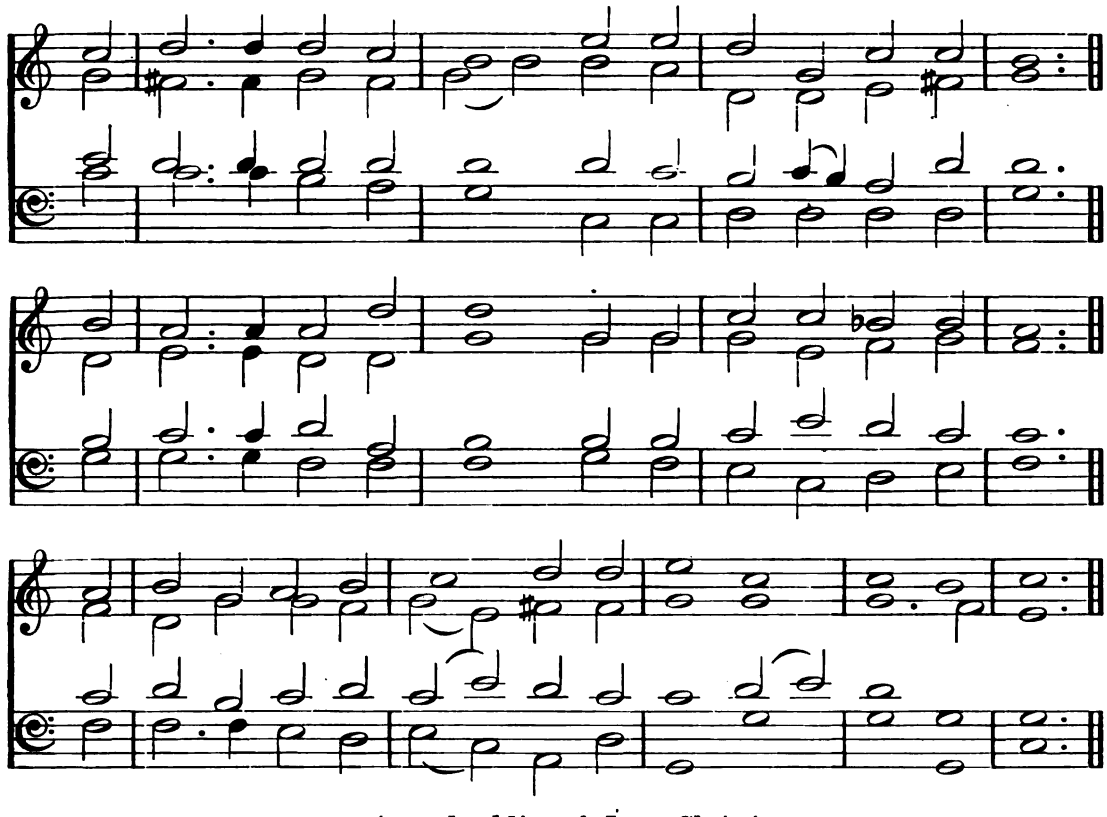
m O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
mf Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

mp 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

mf 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

m 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

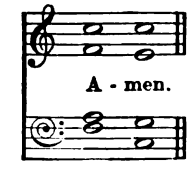
5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
c And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

267

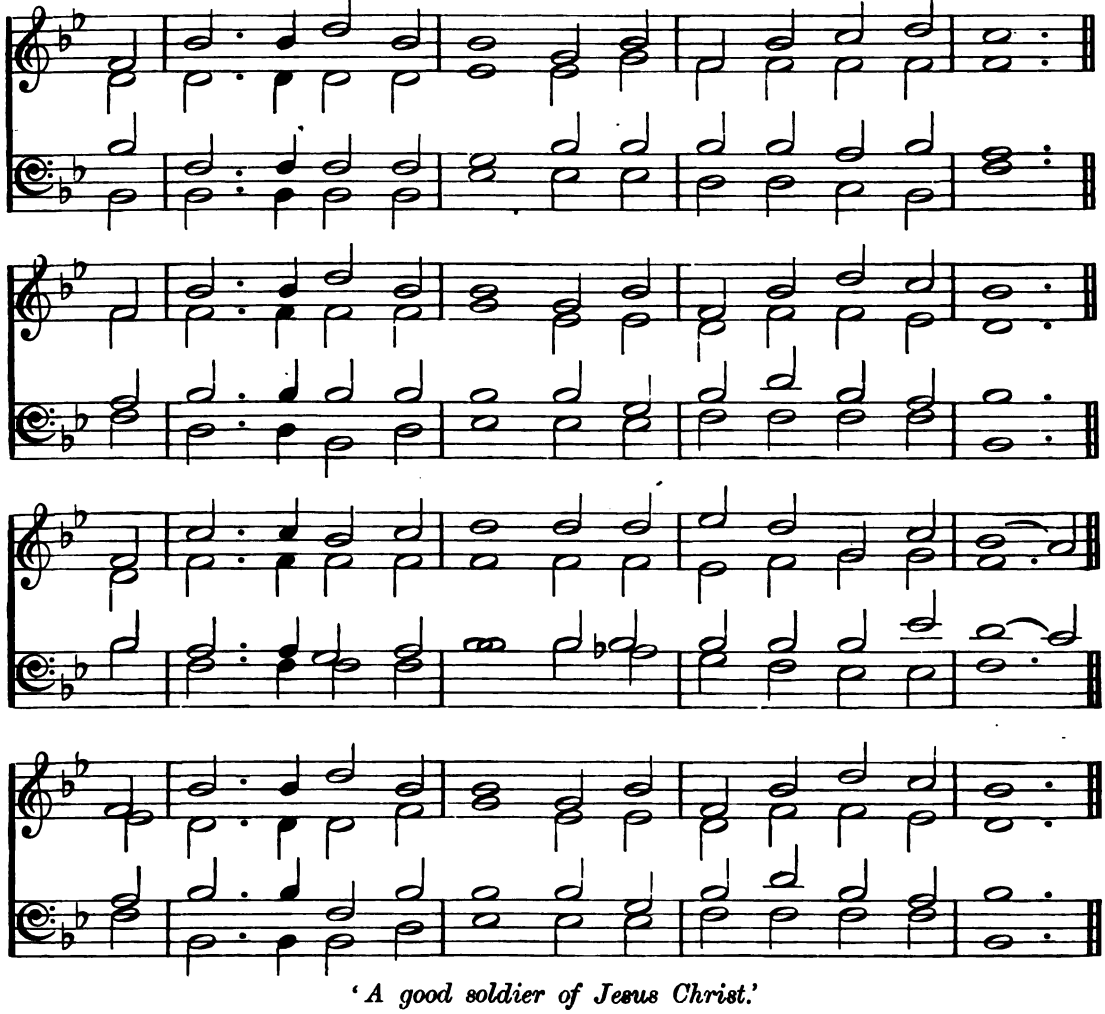
STAND UP FOR JESUS. FIRST TUNE. J. BARNBY.

'A good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

mf STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
f From victory to victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

mf 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
mp The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
m Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

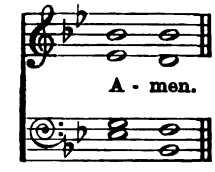
mf 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
m The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
mf The next the victor's song.
f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

267

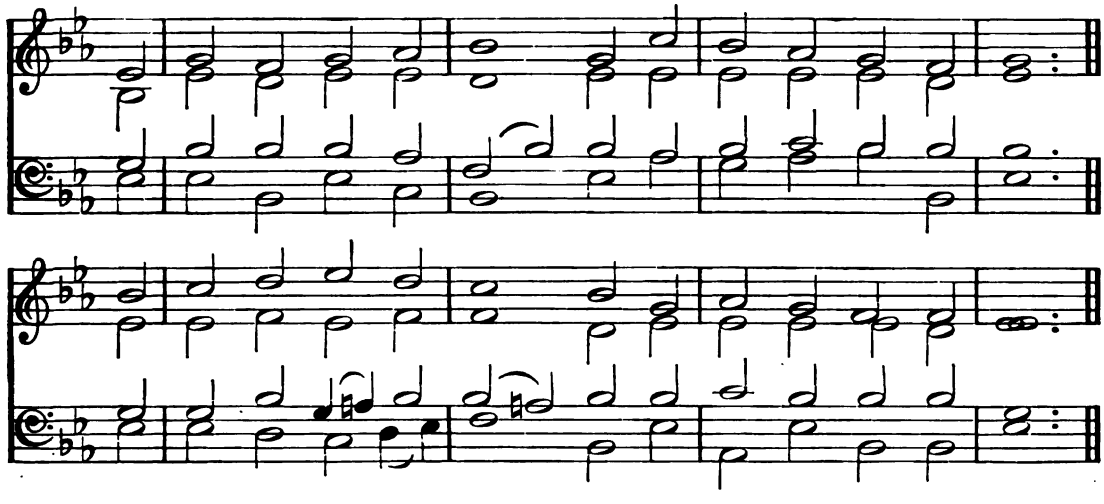
MORNING LIGHT. SECOND TUNE. **G. J. WEBB.**

'A good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

mf STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
f From victory to victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

mf 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
mp The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
m Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

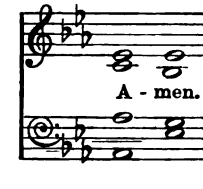
mf 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
m The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
mf The next the victor's song.
f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

268

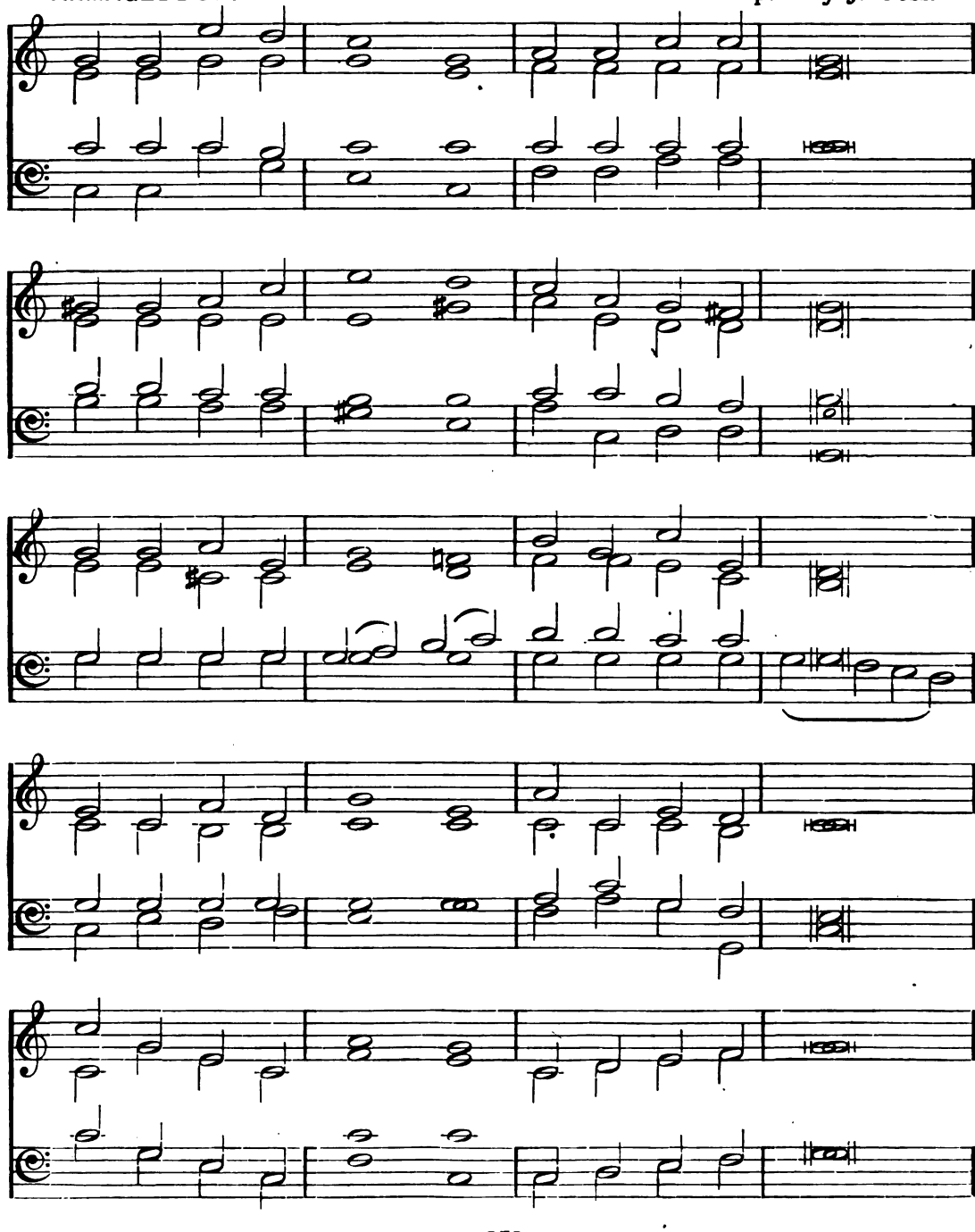
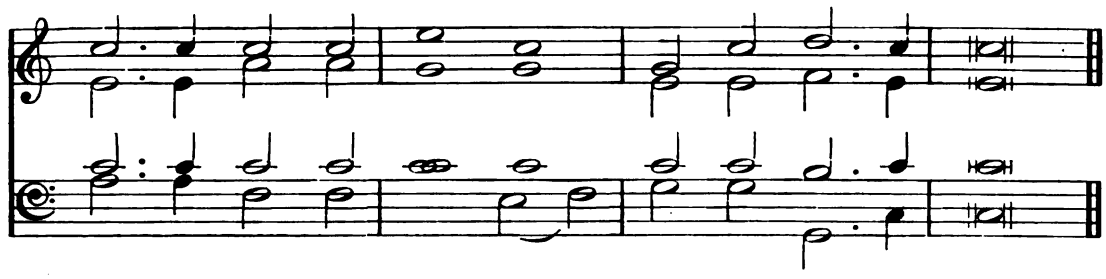
BREMEN. **M. VULPIUS.**

'The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'

mf GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

m 3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

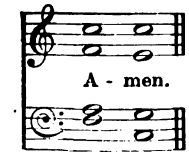
mf 4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

269

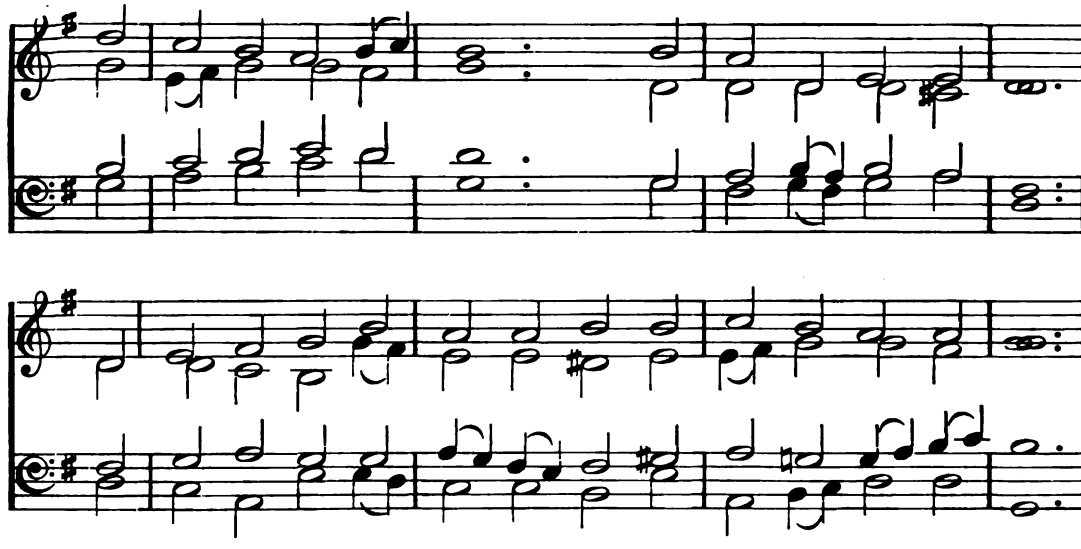
ARMAGEDDON. Adapted by J. Goss.

'Who is on the Lord's side?'

mf WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
f By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

m 2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
mf With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

m 3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
mf But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
f Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

m 4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
mf In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

270

ST. ETHELWALD. W. H. MONK.

'Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.'

mf SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

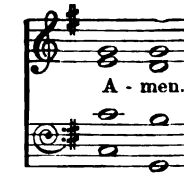
2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

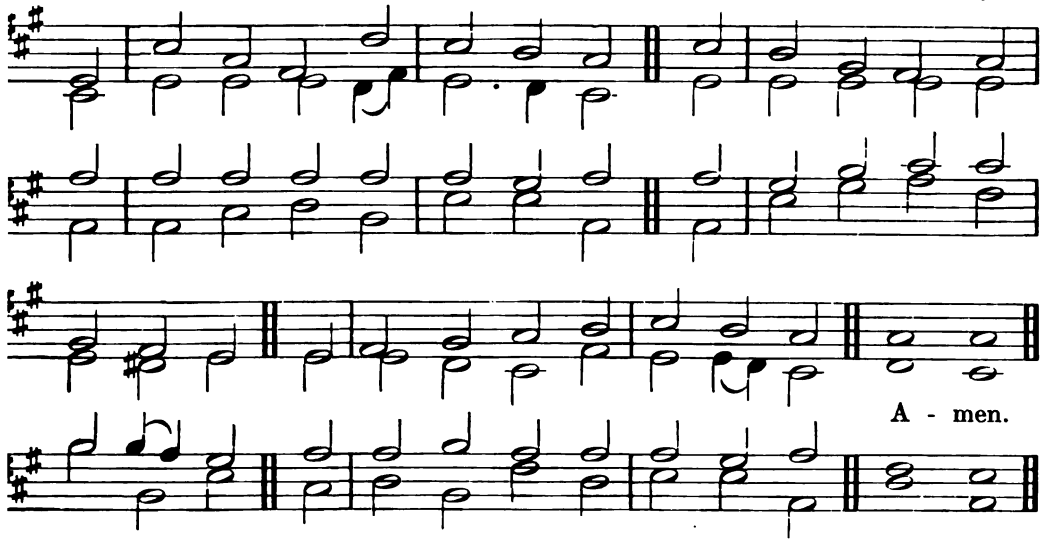
4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day,—

6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
f Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.



271

DELHI. E. F. RIMBAULT.

'Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil?'

mf WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

f 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

mp 3 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
mf My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

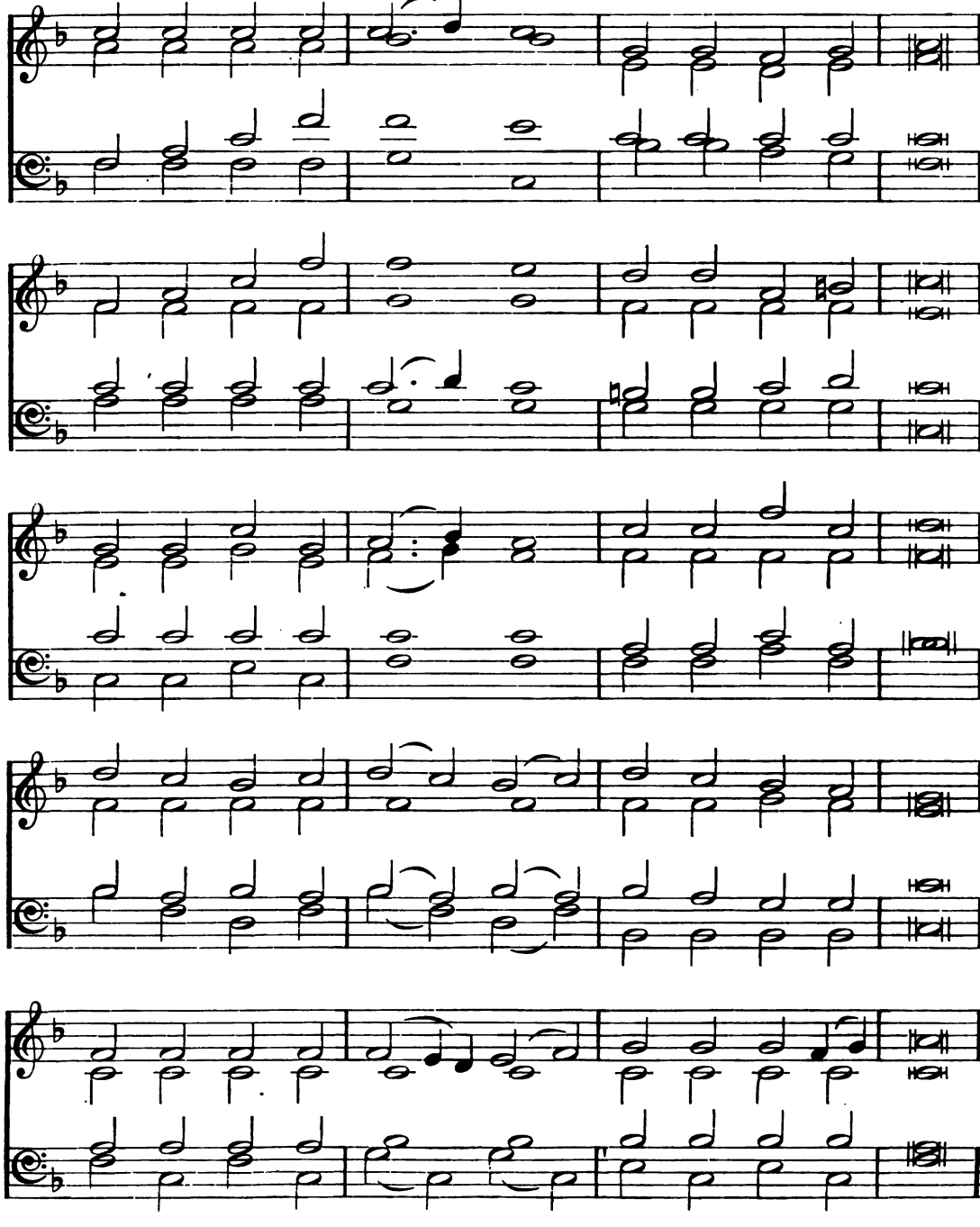
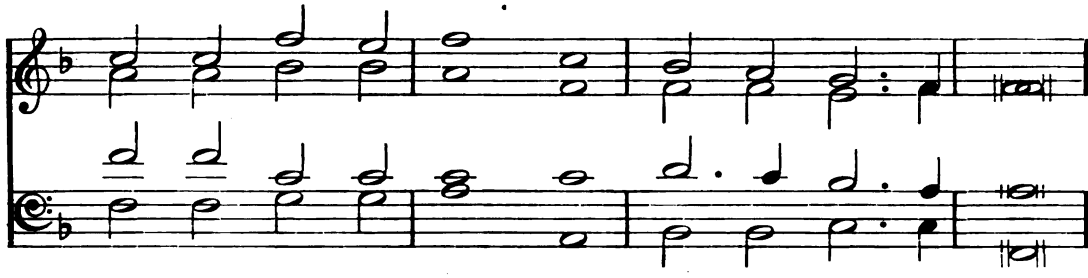
m 4 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
mf But Jesus knows, and will provide.

mp 5 Though sin would fill me with distress,
m The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

mp 6 Though faint my prayers and cold my love,
m My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

mp 7 Against me earth and hell combine,
f But on my side is power Divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

272

ST. GERTRUDE. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* **A. S. SULLIVAN.**

'Be strong and of a good courage . . and the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee.'

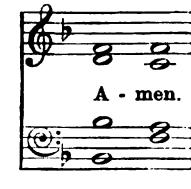
mf ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.
f *Onward! Christian soldiers,*
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

mf 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

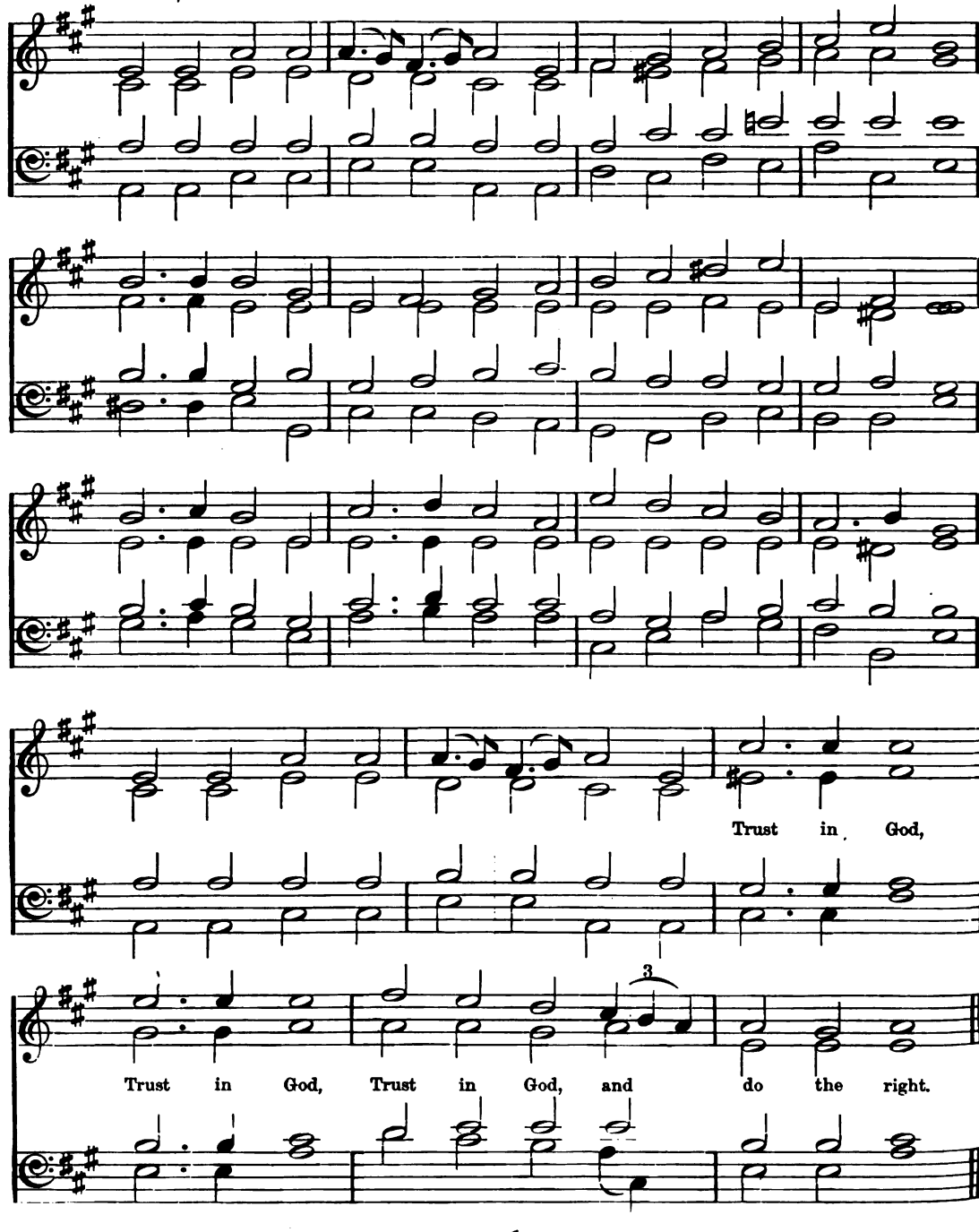
m 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

mp 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
m But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

mf 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song,
ff 'Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!'
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.



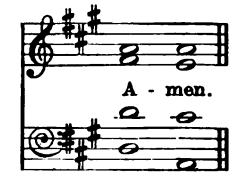
273.

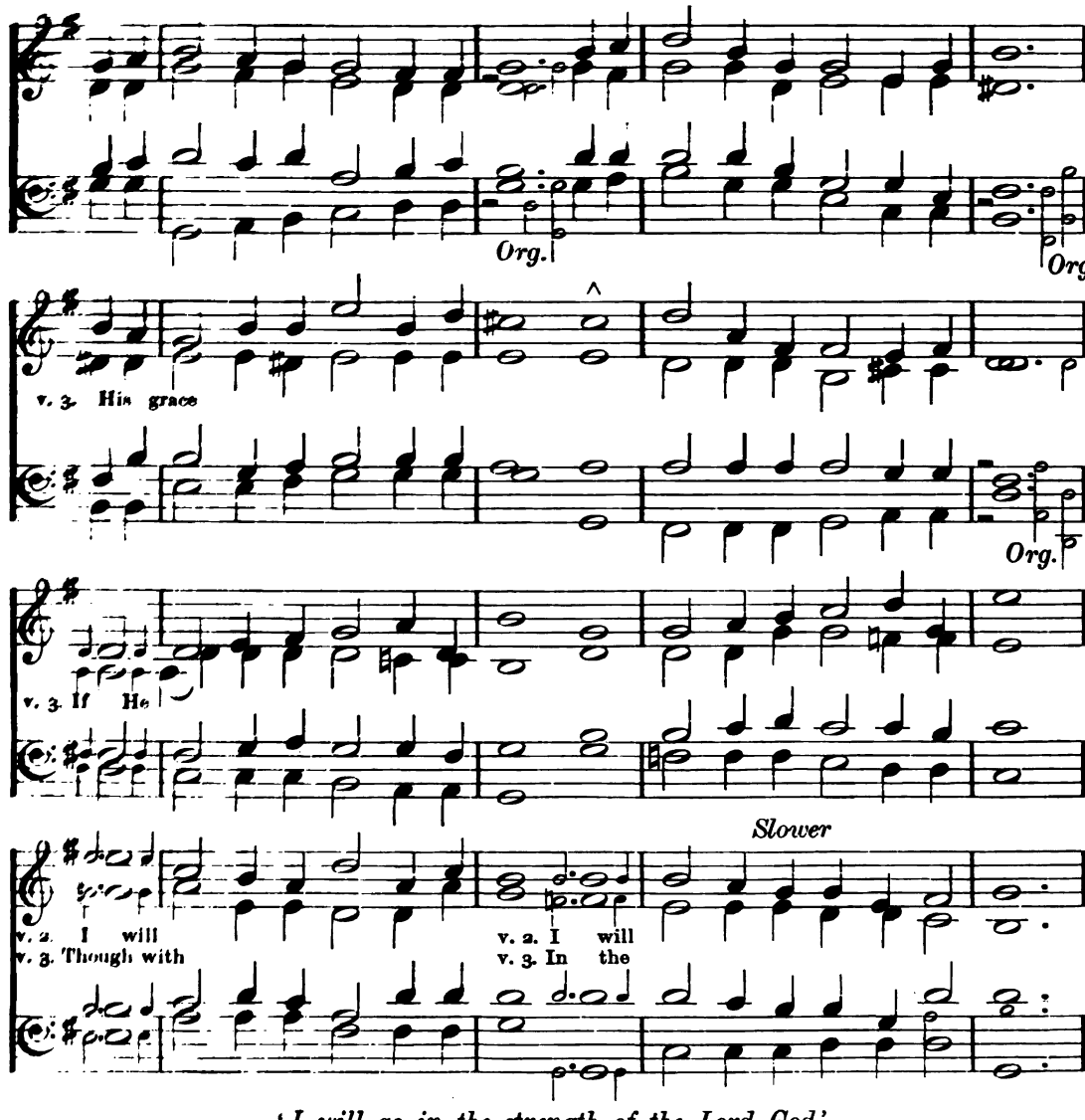
COURAGE, BROTHER. **A. S. SULLIVAN.**

'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.'

mf COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
'Trust in God, and do the right.'
m Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
mf Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
m Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
f But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

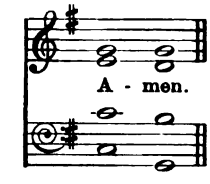
m 3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
f Trust in God, and do the right.
m Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
mf Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.

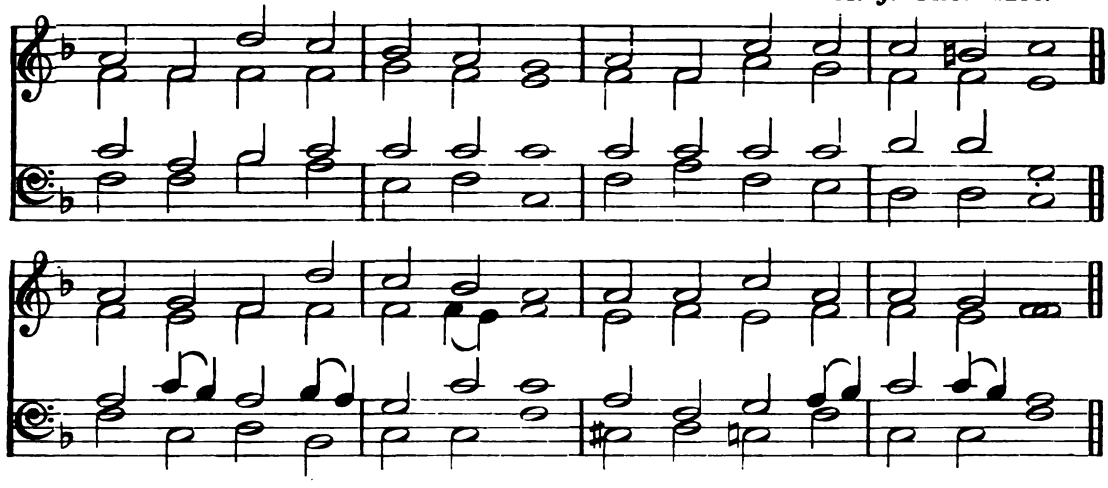
m 4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.
mf Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
f 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

274

GIRTFORD. G. M. GARRETT.

'I will go in the strength of the Lord God.'

1 I WILL go in the strength of the Lord
In the path He hath marked for my feet;
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend;
His fulness my wants shall supply;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.

2 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile shall afford
My soul shall her vigour renew.
His power will protect me from harm,
His grace my sufficiency prove;
I will trust His omnipotent arm,
I will rest in His covenant love.

3 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To each conflict which faith may require;
His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.
mf If He issue the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
Though with sling and with stone in my hand,
In the strength of the Lord I will go.

275

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Fight the good fight of faith.'

m MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

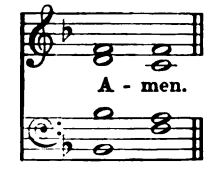
mf 2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
f Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

mf 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

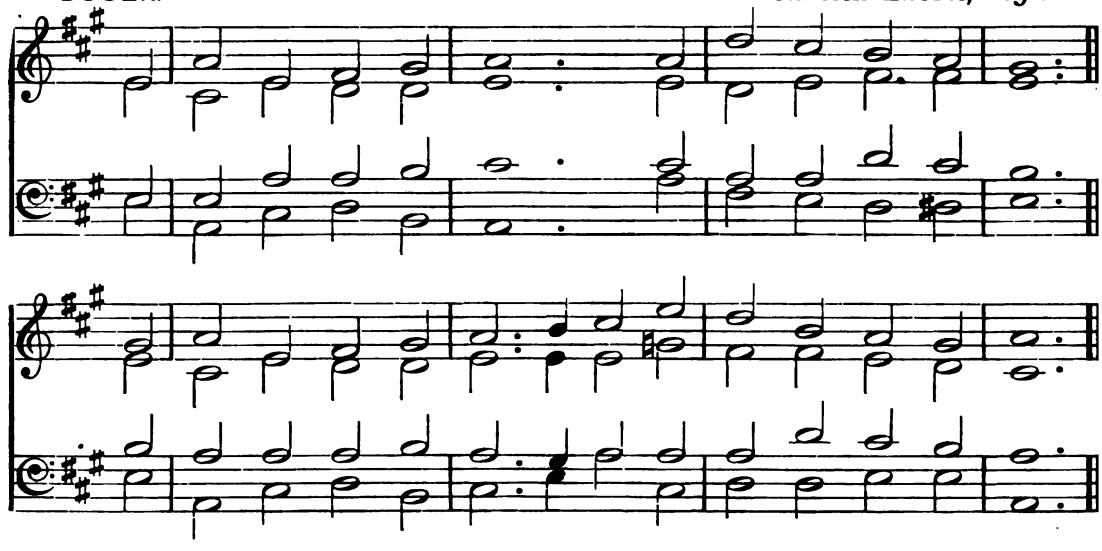
f 6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!



Also the following:

39 Forty days and forty nights.
54 How shall I follow Him I serve.
55 Go to dark Gethsemane.
246 Jesus, I my cross have taken.
248 Jesus! and shall it ever be.
252 O it is hard to work for God.

276

BUCER. CANTICA LAUDIS, 1850.

'Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.'

m YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
mf Loud to the praise of love Divine
Bid every string awake.

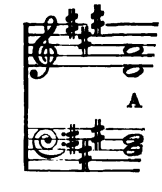
m 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
c And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

mf 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark Divine.

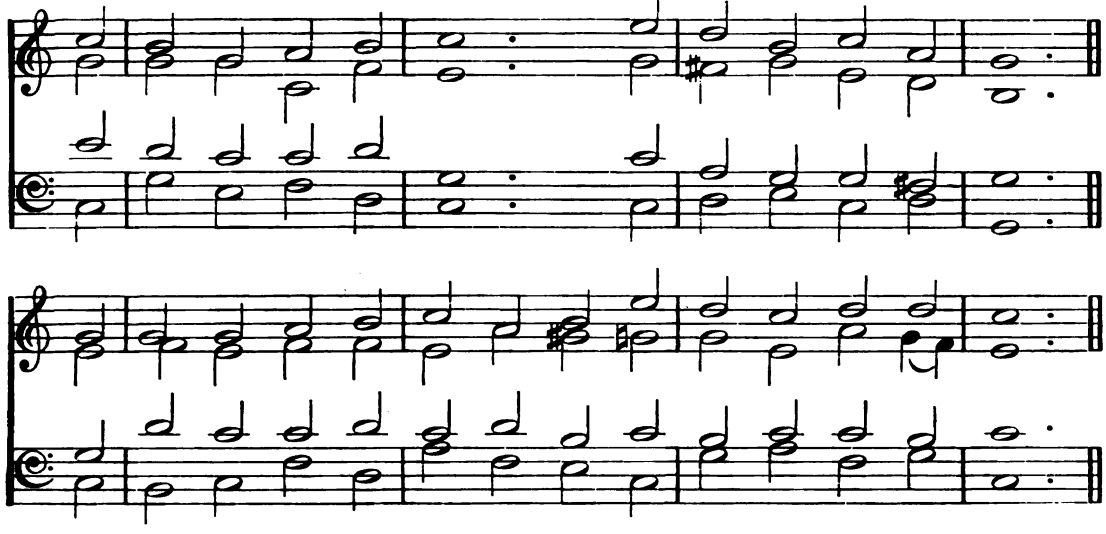
mp 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
m Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

mf 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

m 6 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals His love with power.

f 7 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

277

NARENZA.

COLOGNE GESANGBUCH, 1619.
Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.'

m COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

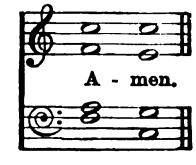
2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet
He shall prepare thy way.

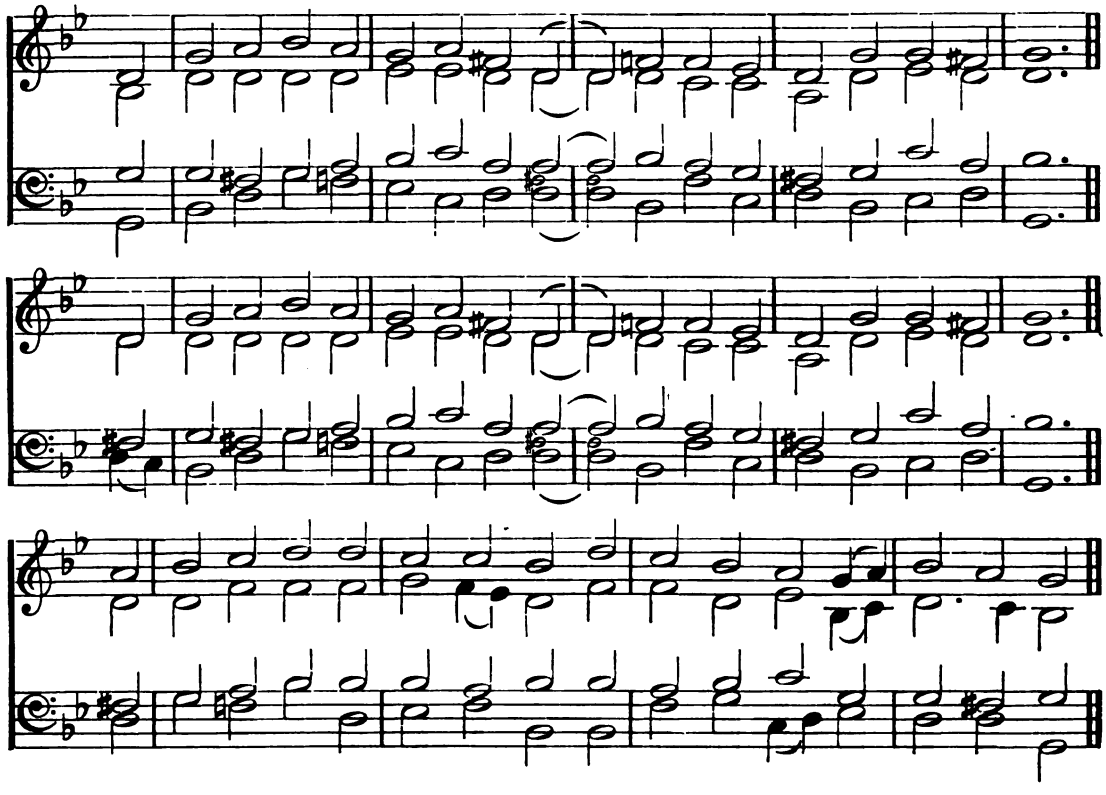
mf 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

m 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

mf 5 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
m God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

mp 6 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
c Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

mf 7 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

278

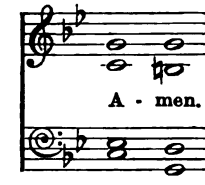
NEUMARK. G. NEUMARK.

'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.'

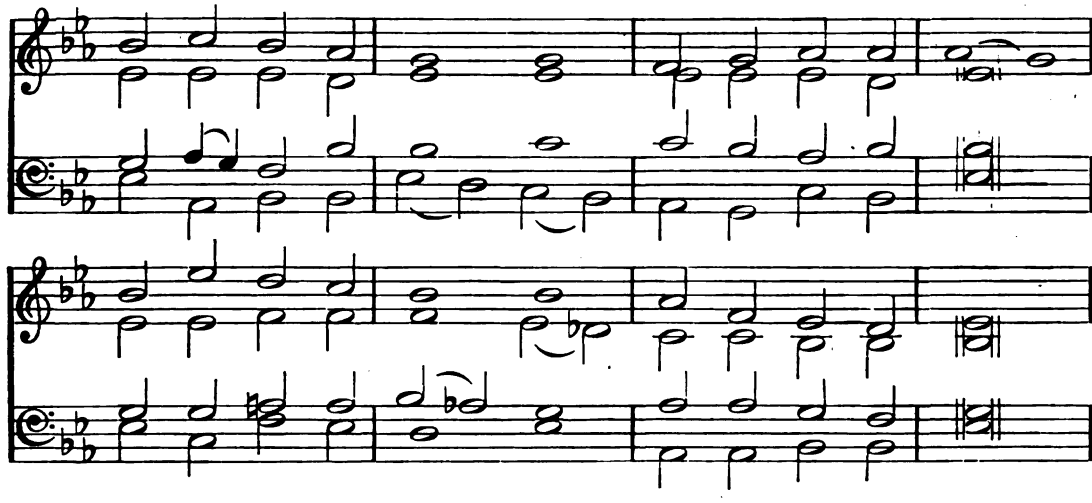
m IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He 'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
mf Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

mp 2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

— 3 Only be still, and wait His leisure

4 All are alike before the Highest;
'T is easy for our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

mf 5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

279

ST. JOHN BAPTIST. O. M. FEILDEN.

'The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow.'

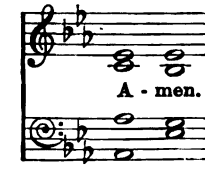
m O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

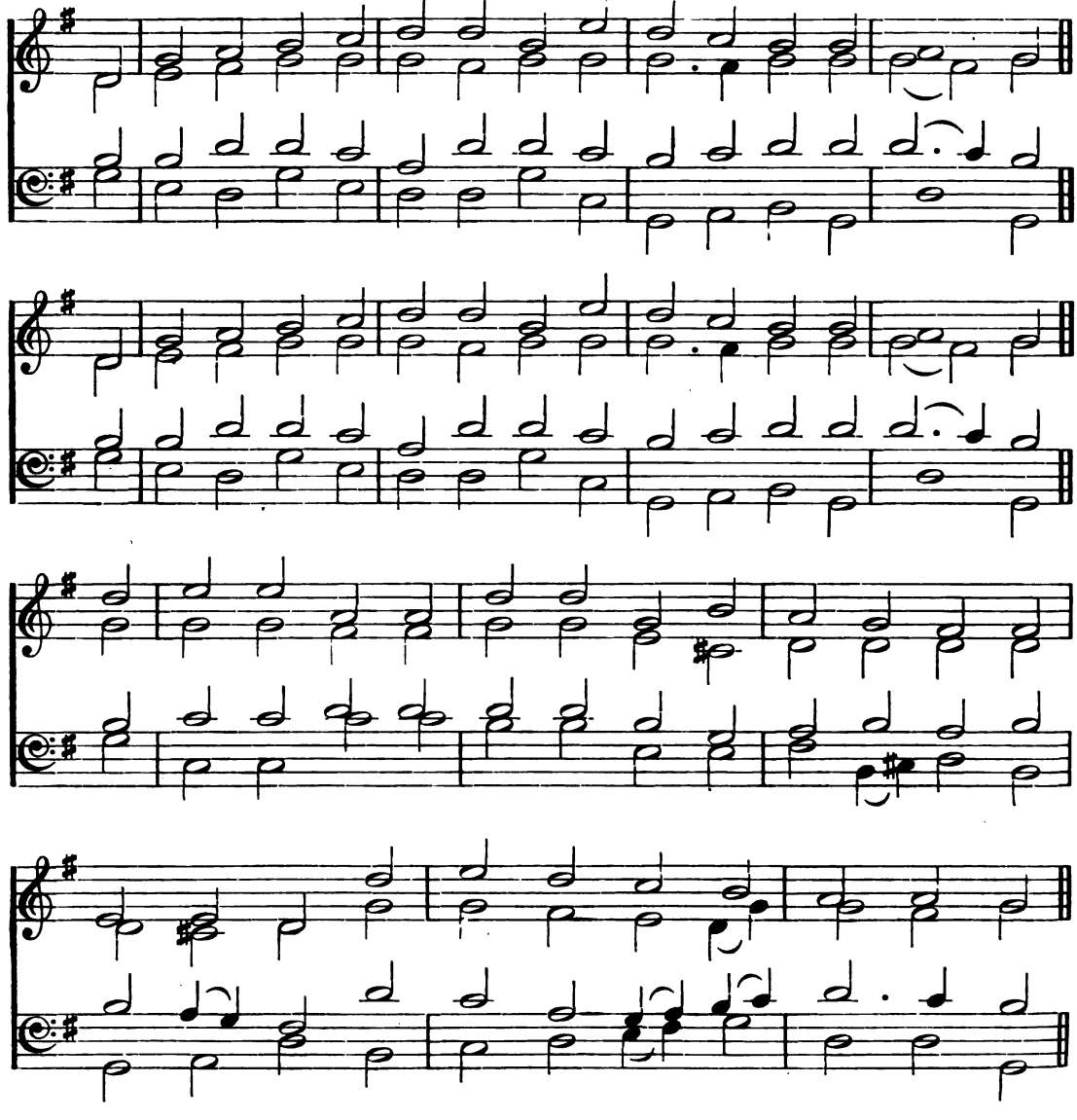
mp 2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
m God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

mp 4 If in grief thou languish,
m He will dry the tear
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

5 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,

mf 6 When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
Fills thee with His love.

280

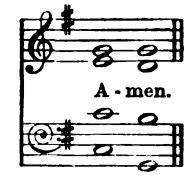
BADEN. WEIMAR GESANGBUCH, 1681.

'All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth.'

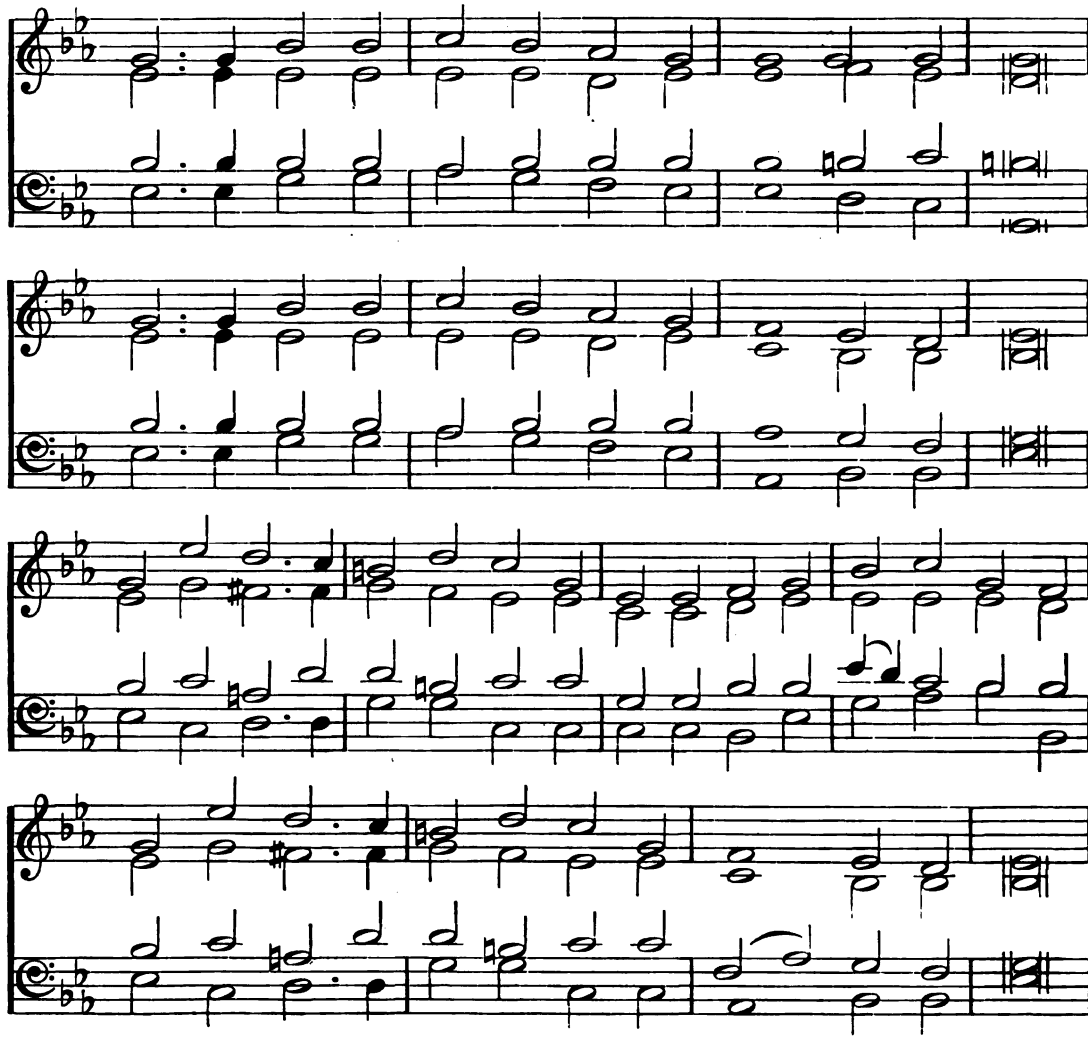
m WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
Holy His will abideth;
I will be still whate'er He do'th,
And follow where He guideth.

mf He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

m 2 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me,
And take, content,
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

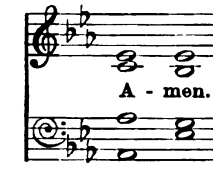
mp 3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it, all unshrinking.
c Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
mf Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

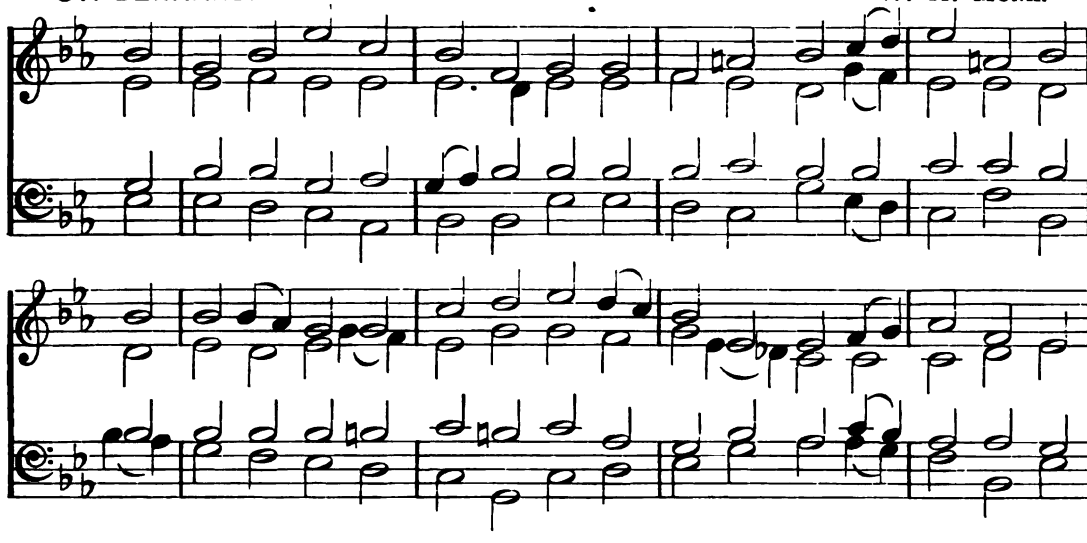
4 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

281

HIGHNAM. **J. LANGRAN.**

'He hath done all things well.'

m THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
mf Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us;
All must be well.

mp 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
m Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

mf 3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well.'
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

282

ST. BERNARD. W. H. MONK.

'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?'

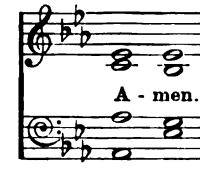
mf ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath and heaven above!

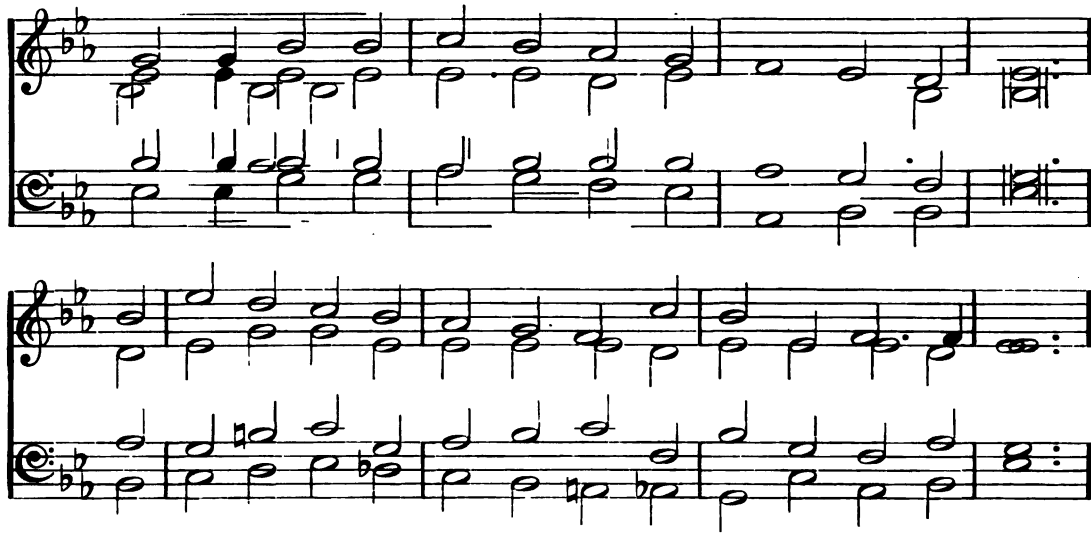
mp 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's Rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,—
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

m 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh;
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief and fear and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

mp 5 Speak to my warring passions peace;
Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still':
m Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

mf 6 O death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

283

ST. HUGH. E. J. HOPKINS.

'Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death.'

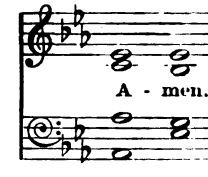
m LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

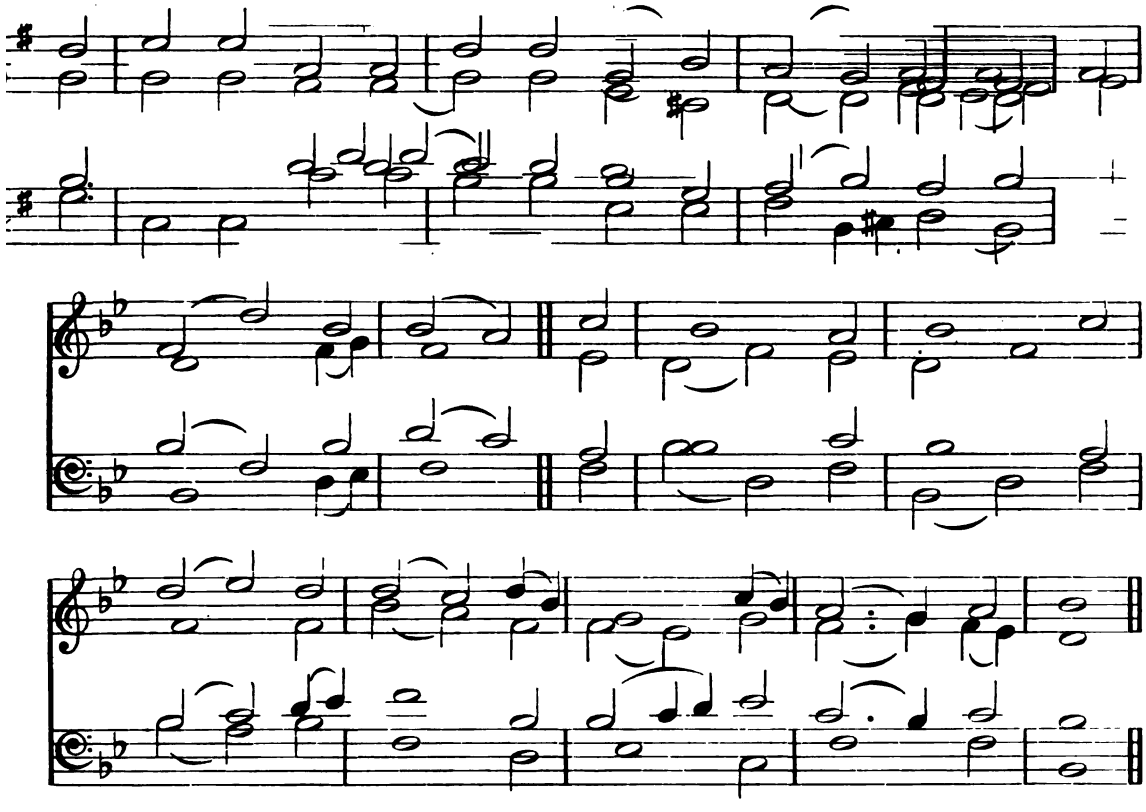
2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

mf 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

m 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
mf But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

284

WILTSHIRE. G. T. SMART.

'In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.'

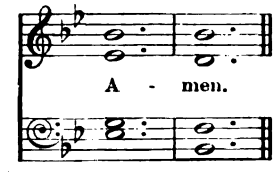
mp WHEN I survey life's varied scene
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

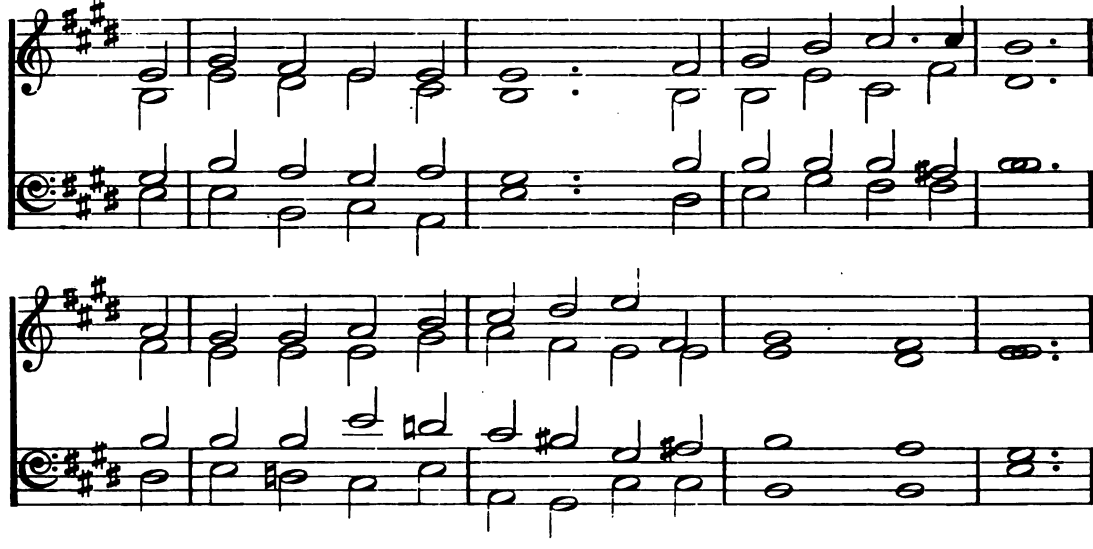
3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

m 4 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee;

c 5 'Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend,
mf Thy presence through my journey shine
And bless its happy end.'



285

VIA CRUCIS. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Not what I will, but what Thou wilt.'

m THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

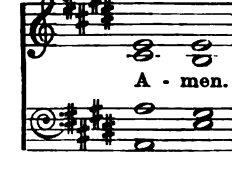
3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

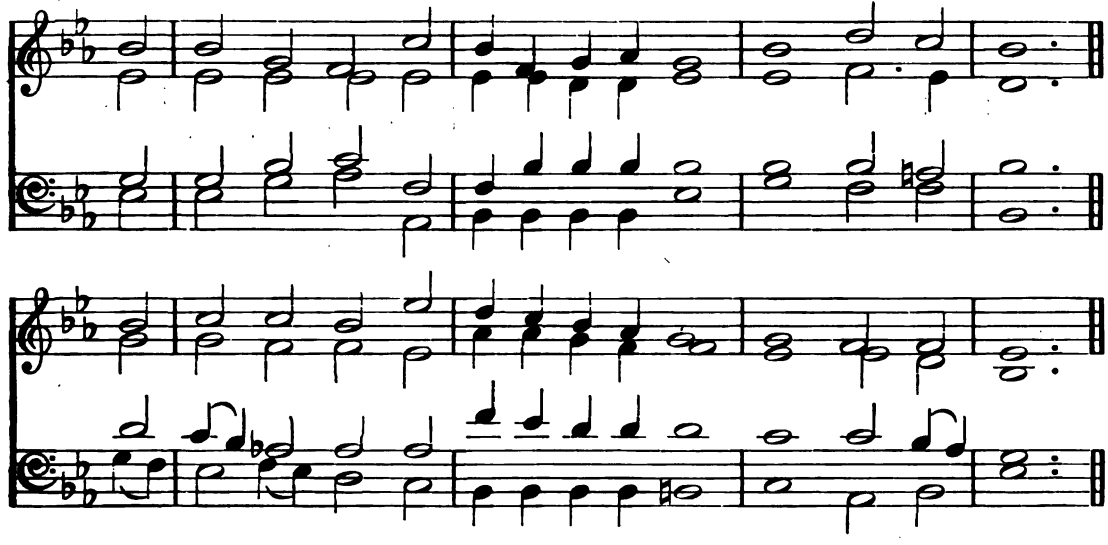
5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem:
Choose Thou my good and ill;

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

mf 7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
c Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.



286

ASHGROVE. H. SMART.

'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.'

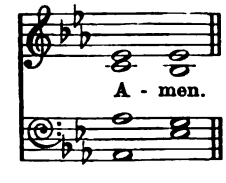
mp I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

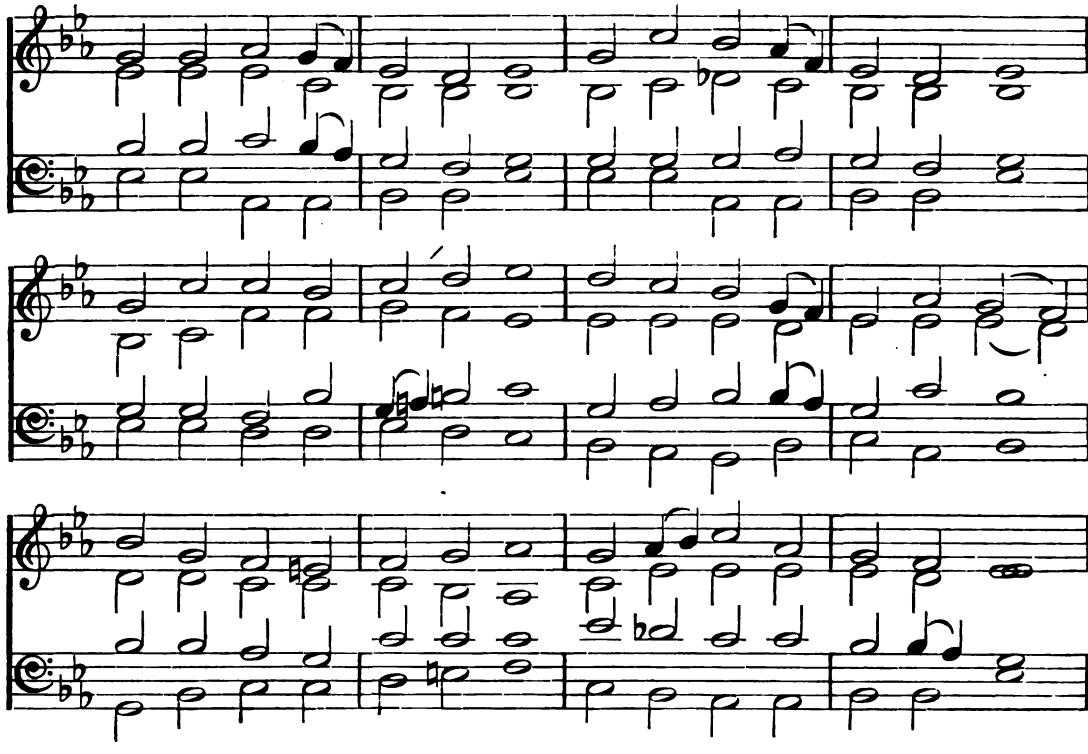
2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

m 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
d Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
c Through peace to light.

m 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

mp 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

m 6 Joy is like restless day, but peace Divine
Like quiet night;
c Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

287

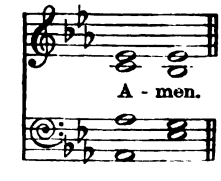
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING. **S. S. WESLEY.**

'Be ye followers of God, as dear children.'

mp QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child,
m From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive,
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
mf 'T is enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

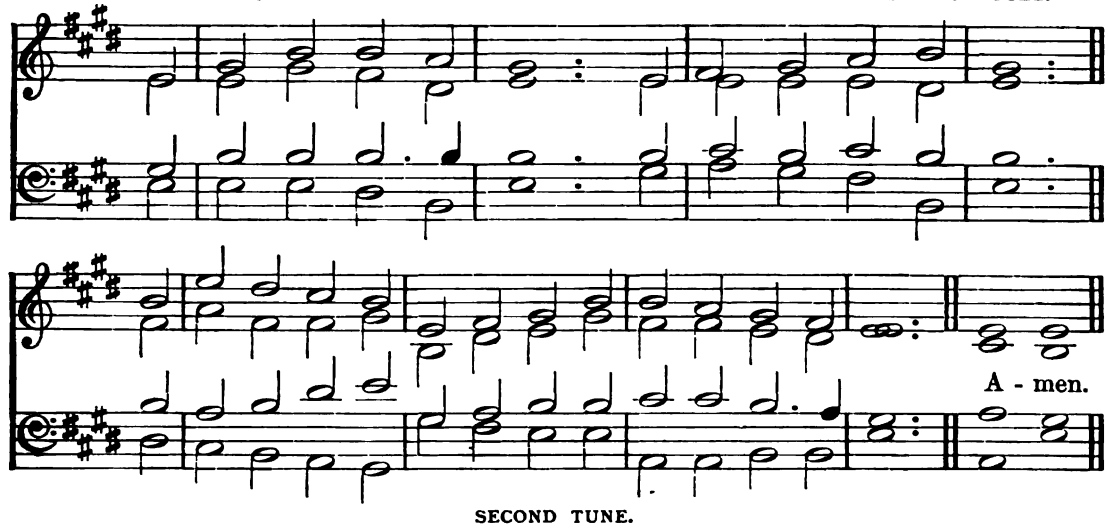
mp 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone.—
m Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

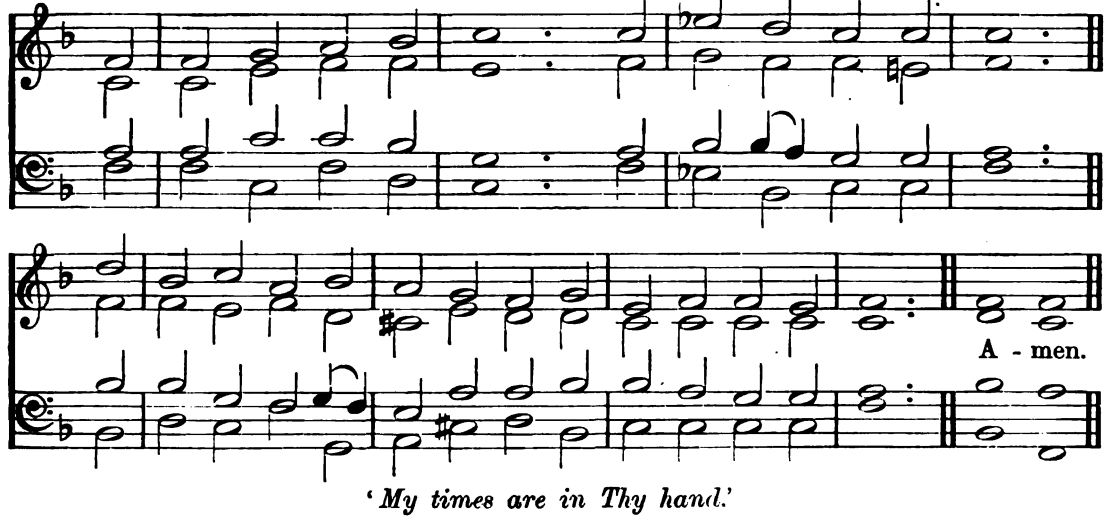
4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears
mf When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.



288

WESTENHANGER. FIRST TUNE. C. W. POOLE.



EMMAUS. SECOND TUNE. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'*My times are in Thy hand.*'

mp MY times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

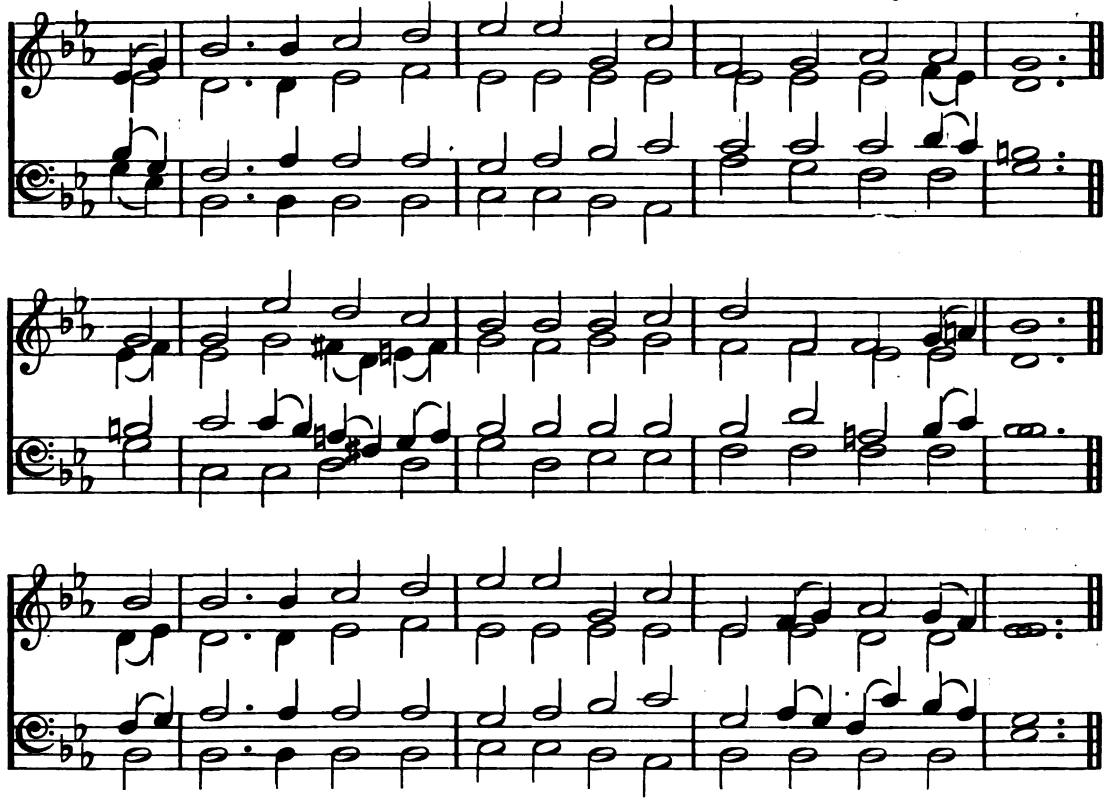
2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

m 3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

mp 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

mf 5 My times are in Thy hand:
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

289

SLINGSBY. **J. B. DYKES.**

'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'

mp FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
m But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

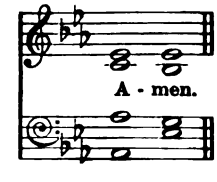
3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

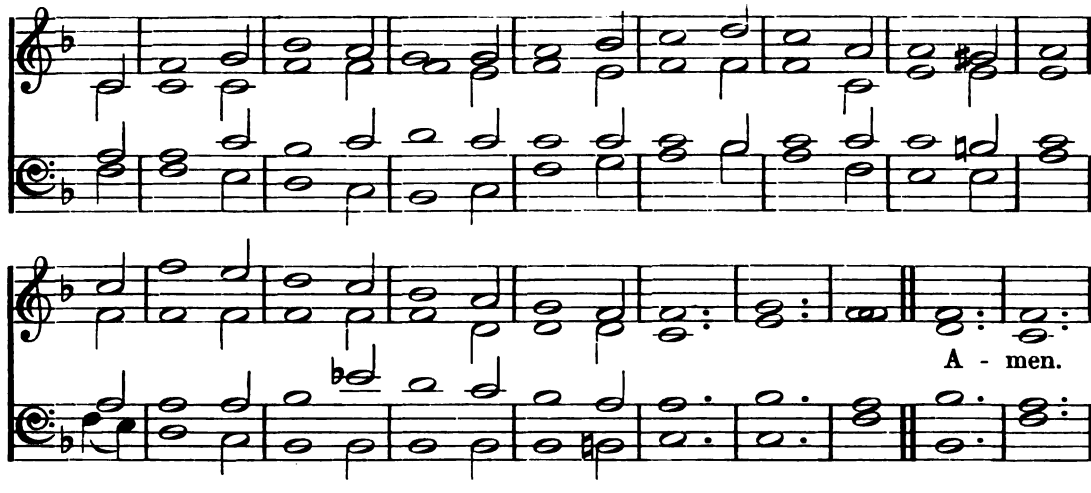
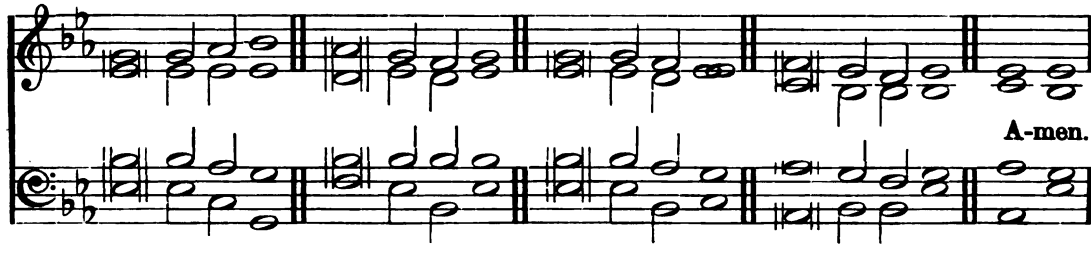
4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

7 There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
c But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

mf 8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

290

WIMBLEDON. FIRST TUNE. S. S. WESLEY.

SECOND TUNE. A. H. D. TROYTE.

'Thy will be done.'

mp MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
'Thy will be done.'

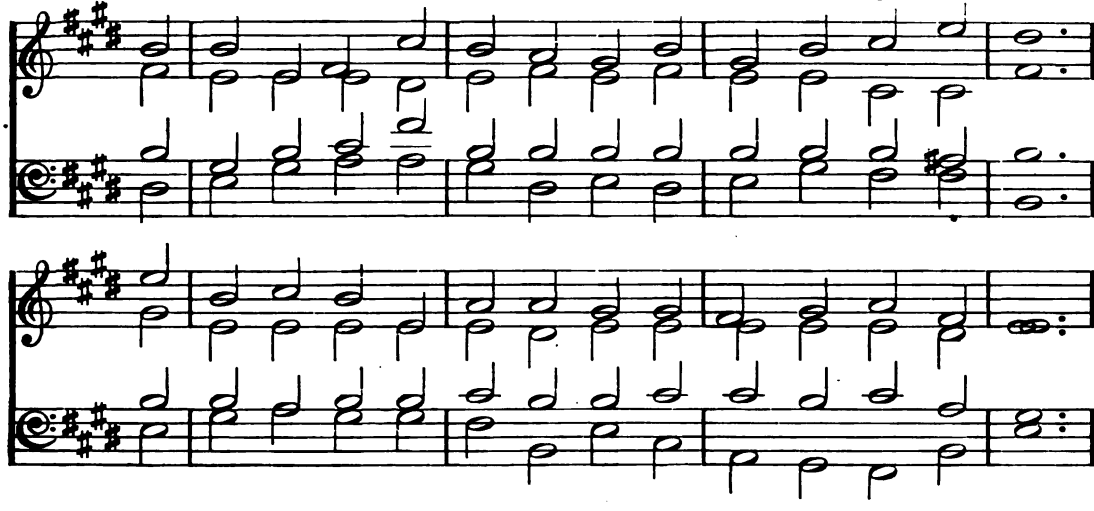
m 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
mf I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

291

ST. FULBERT. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

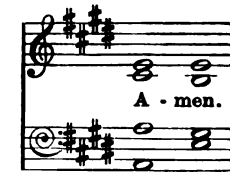


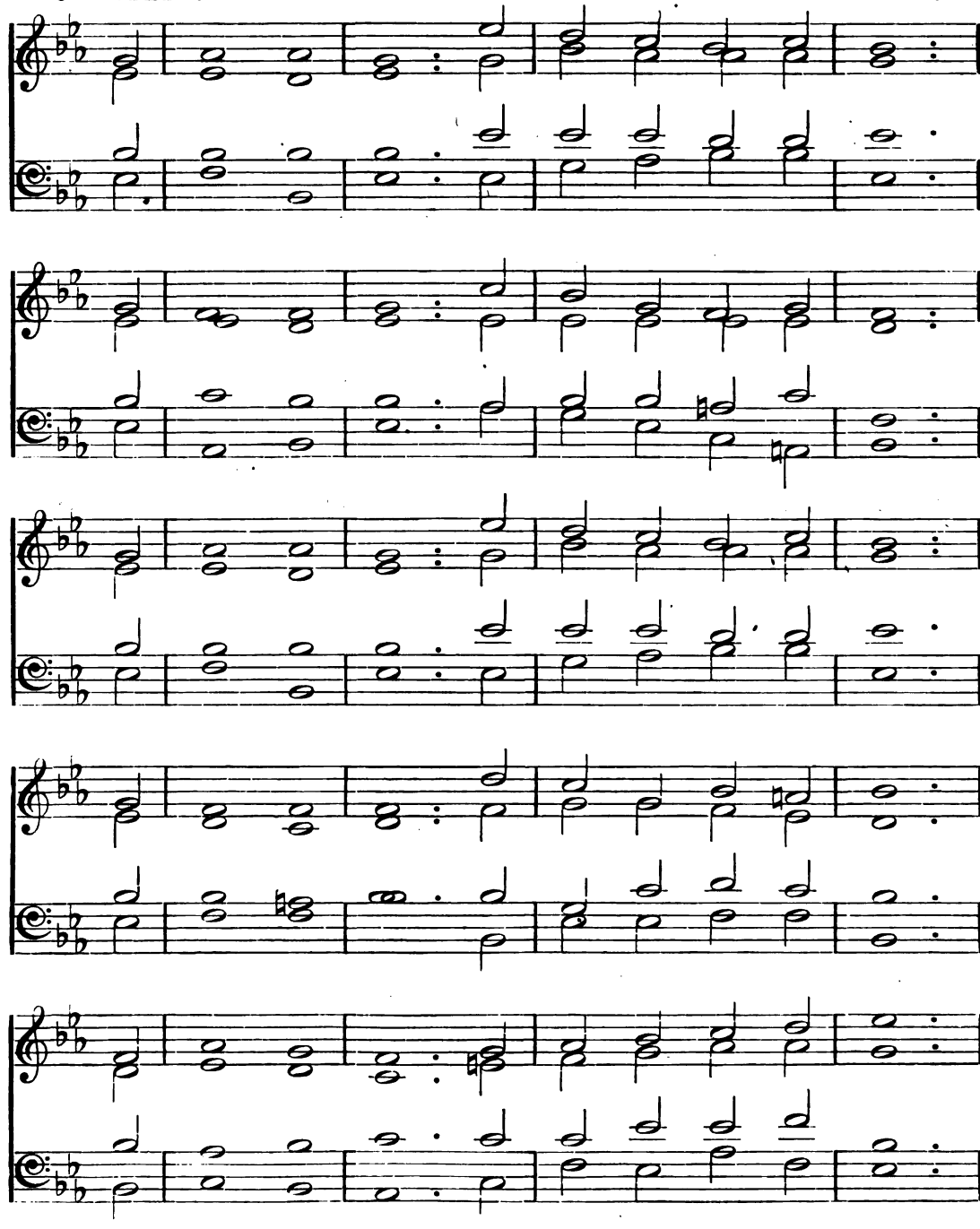
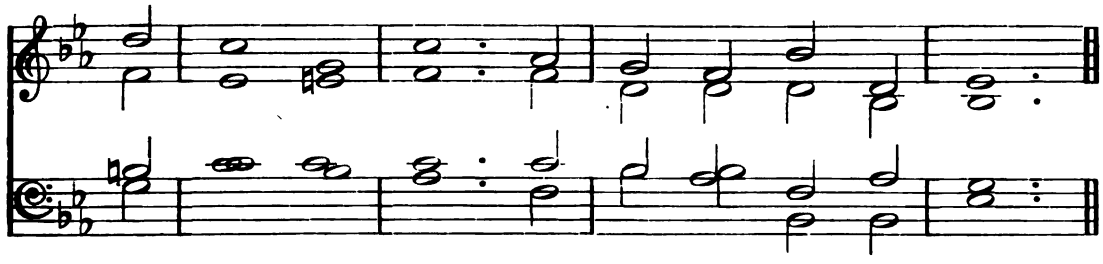
'That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.'

mp I BOW to thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
c And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

m 2 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
For all my cares are thine;
mf I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

m 3 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

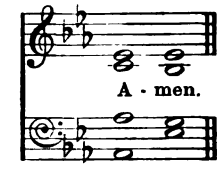
4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
mf And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will.

292

ST. HELEN. W. HATELY.

'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'

mp BE still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
m Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

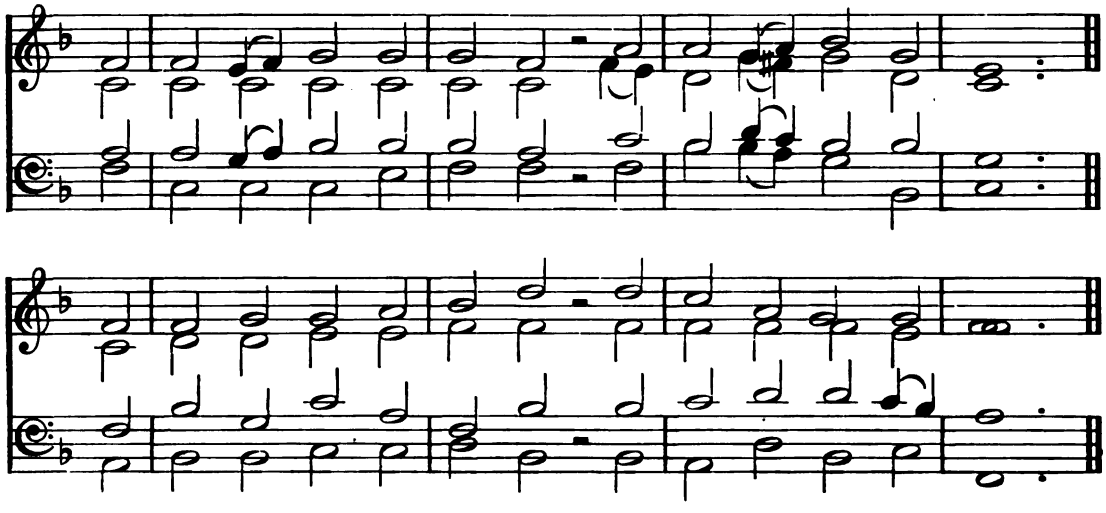
mp 2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
m Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
mp Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

p 3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
mp Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
m Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
mf All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

Also the following:

212 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord.
16-22 Hymns of Providence.
219-227 Hymns of Joy and Peace.

293

KNECHT. J. H. KNECHT.

'The fellowship of His sufferings.'

mf O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

m 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

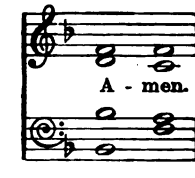
mp 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
mf The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

m 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

mf 5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

mp 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

mf 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

f 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

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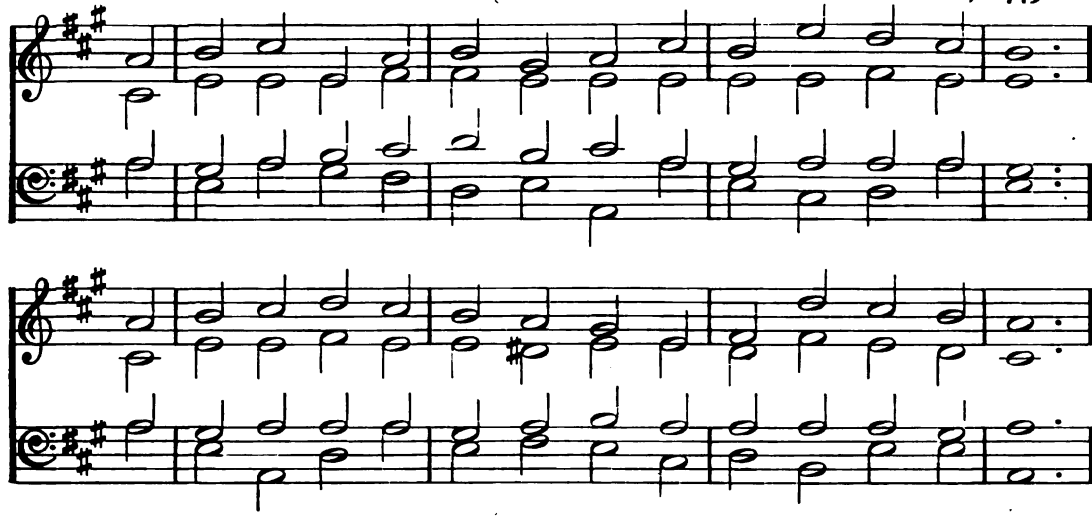
ST. PAUL. CHALMERS'S COLLECTION, 1749.



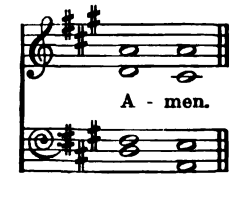
'The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers.'

m O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
mf And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

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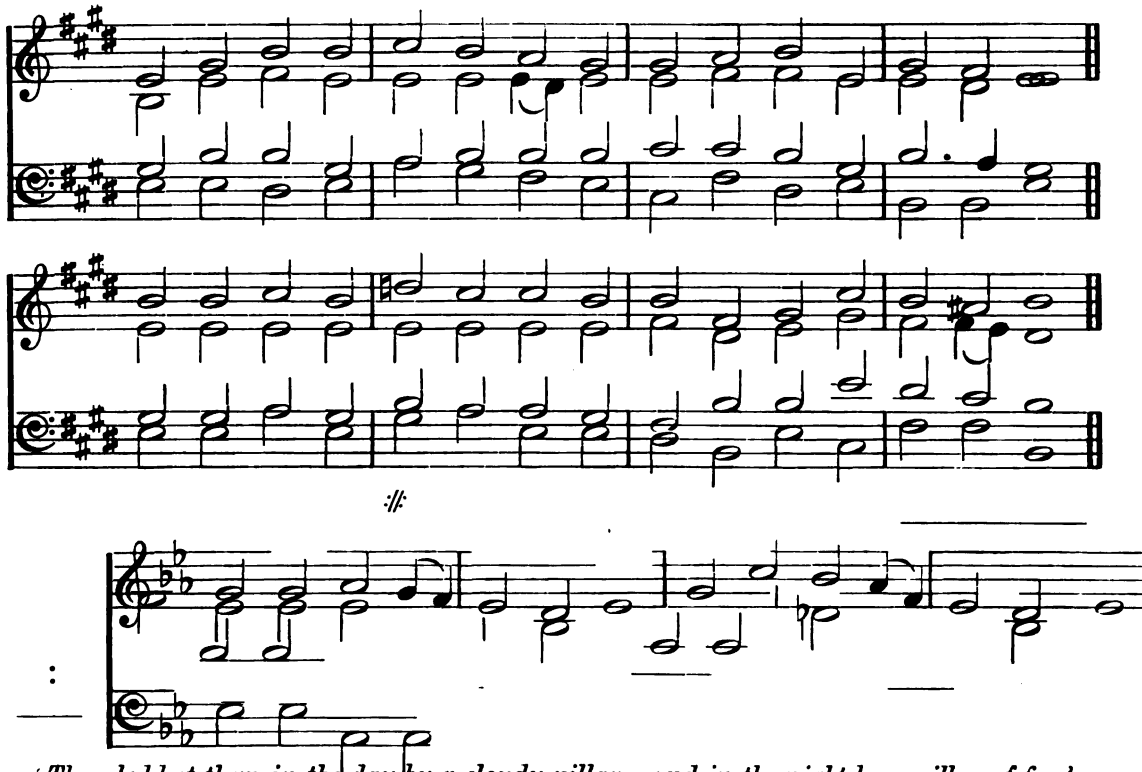
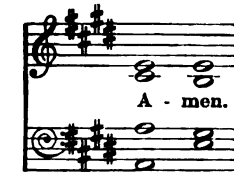
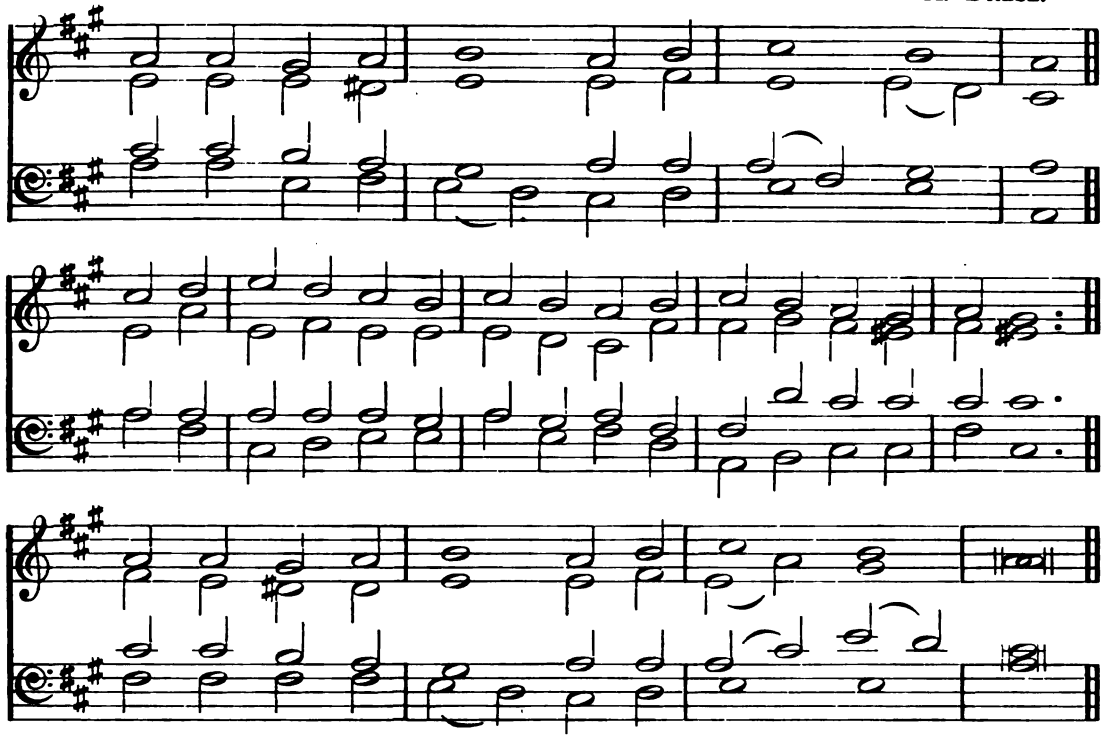
MANNHEIM. F. FILITZ.

'Thou leddest them in the day by a cloudy pillar; and in the night by a pillar of fire.'

m GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till my want is o'er.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
mf Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

mp 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
m Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

296

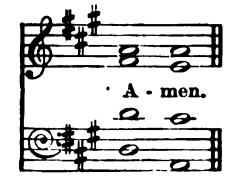
ARNSTADT. **A. DRESE.**

'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest'

m JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

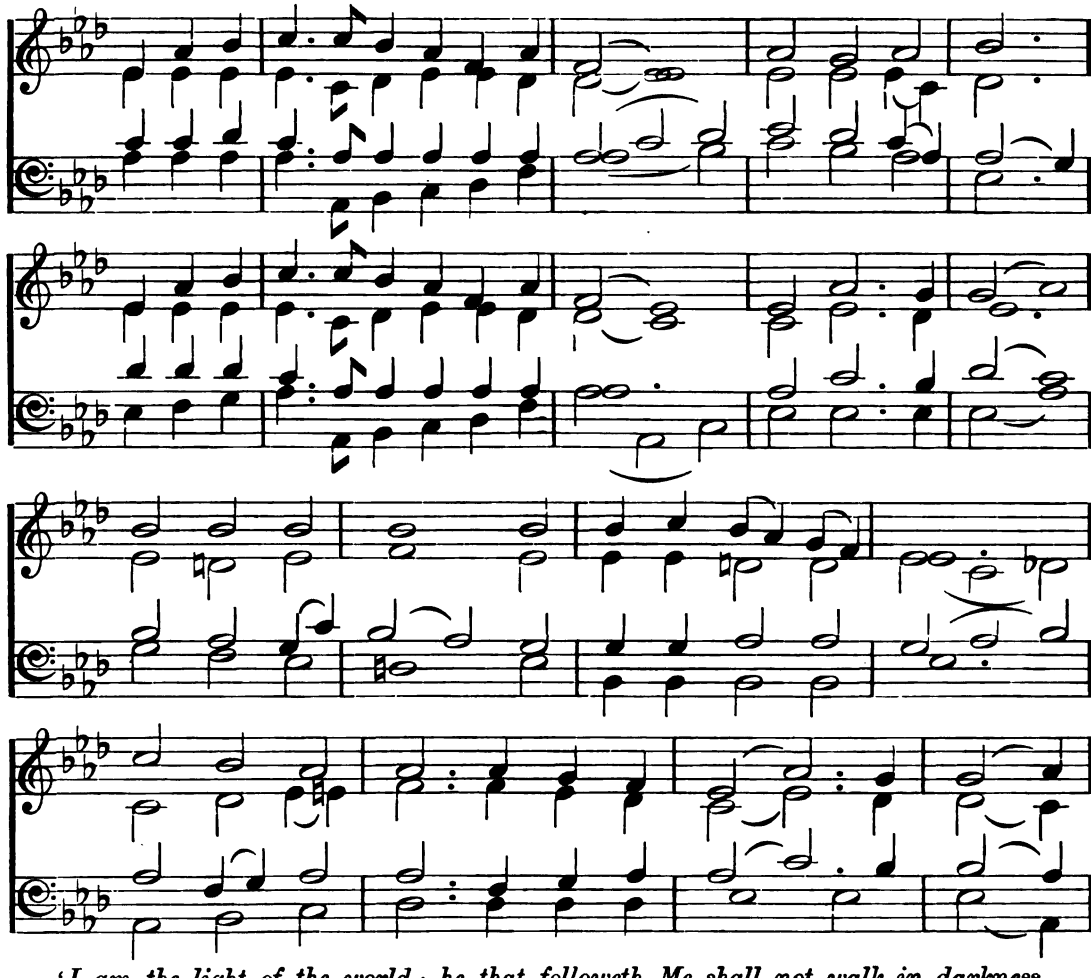
mp 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
m Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

mp 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
m Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

mf 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.



297

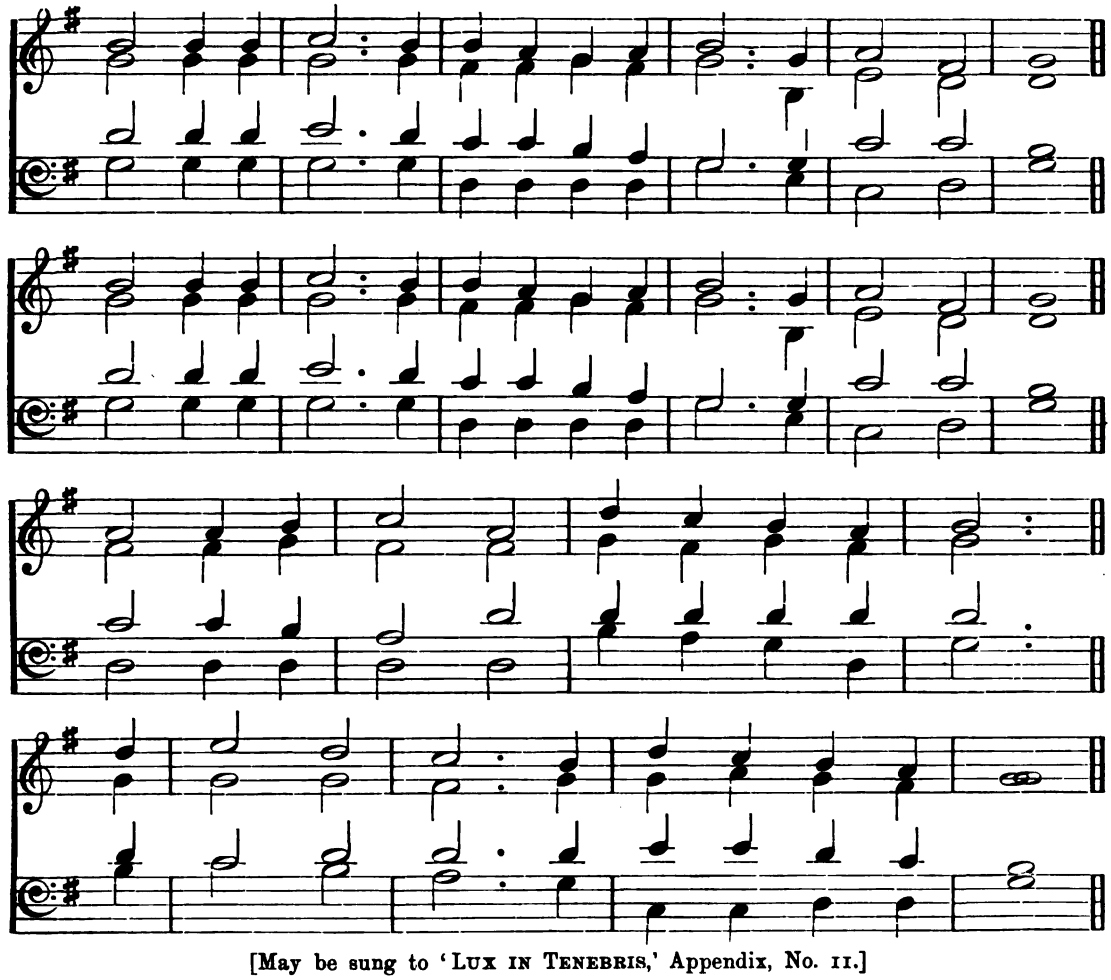
LUX BENIGNA. FIRST TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

'I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

mp LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.

m Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

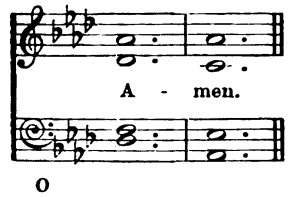
mp 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

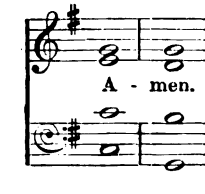
297

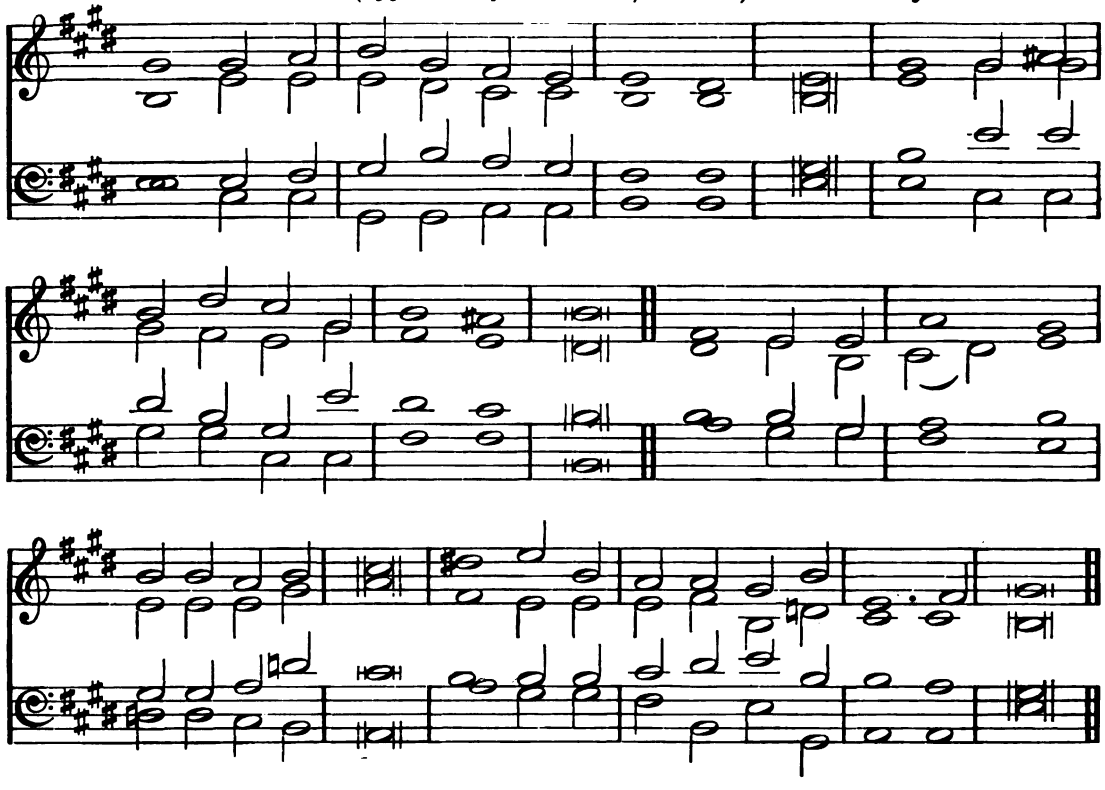
SANDON. SECOND TUNE. C. H. PURDAY.

[May be sung to 'LUX IN TENEBRIS,' Appendix, No. II.]

mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
c And with the morn those angel faces smile
d Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

FIRST TUNE.



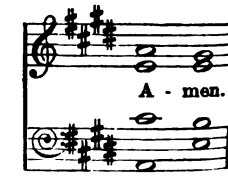
SECOND TUNE.

298

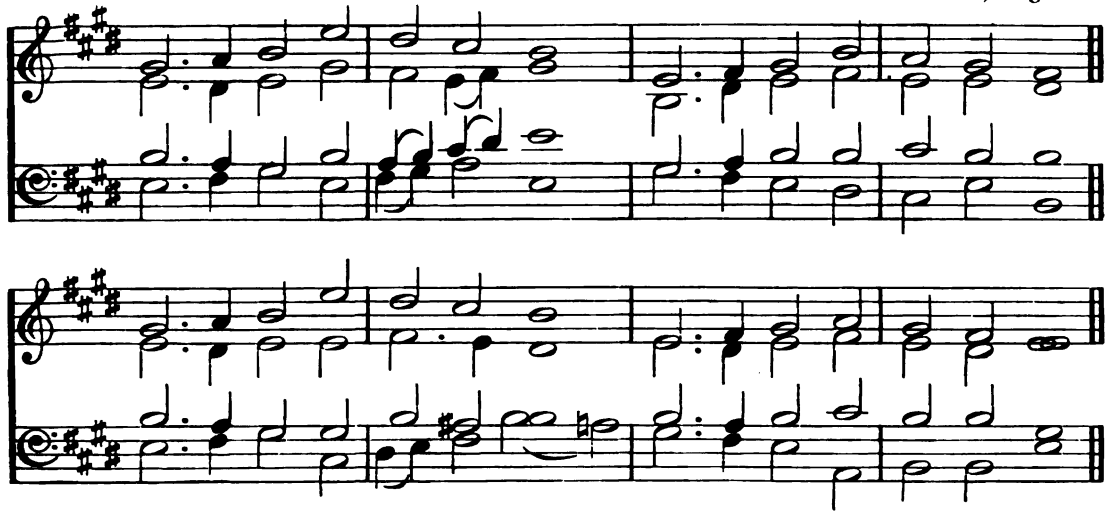
LONGWOOD. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **J. BARNBY.**

'Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.'

m LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
mp Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
m Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
mp Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

m 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
mp Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night;
m Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
c Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

299

INNOCENTS. THE PARISH CHOIR, 1850.

'The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.'

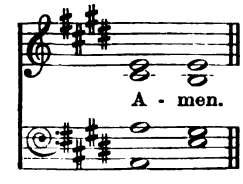
mf CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

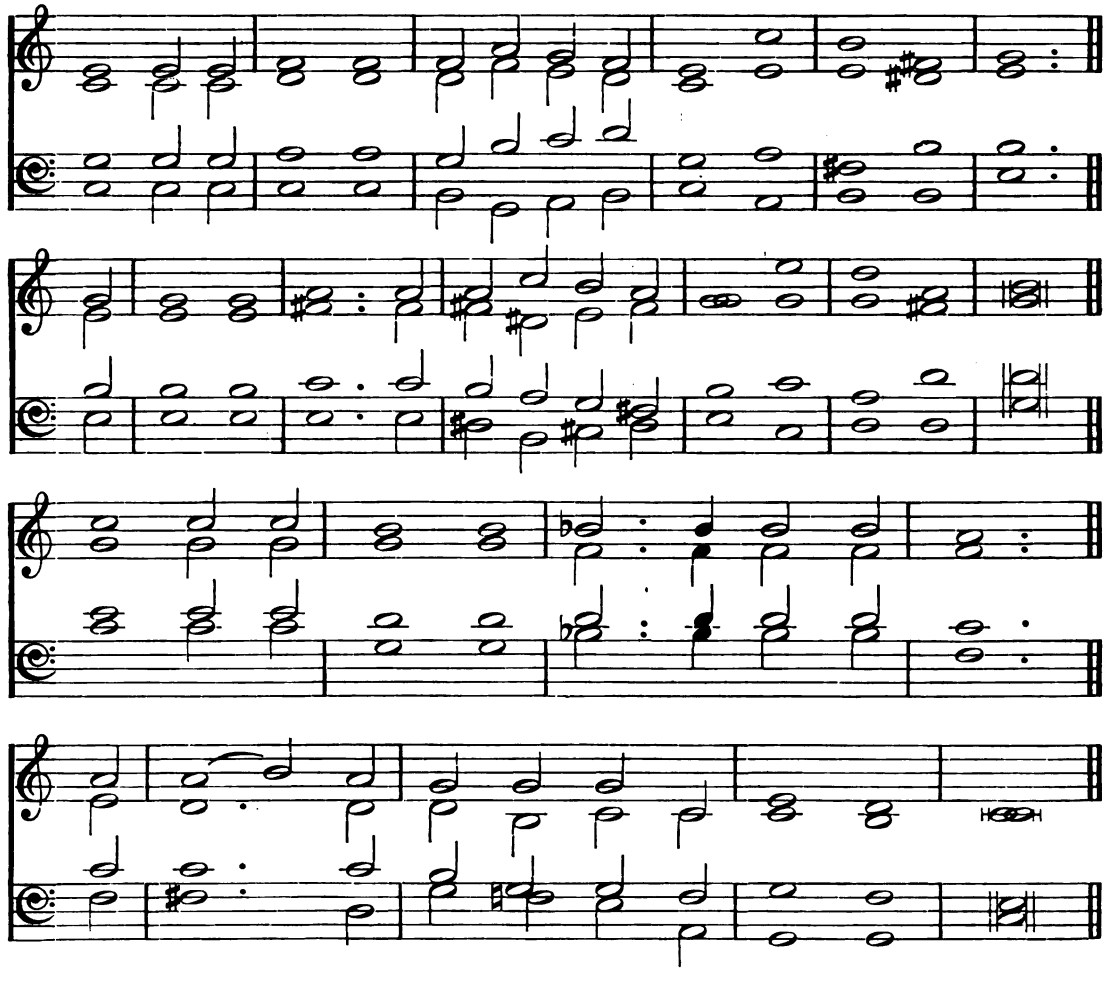
m 2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

f 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, you sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

m 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
mf Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

300

LUMEN VITÆ. **J. BARNBY.**

'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.'

m LIGHT of the world, whose kind and gentle care
Is joy and rest,
Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,
Wisest and best!
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
d Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

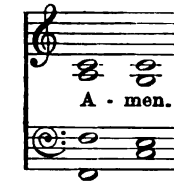
m 2 Lord of my life, my soul's most pure desire,
Its hope and peace,
Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
Falter or cease;
But be to me true Friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

mf 3 My blessèd Lord, what bliss to feel Thee near,
Faithful and true;
To trust in Thee without one doubt or fear;
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that Thou, our Friend,
Art blessing, and wilt bless us to the end!

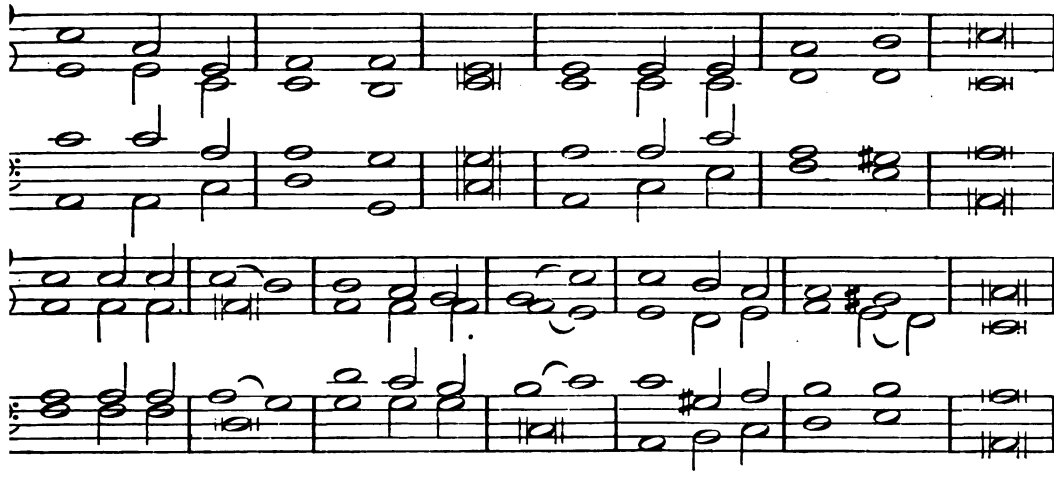
mp 4 And then, O then, when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,

m And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
At home, at home,

mf How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise!



301

LYTE. J. WILKES.

'When shall I come and appear before God.'

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, (*c*) 'Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.'

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

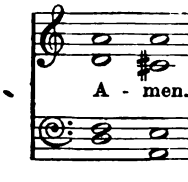
m 3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;

p My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

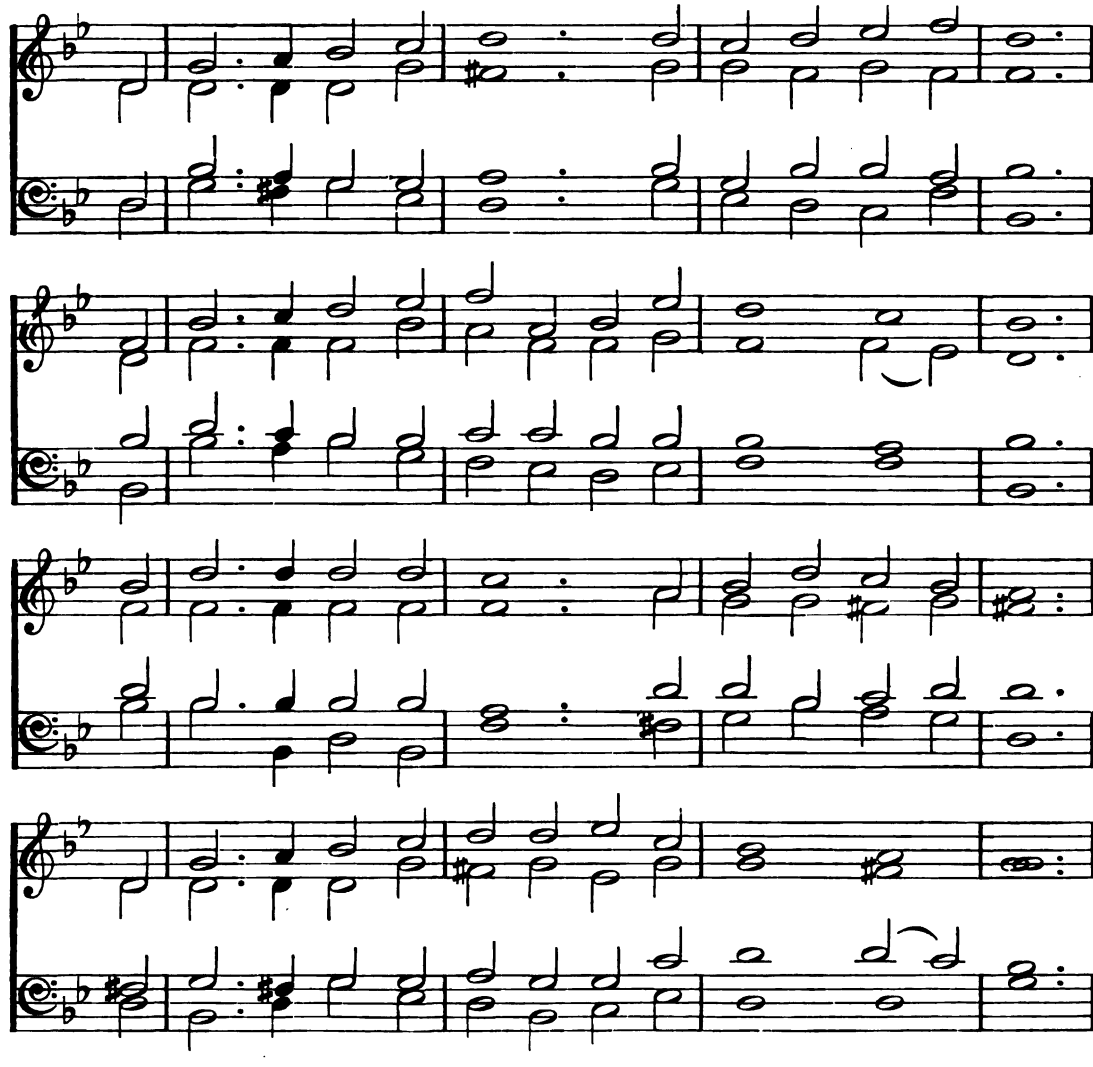
mp 4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;

c When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

m 5 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.



302

LEONI. FIRST TUNE. HEBREW MELODY.

'The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob . . this is My name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations.'

mf THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
m Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
mp I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

mf 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.
mp He calls a worm His friend,
m He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

mf 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
f I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

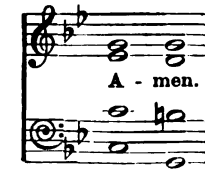
---

mp 5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
m To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command;
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

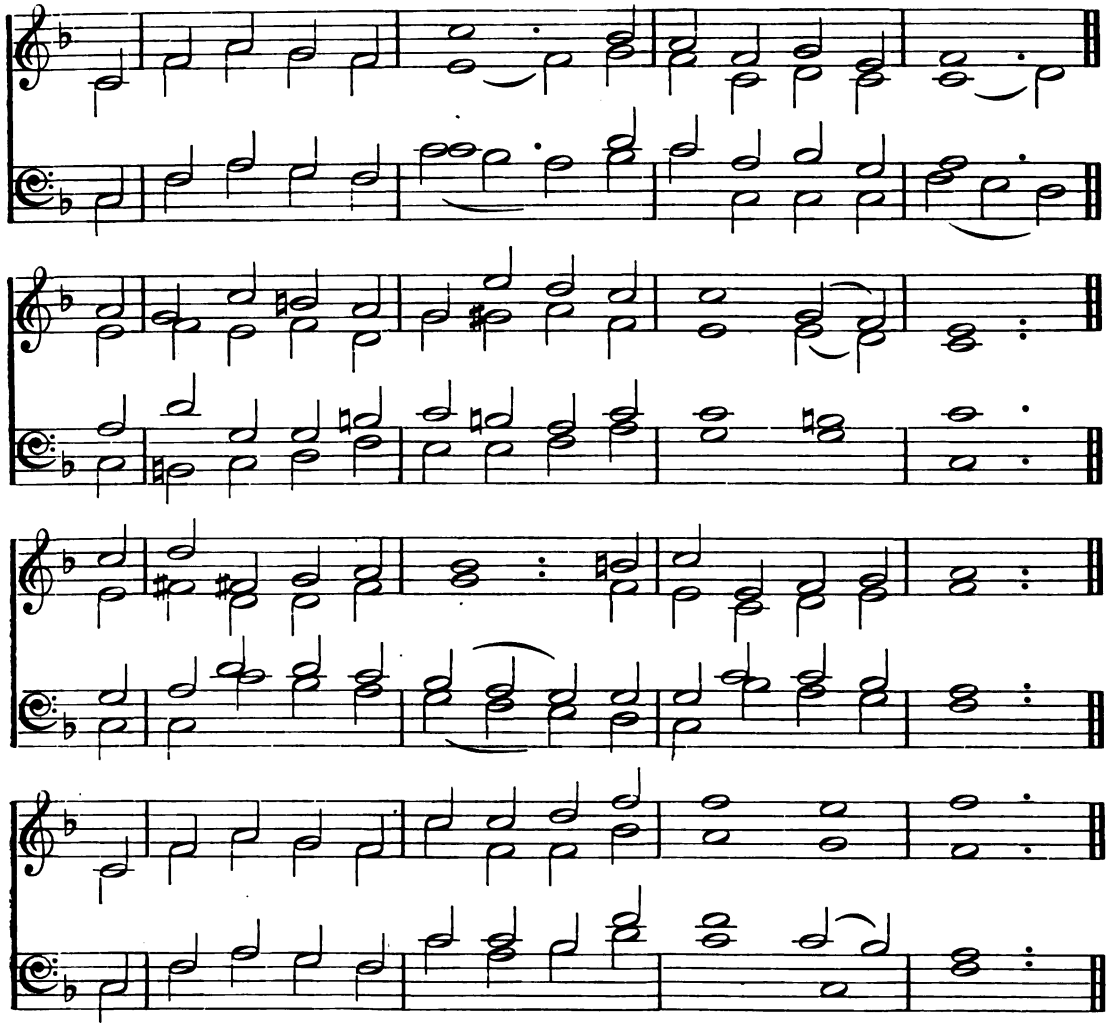
mf 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

f 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

ff 8 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.



302

COVENANT. SECOND TUNE. J. STAINER.

'The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob . . this is My name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations.'

mf THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
m Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
mp I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

mf 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.
mp He calls a worm His friend,
m He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

mf 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
f I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

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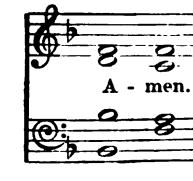
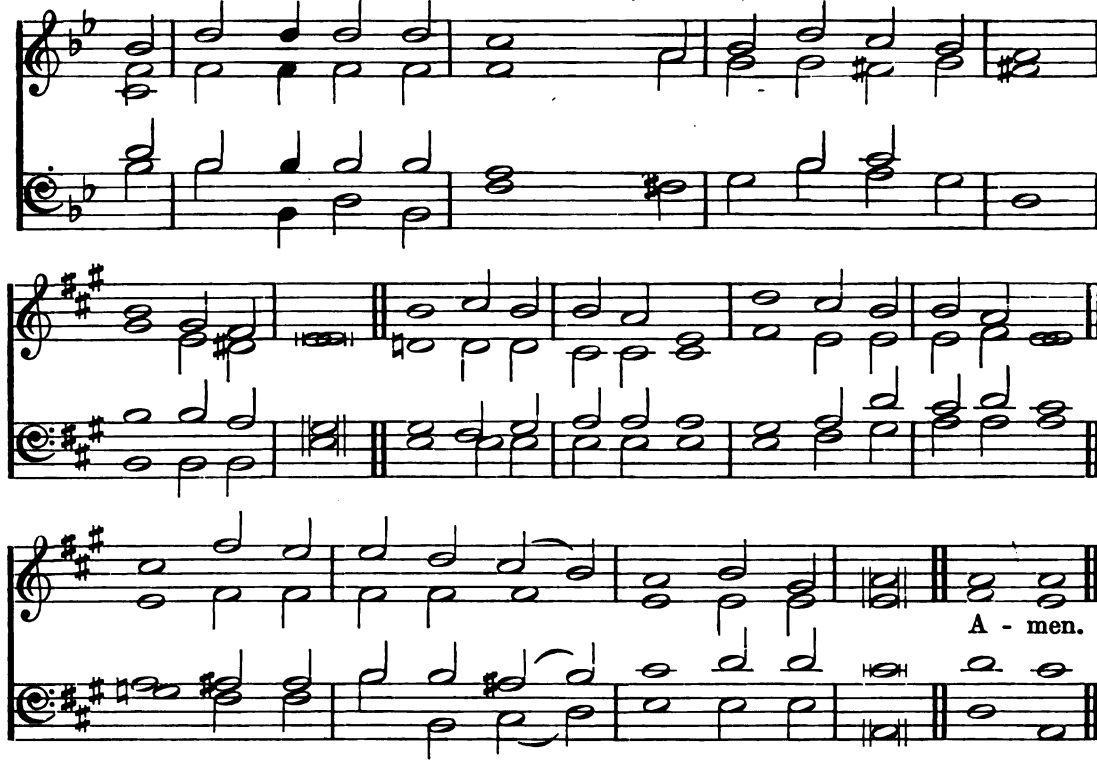
mp 5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
m To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command;
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

mf 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

f 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

ff 8 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

303

ST. EDMUND. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **A. S. SULLIVAN.**

'They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.'

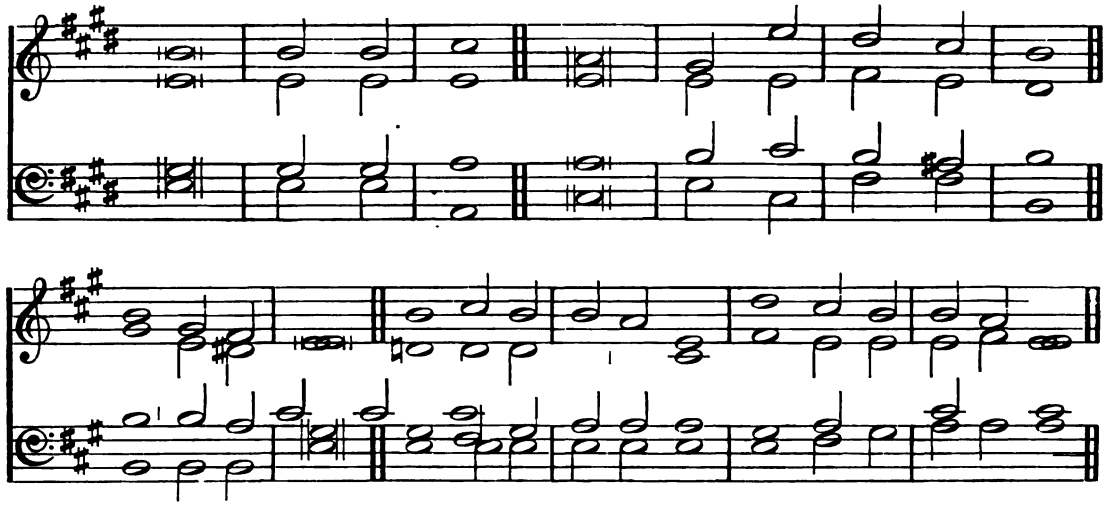
m I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
mp Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
mf Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

m 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpassed;
mf I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
m There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
mp And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

m 4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
mf And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

304

S. WESLEY.

'Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'

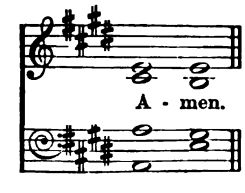
mp ONE sweetly | solemn | thought
Comes | to me | o'er and | o'er:
c I am nearer | home to- | day
Than I | ever have | been be- | fore;

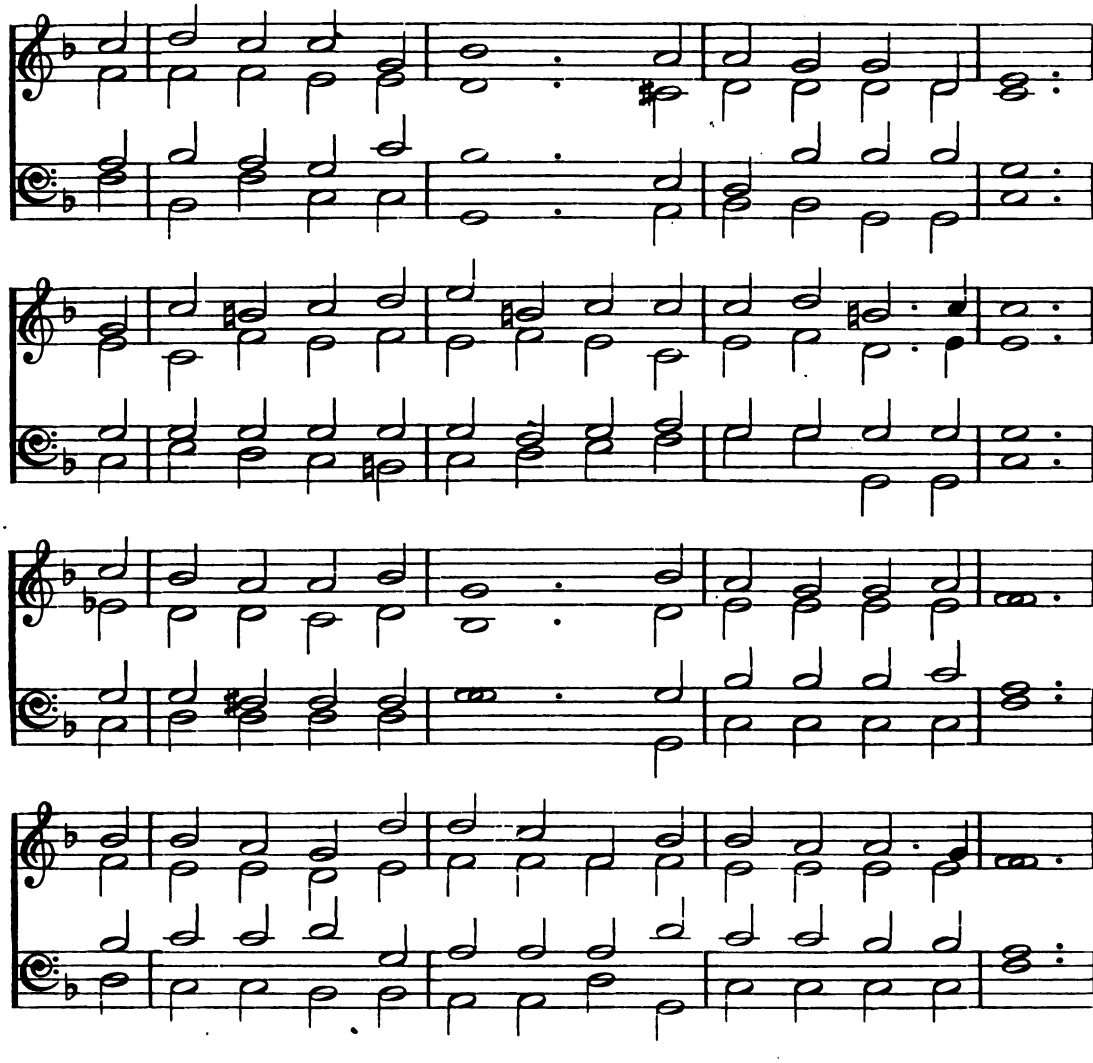
m 2 Nearer my | Father's | house
Where the | many | mansions | be,
Nearer the | great white | throne,
Near- | er the | crystal | sea;

mp 3 Nearer the | bound of | life,
Where we | lay our | burdens | down;
Nearer | leaving the | cross,
c Nearer | gain- | ing the | crown.

p 4 But lying | darkly be- | tween,
Winding | down | through the | night,
Is the dim and | unknown | stream
That leads at | last | to the | light.

m 5 Father, | perfect my | trust;
Strengthen the | might | of my | faith;
mp Let me feel as I | would . when I | stand
On the | rock . of the | shore of | death,—

6 Feel as I would | when my | feet
Are | slipping | o'er the | brink;
p For it may be I'm | nearer | home,
Nearer | now, | than I | think.

305

CHALVEY. FIRST TUNE. L. G. HAYNE.

'The time is short.'

p A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

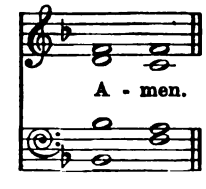
p 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

p 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

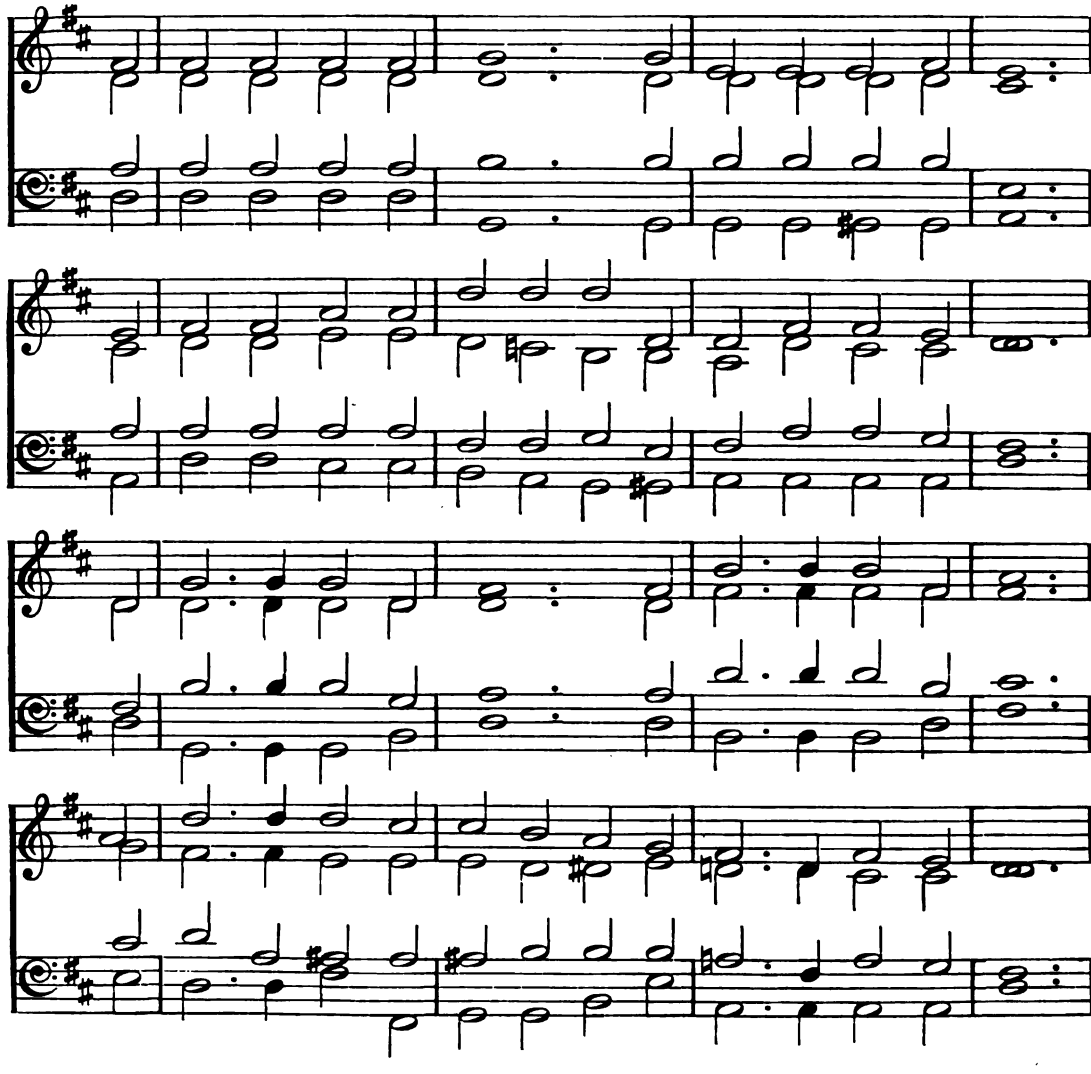
p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
c And we shall weep no more:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

m 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
mf And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

m 6 'T is but a little while
And He shall come again
c Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.



305

LEOMINSTER. SECOND TUNE. G. W. MARTIN.

'The time is short.'

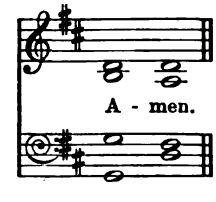
p A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

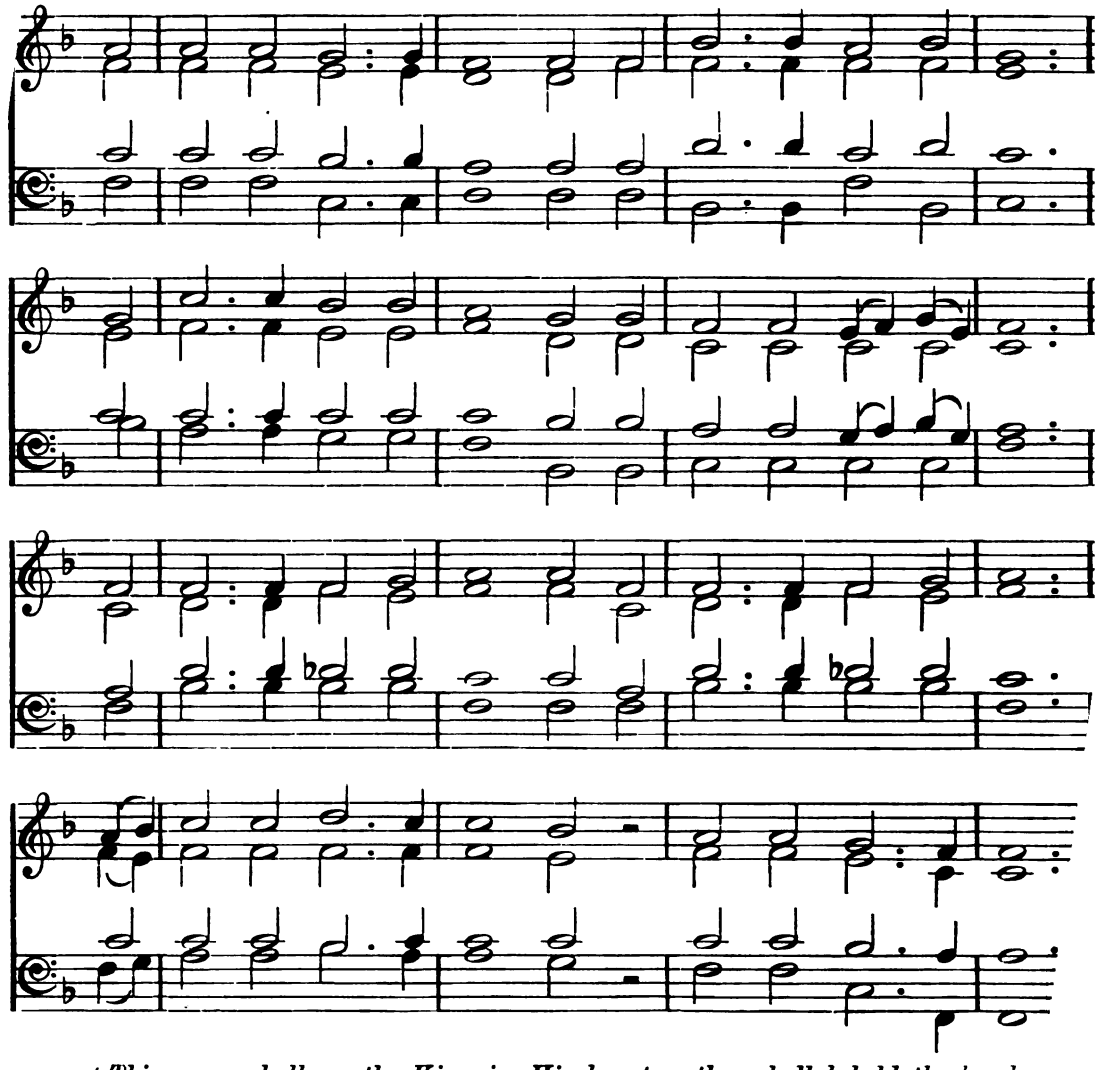
p 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

p 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
c And we shall weep no more:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

m 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
mf And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

m 6 'T is but a little while
And He shall come again
c Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
mp Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

306

RUTHERFORD. C. URHAN.

'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.'

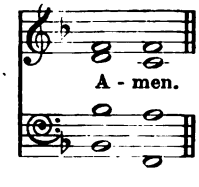
mp THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
c The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
p Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
m But dayspring is at hand,
mf And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

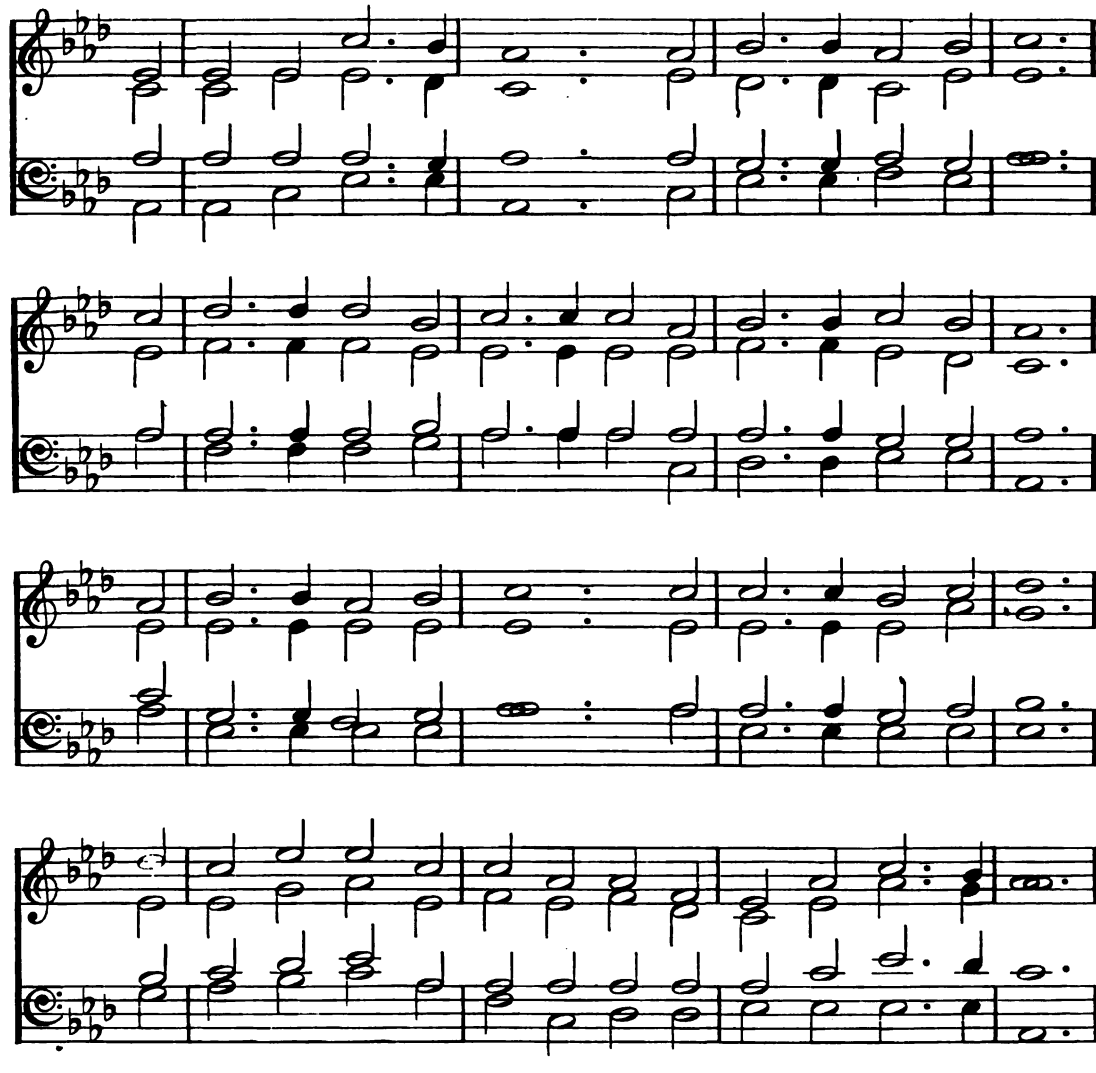
m 2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above;
mf There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
f And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

m 3 O, I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine;
mp He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine.
mf I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

m 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
mp But on His piercèd hand:
mf The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

mp 5 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
mf I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
c When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

m 6 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
mp Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
d Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
mf I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

307

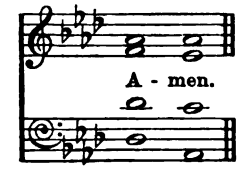
MONTGOMERY. I. WOODBURY.

'So shall we ever be with the Lord.'

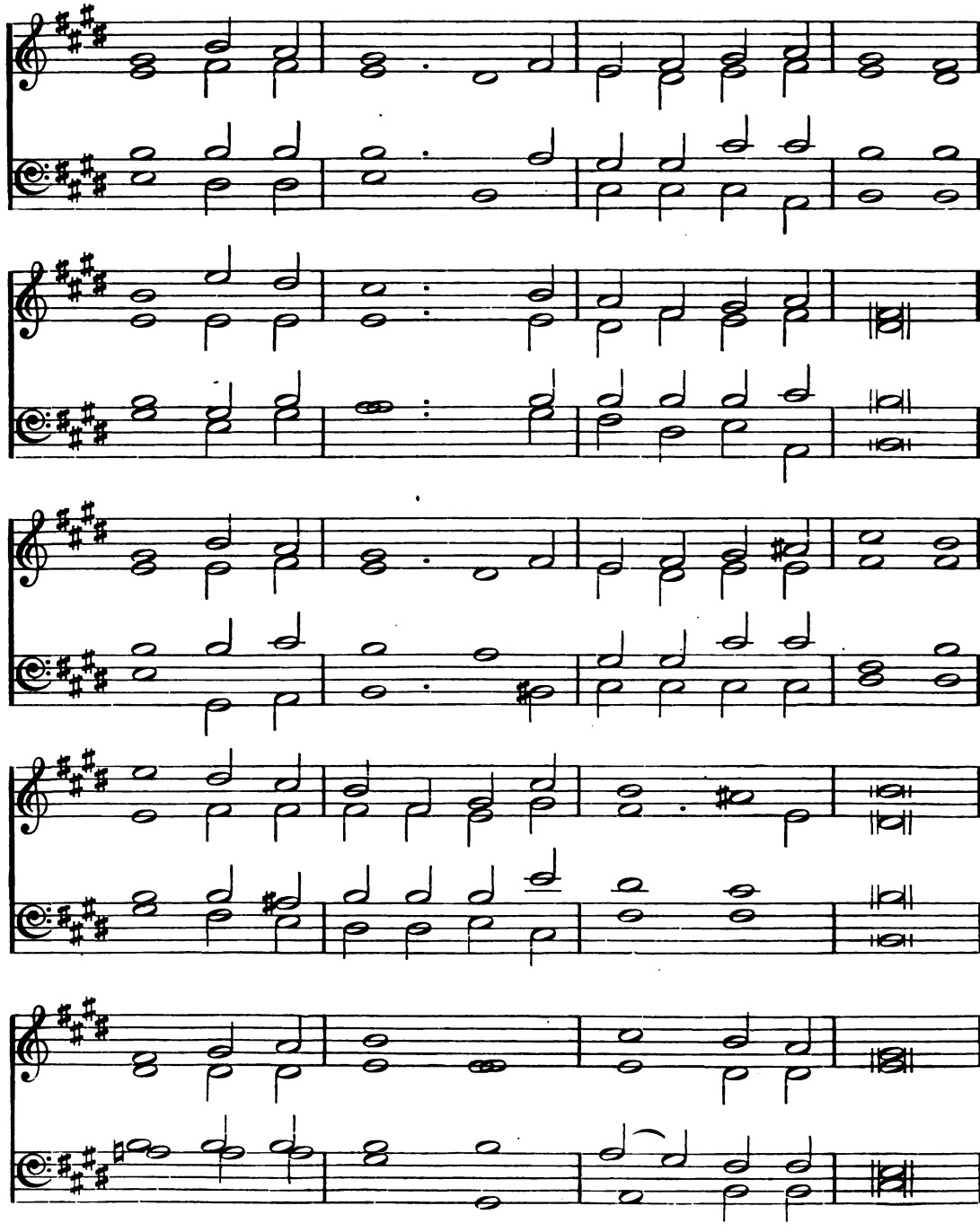
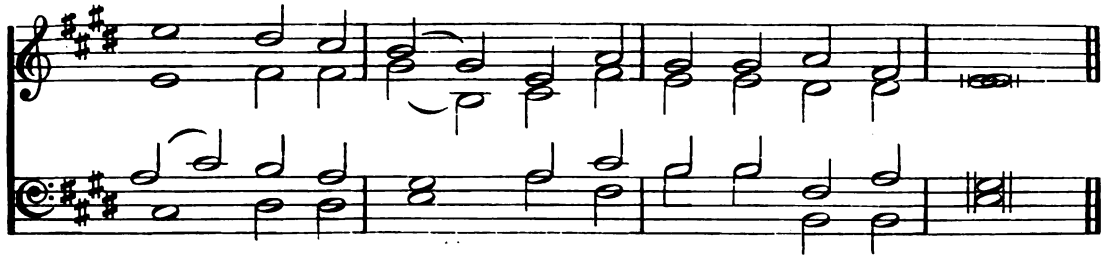
mp FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
mf Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

p Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
c Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

m 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
mp Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
c The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

m 3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
mf Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

p 4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
mf By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
m Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
f And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

308

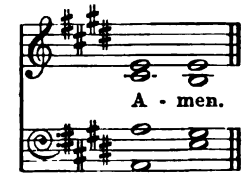
PILGRIMS. **H. SMART.**

'With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace.'

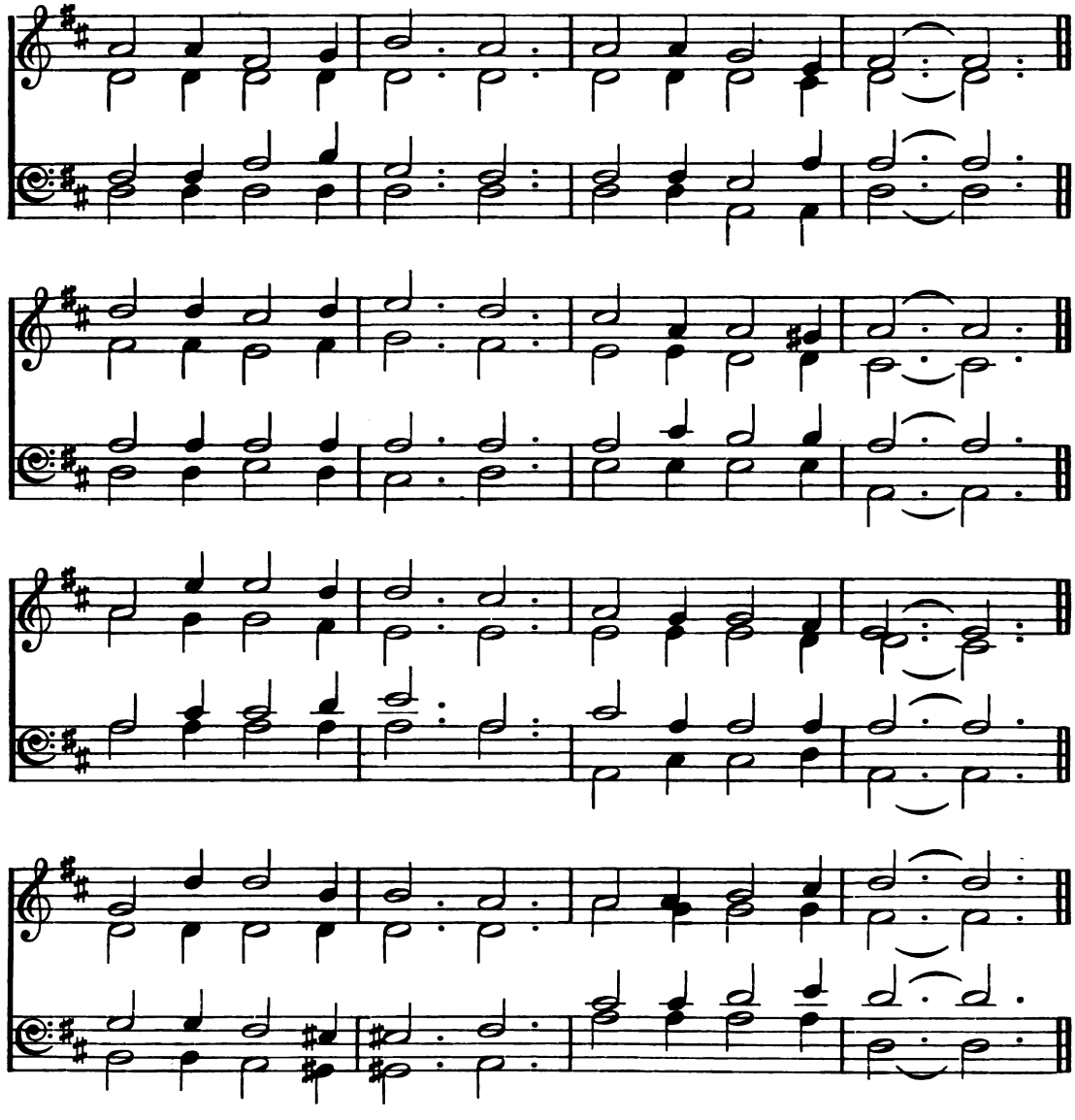
mp HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
m How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
mf *Angels of Jesus, angels of light,*
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

m 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
m And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

mp 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

m 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
c And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

mf 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
f Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

309

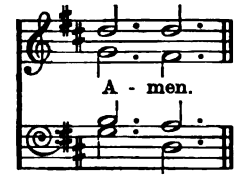
DAMASCUS. **E. R. BARKER.**

'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.'

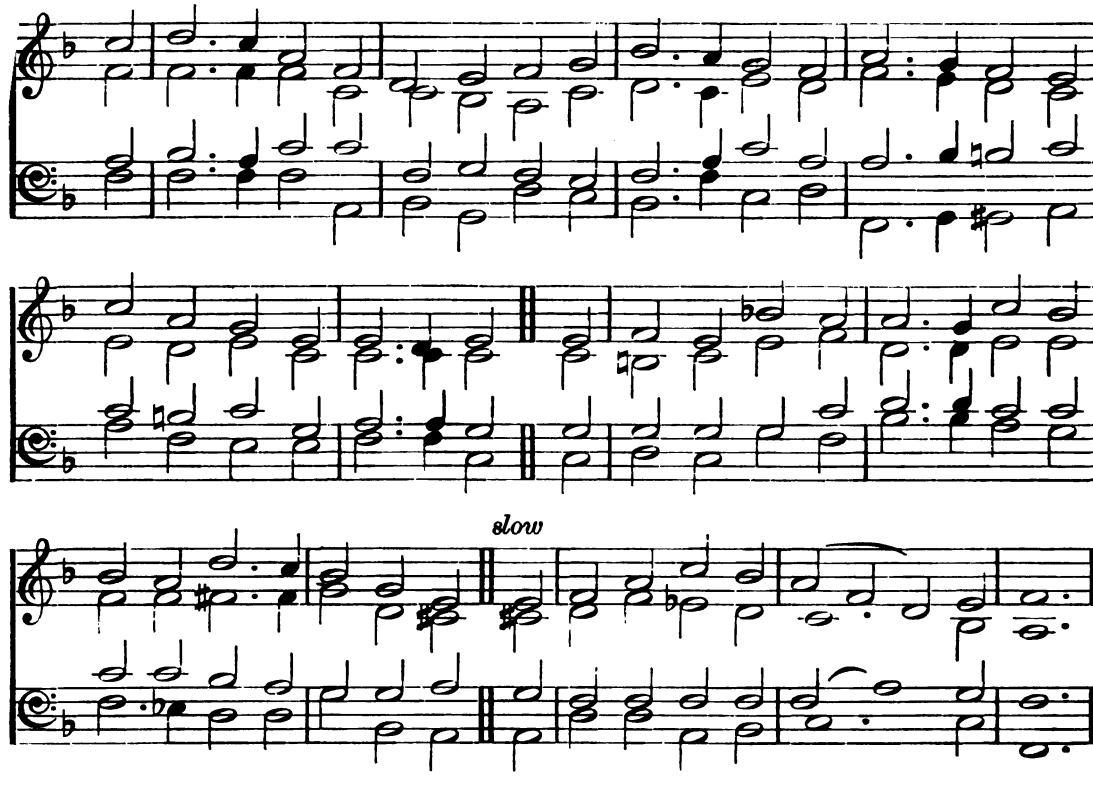
mp THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God,—

Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight,
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

m 2 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground,
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, (*mf*) 'I will be crowned,'
m He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,—
mf He shall win salvation
With the blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
c When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, 'Fight!'

mp 4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
m Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
Tell who will the story
Of our now distress,
mf O the future glory,
O the loveliness!

310

CASA GUIDI. C. H. H. PARRY.

'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

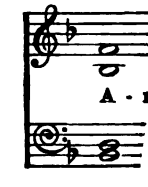
m OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
p 'He giveth His belovèd sleep.'

2 'Sleep soft, beloved!' (*mp*) we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
m But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

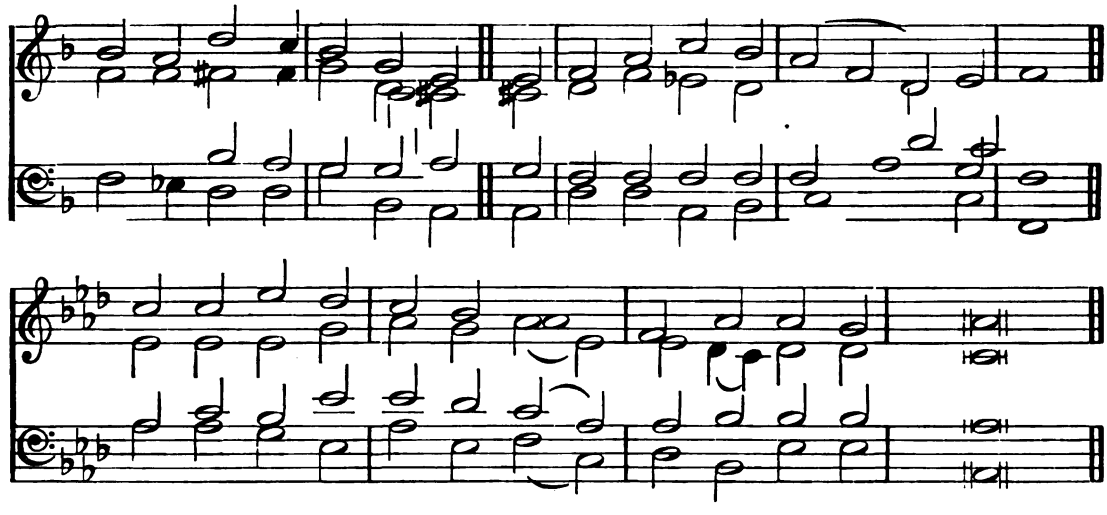
mp 3 O earth, so full of dreary noises,
O men with wailing in your voices,
O delvèd gold the wailers heap,
O strife, O curse that o'er it fall,—
p God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd sleep.

m 4 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow & reap;
mp More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

pp 5 And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
p Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er him fall;
pp "He giveth His belovèd sleep."'



311

IRENE. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

'At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

mp WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

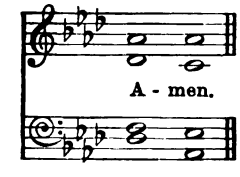
2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
'Peace for evermore.'

m 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
mf Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

mp 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
m Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

p 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
mp Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

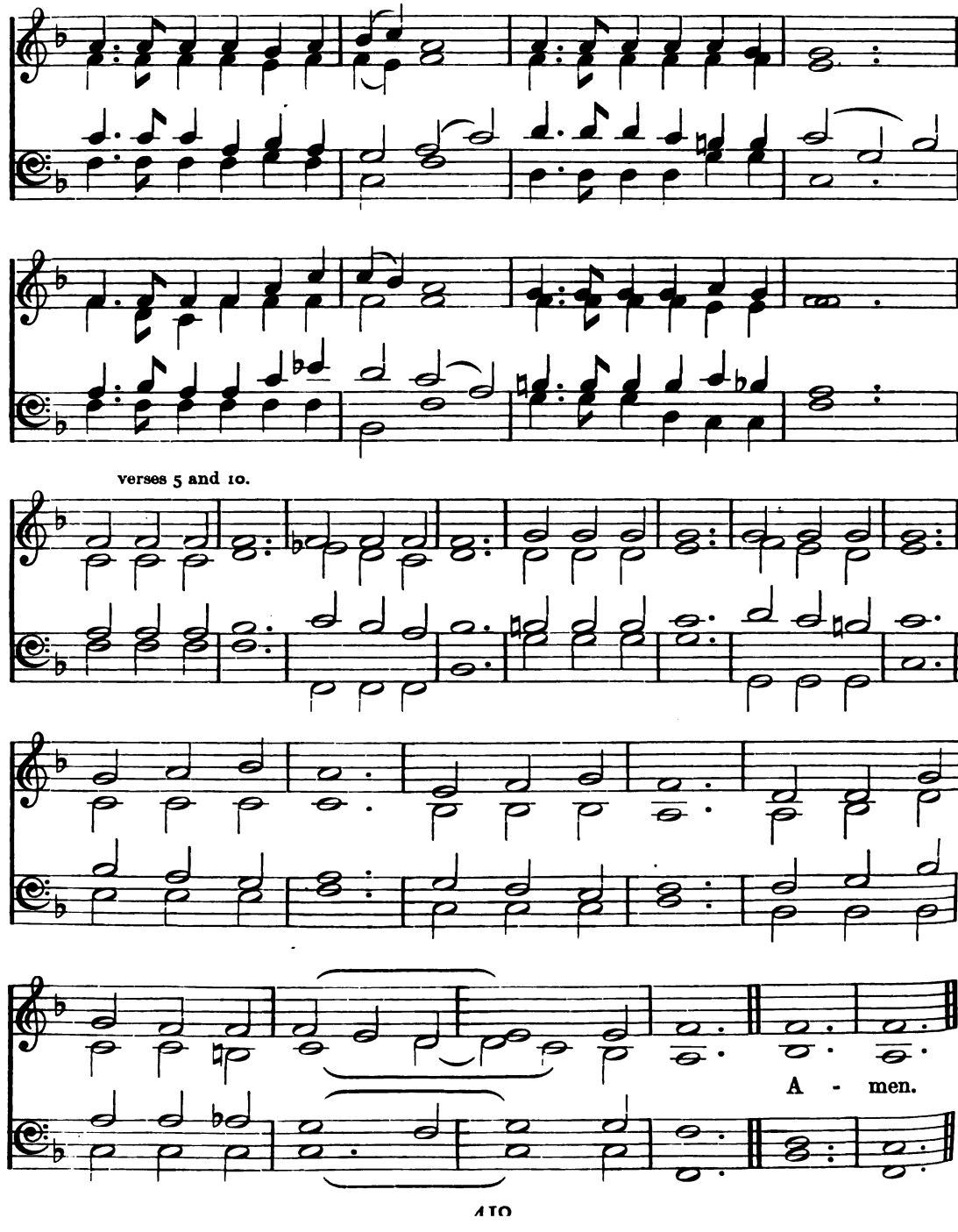
pp 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
mf Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.



Also the following:

11 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.
100 Thou who didst stoop below.
103 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow.

312

ST. SYLVESTER. J. B. DYKES.

'Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.'

p DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead:
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed!

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
O that, while we can, we might!

m 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came,

p 4 Whence we came, and whither, wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,—
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

p 5 *Life passeth soon;*
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear,—
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

---

mp 6 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour, so it flies;
For the byegone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise,—

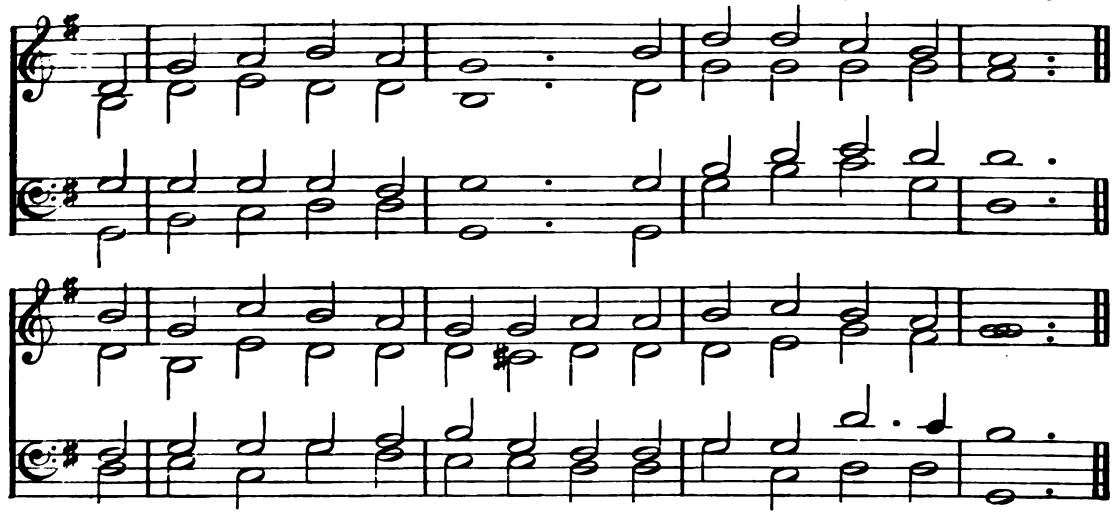
m 7 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber,
Till Thy holy rest we win.

mp 8 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
mf Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

p 9 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
c Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy right hand.

p 10 *Life passeth soon;*
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear,—
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

313

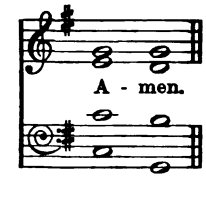
AUGUSTINE. **GERMAN MELODY.**

'Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better.'

mp IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
c And 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

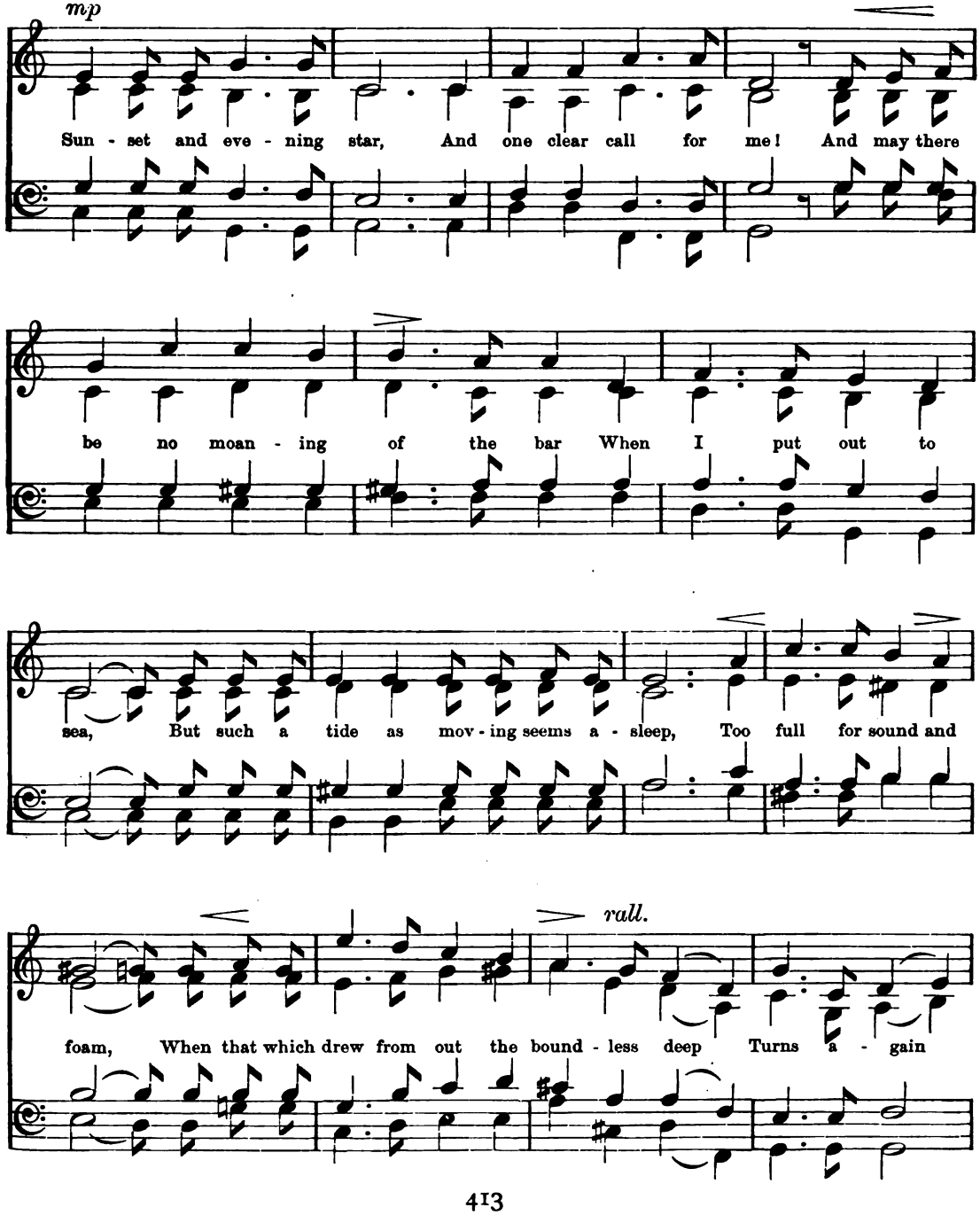
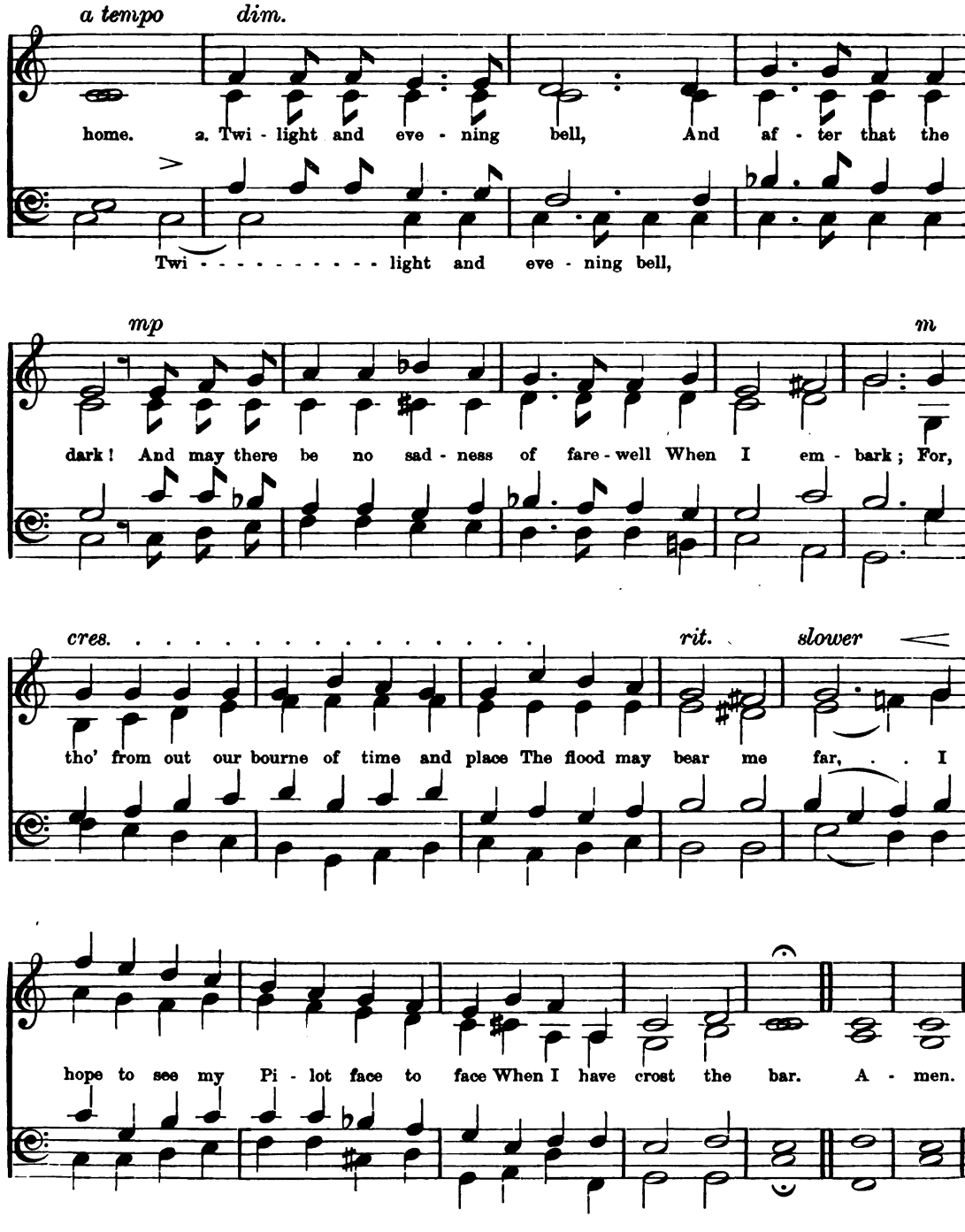
mp 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
mf And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

m 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, (*c*) to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

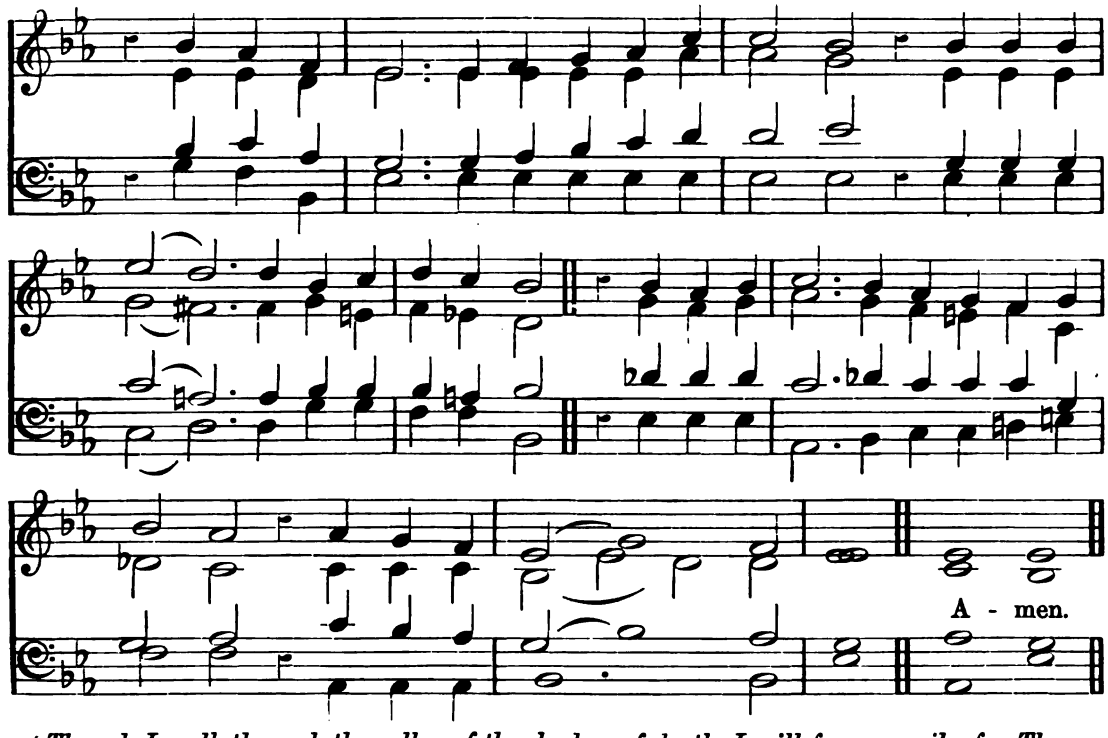
m 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
mf And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

f 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

314

'Then face to face.'

CROSSING THE BAR. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

mp
Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there
be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to
sea, But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and
rall.
foam, When that which drew from out the bound - less deep Turns a - gain

a tempo
dim.
home. 2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the
Twi - - - - - - - - - - light and eve - ning bell,
mp
m
dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well When I em - bark; For,
cres.
rit.
slower
tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, . . I
hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

315

ST. AUGUSTINE. **J. B. CALKIN.**

'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me . . And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

mp WHEN on my day of life the night is falling, [spaces blown
And in the winds from unsunned
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

m 2 Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant, [decay;
Leave not its tenant when its walls
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

mp 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,— [shade and shine,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

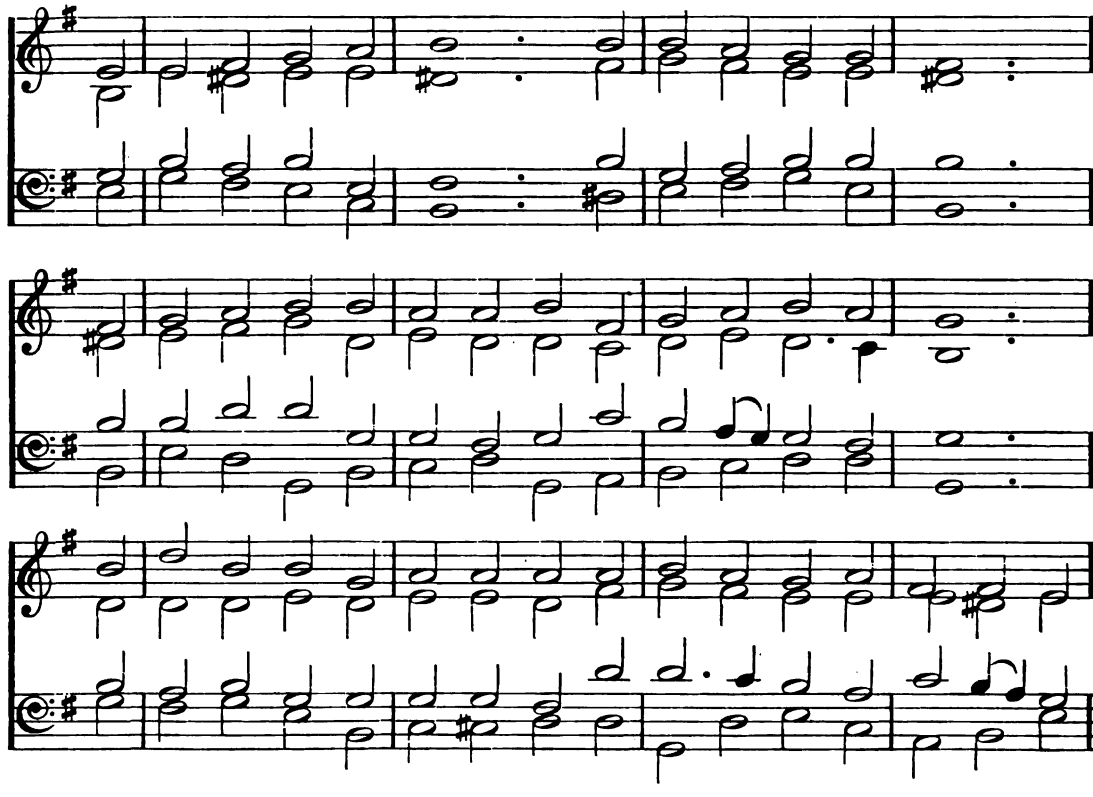
m 4 I have but Thee, my Father; let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
mp No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
c And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

m 7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

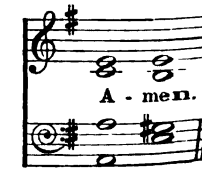
316

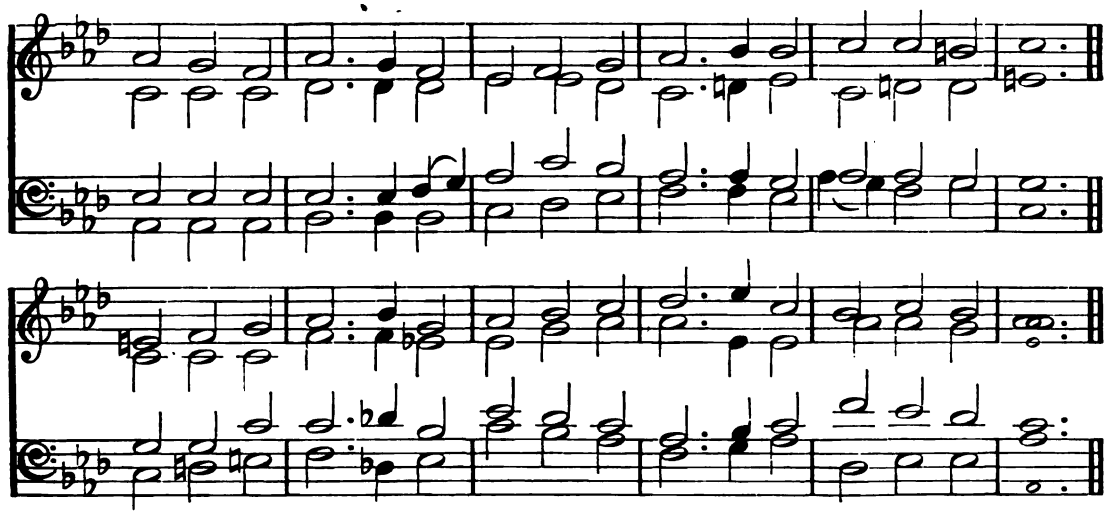
LUCCA. GESIUS' COLLECTION, 1605.

'In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you.'

mp FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

m 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

mf 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

mp 4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
c As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
mf Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

317

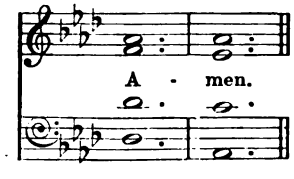
SUPPLIANT. MYLES B. FOSTER.

'Fear not: for I have redeemed thee . . When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'

mp LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine,—
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

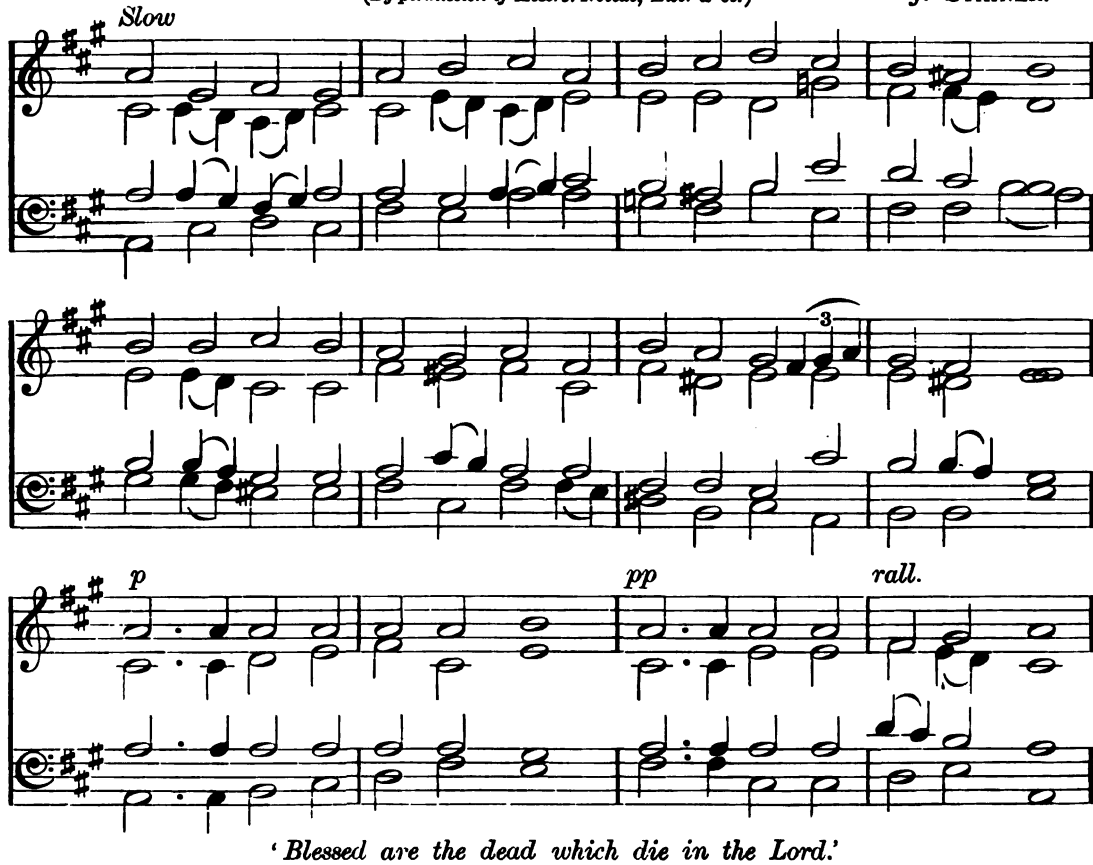
p 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow,
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
c Sustain us, Thou.

p 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
c Aid us, O God.

p 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
c We call on Thee to save,
Father Divine;
m Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

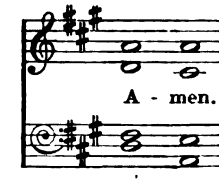


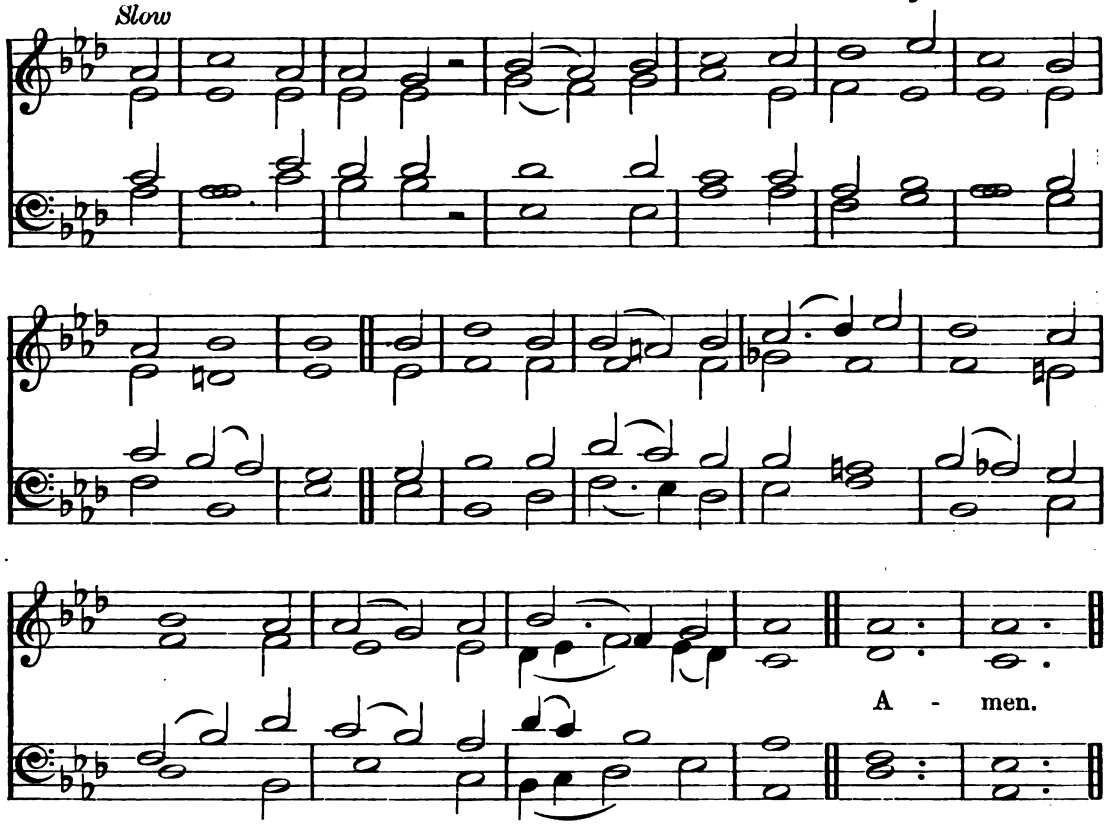
318

BEATI MORTUI. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. STAINER.

'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'

mp HARK! a voice! it cries from heaven,
m 'Happy in the Lord who die!'
Happy they to whom 't is given
From a world of grief to fly;
They indeed are truly blest;
From their labours then they rest.

mf 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
O what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see Him face to face,
Him who saved them by His grace.

m 3 'T is enough, enough for ever;
'T is His people's bright reward;
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord!
mp O that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose!

319

BRACKLEY. F. A. J. HERVEY.

'Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.'

mp ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
mf With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting!

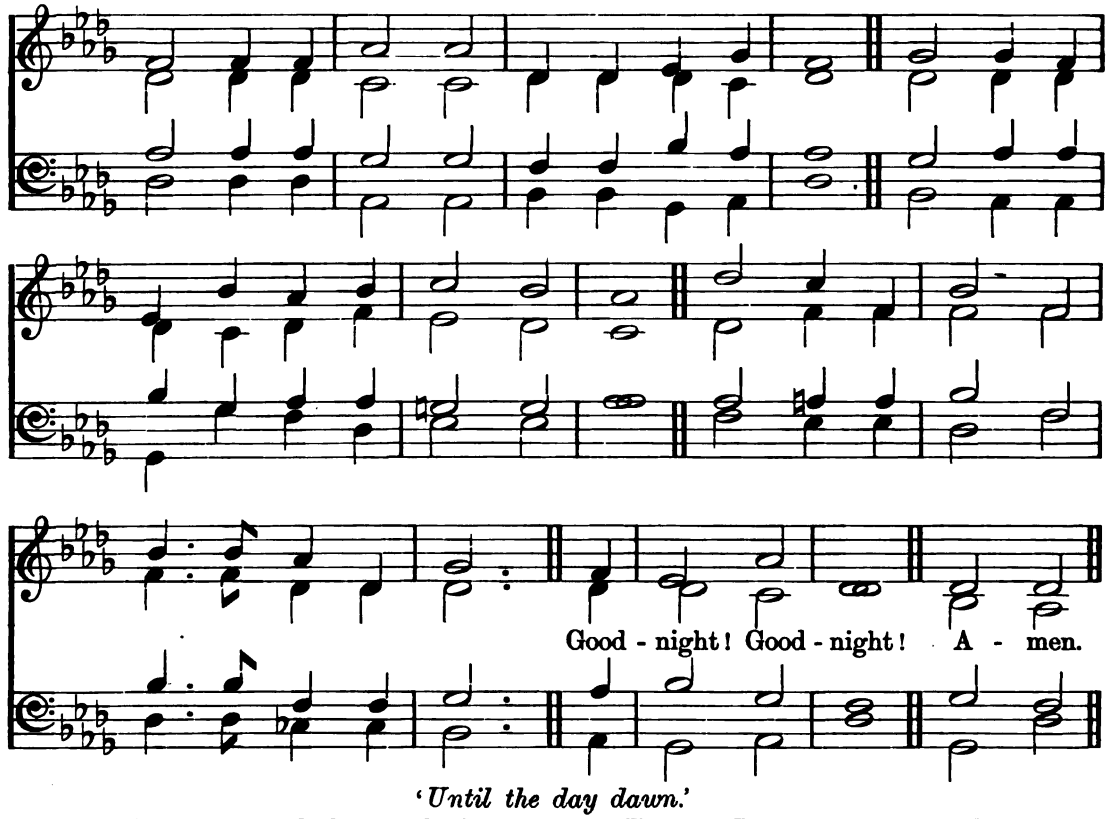
m 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

mp 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
m Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

mp 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

mp 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
m But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

320

THE BLESSED REST. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* J. BARNBY.

'Until the day dawn.'

mp SLEEP on, belovèd, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast; [best:
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee
Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep:
Good-night!

m 3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is overpassed,
Good-night!

4 Until the Lord's new glory floods the skies,
Until the loved in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine, [of thine,
And He shall bring that golden crown
Good-night!

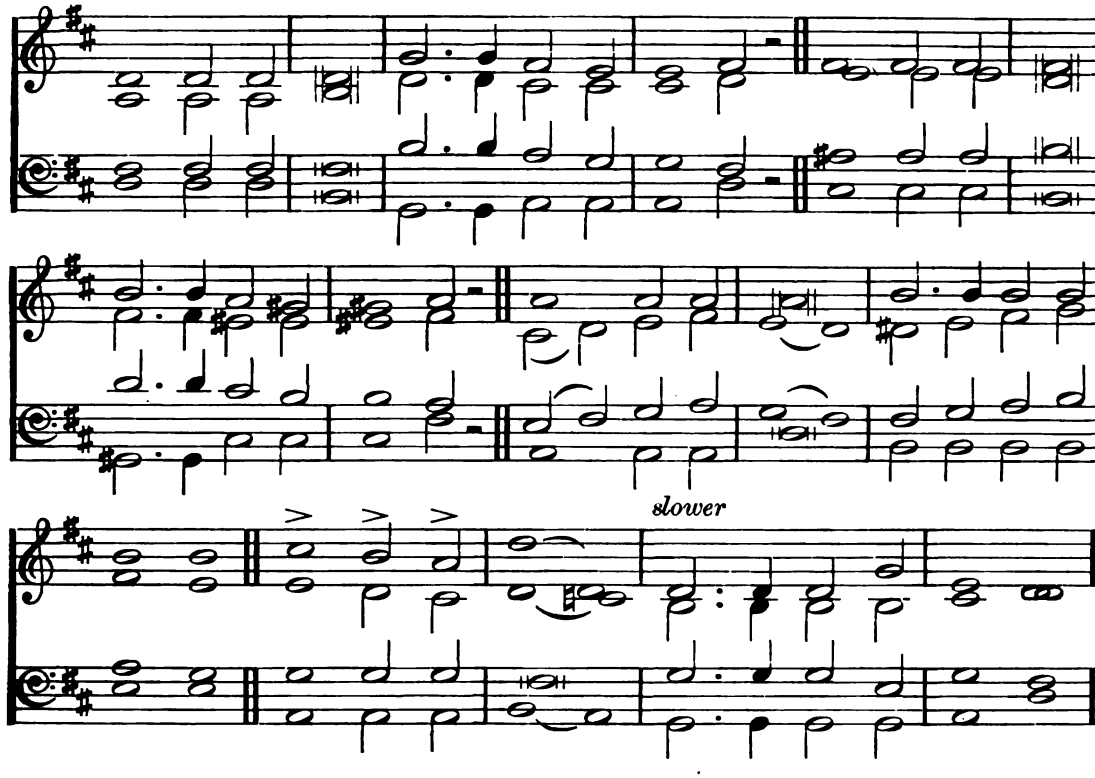
mp 6 Only 'Good-night!' belovèd, not 'Farewell!'

m A little while and all His saints shall dwell;
In hallowed union, indivisible:
Good-night!

mf 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,

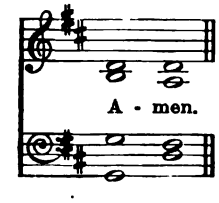
m Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night!

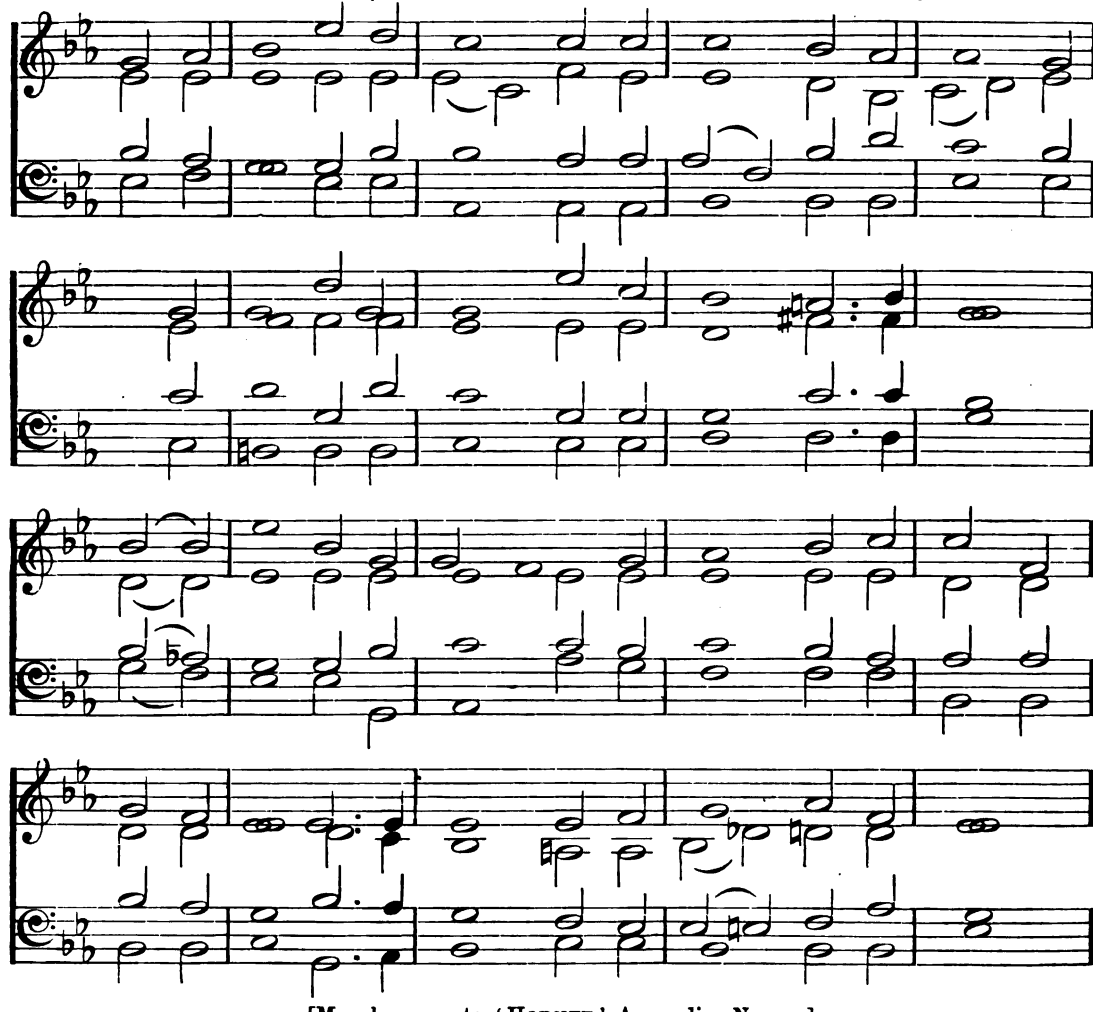
321

REQUIEM. J. BARNBY.

'They that dwell under His shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn.'

p SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

mp 2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
c Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
p Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

mp 3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
m They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest;
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

322

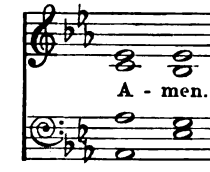
VICTORY. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ever & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

[May be sung to 'HODNET,' Appendix, No. 13.]

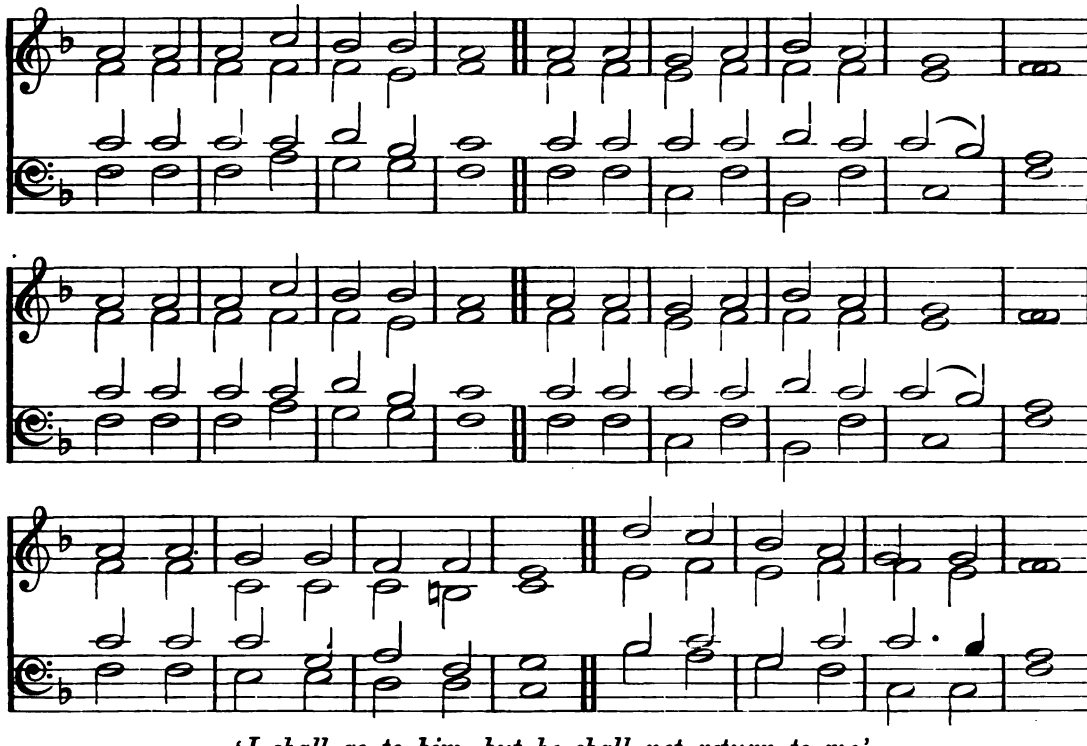
'*Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.*'

mp THOU art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
m Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

mp 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
mf But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

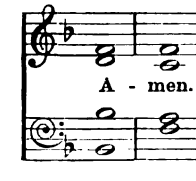
mp 3 Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
m But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

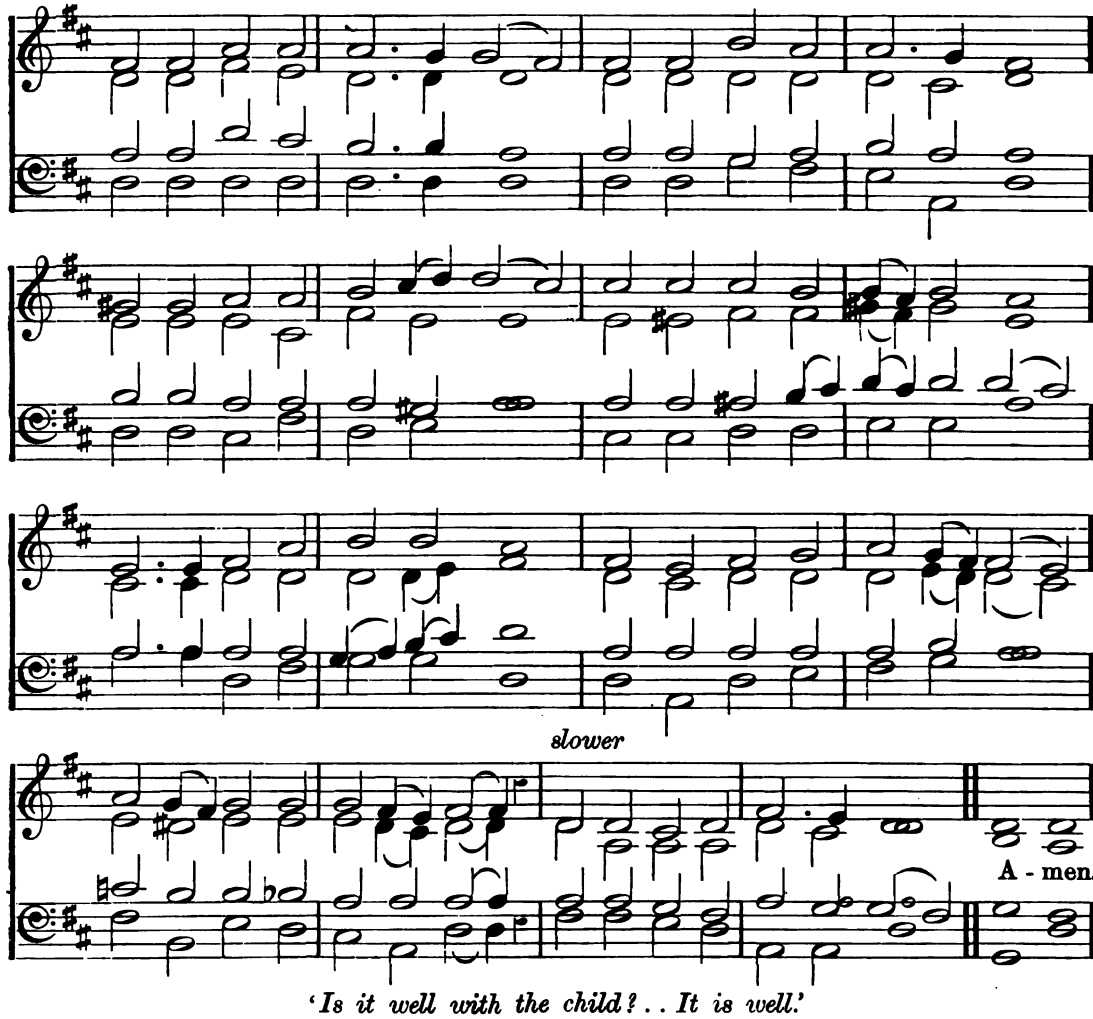
4 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
c He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
mf And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

323

MEINHOLD. LÜNEBURG GESANGBUCH, 1686.

'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.'

mp GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
p Ah! how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

m 2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
mf Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

m 3 Ah! Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
mp Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

324

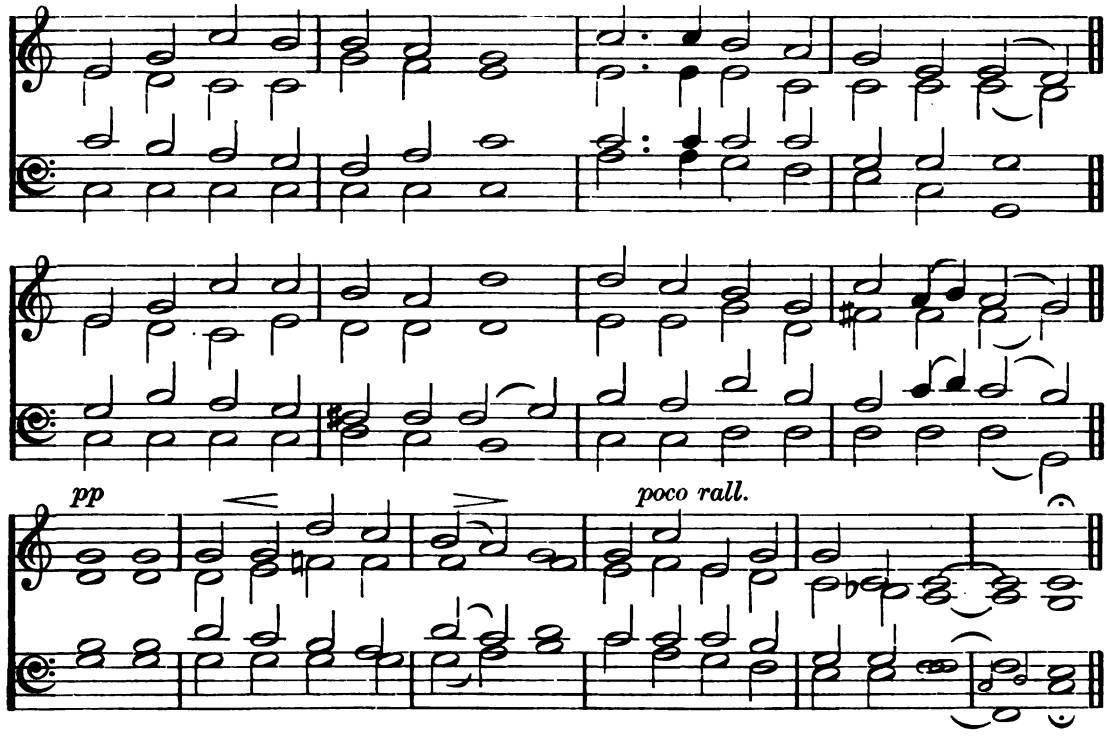
MONICA. MYLES B. FOSTER.

'Is it well with the child? . . It is well.'

mp SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care;
m God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd sleep.

mp 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain:
m For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mp 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet.

325

REQUIESCAT. J. B. DYKES.

'Present with the Lord.'

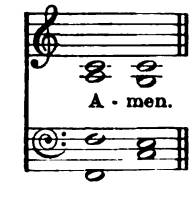
mp NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last.
p *Father, in Thy gracious keeping*
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mp 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

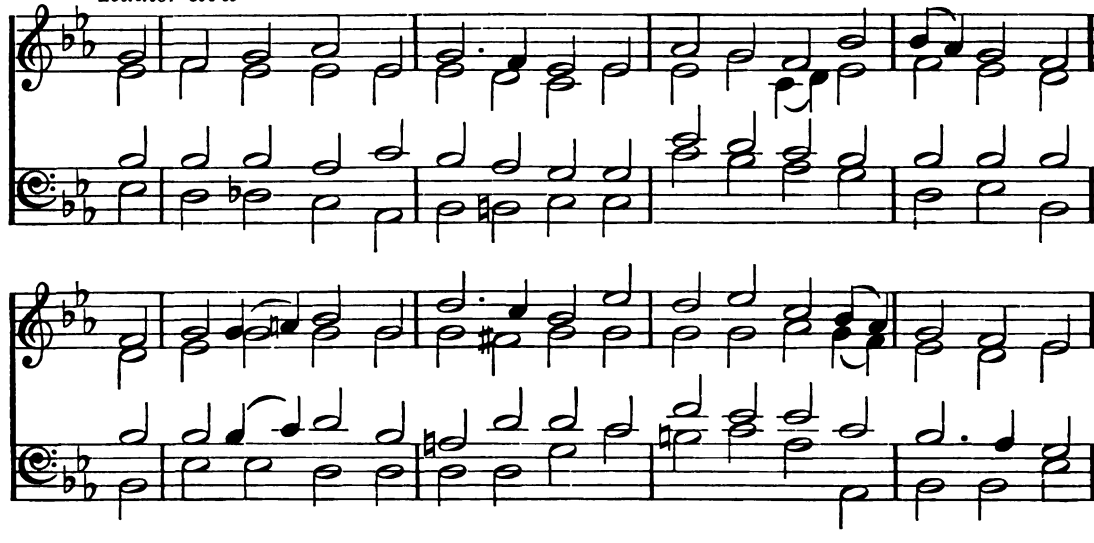
3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

m 5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

p 6 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
mp Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.

326

MORS ET VITA. J. STAINER.

Rather slow

'Thy brother shall rise again.'

mp NOW lay we calmly in the grave
This form, whereof no doubt we have
c That it shall rise again that day
In glorious triumph o'er decay.

mp 2 And so to earth again we trust
What came from dust, and turns to dust,
mf And from the dust shall surely rise
When the last trumpet fills the skies.

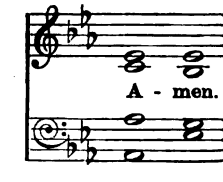
m 3 His soul is living now in God,
Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
Who through His Son redeemed him here
From bondage unto sin and fear.

4 His trials and his griefs are past;
A blessèd end is his at last;
He bore Christ's yoke, and did His will,
And though he died he liveth still.

5 He lives where none can mourn and weep,
And calmly shall this body sleep
c Till God shall death himself destroy,
And raise it into glorious joy.

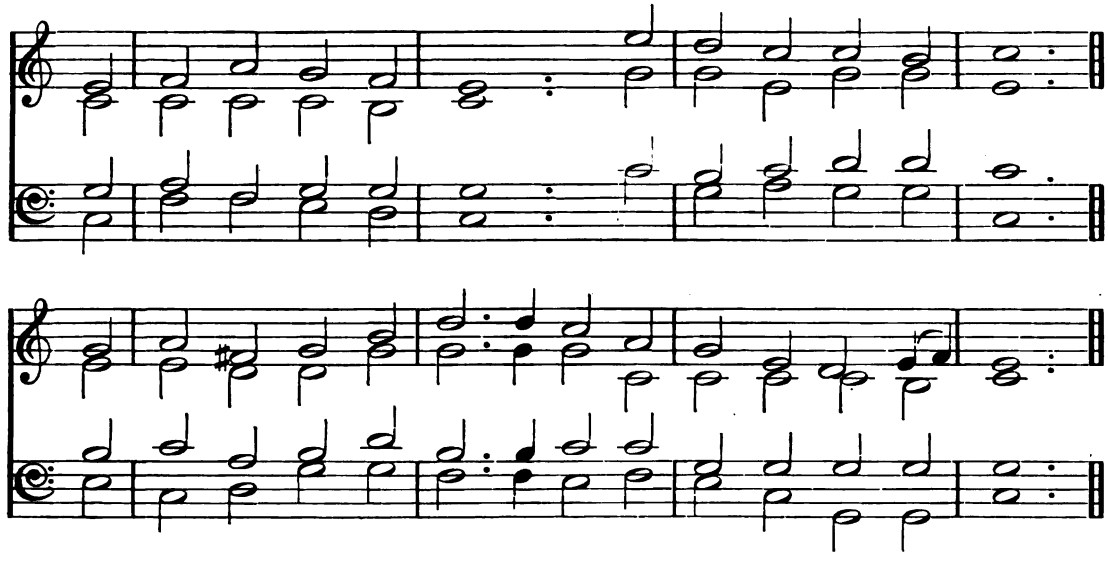
mp 6 He suffered pain and grief below;
m Christ heals him now from all his woe;
mf For him hath endless joy begun;
He shines in glory like the sun.

mp 7 Then let us leave him to his rest,
And homeward turn, for he is blest,
And we must well our souls prepare,
When death shall come, to meet him there.

m 8 So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy cross
From endless death and misery;
mf We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.

Also the following:

65 And now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul resigning.
72 By Jesus' grave on either hand.
99 Saviour, when in dust to Thee.
101 When gathering clouds around I view.
102 When our heads are bowed with woe.
112 The Church has waited long.
356 Holy Father, cheer our way.
361 The sun is sinking fast.
499 The sower went forth sowing.
500 Winter reigneth o'er the land.

327

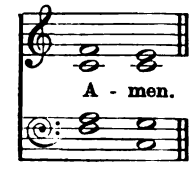
ST. OLAVE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'The former things are passed away.'

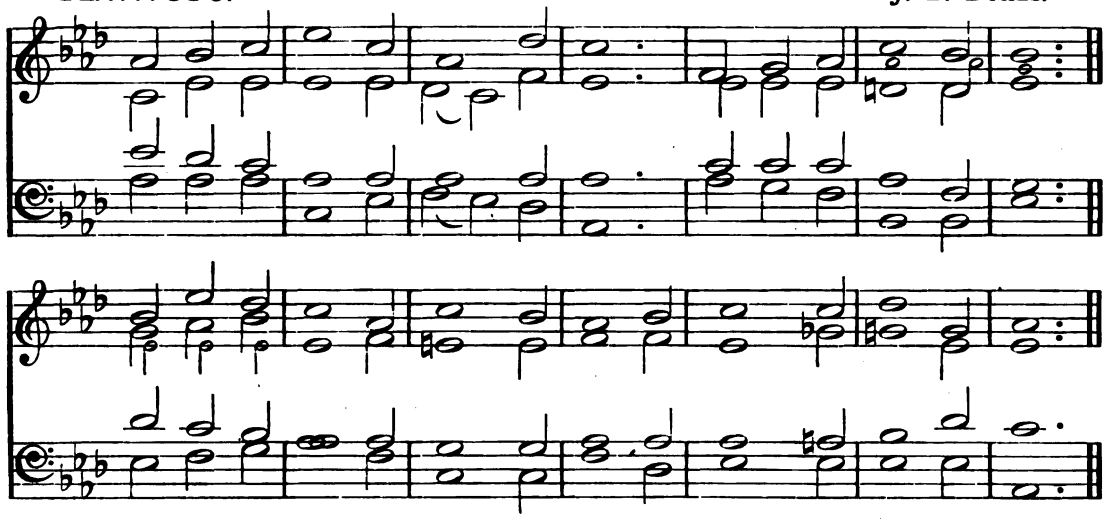
m THERE is no night in heaven:
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

mp 2 There is no grief in heaven:
For all is perfect day;
And tears are 'mid those former things
Which all have passed away.

m 3 There is no sin in heaven,
Amid that blessèd throng;
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
mf Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

mp 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
c Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won.

328

BEATITUDO. J. B. DYKES.

'Let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan.'

mf THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;

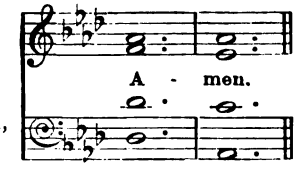
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
mp Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

m 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

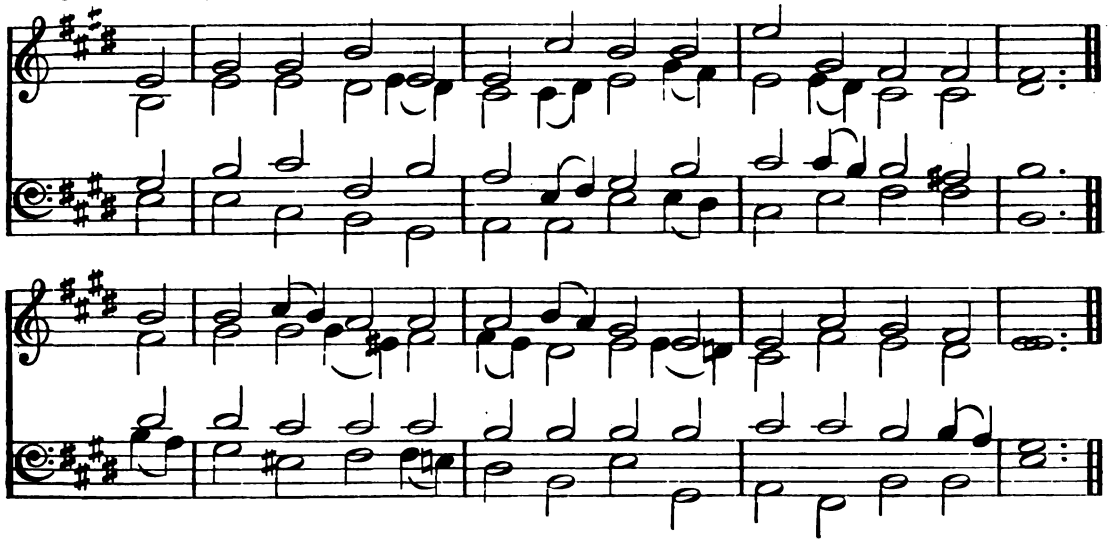
mp 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

m 5 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
mf Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.



329

SOUTHWELL. H. S. IRONS.

'That great city, the holy Jerusalem.'

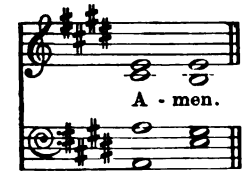
m JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee?

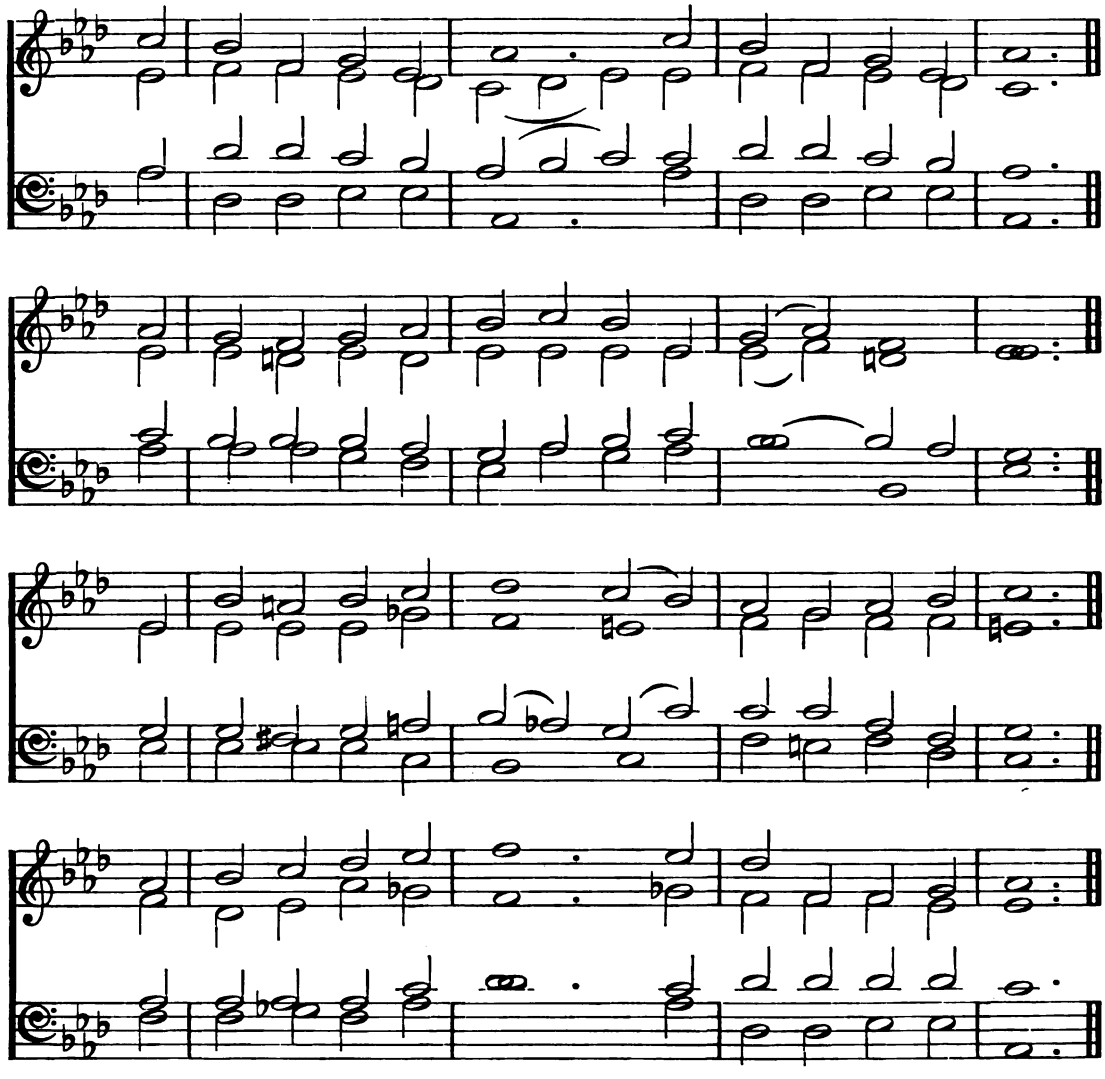
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know.
f Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

mp 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
mf I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

f 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

mf 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

330

THE BLESSED HOME. J. STAINER.

[May be sung to 'HAWARDEN,' No. 451.]

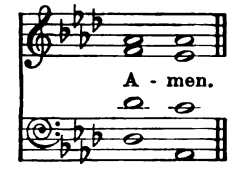
'They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.'

mp THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

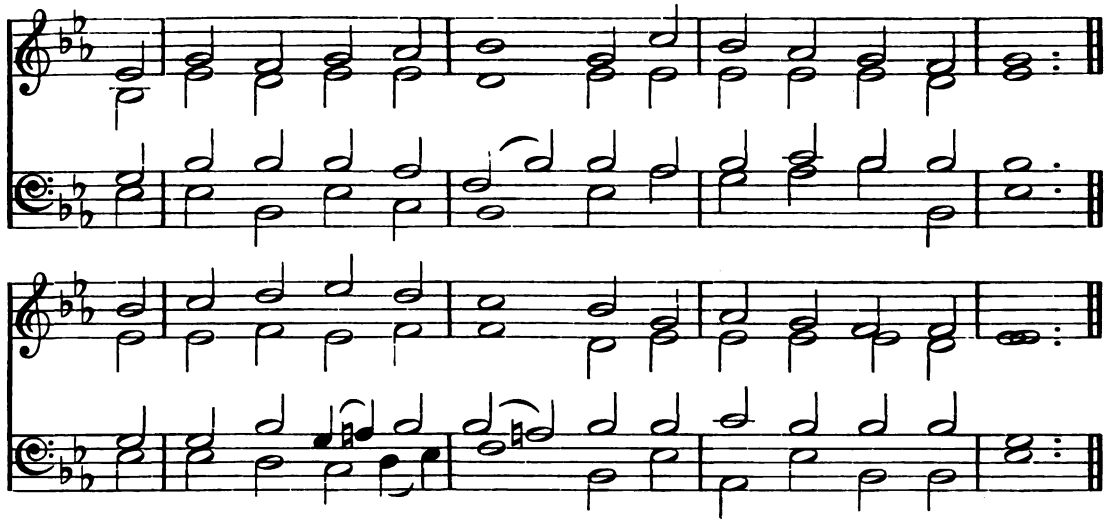
c Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

mp 2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
m Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

m 3 O joy all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb who died,
mp And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
mf To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

m 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

331

BREMEN. **M. VULPIUS.**



[May be sung to 'WELLESLEY,' No. 486; or to 'ST. ALPHEGE,' see opposite.]

'Be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

m THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate.'

2 The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

mf 3 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,

4 To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

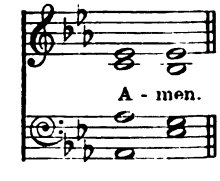
m 5 And, when the Sole-begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before,

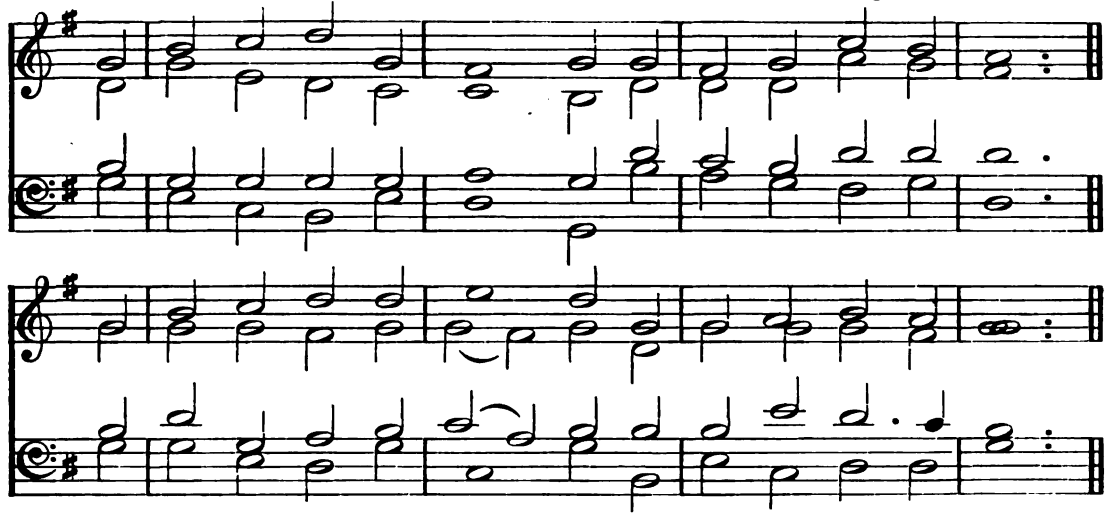
6 Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

mf 7 Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light,
Send hope before to grasp it
Till hope be lost in sight,

8 Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessèd souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

m 9 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

mp 10 Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

332

ST. ALPHEGE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'

mp BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

mf 2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

m 3 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

4 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

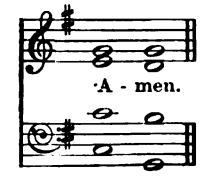
mp 5 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;

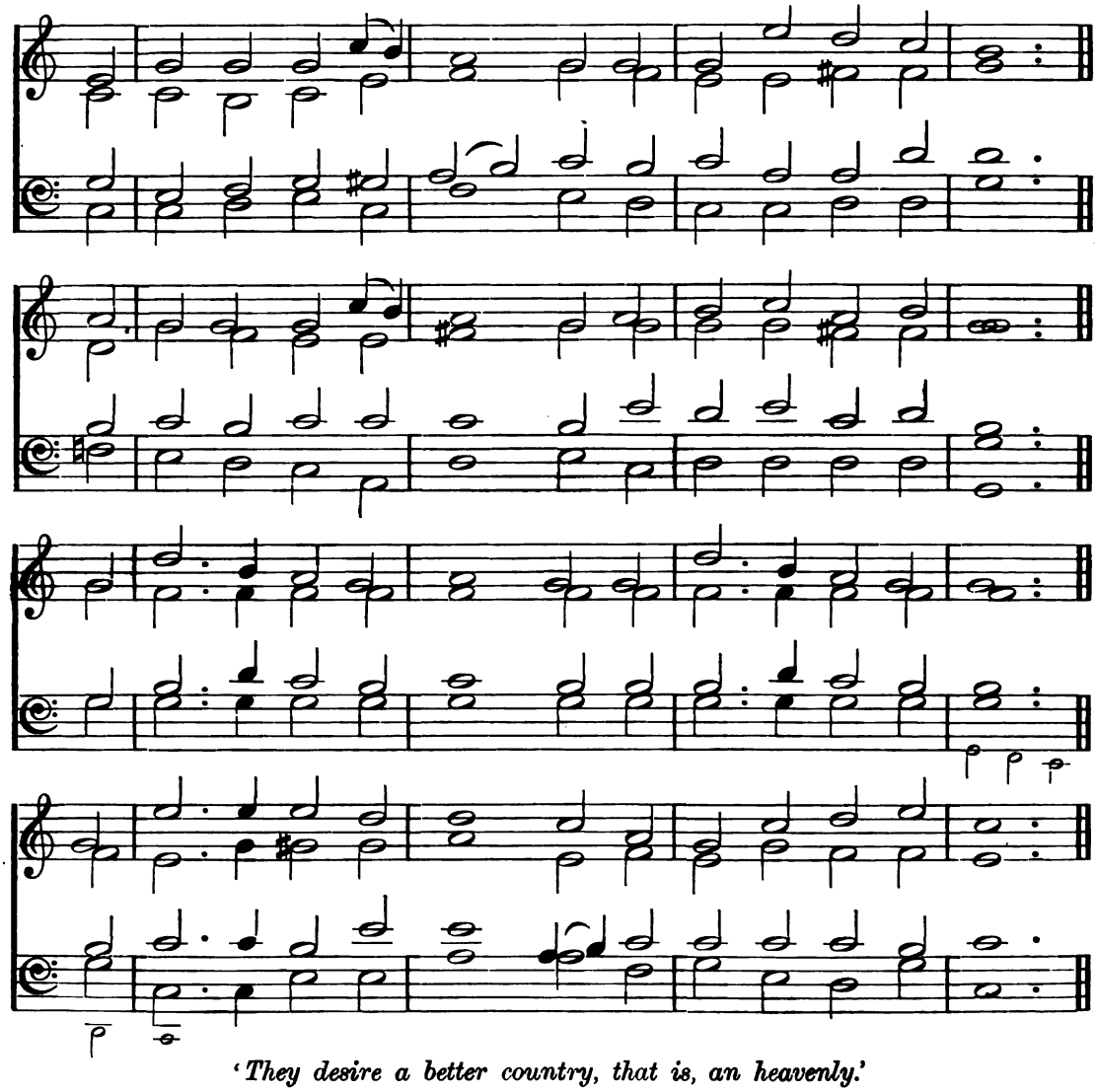
m 6 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
c And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

mf 7 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

8 Yes! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

m 9 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

mp 10 Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

333

GLORY. C. VINCENT.

'They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.'

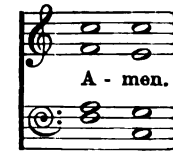
mp FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
m The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

mf 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

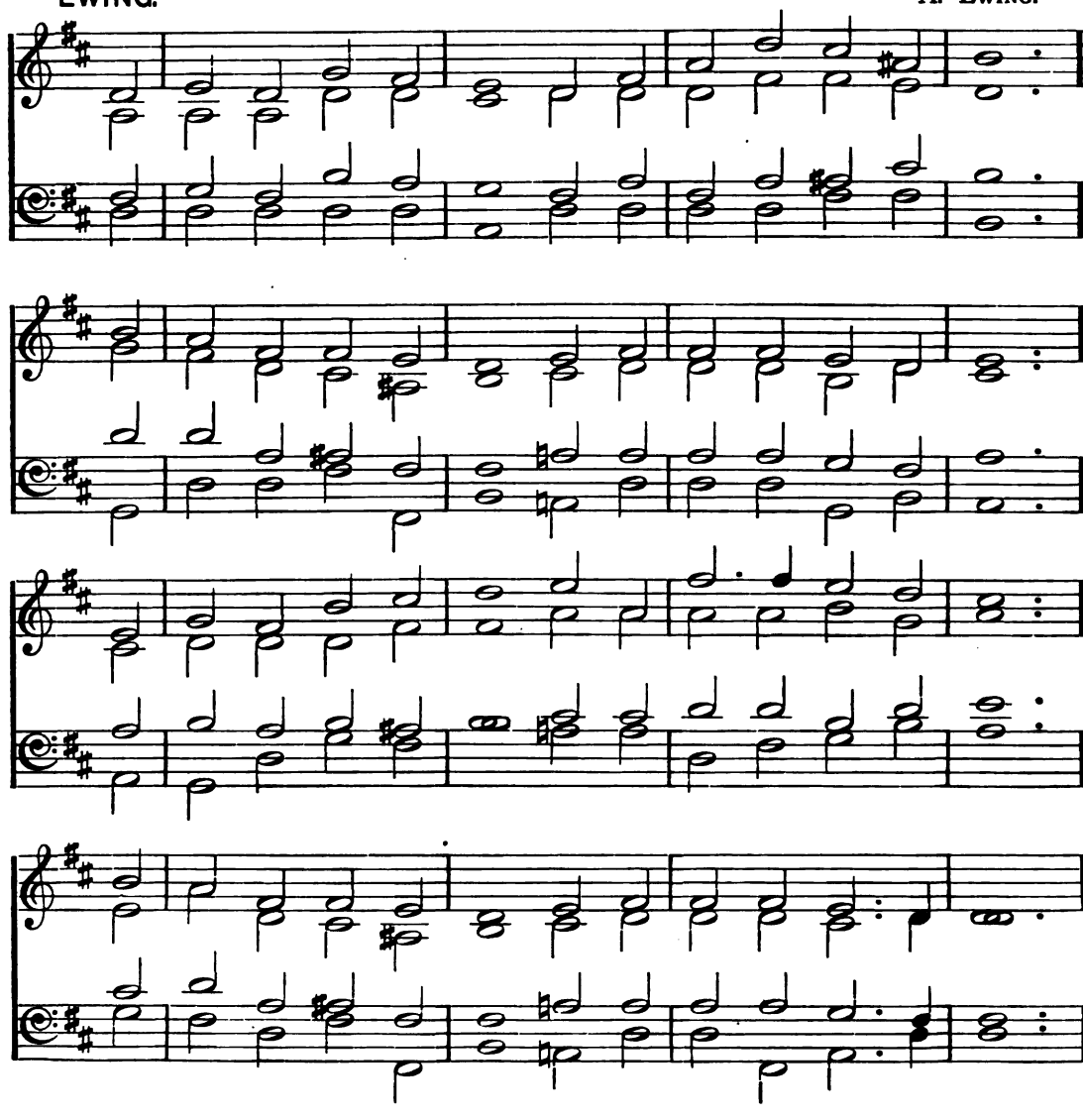
3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
f The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

m 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
mf Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

m 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
mp Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.



334

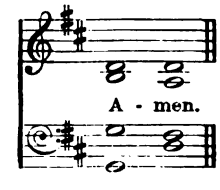
EWING. A. EWING.

'He hath prepared for them a city.'

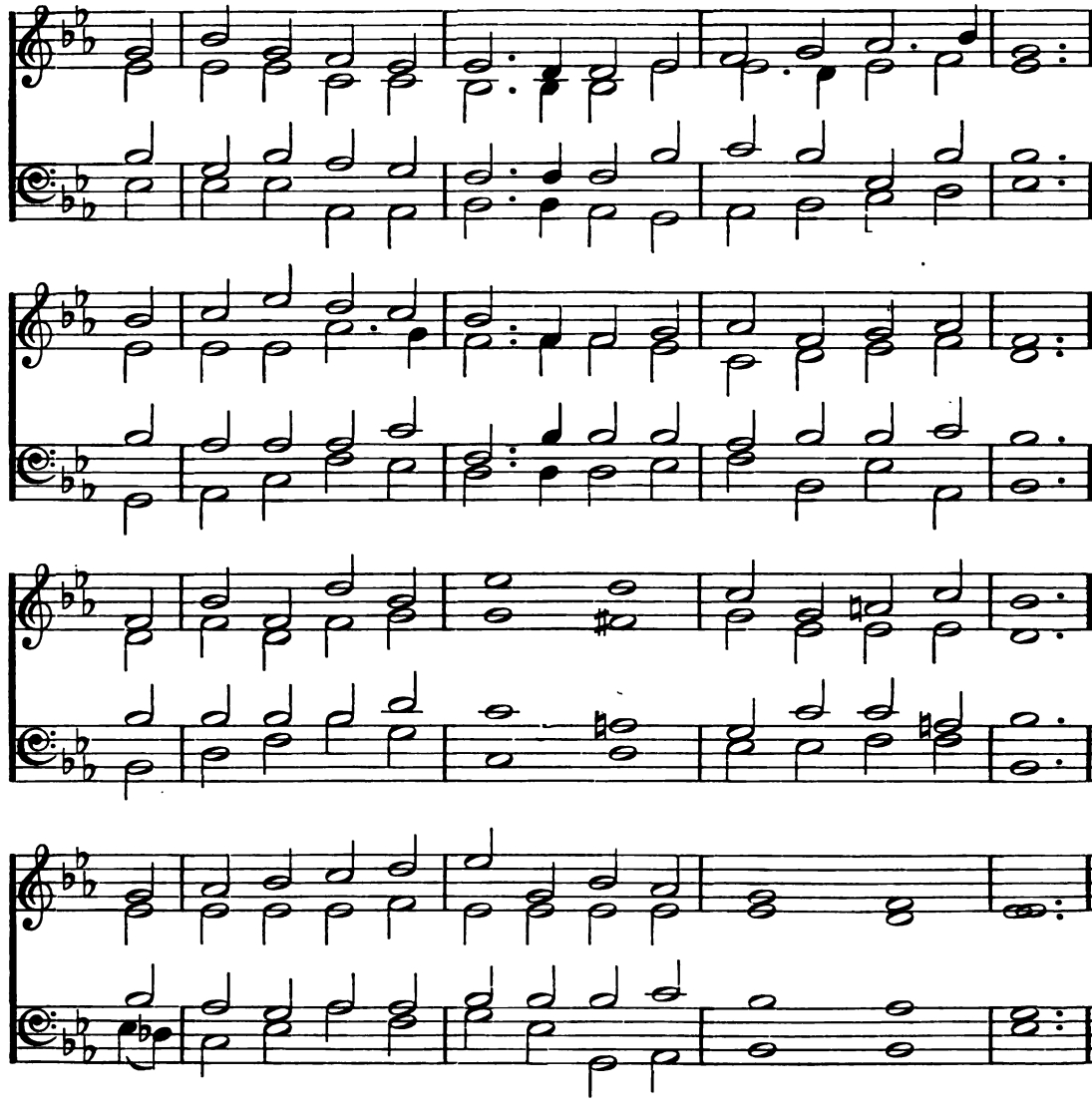
p JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:

c I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

mf 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
f And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

m 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
mp Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

335

PARADISE. **H. SMART.**

'The paradise of God.'

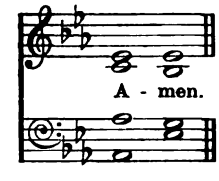
mp O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

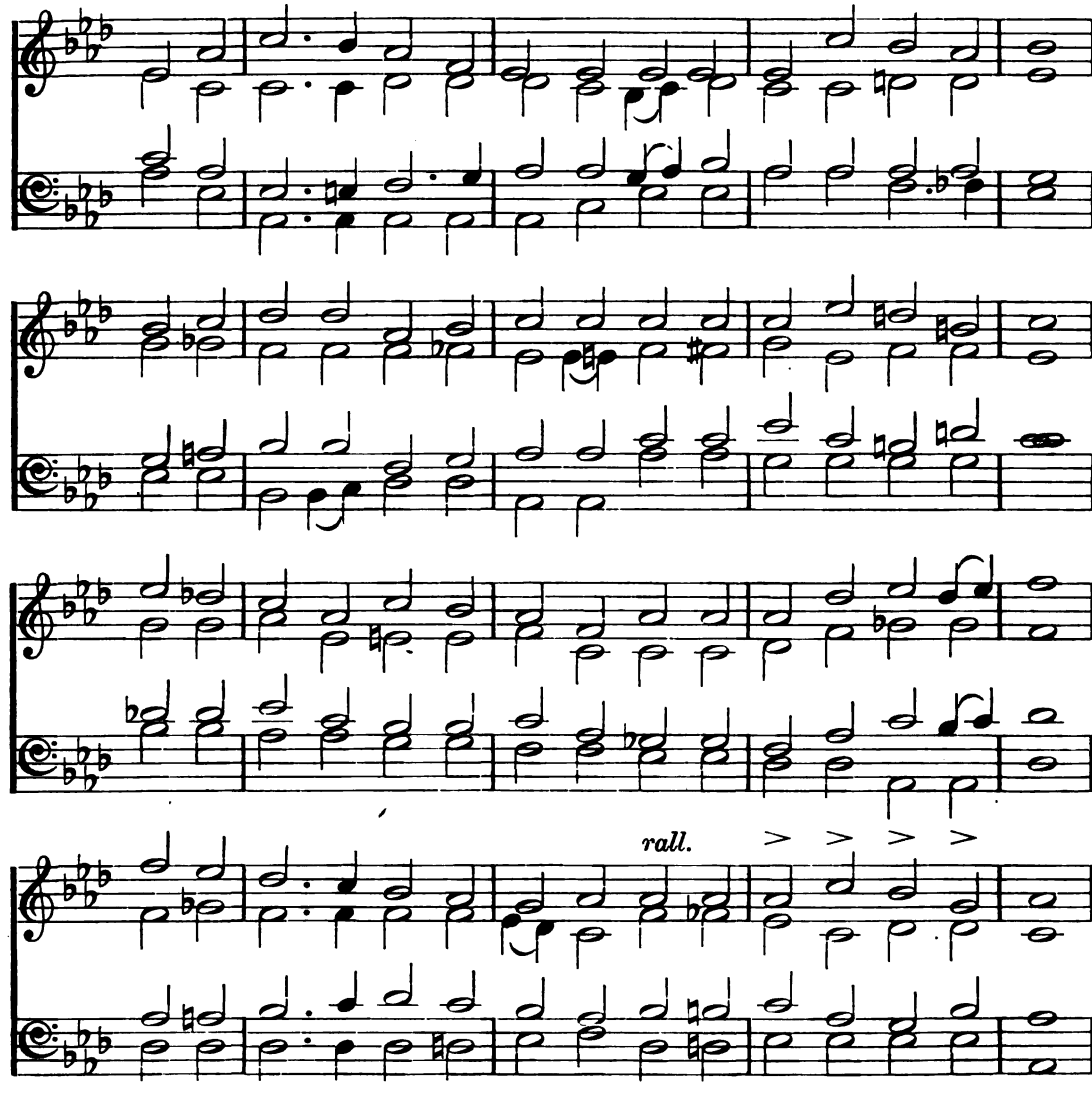
mf *Where loyal hearts and true*
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight!

mp 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'T is weary waiting here;
m I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

mp 4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
o And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

336

SANCTUARY. **J. B. DYKES.**

'Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.'

mf HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!' Lord, to Thee.

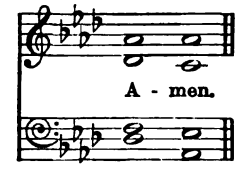
Multitude, which none can number
Like the stars, in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

mp 2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
mf They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

f 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory;
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

mf 5 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of light, Immanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.



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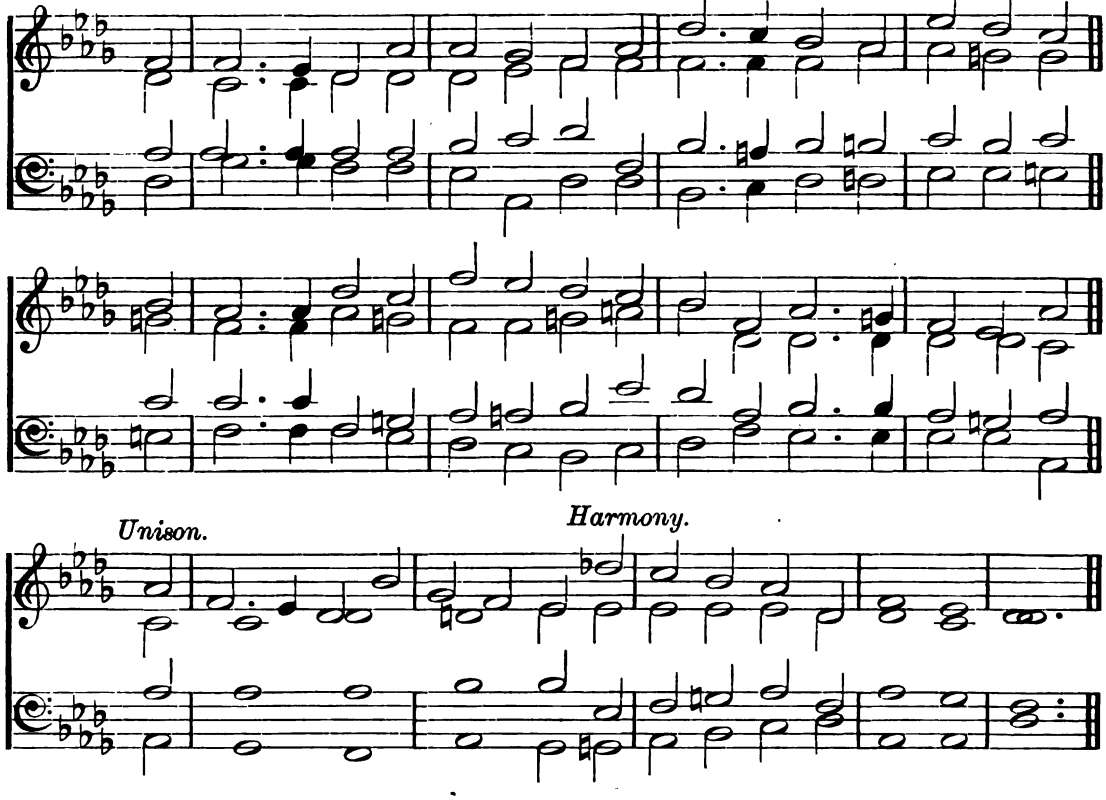
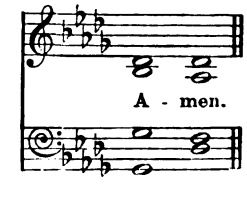
REST. J. STAINER.

'That they may rest from their labours.'

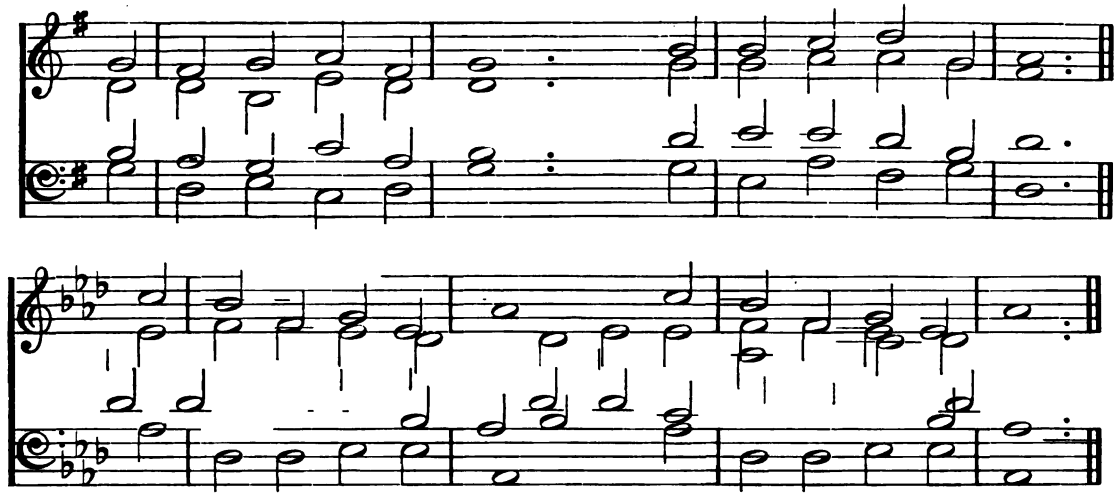
m THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:
mf O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

m 2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
mf O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

m 3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
mf O happy saints! for ever blest
In that calm haven of your rest!

mp 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
c Till from the dust they too shall rise,
And soar triumphant to the skies:
f O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

mp 5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry:
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,—
mf That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

338

GORTON. W. HOLLINGWORTH.

'Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'

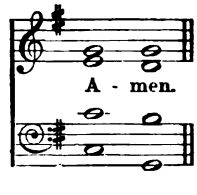
m FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

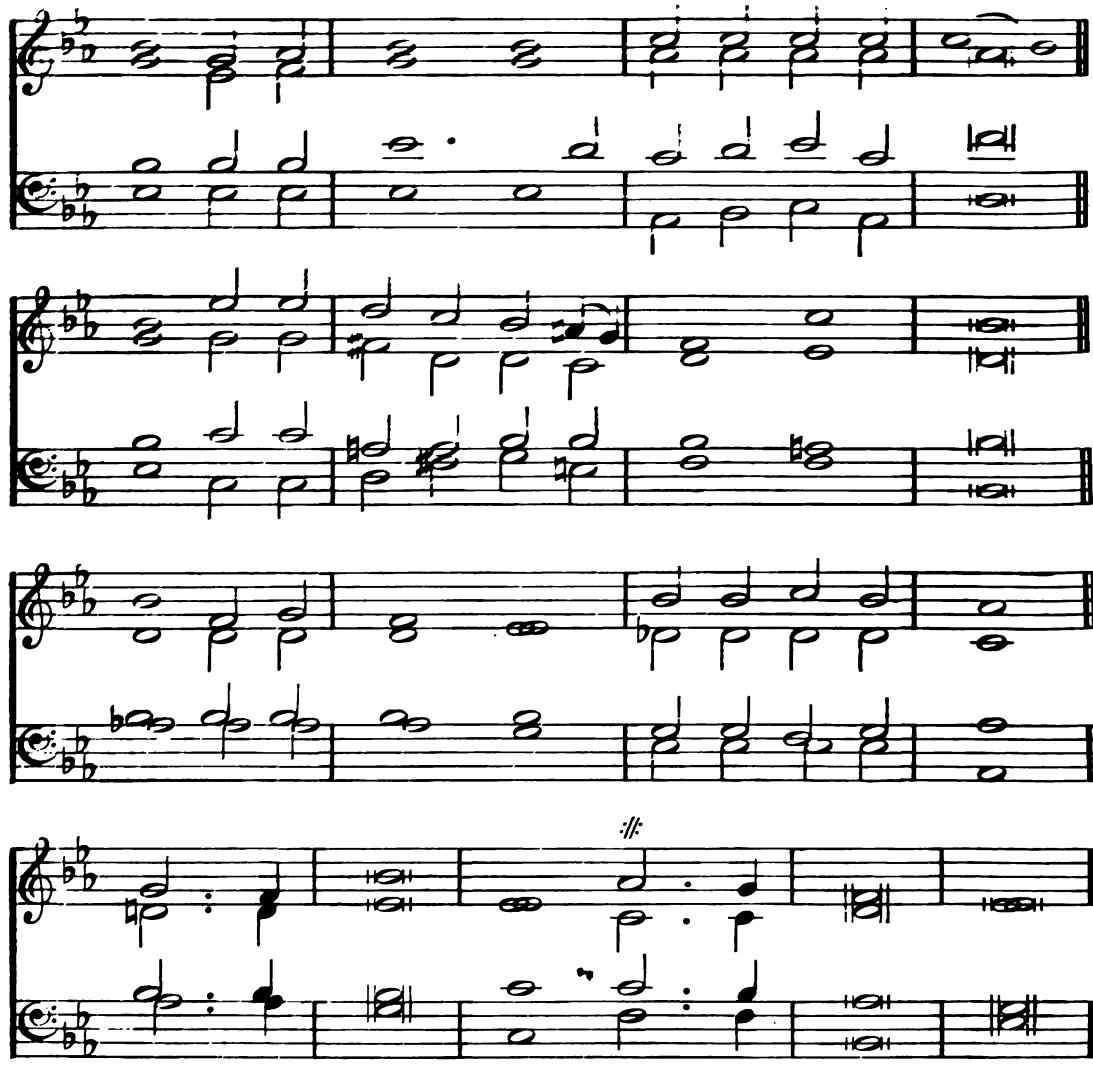
3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 Thy mystic members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.

mp 5 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.



339

ST. PHILIP. **J. BARNBY.**

'We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.'

m FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
f Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Hallelujah!

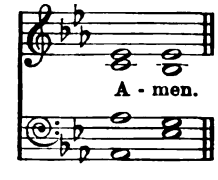
mf 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah!

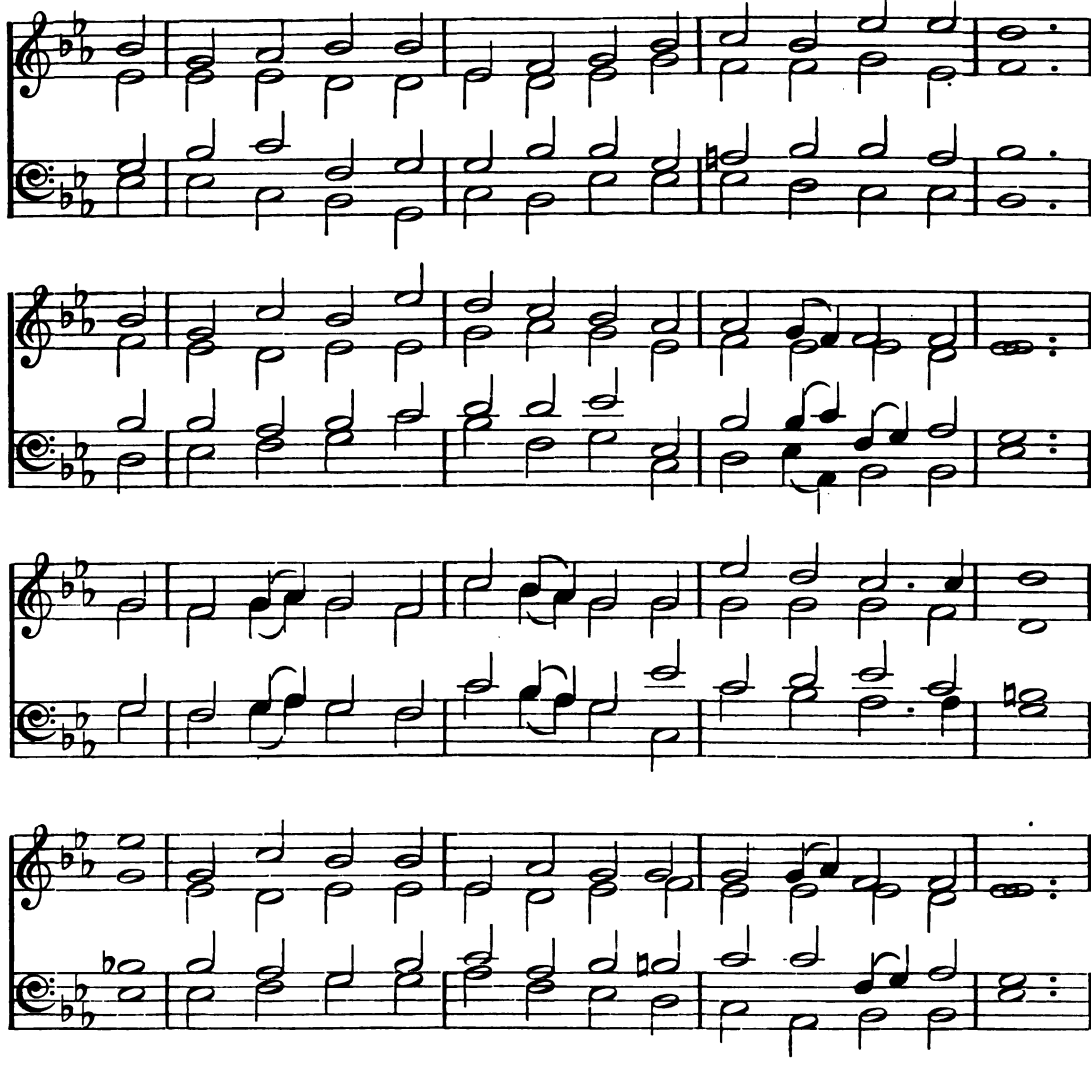
m 4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
mf Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Hallelujah!

mp 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
c Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
mf And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah!

m 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah!

f 7 But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Hallelujah!

ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
'Hallelujah!'

340

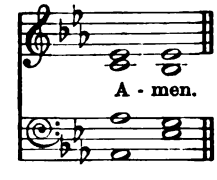
HEREFORD. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'

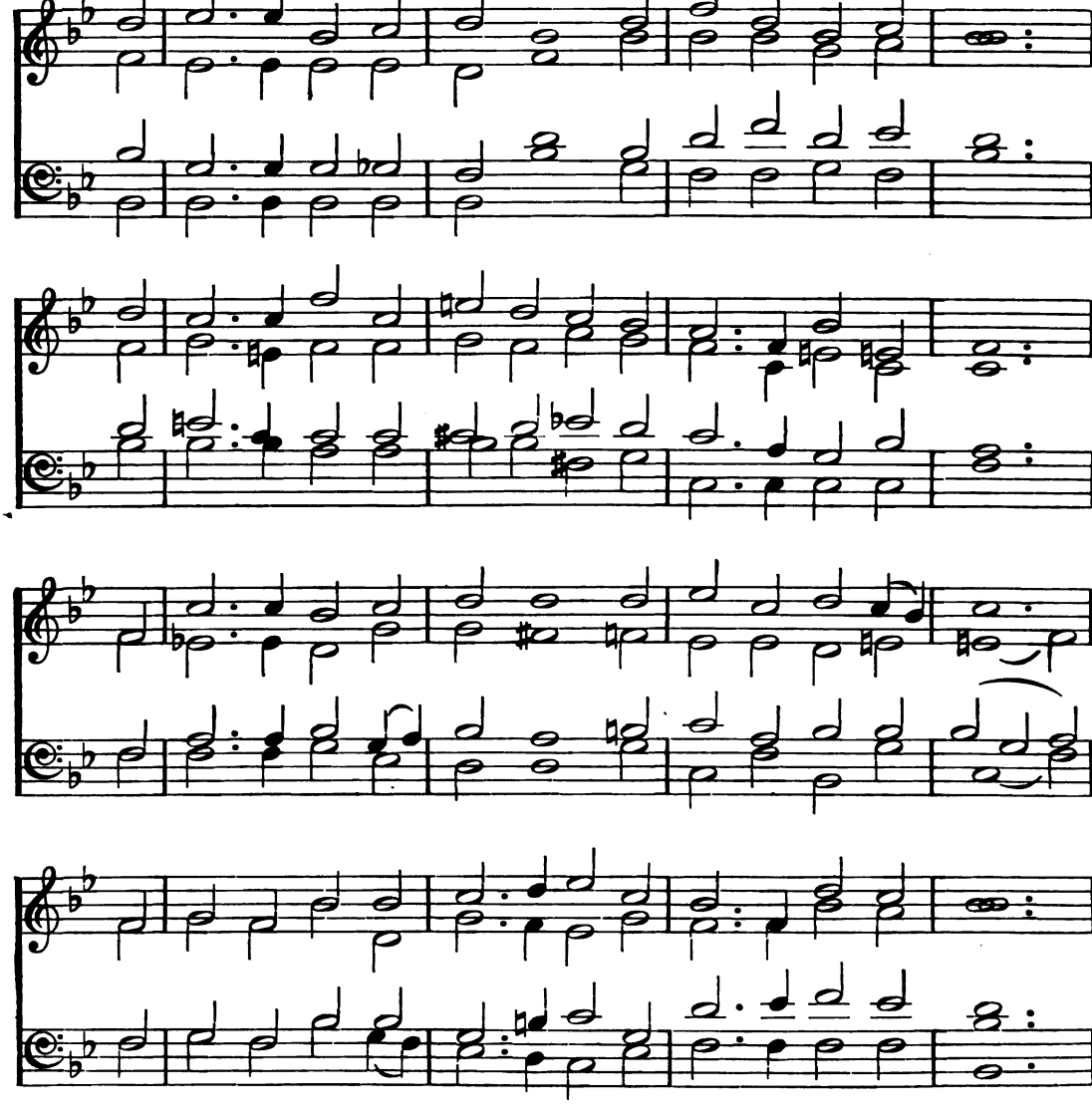
mf COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

m 2 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
c And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
mf Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
e O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
f Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

341

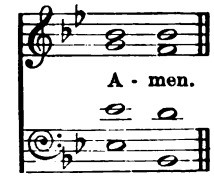
ALFORD. J. B. DYKES.

'We shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.'

mf TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;

f 'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

mf 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
f O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

mf 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

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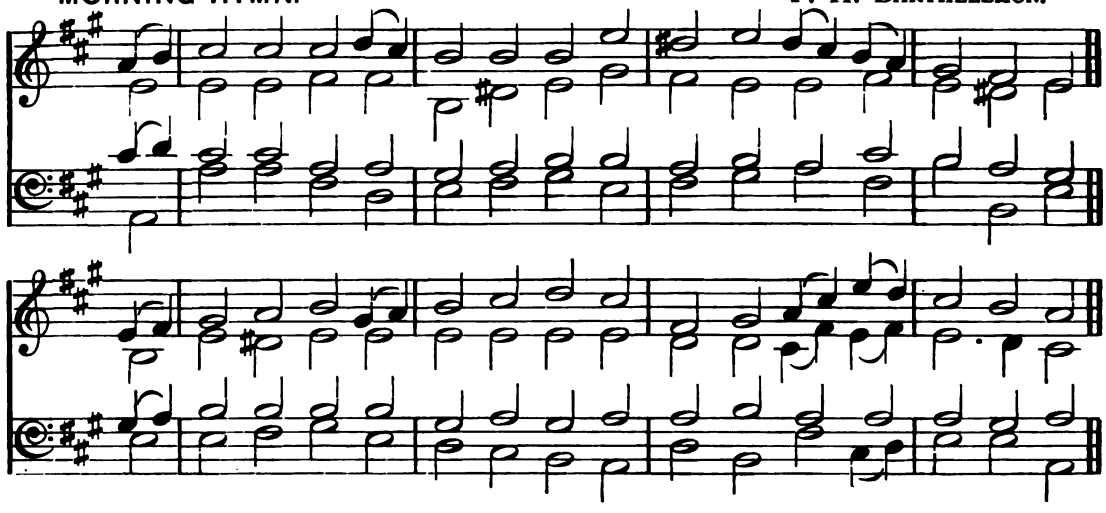
MORNING HYMN. F. H. BARTHELEMON.

'I will awake early. I will praise Thee, O Lord.'

mf AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

m 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
mp Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

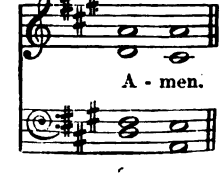
mf 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
mp Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

m 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
mf That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

ff 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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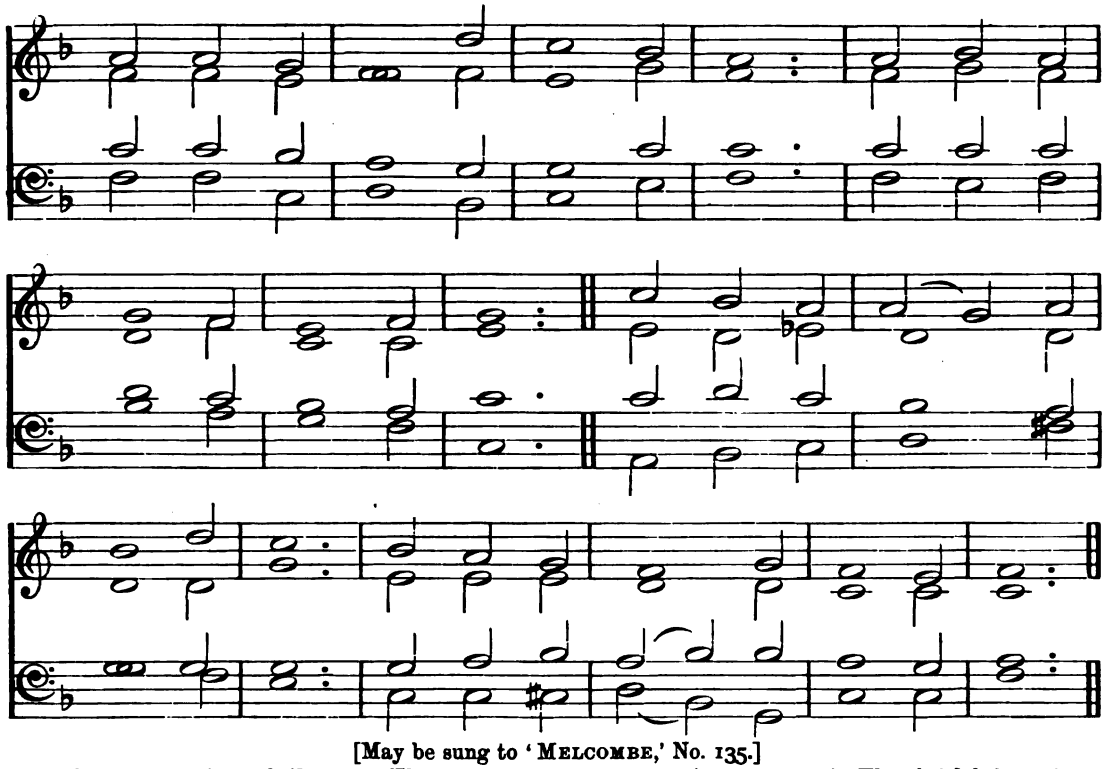
WINSCOTT. S. S. WESLEY.

[May be sung to 'MELCOMBE,' No. 135.]

'His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness.'

m TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

mf 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

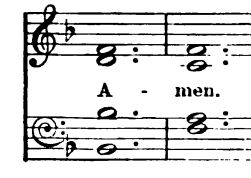
3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,—
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

m 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
mf New treasures still, of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

m 5 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

mp 7 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:
The secret this of rest below.

mf 8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

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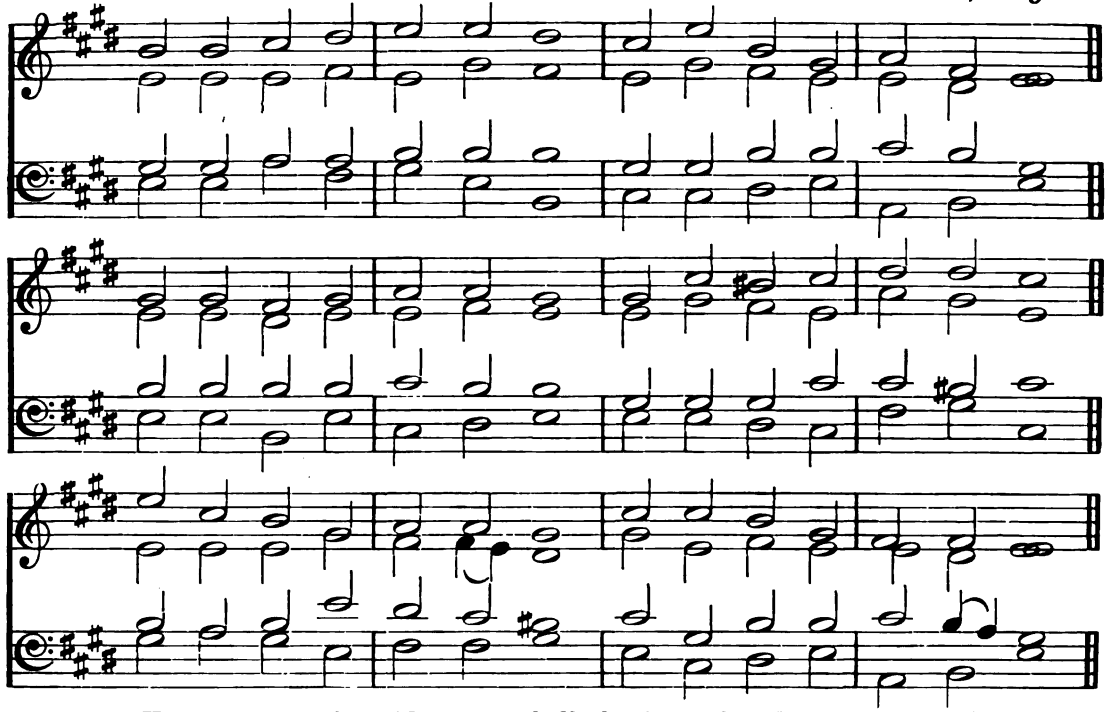
RATISBON. WERNER'S CHORALBUCH, 1815.

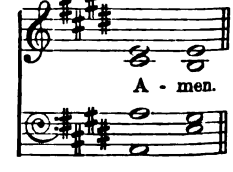


'Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise.'

mf CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

mp 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
m Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
c More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.



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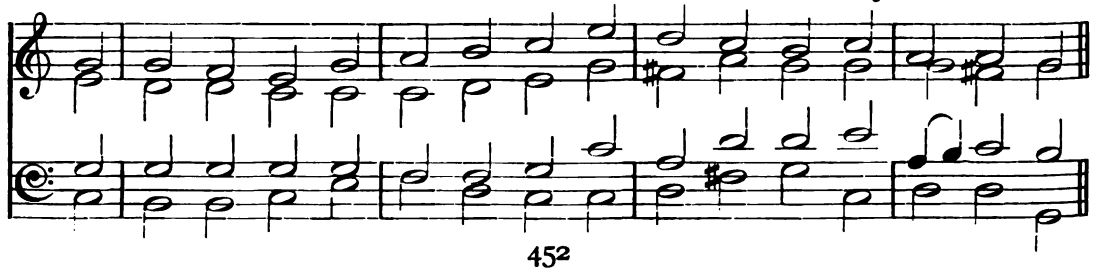
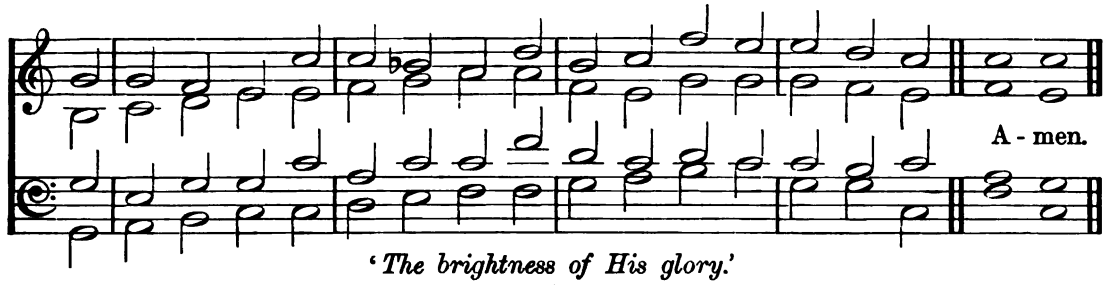
LUX ALMA. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'The brightness of His glory.'

mf O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

m 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

mf 6 O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

7 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

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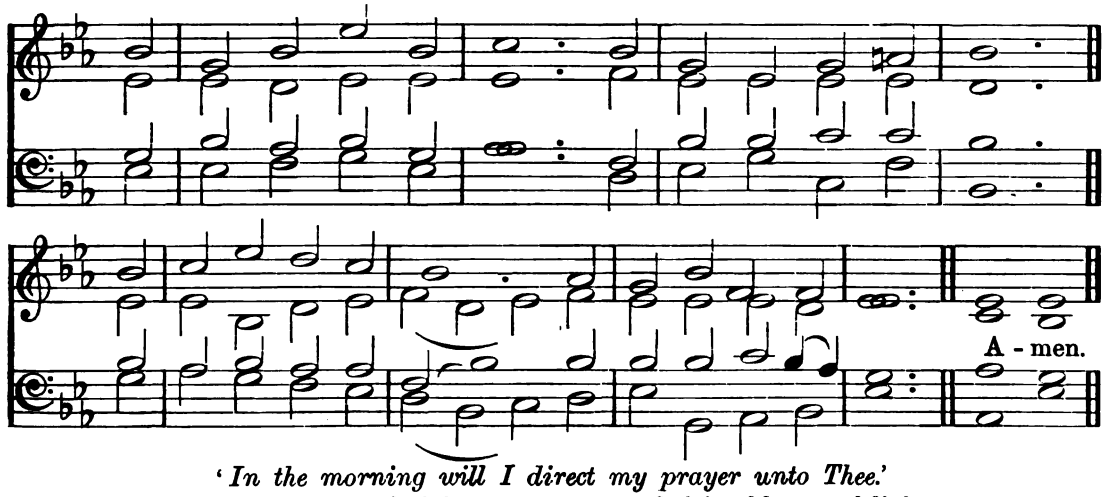
EDEN. O. M. FEILDEN.

'In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.'

m GONE are the shades of night,
The hours of rest are o'er;
mf New beauties sparkle bright,
And heaven is light once more.

m 2 To Thee our prayers shall speed,
O Lord of light Divine;
Come to our utmost need,
And in our darkness shine.

3 Spirit of love and light,
May we Thine image know,
And in Thy glory bright
To full perfection grow.

4 Hear us, O Father blest;
Save us, O Christ the Son;
Thou Comforter, the best,
Lead us till life is done.

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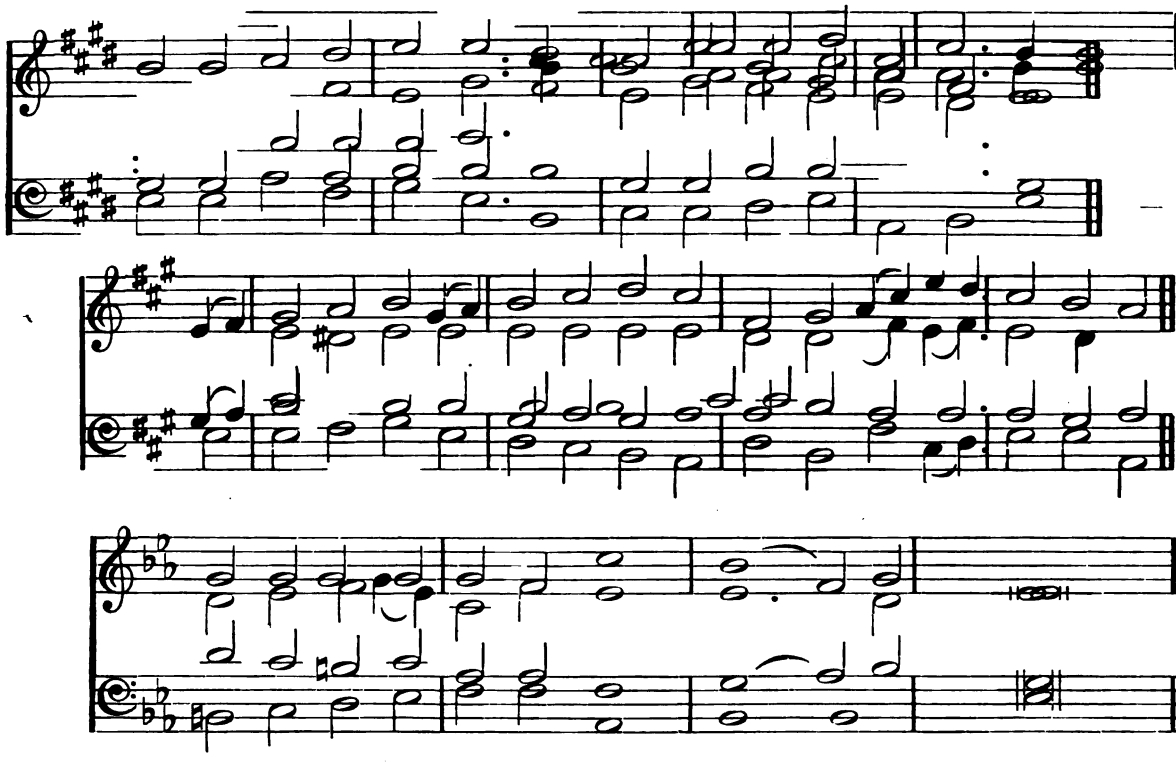
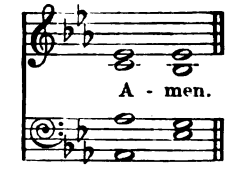
LUX PRIMA. G. A. MACFARREN.

'He shall be as the light of the morning.'

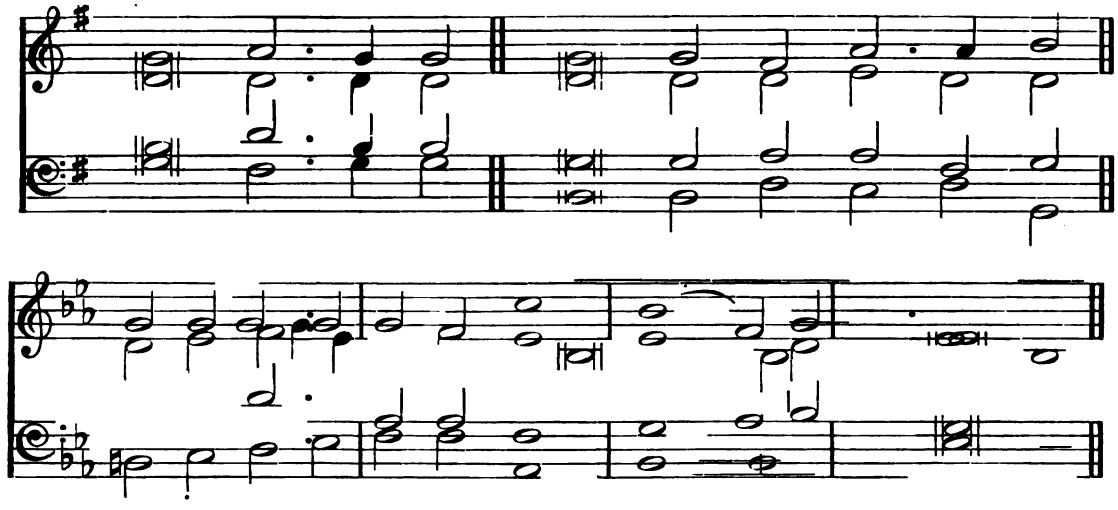
mf JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest Beam of love Divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

mp 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft, refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

m 3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
c Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

mf 4 O, our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion hill.
Homeward still.

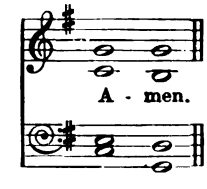
m 5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
c Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
mf Where Thy people fully blest
Safely rest.

348

JAM LUCIS. PLAINSONG MELODY.

'Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee.'

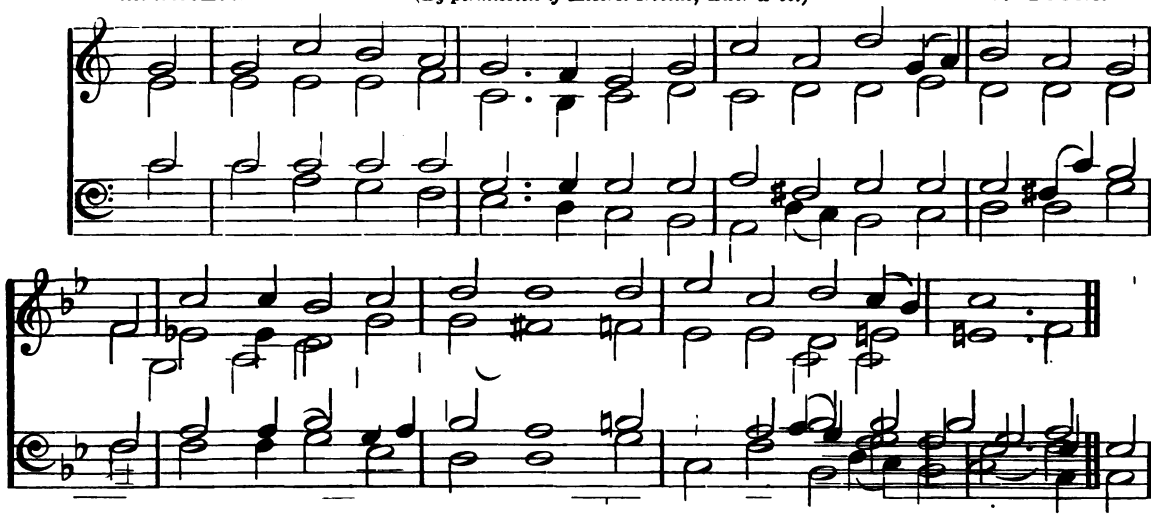
mf NOW that the daylight | fills the sky,
We lift our | hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we | do or say,
Would keep us | free from harm to-day,—

m 2 Would guard our hearts and | tongues from strife,
From anger's | din would hide our life,
From all ill sights would | turn our eyes,
Would close our | ears from vanities,

3 Would keep our inmost | conscience pure,
Our souls from | folly would secure,
Would bid us check the | pride of sense
With due and | holy abstinence.

mp 4 So we, when this new | day is gone
And night in | turn is drawing on,
c With conscience by the | world unstained,
Shall praise His | name for victory gained.

349

MARKEN. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* **B. TOURS.**



'I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.'

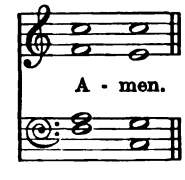
m FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think or speak or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

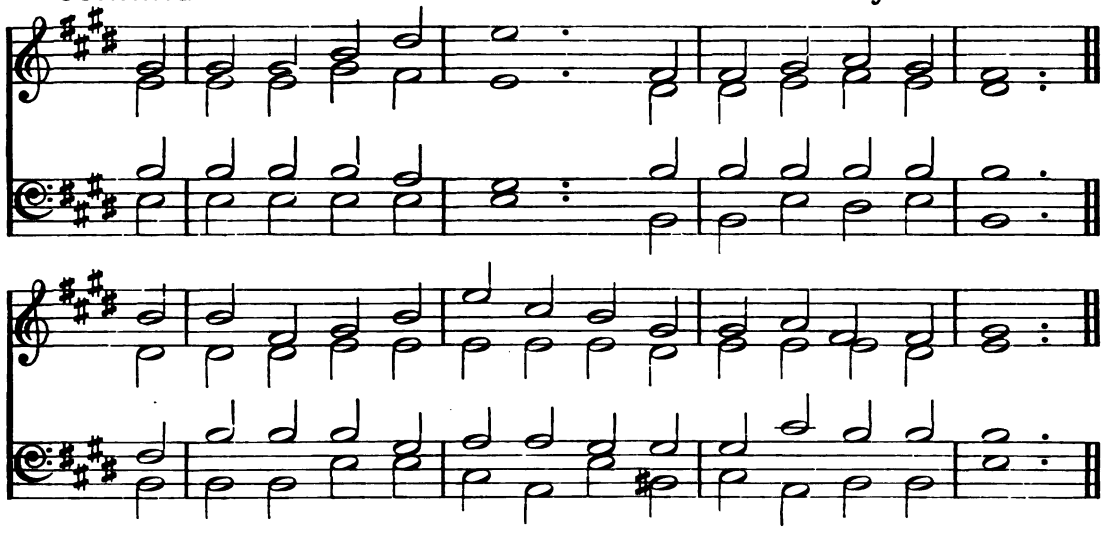
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

mf 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.



350

SONNING. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'When I awake, I am still with Thee.'

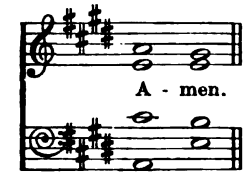
mp STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee:

m 2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer;

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart;

mp 4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

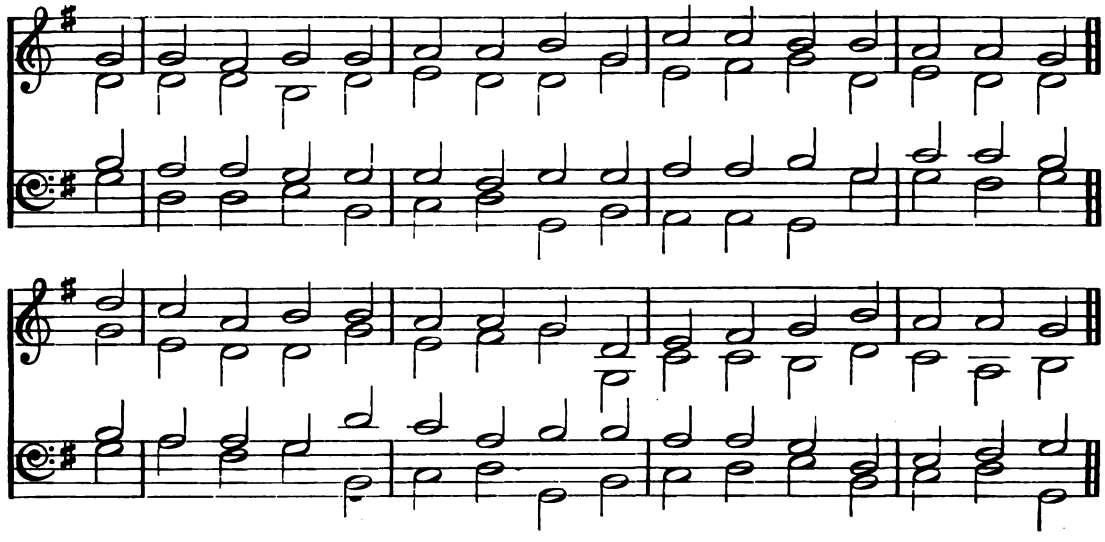
5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
d Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

m 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith,
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Also the following:

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
122 When morning gilds the skies.
304 One sweetly solemn thought.

351

EVENING HYMN. **T. TALLIS.**



'Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.'

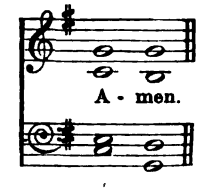
mf ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

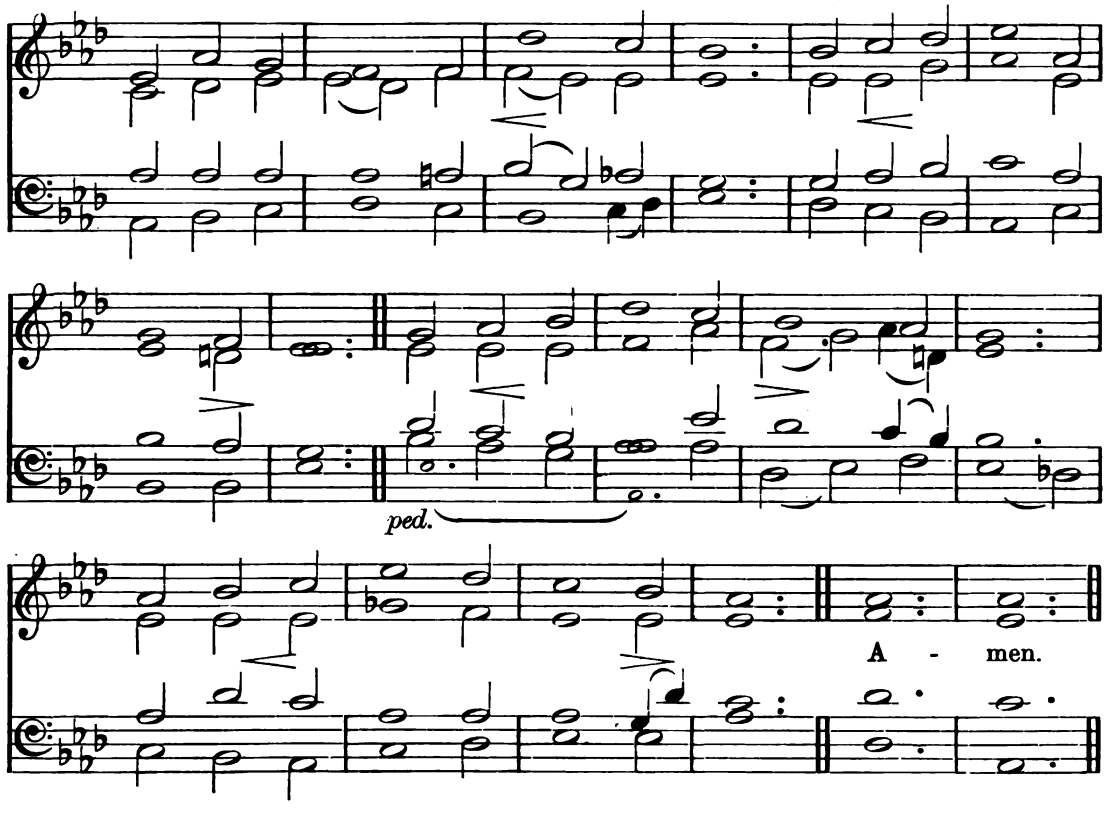
mp 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
mf Rise glorious at the awful day.

m 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

mp 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

ff 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

352

ABENDS. FIRST TUNE. H. S. OAKELEY.

'The Lord God is a sun and shield.'

m SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

mp 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

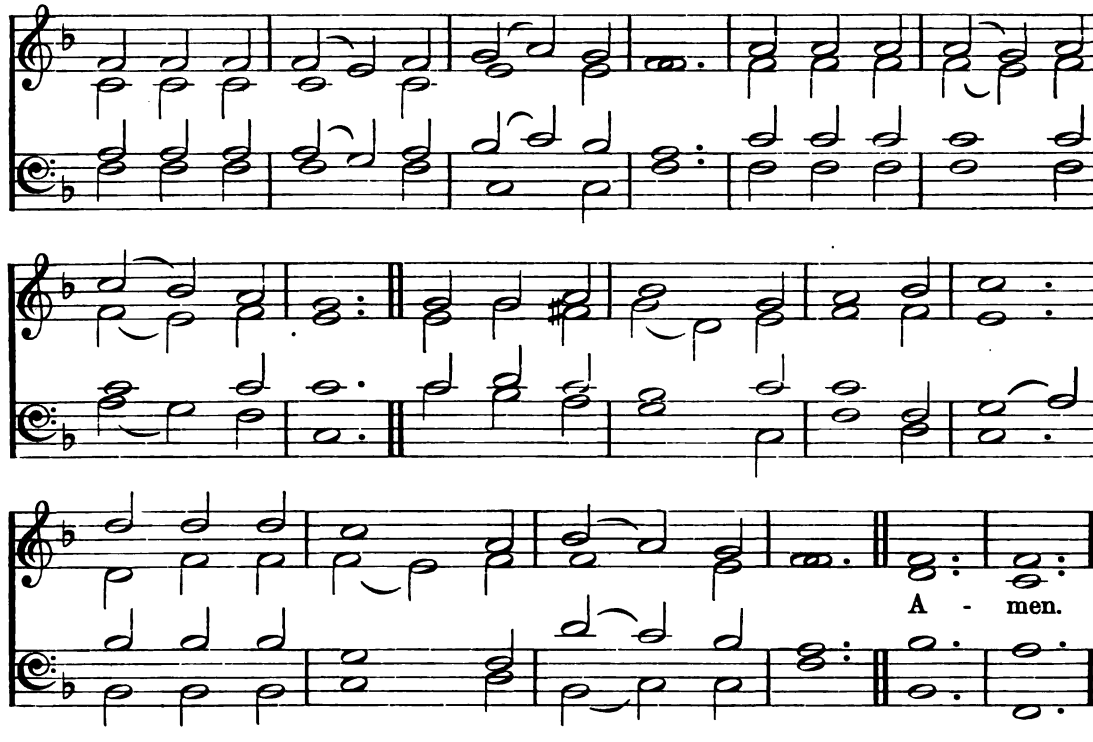
m 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

mp 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
p Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

m 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
c Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

352

HURSLEY. SECOND TUNE. KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, Vienna, 1774 (?).

'The Lord God is a sun and shield.'

m SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

mp 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

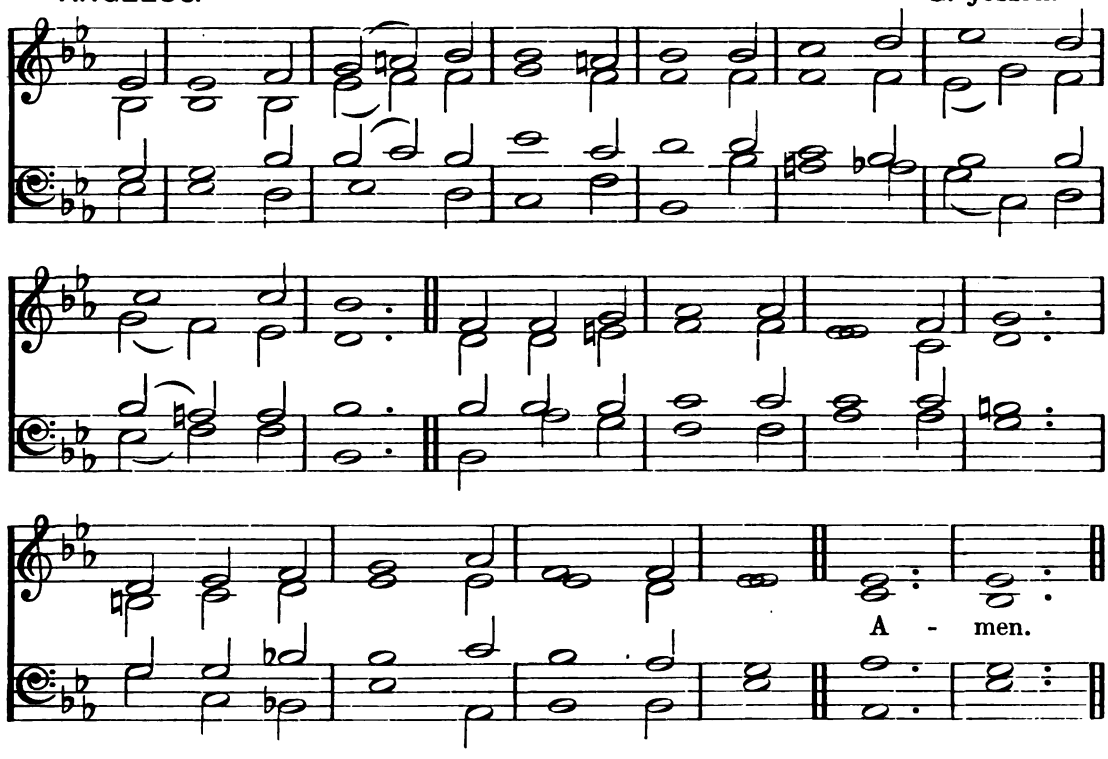
m 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

mp 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
p Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

m 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
c Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

353

ANGELUS. G. JOSEPH.

'When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick.'

m AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
mp O in what divers pains they met!
mf O with what joy they went away!

mp 2 Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

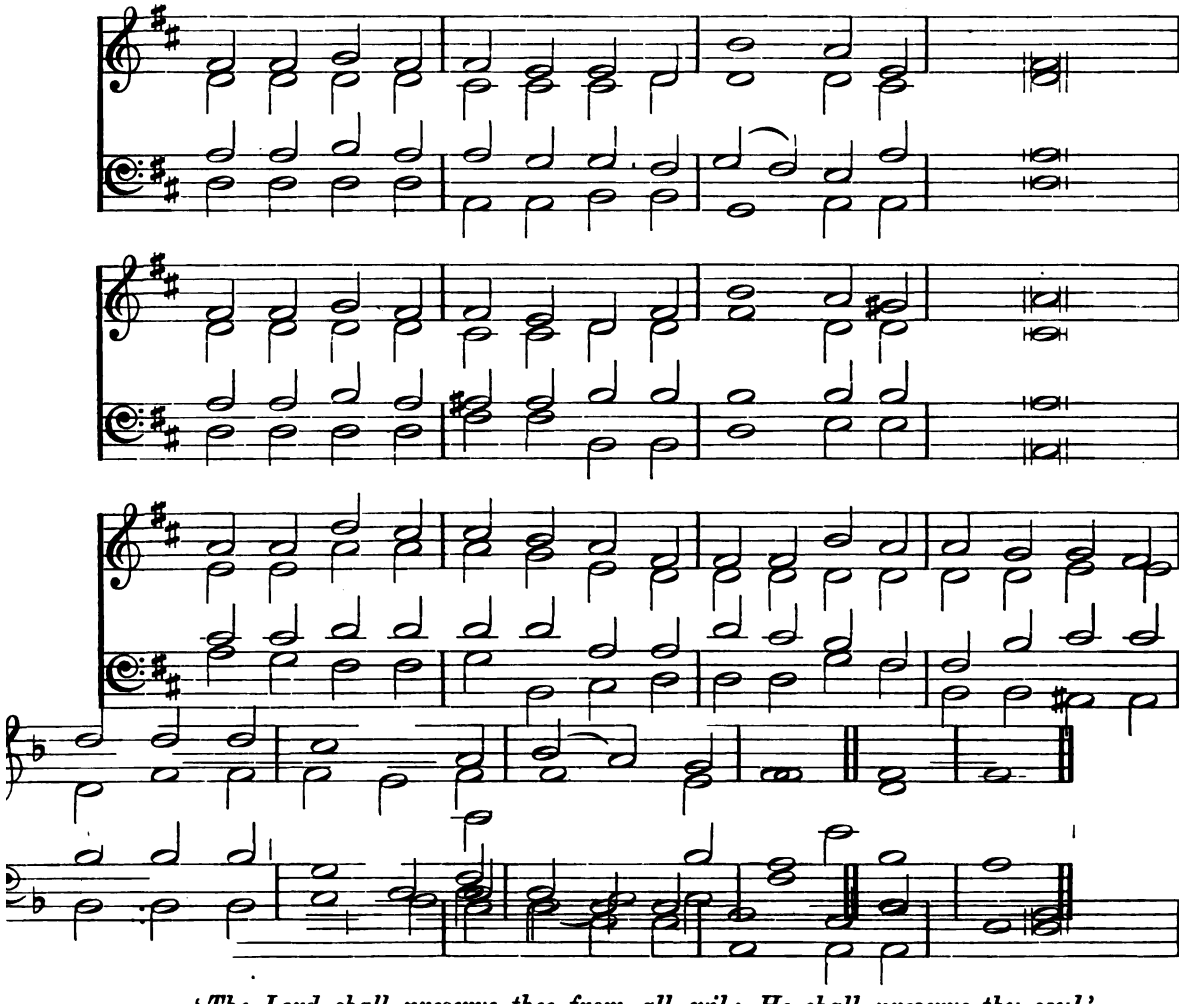
5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

m 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

mf 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
mp Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

354

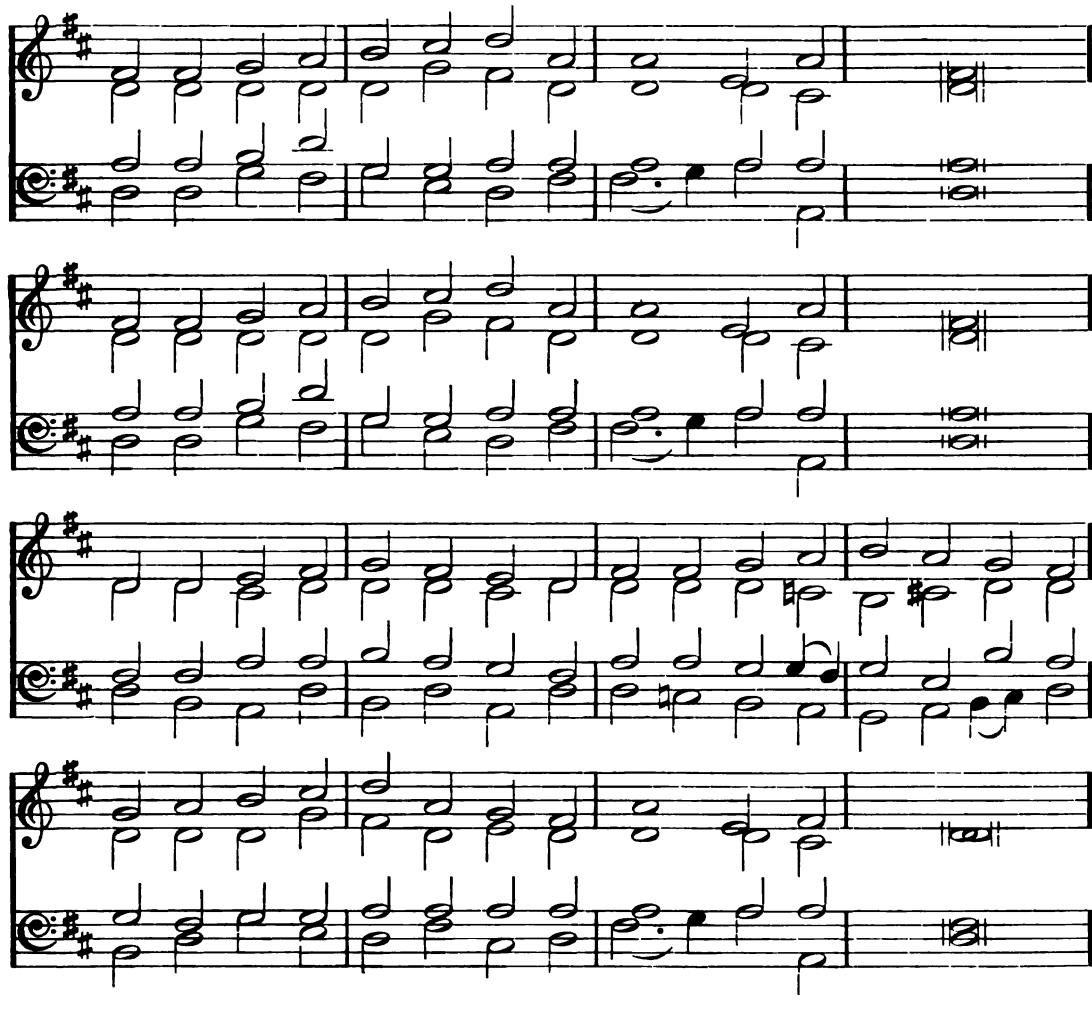
TEMPLE. FIRST TUNE. E. J. HOPKINS.

'The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.'

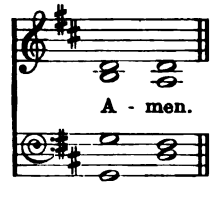
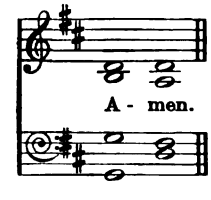
m GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,—

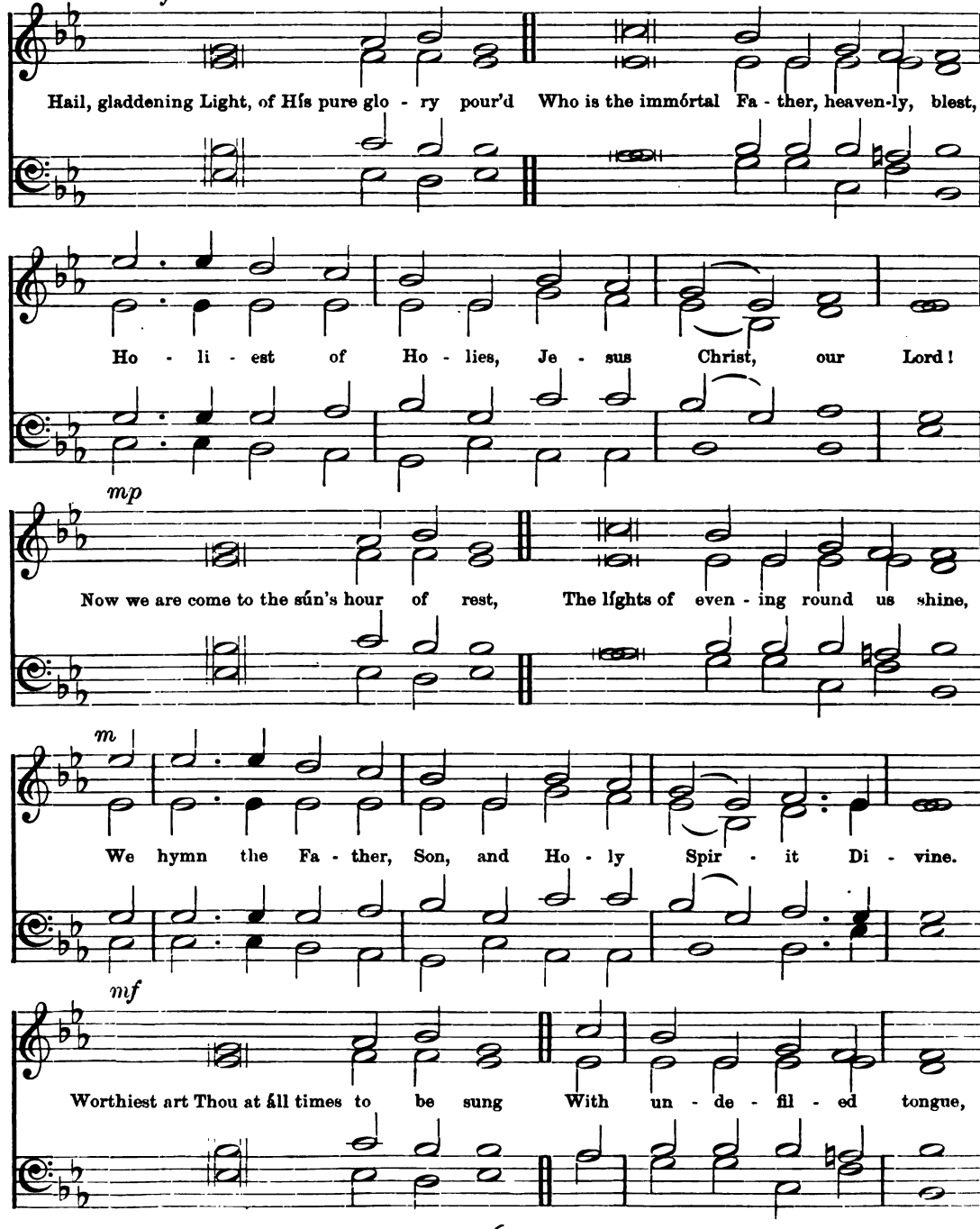
mp May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

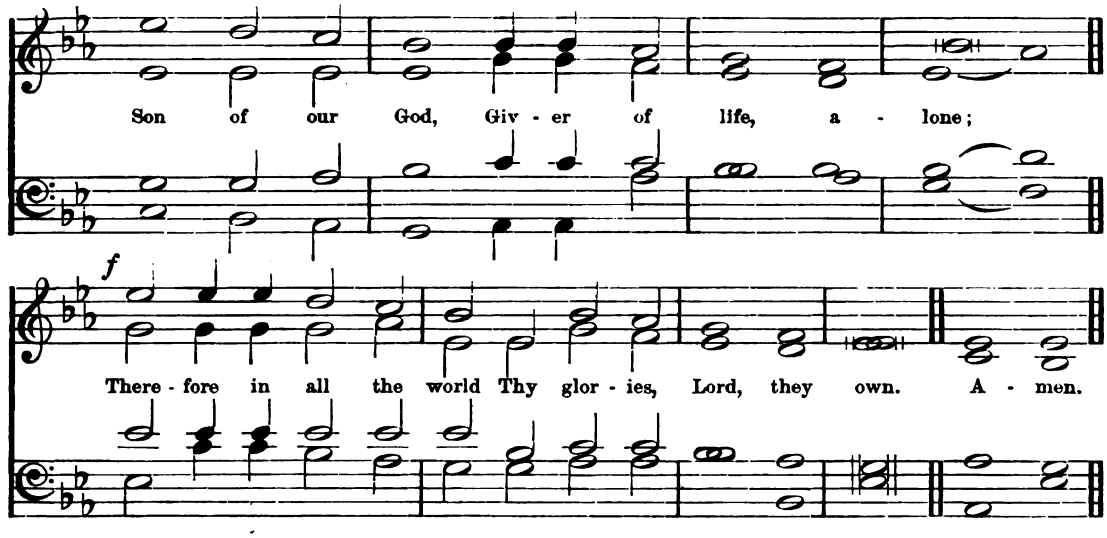
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
p And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.

354

NUTFIELD. **SECOND TUNE.** **W. H. MONK.**

c When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
mf But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

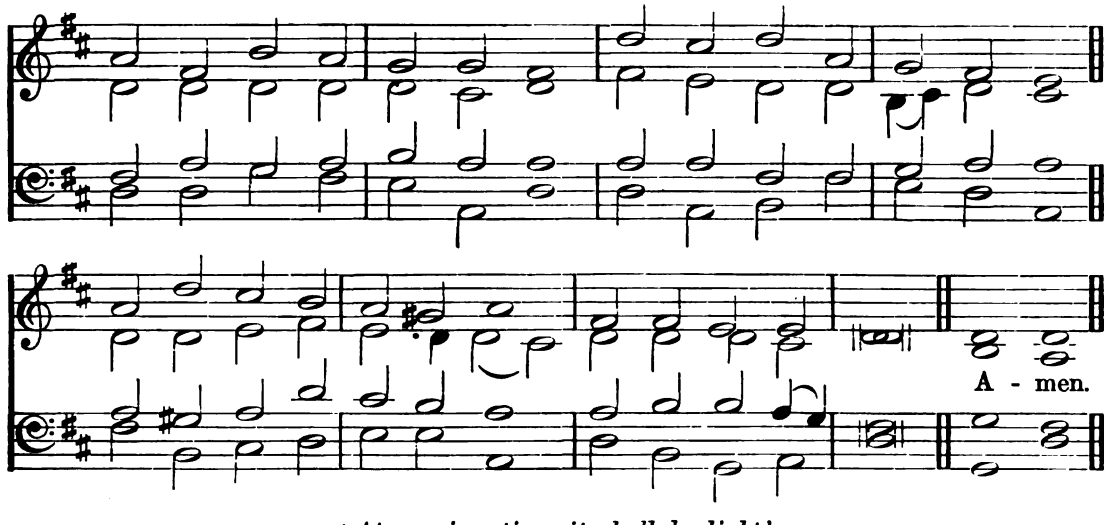
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

355

SEBASTE. *'In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.'* **J. STAINER.**

mf
Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry pour'd Who is the immórtal Fa - ther, heaven-ly, blest,
Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord!
mp
Now we are come to the sún's hour of rest, The líghts of even - ing round us shine,
m
We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it Di - vine.
mf
Worthiest art Thou at áll times to be sung With un - de - fil - ed tongue,



356

CAPETOWN. F. FILITZ.



'At evening time it shall be light.'

m HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

mp 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

p 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us as we come to die
mp Light at evening time.

mf 4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

357

REPOSE. **FIRST TUNE.** **J. STAINER.**

Rather slow

rall.

A little slower

(*Copyright, 1897, by Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

'Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.'

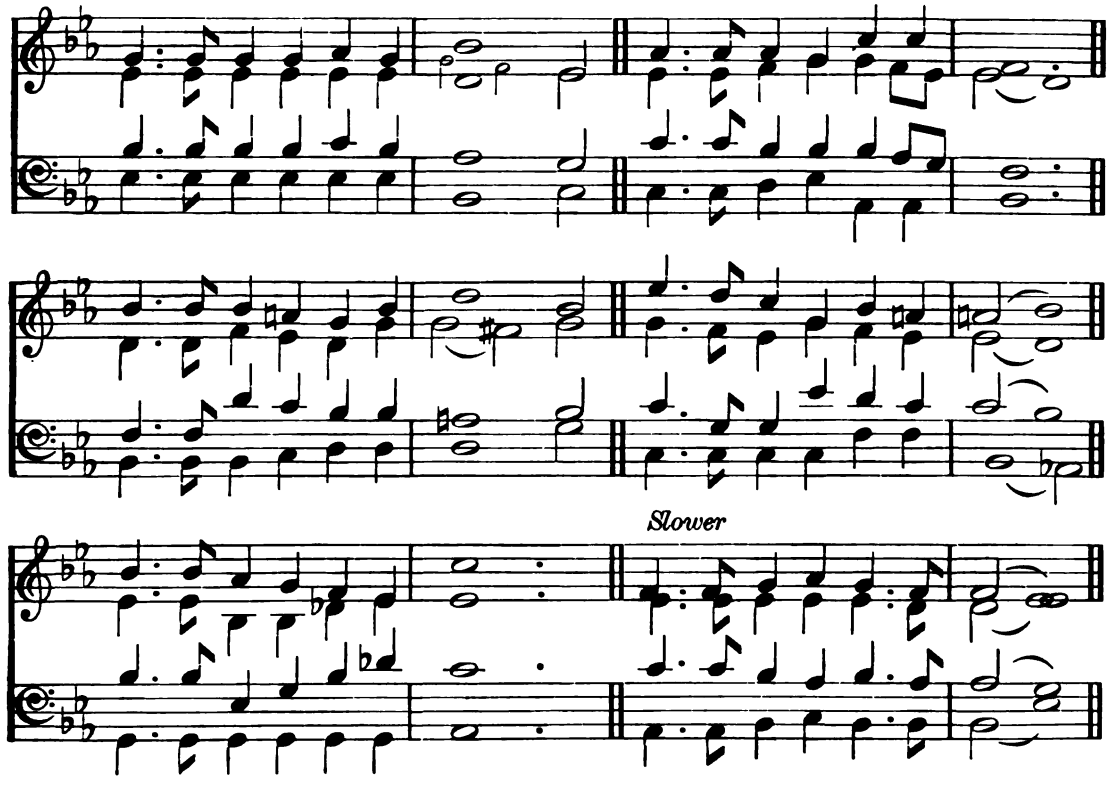
mp THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest.
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

A - men.

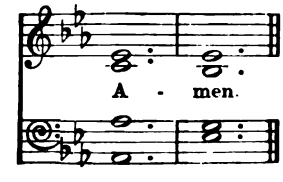
357

SECOND TUNE.

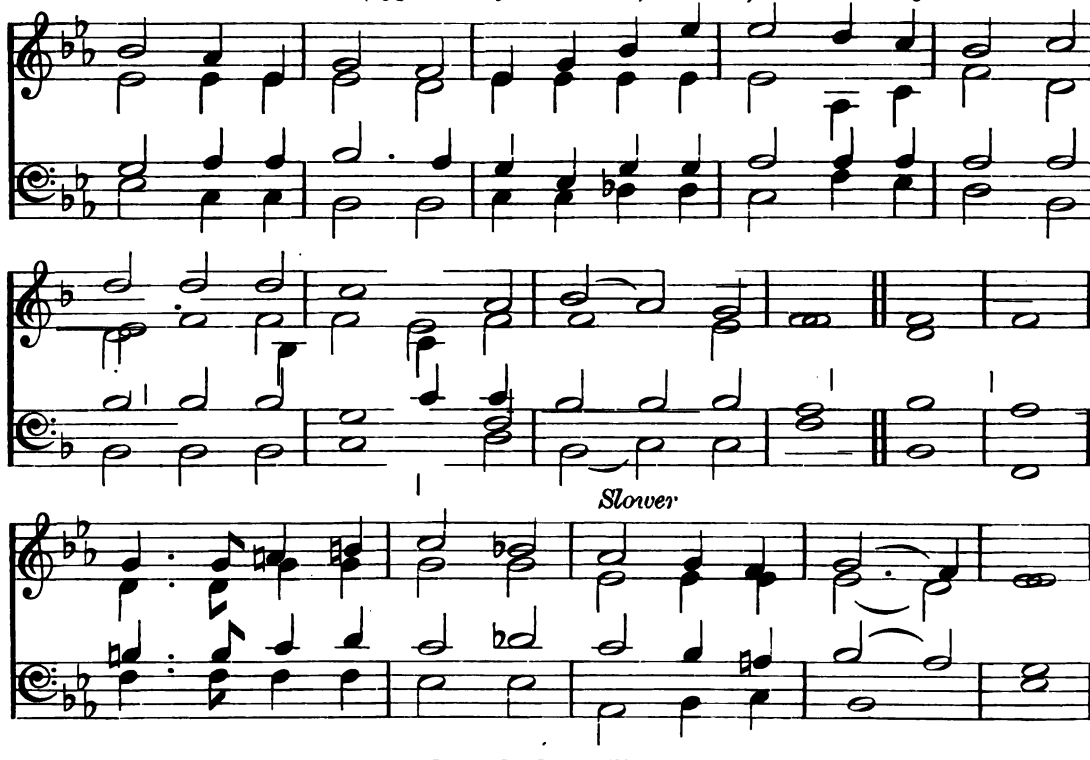
NIGHT WATCH. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.'

mp THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest.
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.



358

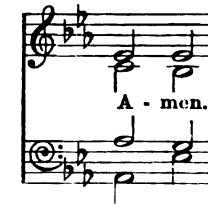
HOREB. *By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* **J. BARNBY.**

'He that keepeth thee will not slumber.'

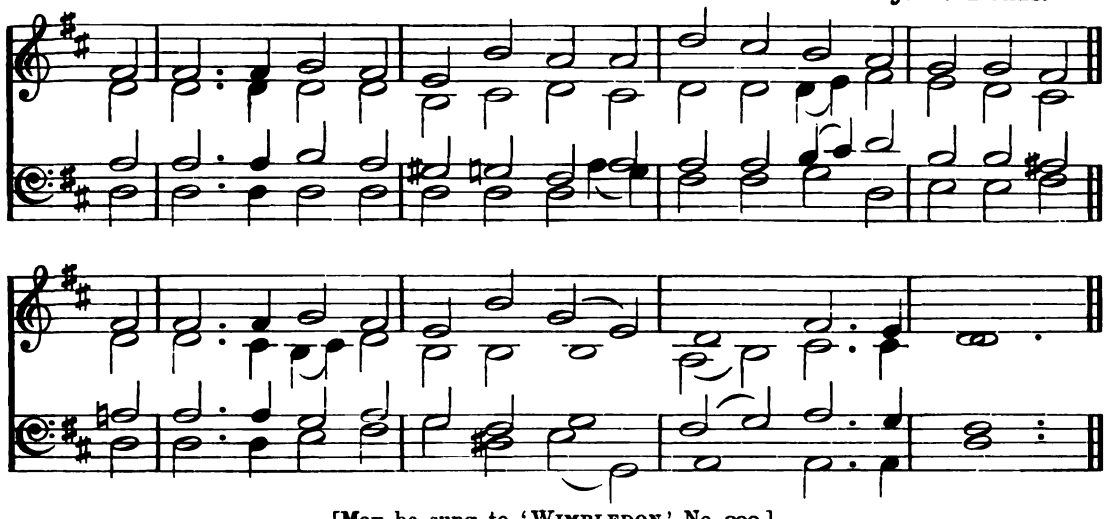
mp NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, Protector, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

m 3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

mp 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

mf 5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

359

SHOREHAM. **J. B. DYKES.**

[May be sung to 'WIMBLEDON,' No. 290.]

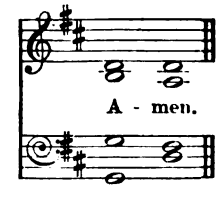
'The Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

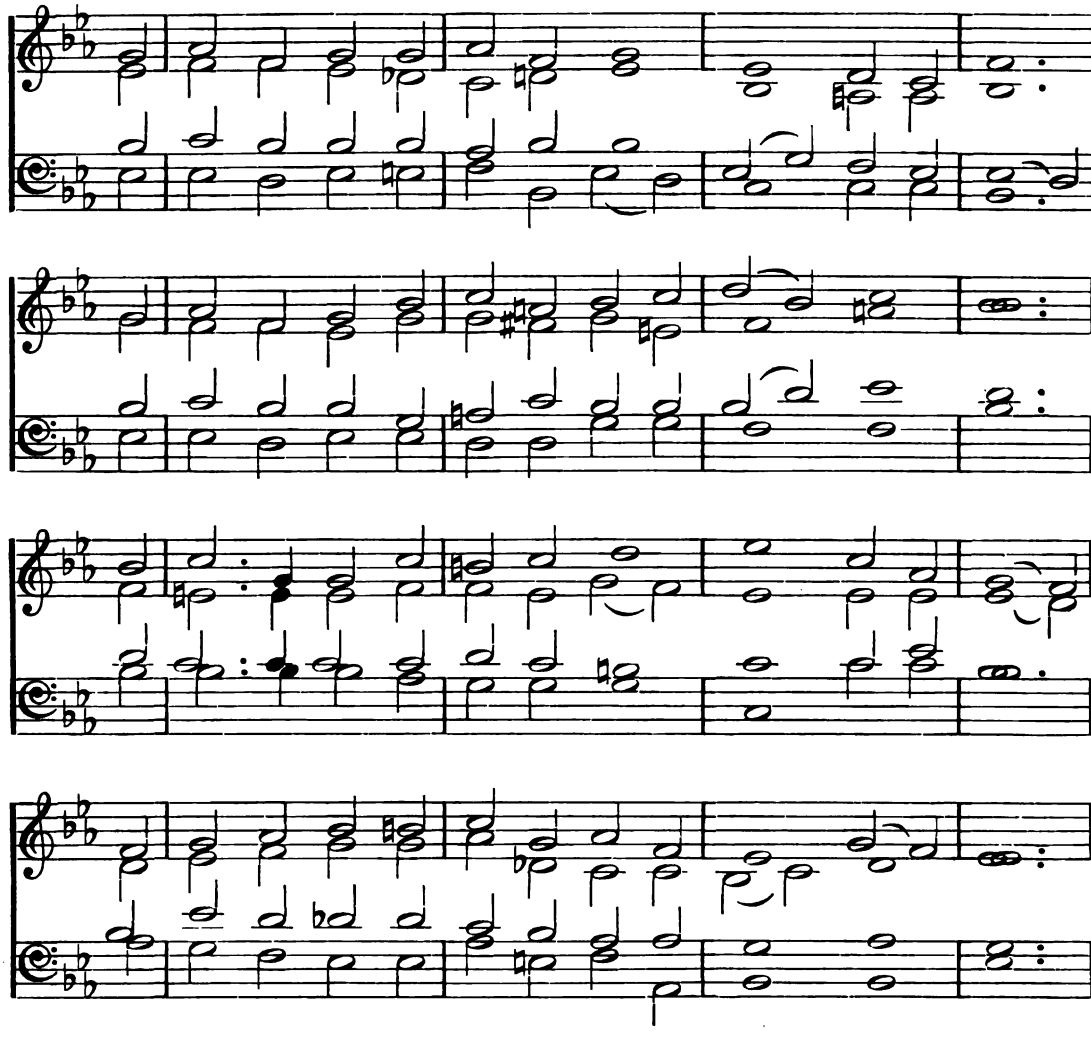
mp THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
c Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

m 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
mf Help us to look to that bright place,
Beyond the sky,

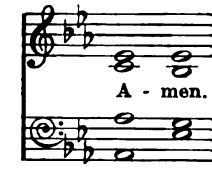
4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

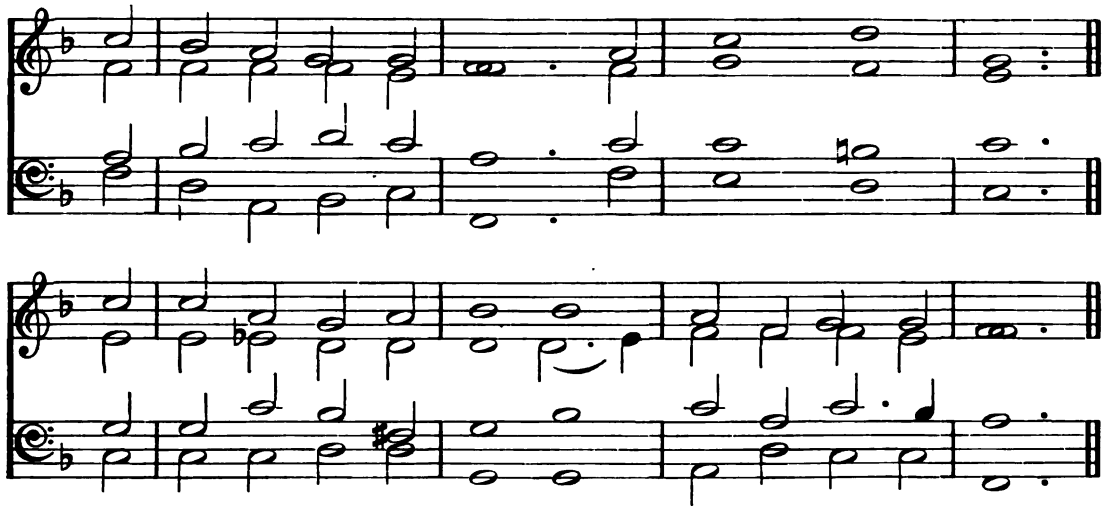
5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

360

GLOAMING. **J. STAINER.**

'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

mp THE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;
m With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

mp 2 Forgive the wrong this day we 've done,
Or thought, or said;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

m 3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We 'll lift to Thee, with grateful hearts,
Our morning prayer.
mf Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide.

361

ST. COLUMBA. FIRST TUNE. H. S. IRONS.

'At the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice.'

mp THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
c Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

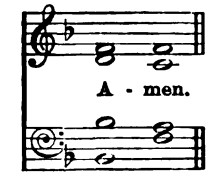
p 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

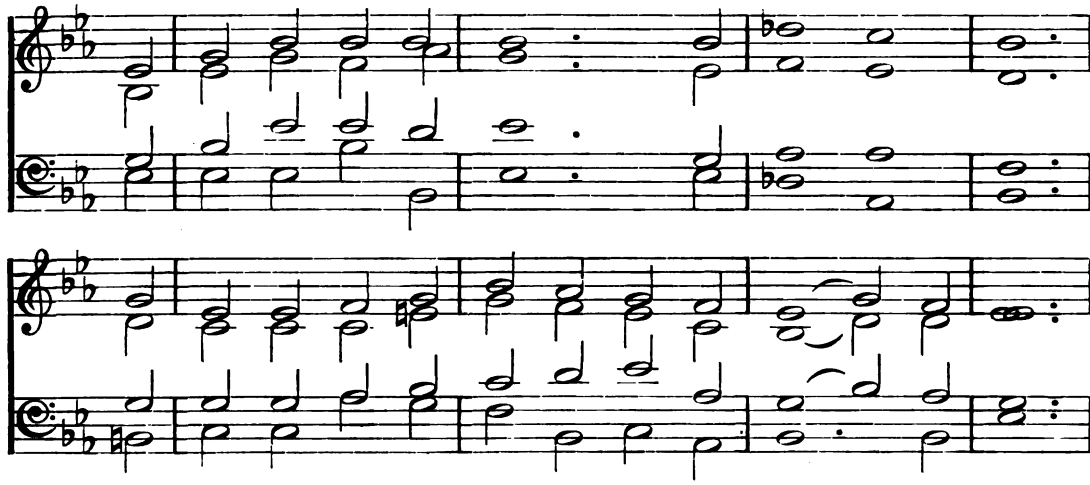
mp 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live,

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest—
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

m 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

mf 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

361

VESPERS. SECOND TUNE. R. P. STEWART.

'At the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice.'

mp THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
c Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

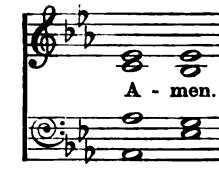
p 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

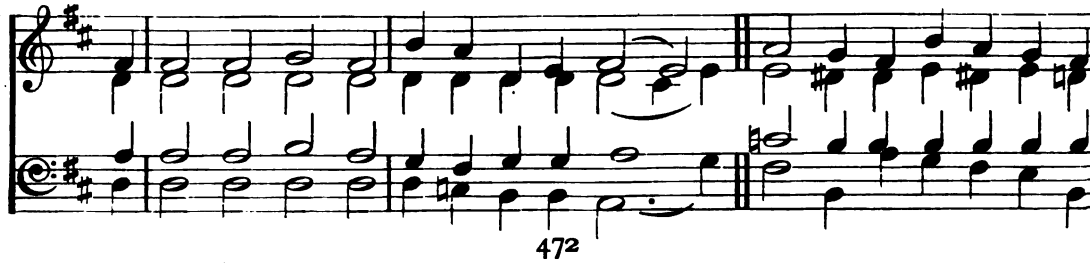
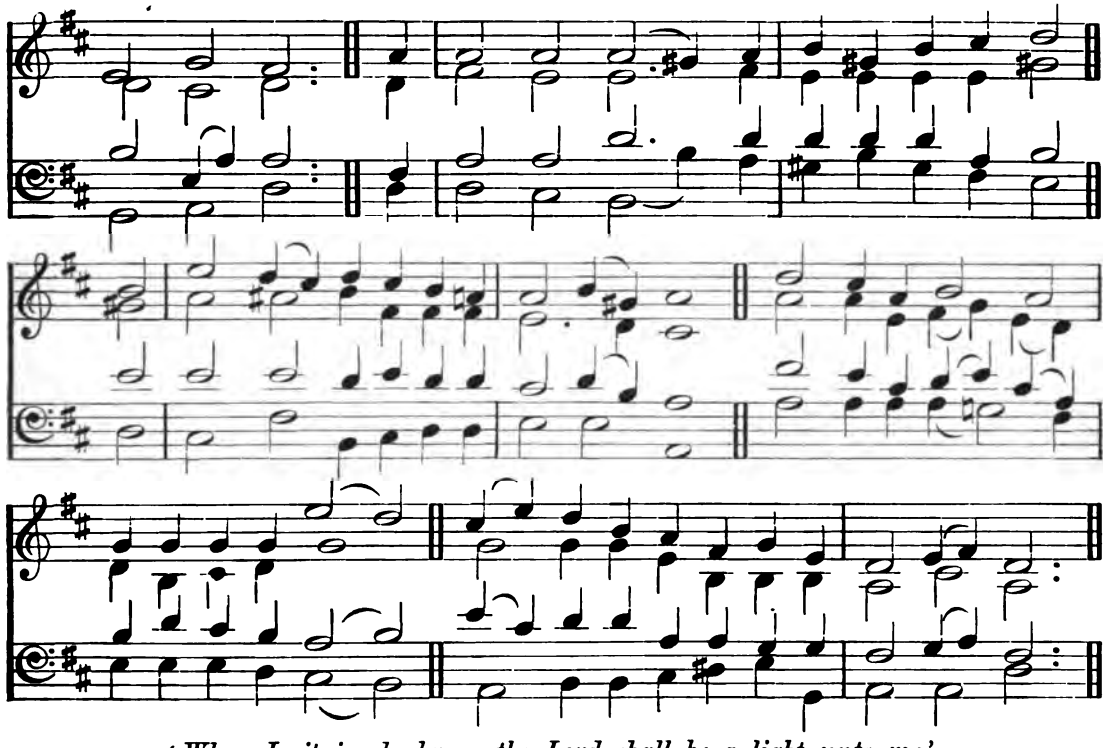
mp 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live,

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest—
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

m 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

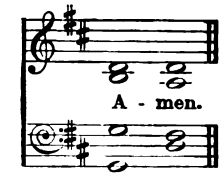
mf 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

362

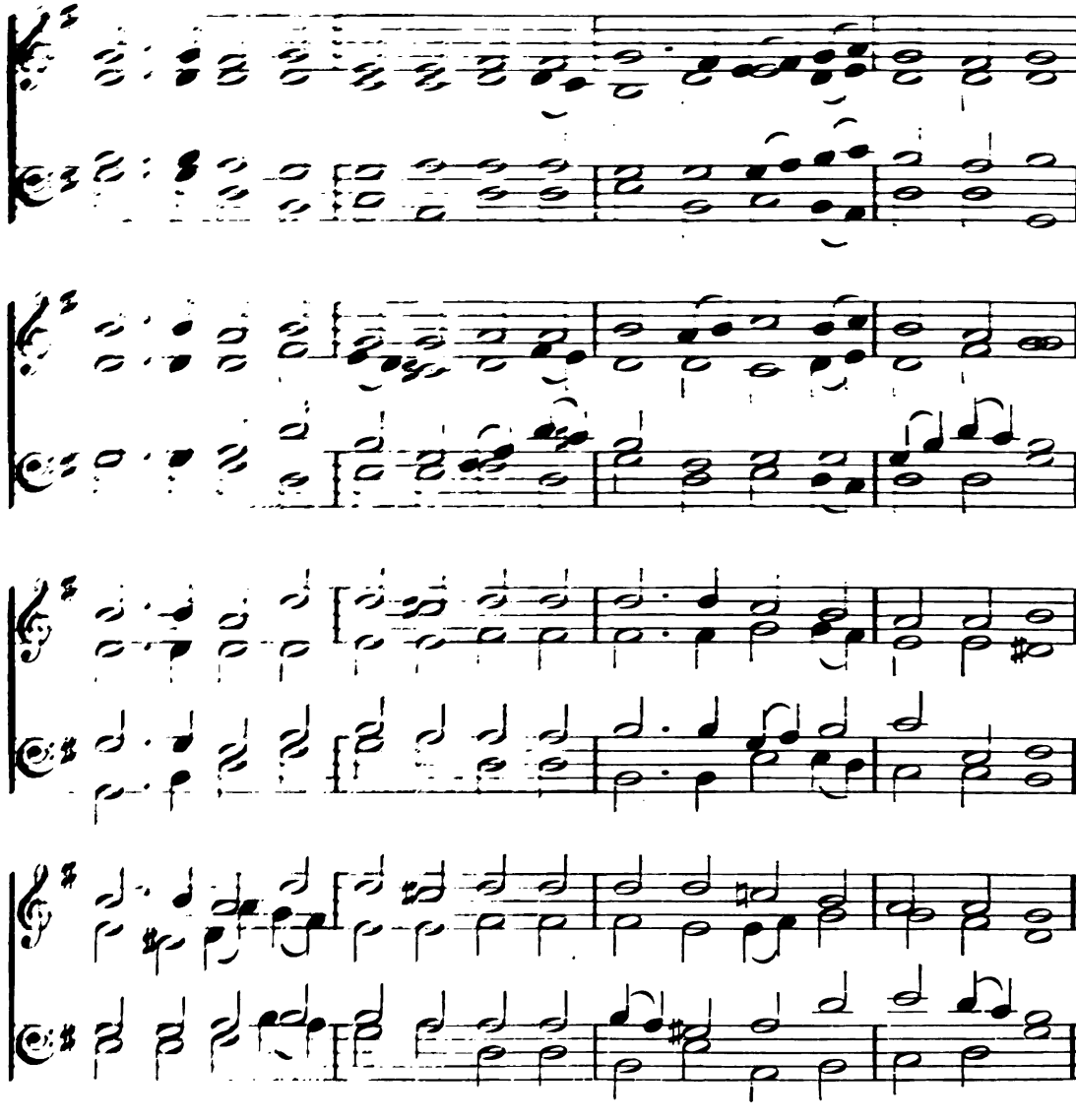
NACHTLIED. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) H. SMART.

'When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.'

mp THE day is gently sinking to a close;
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
m O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
mf Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

mp 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
mf O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
d Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
m Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

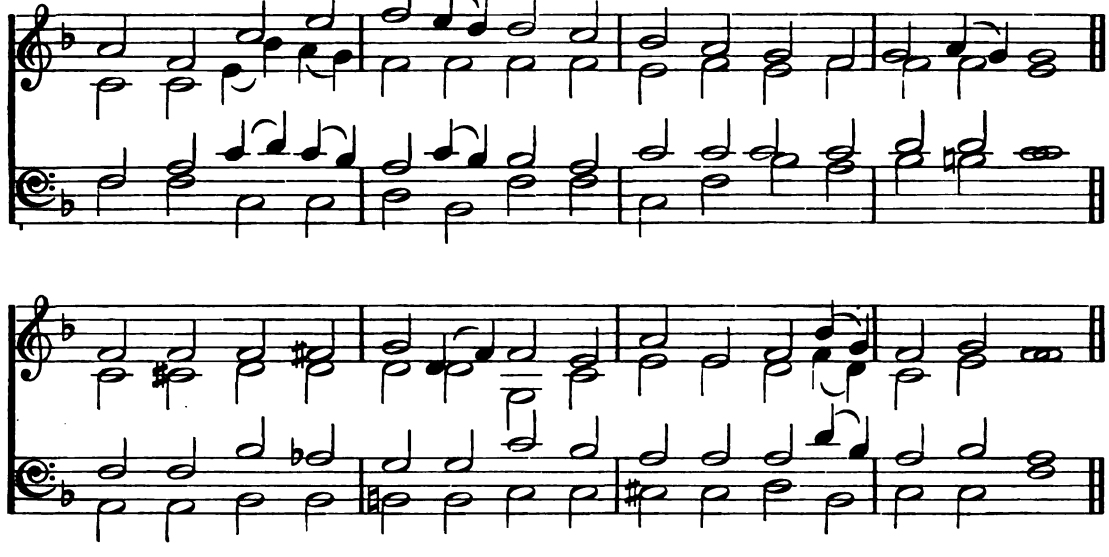
mp 3 Thou who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
p Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'

mp 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
m May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

363

LUGANO. FIRST TUNE. ITALIAN MELODY.

'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.'

mp SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing:
cr Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

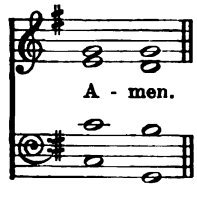
363

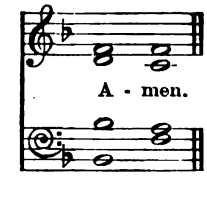
CLEVEDON. SECOND TUNE. **S. S. WESLEY.**

p 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
m Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

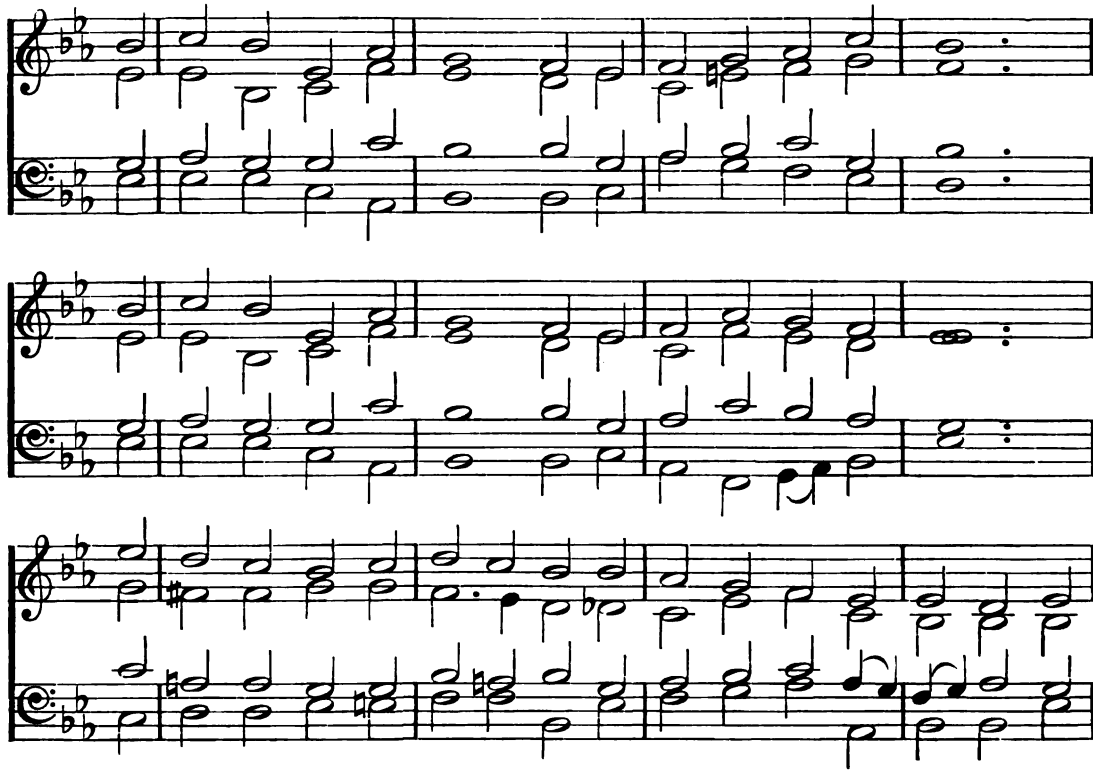
mp 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
m Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
c May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

364

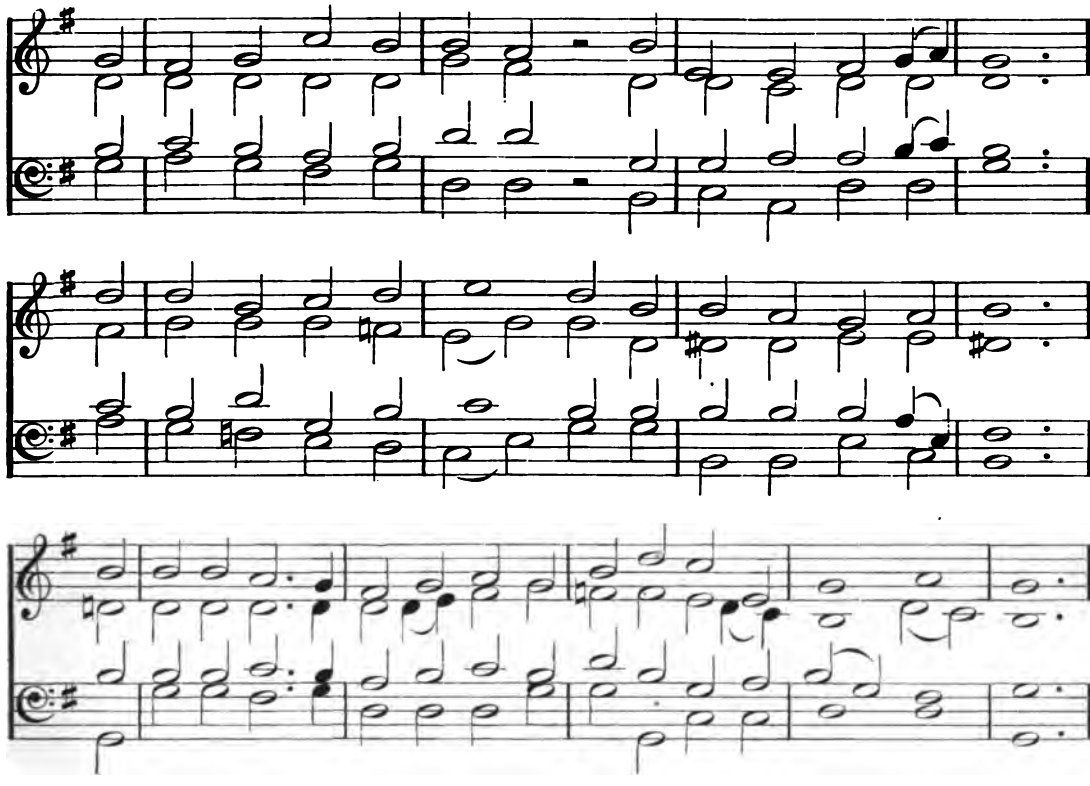
ST. ANATOLIUS (I). FIRST TUNE. **A. H. BROWN.**

'When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.'

m THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
mp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

m 2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
mp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

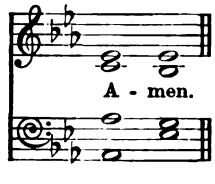
m 3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,

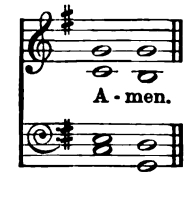
364

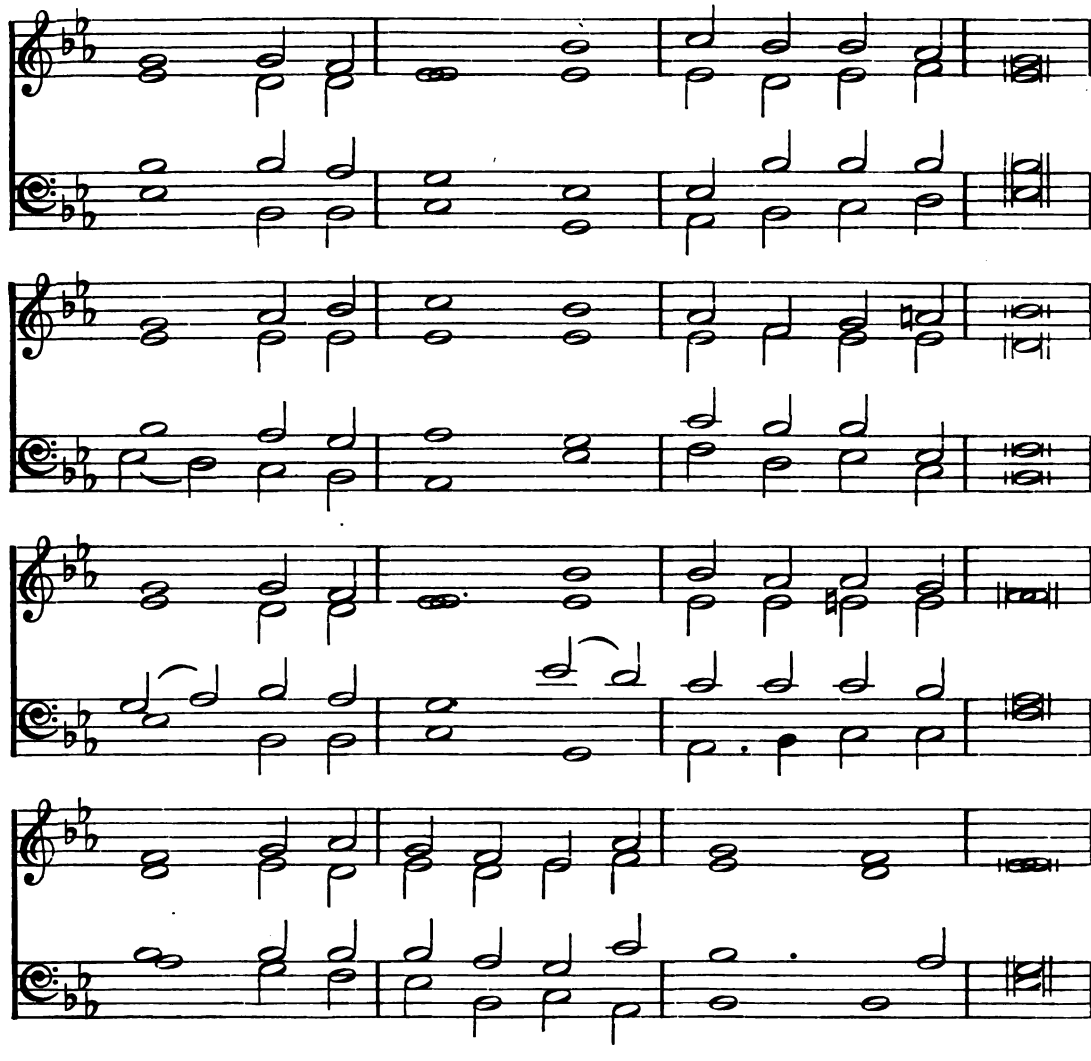
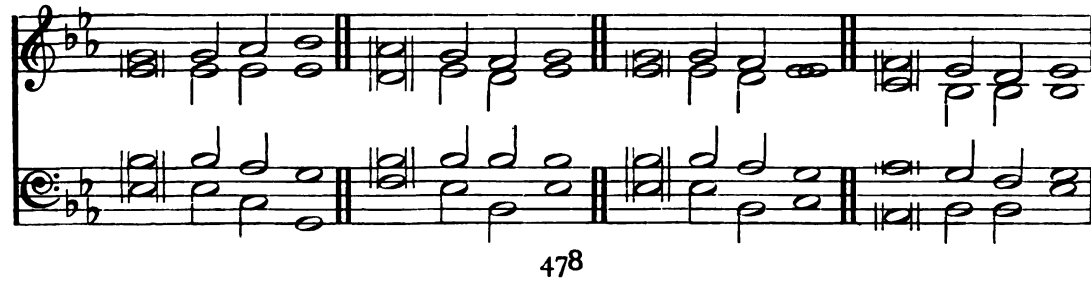
ST. ANATOLIUS (II). SECOND TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

And pray that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
mp O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

m 4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
mf Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

365

EVENTIDE. FIRST TUNE. W. H. MONK.

SECOND TUNE. A. H. D. TROYTE.

'*Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*'

mp ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

m 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

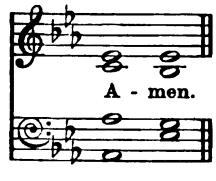
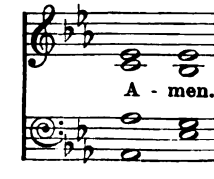
mp 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

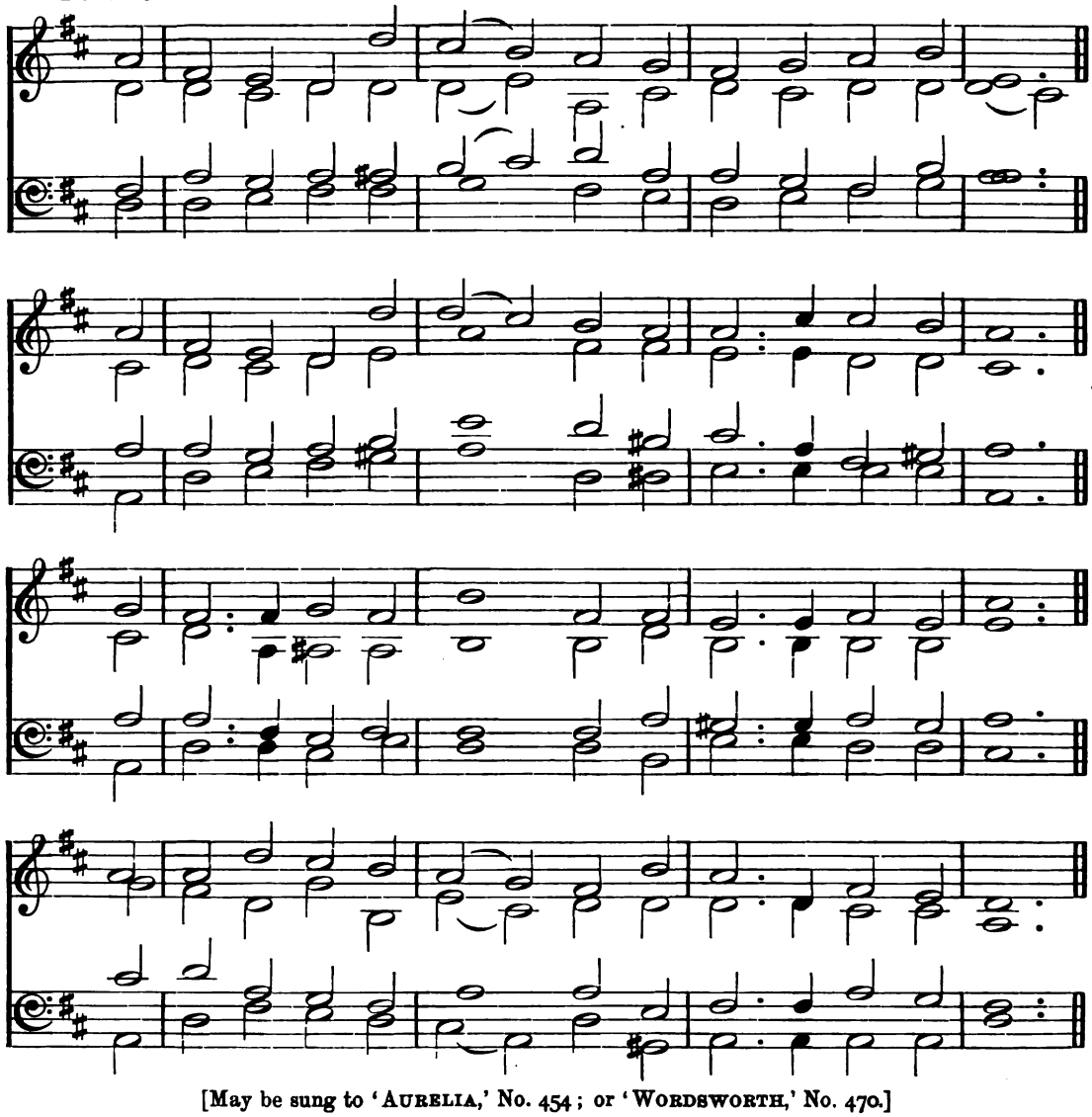
m 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

mf 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
f Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

mp 8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
mf Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
m In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

366

BERNO. A. H. MANN.

[May be sung to 'AURELIA,' No. 454; or 'WORDSWORTH,' No. 470.]

'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.'

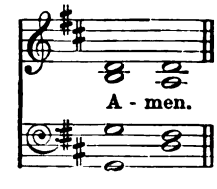
f O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!

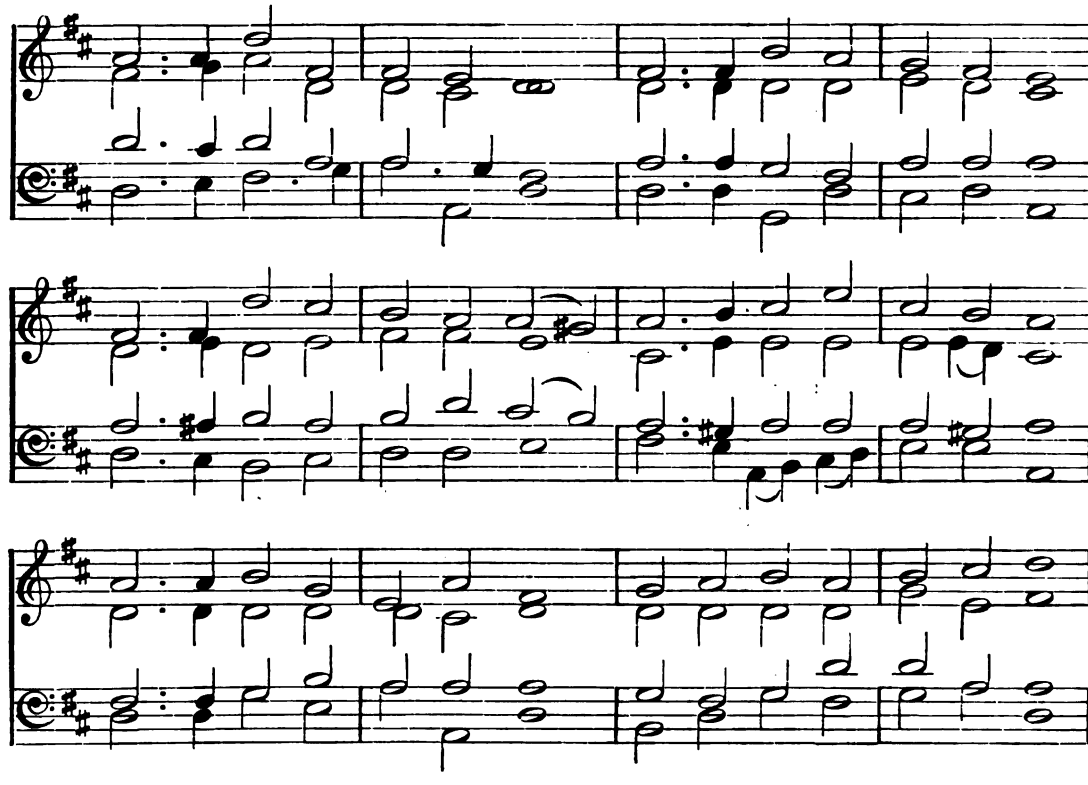
m On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, (*p c*) 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
To the great God Triune.

m 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
mf On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

m 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.
A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
mf Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

m 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

367

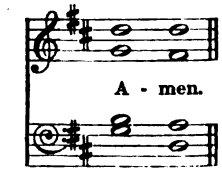
MORNING. W. H. MONK.

'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.'

f HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

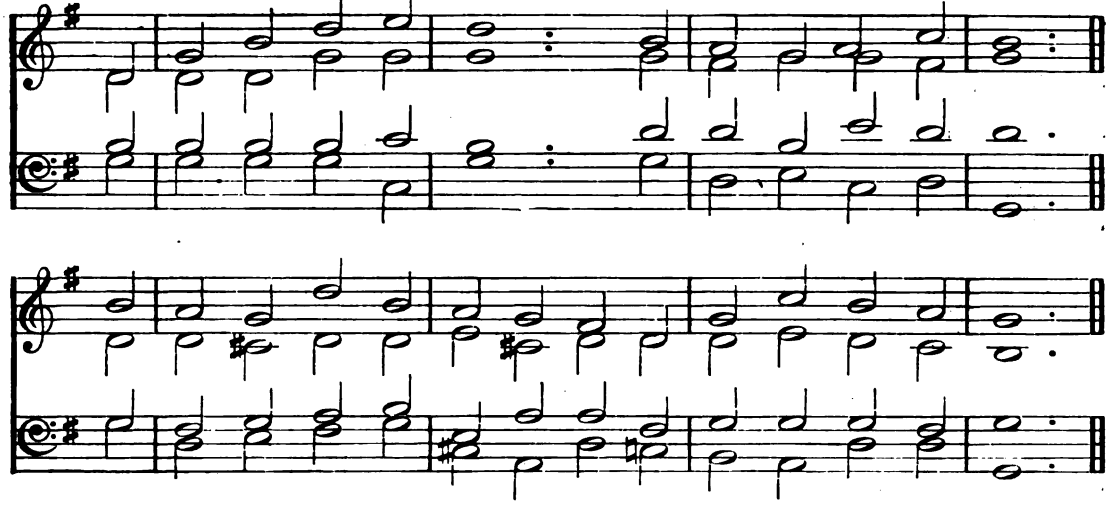
mf 2 Great Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

m 3 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
c Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

mf 4 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.



368

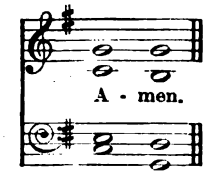
FAREHAM. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) **J. Goss.**

'The first day of the week.'

mf THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

mp 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

m 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

mf 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
f And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

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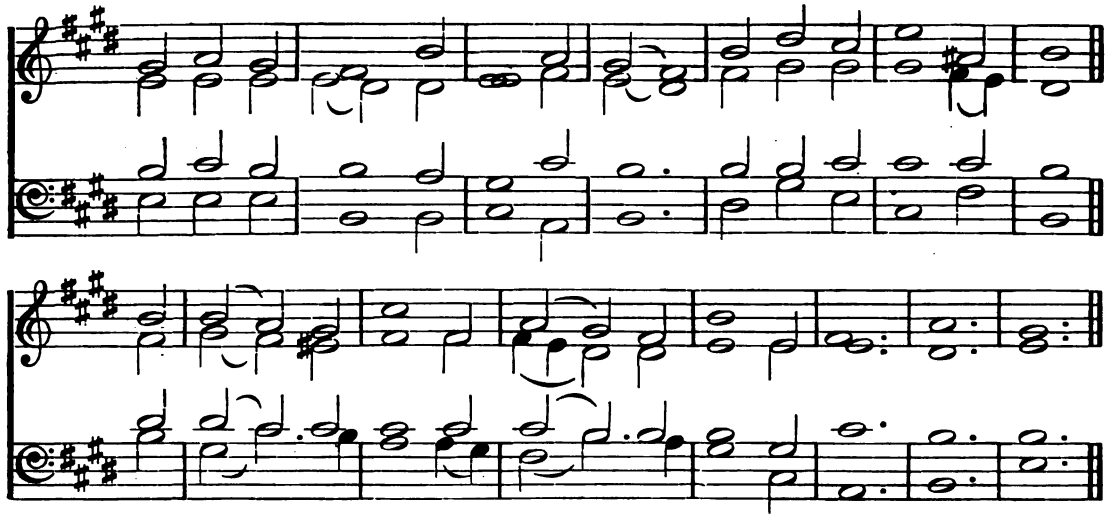
HOLY CROSS. A. H. BROWN.

'The rest of the holy sabbath.'

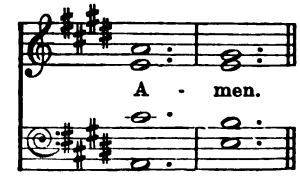
mf HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free!
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me!

mp 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease,
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

m 4 On all I think or say or do
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

5 All earthly things appear to fade
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

mf 6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

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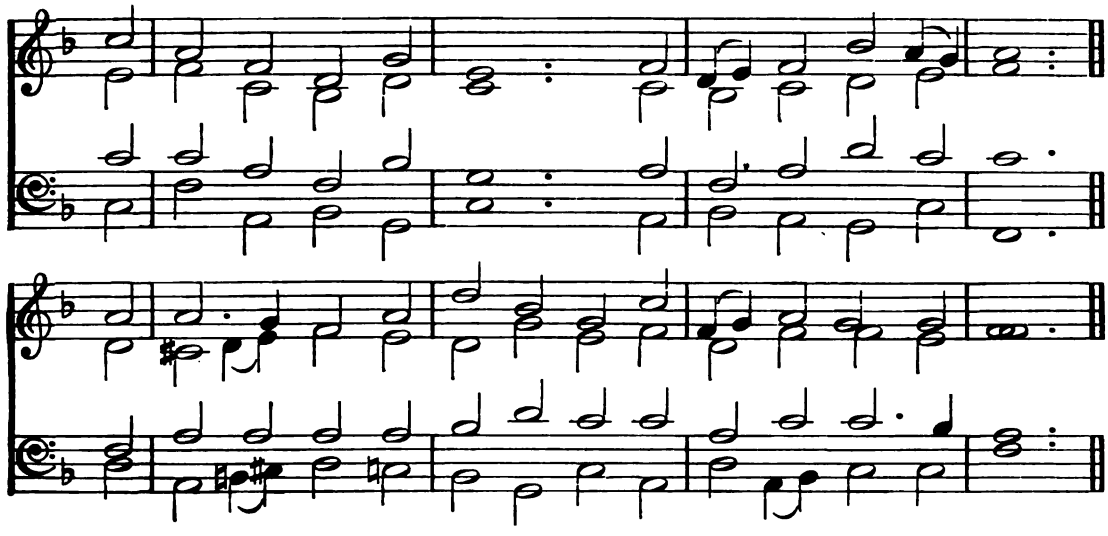
DAY OF PRAISE. C. STEGGALL.

'Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee.'

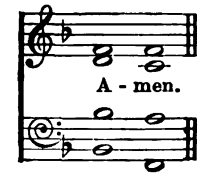
m OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light, that lightenest all!

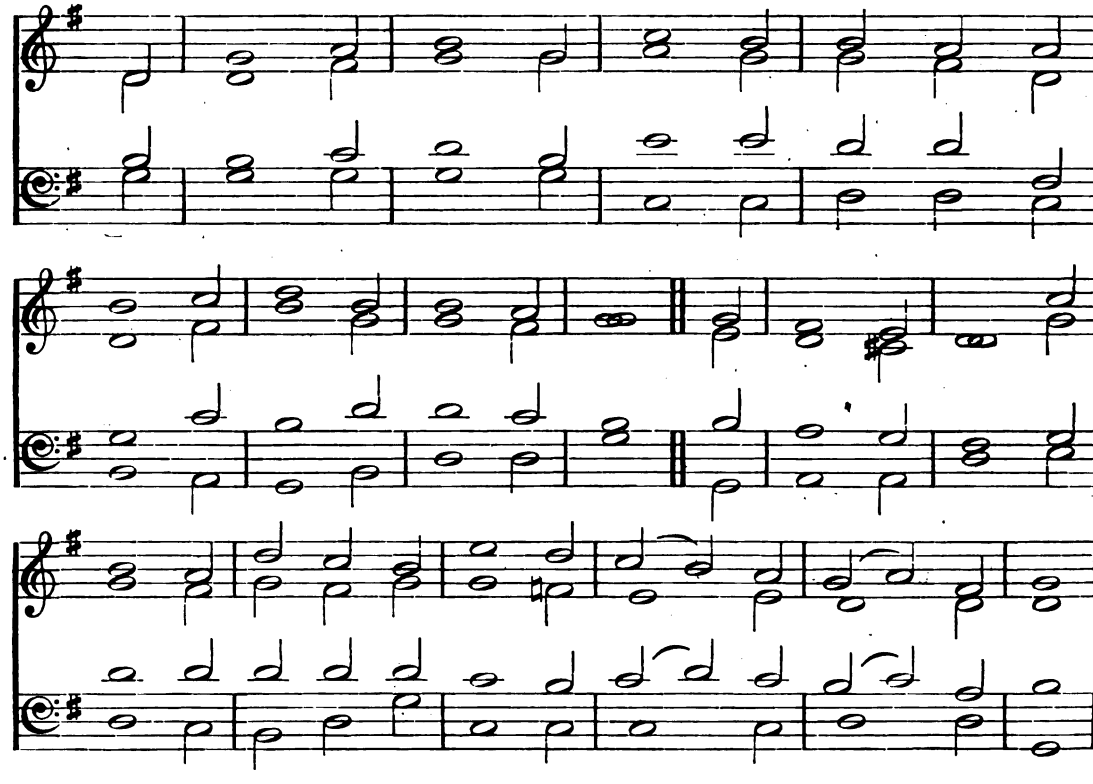
2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

mp 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
mf But O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

m 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'T is Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

c 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end,
mf And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

371

RADFORD. FIRST TUNE. S. S. WESLEY.

'From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My name shall be great among the Gentiles.'

m THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

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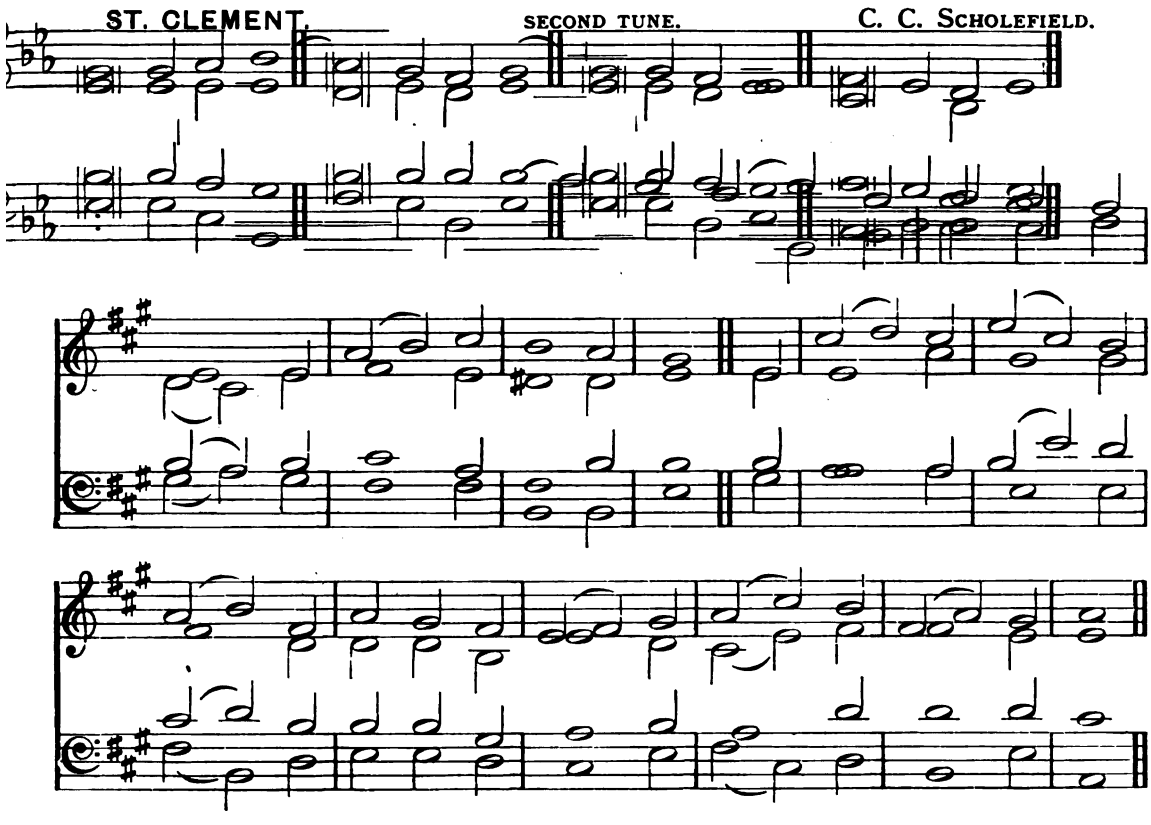
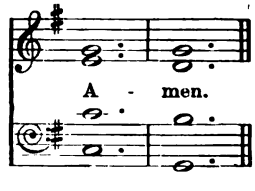
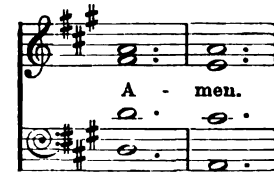
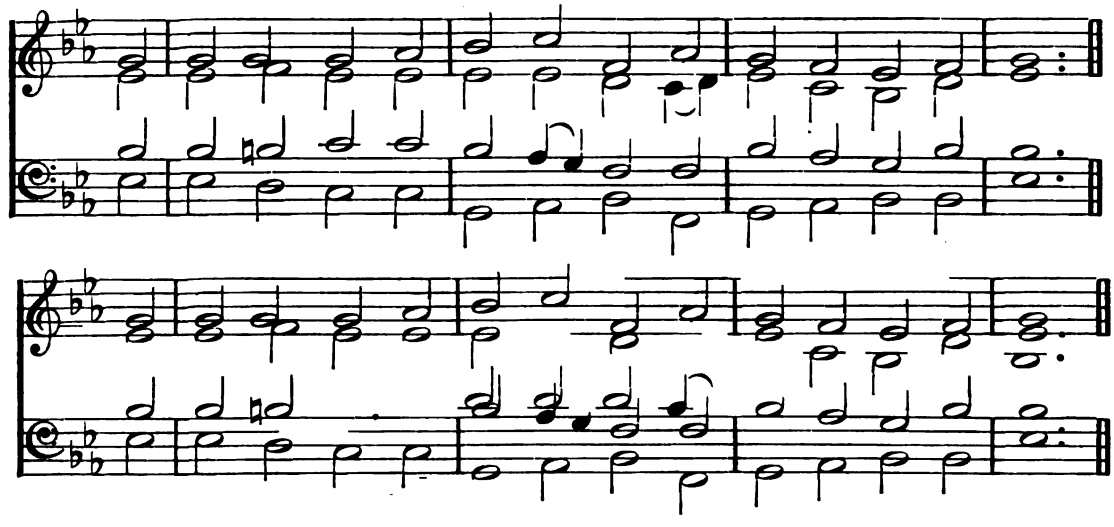

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
c And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

f 5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

372

EVENTIDE. **H. SMART.**

'There remaineth a rest to the people of God.'

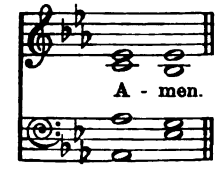
p MY Lord, my Love, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear;
mp But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie!
Thy Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

m 3 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
mf But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

m 4 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free,
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
That we may come to Thee.

5 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

mf 6 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days,
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of mirth and praise!

Also the following:
78–88 Hymns on Our Lord's Resurrection.

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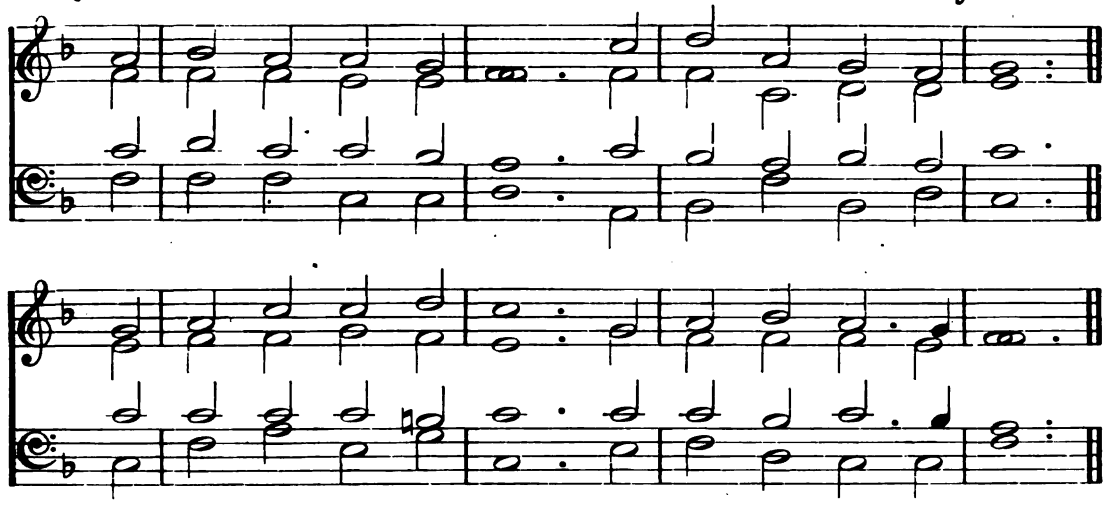
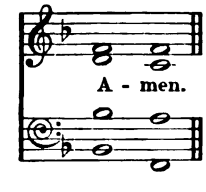
QUAM DILECTA. H. L. JENNER.

'*Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.*'

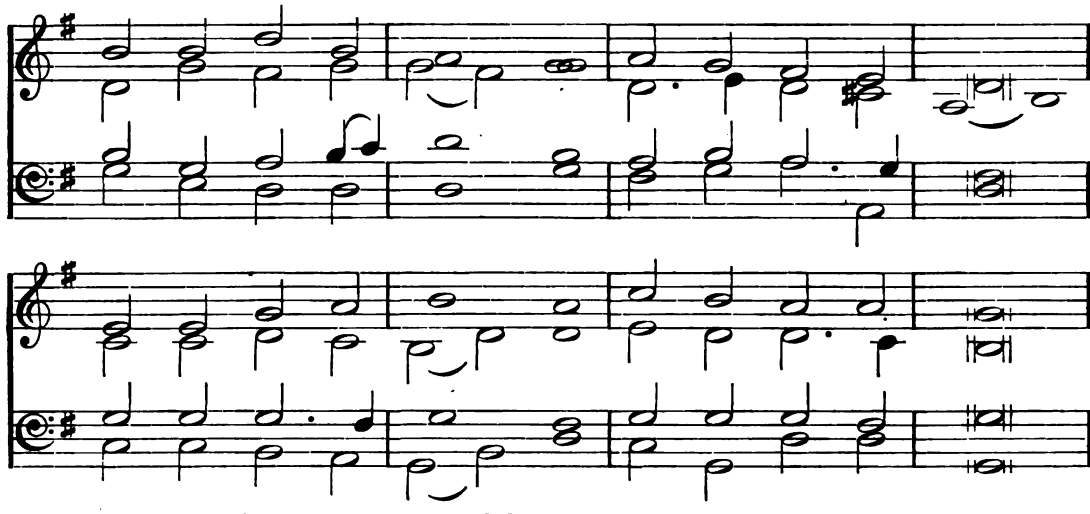
mf WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

mp 2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.

m 3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife
And joys that never cease.

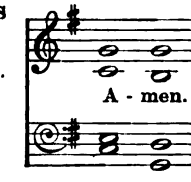
4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
mf But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven!

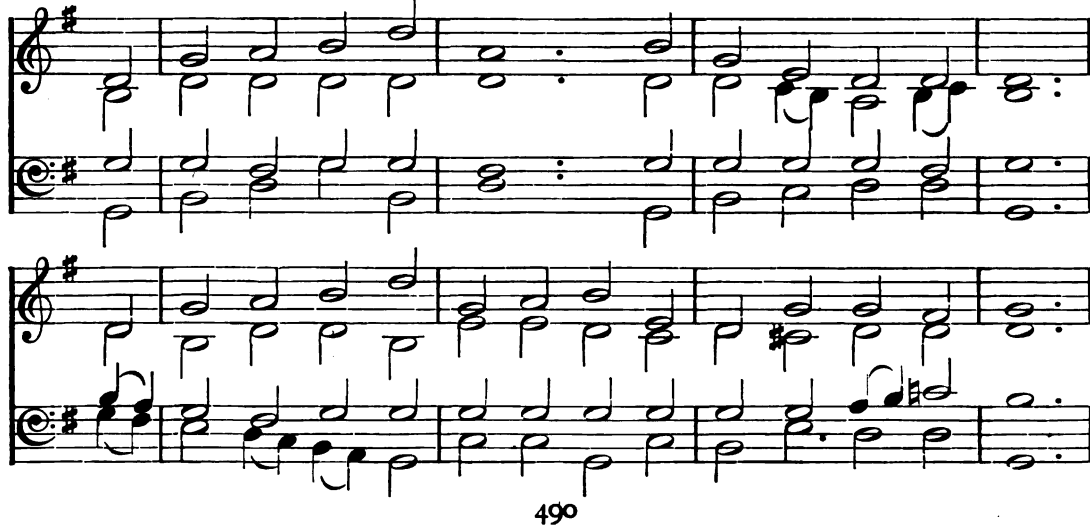
mp 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
m In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

374

ADSIS JESU. **W. H. MONK.**

'The same day, being the first day of the week . . came Jesus and stood in the midst.'

m JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power;
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

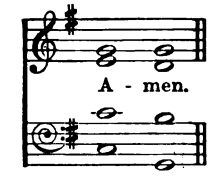
2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

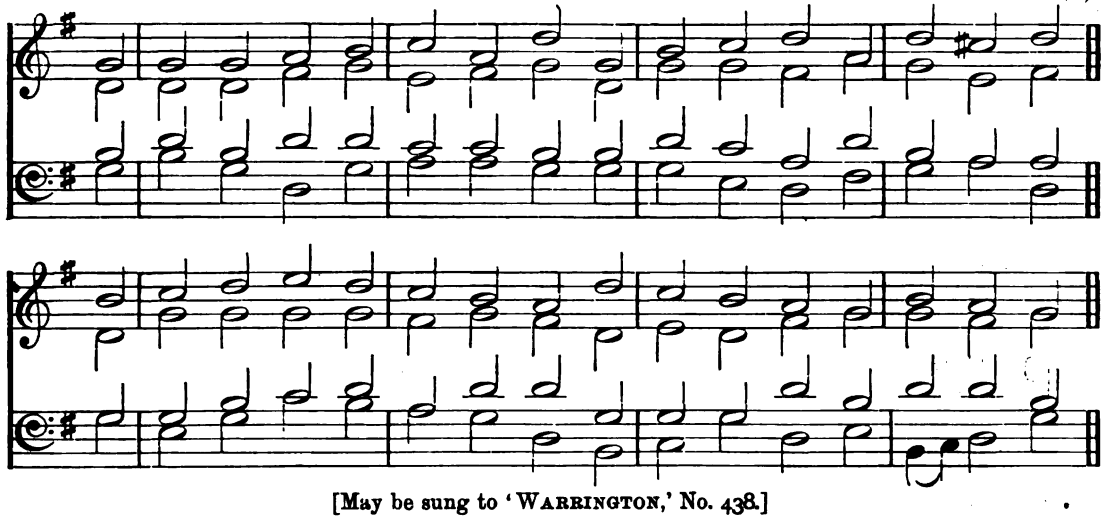
mf 3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
c Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

375

GRANGE. **J. M. BELL.**

'Lord, it is good for us to be here.'

mp LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesus, Thou dost appear,
c To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

mf 2 Joyous is he with whom,
God's Word, Thou dost abide,
Sweet Light of our eternal home,
To fleshly sense denied.

3 Brightness of God above,
Unfathomable grace,
Thy presence be a fount of love
Within Thy chosen place.

376

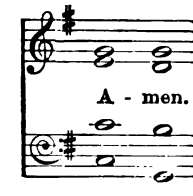
ANGELS' SONG. O. GIBBONS.

[May be sung to 'WARRINGTON,' No. 438.]

'I have set my affection to the house of my God.'

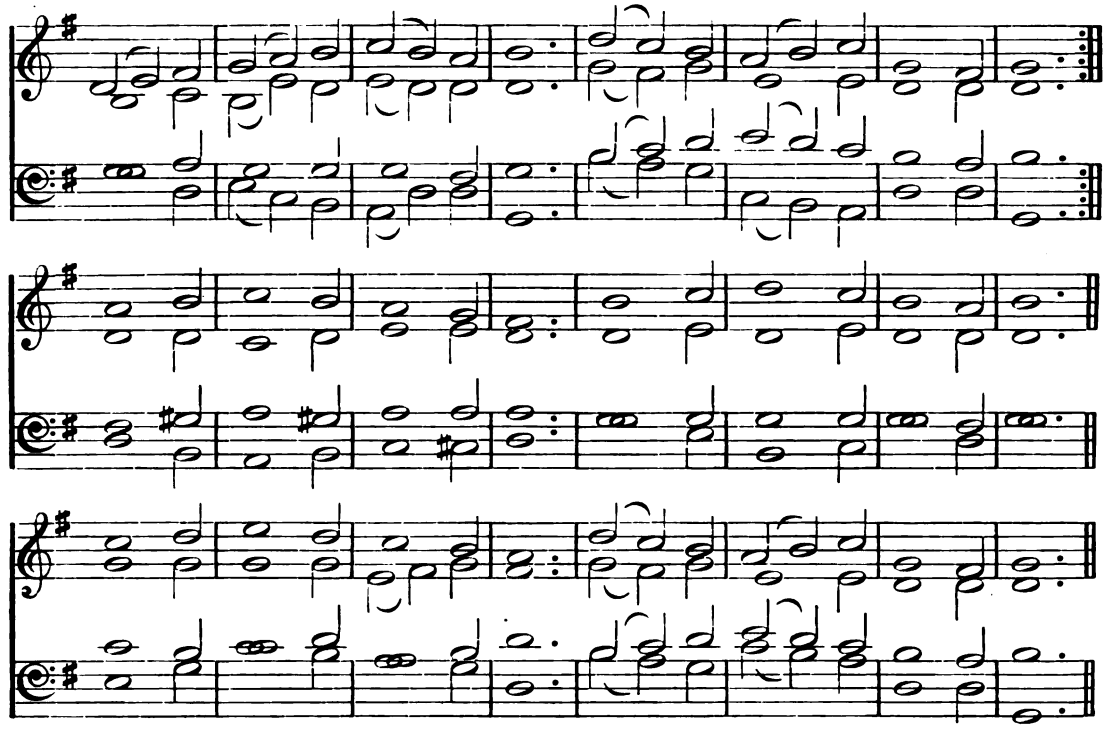
mp SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts
Where two or three for worship meet,
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

m 3 'T is sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

mf 4 Within these walls may peace abound;
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

377

MAIDSTONE. W. B. GILBERT.



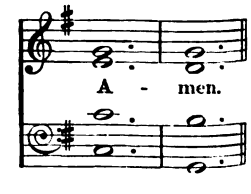
'How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!'

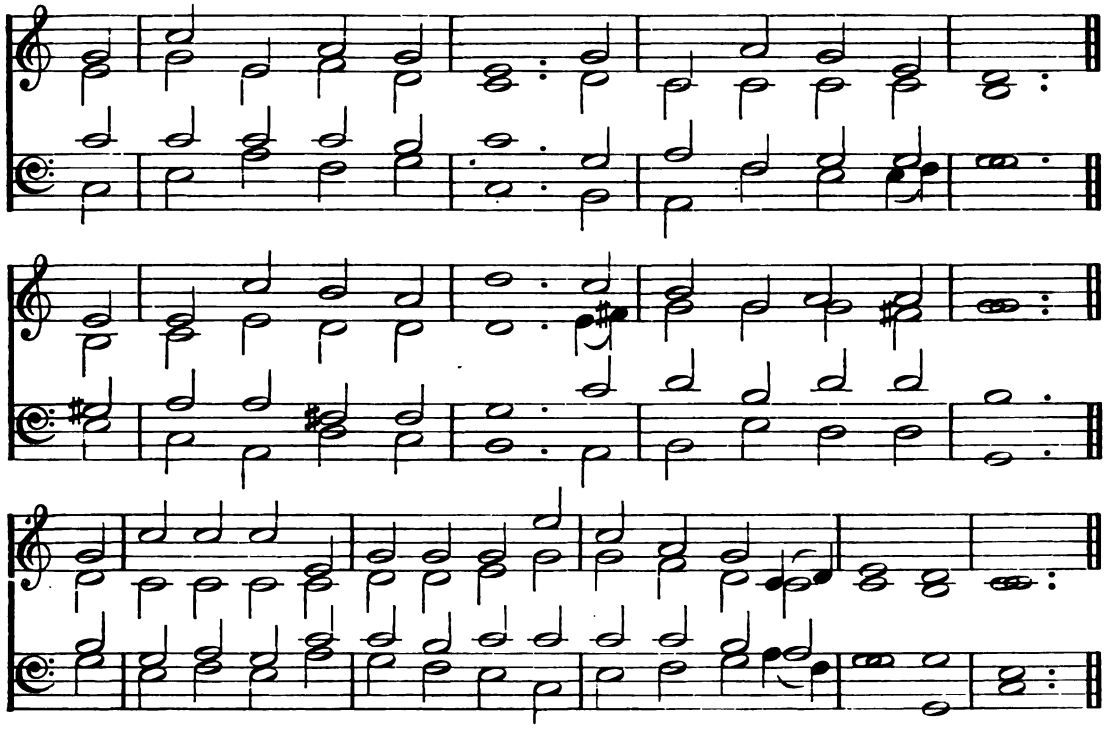
mf PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
mp Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
c For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
f King of glory, God of grace!

m 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
mf Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!

mp Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
m They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

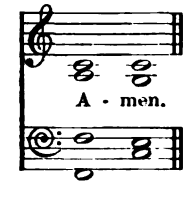
mf 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

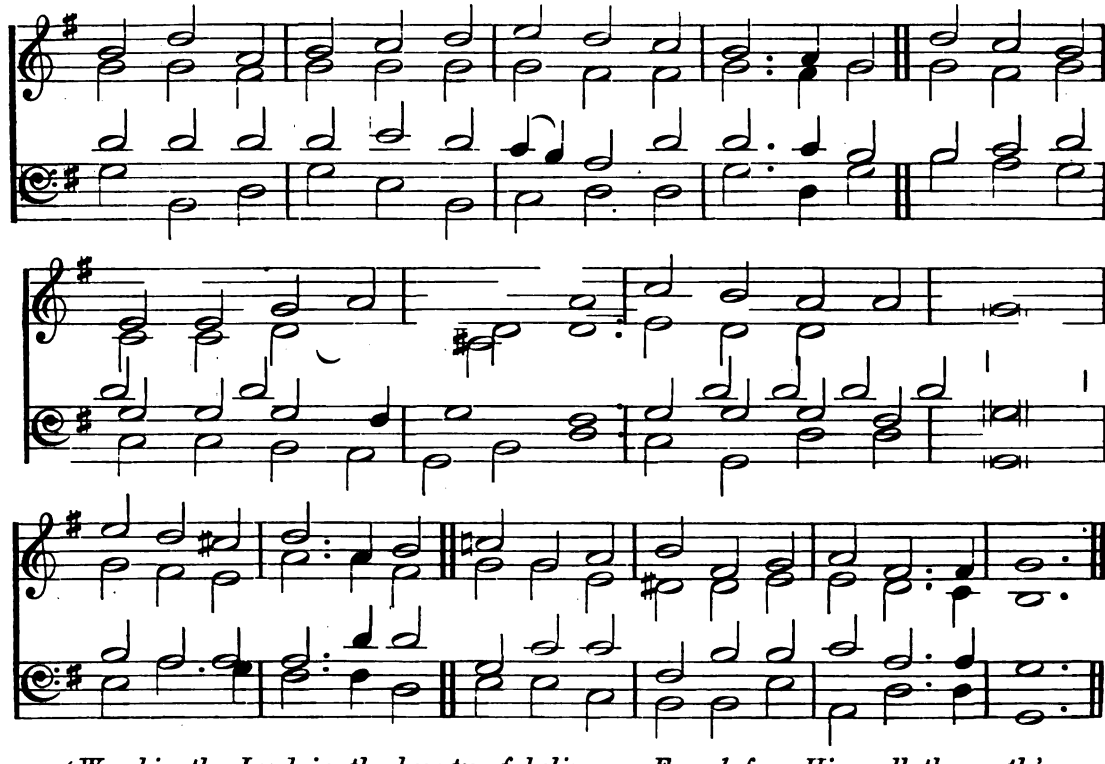
m 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

378

ST. MILDRED. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) C. STEGGALL.

'My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.'

mf LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
c To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

mf 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
f O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

379

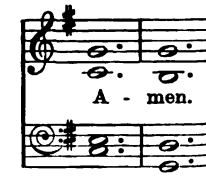
MOREDUN. H. SMART.

'Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Fear before Him, all the earth.'

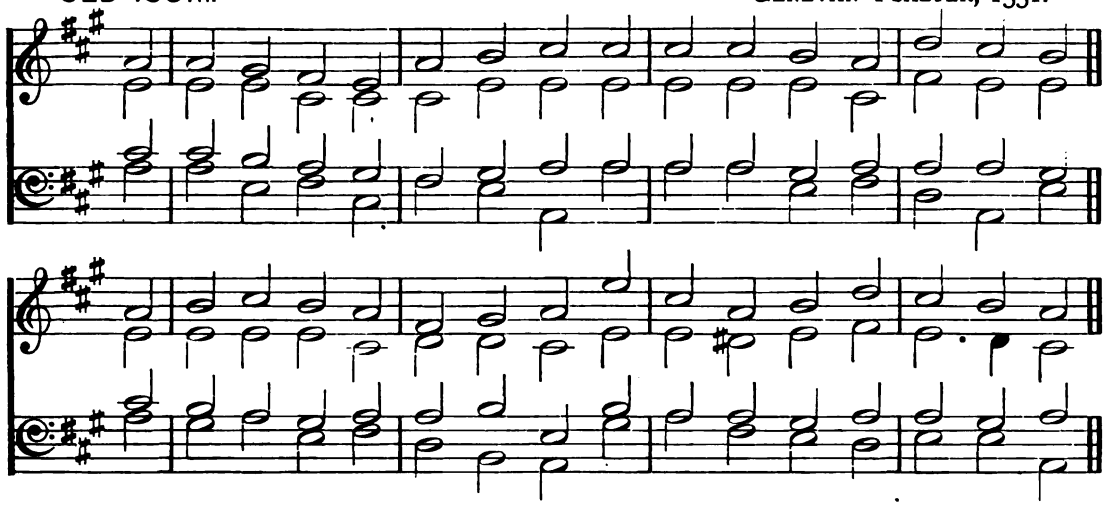
mf WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
c Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name!

mp 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
m High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine;
mf Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

m 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
mf Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
c Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name!

380

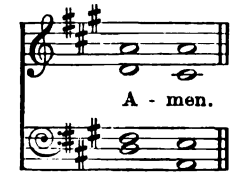
OLD 100TH. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.'

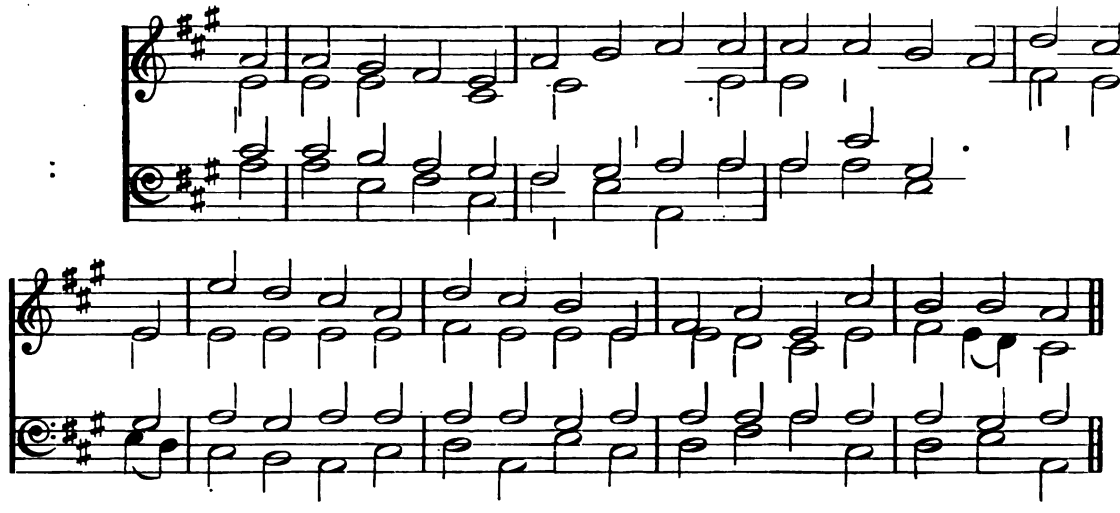
mf BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

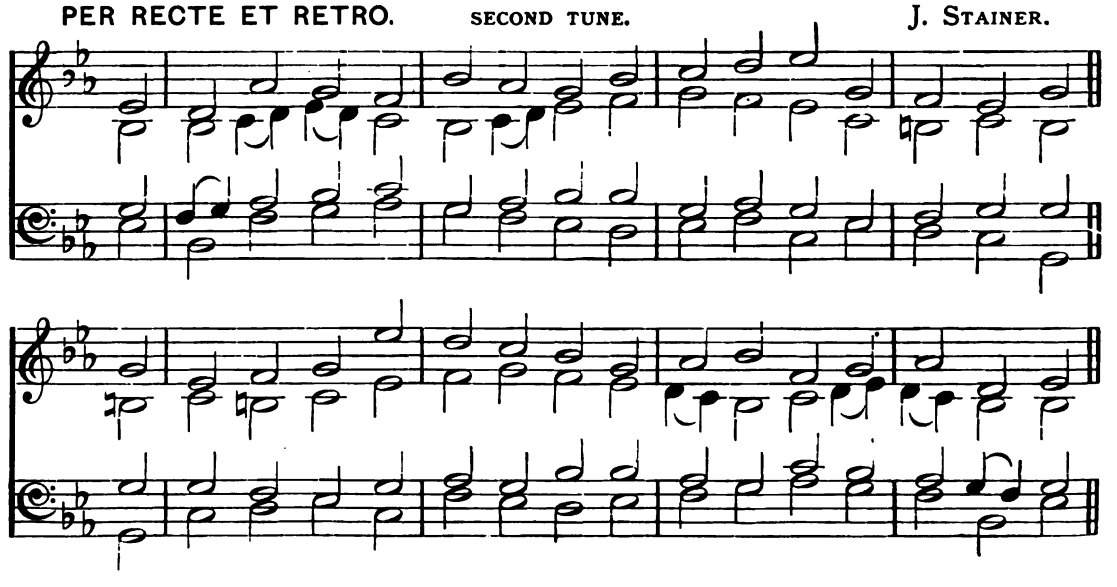
m 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

f 4 We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

381

ELY. FIRST TUNE. T. TURTON.

PER RECTE ET RETRO. SECOND TUNE. J. STAINER.



'The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.'

m

O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,

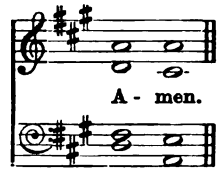
2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

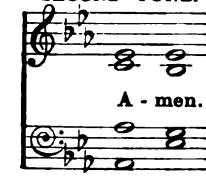
4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp with reverent air
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 O Thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
mf To Thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

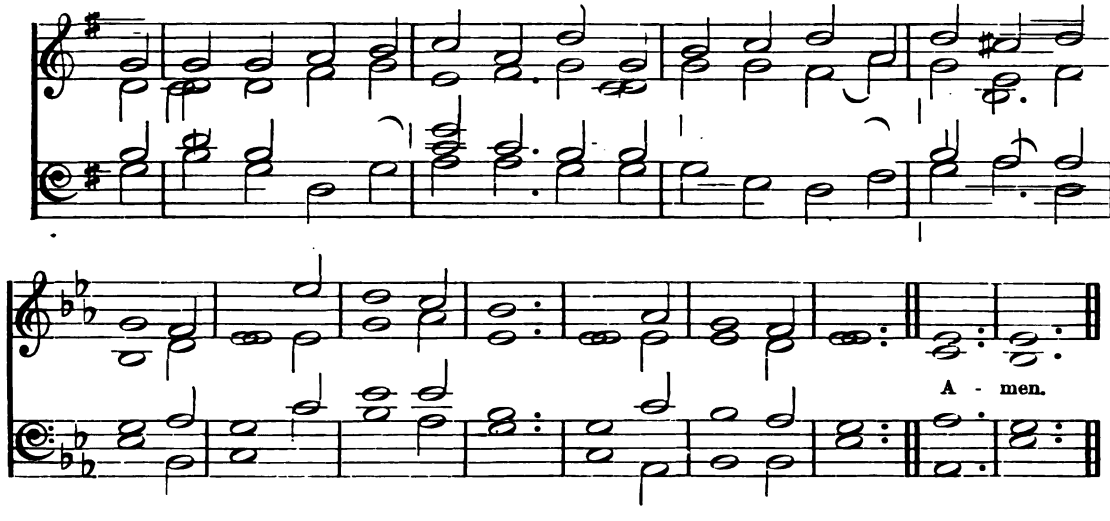
FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.



382

ETERNITY. S. S. WESLEY.

'Hear Thou from heaven, and forgive the sin of Thy servants.'

mp GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
p Hear, forgive, and save.

mp 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
p Look from heaven and save.

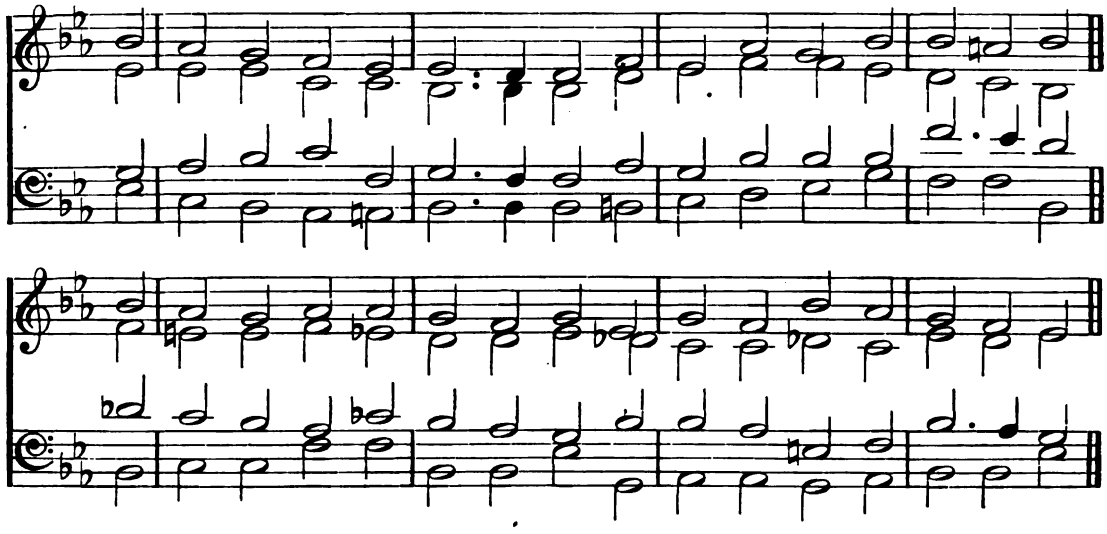
m 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
p Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

m 6 And, whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
p Hear, forgive, and save.

383

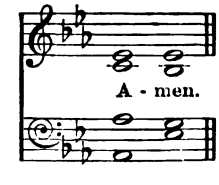
HARROW. EATON FANING.

'In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.'

mp AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

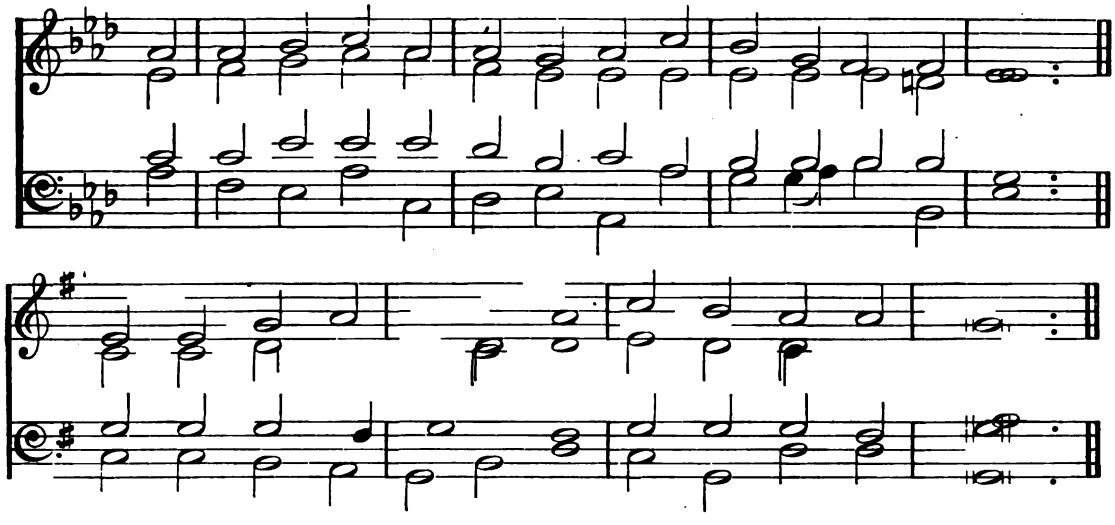
m 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care.

p 3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
c Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

m 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.



384

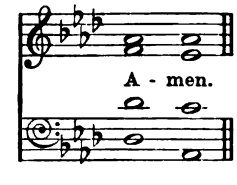
ST. AMBROSE. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* C. STEGGALL.

'Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.'

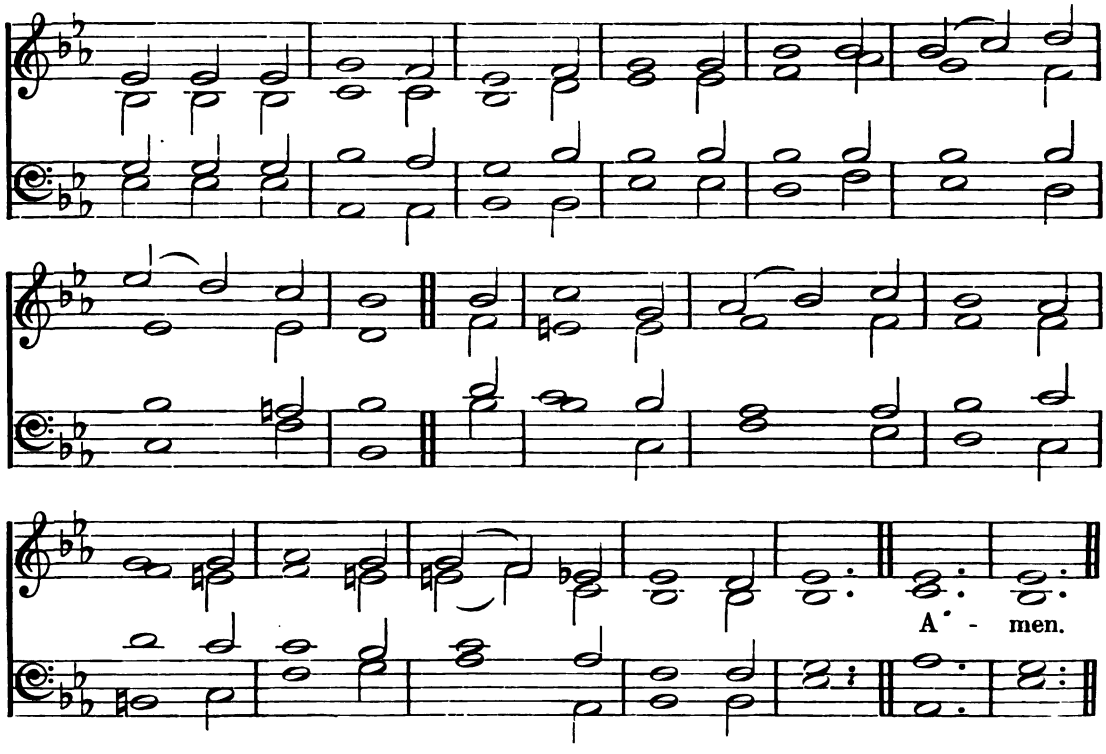
mp AS darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal light.

2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

m 5 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us when we pray.

385

NE DERELINQUAS ME. C. H. LLOYD.

'The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.'

m JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come
And going take Thee to their home.

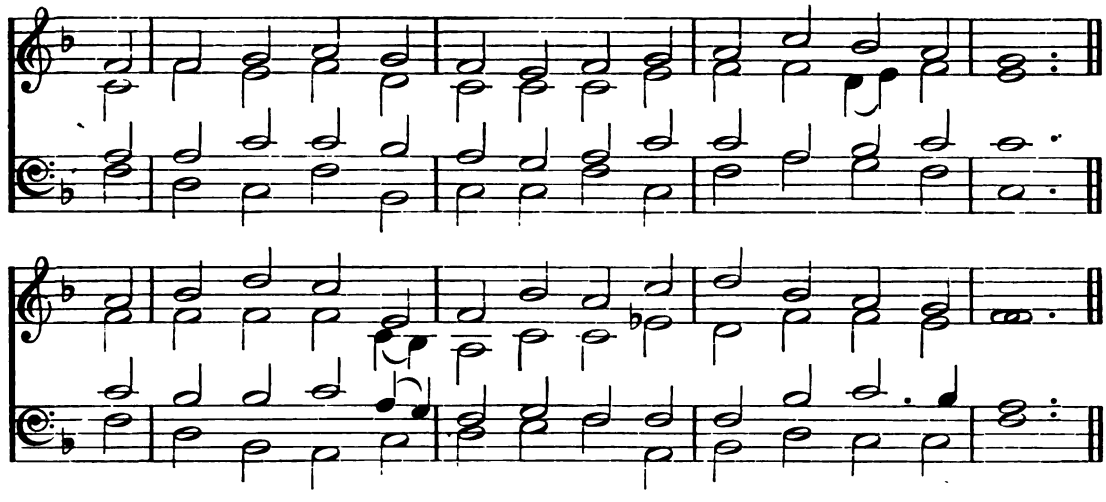
3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
mf O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

386

ST. ETHELREDA. **T. TURTON.**



'If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth.'

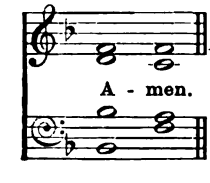
m BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

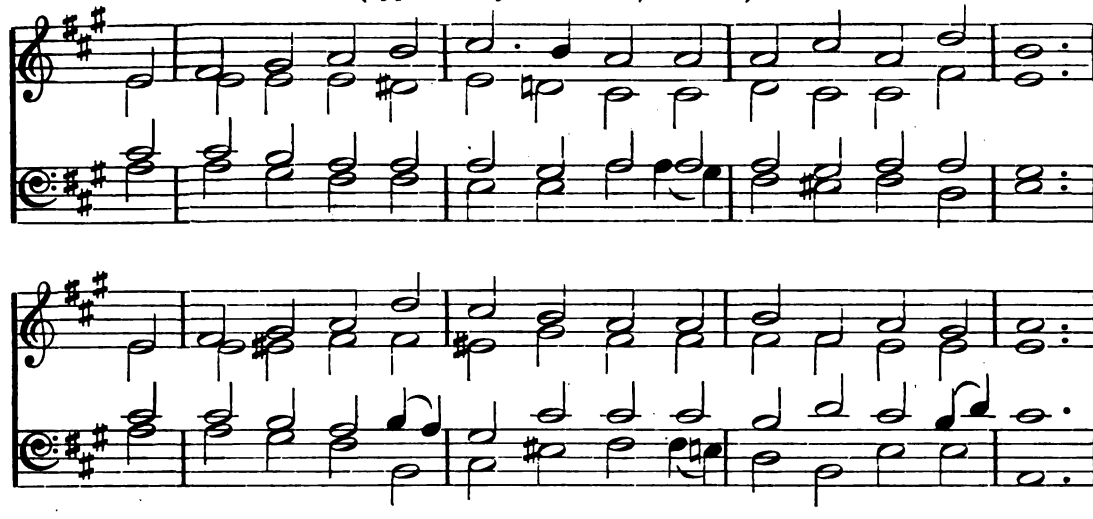
4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

mf 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

m 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

Also the following:

48 Hosanna to the living Lord.
49 All glory, laud, and honour.
143 Lord God, the Holy Ghost.
144 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers.
466-470 Hymns for Church Dedication.

387

GOUDA. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) B. TOURS.

'Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.'

m PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

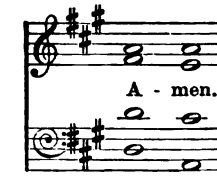
mp 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

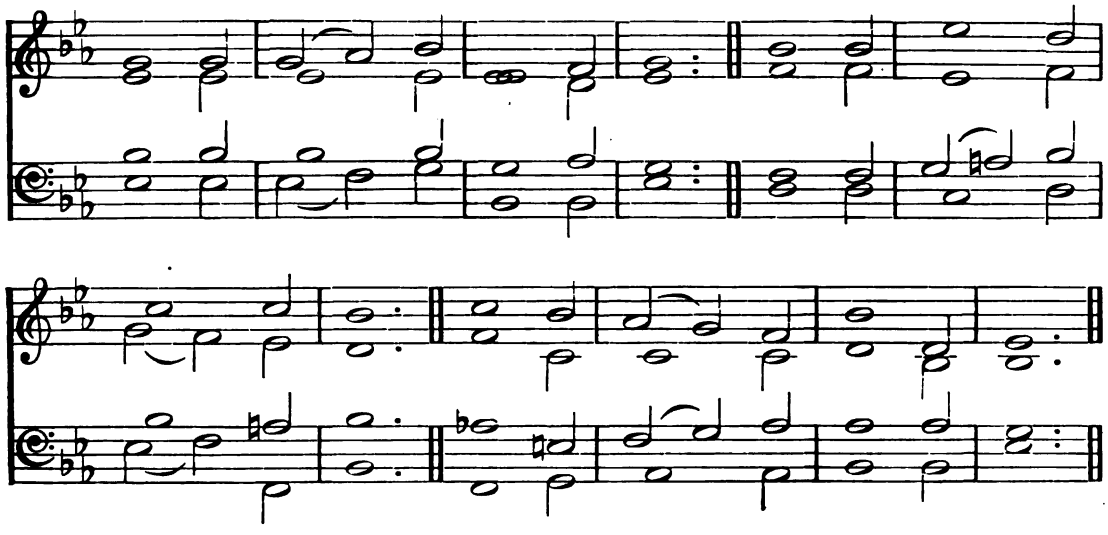
m 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

mp 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
m While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 Nor prayer is made by man alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

mf 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

388

LACRYMÆ. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.'

m PRESENT with the two or three
Deign, most gracious God, to be,
While we lift our souls to Thee.

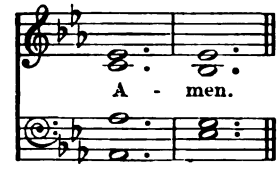
p 2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.

mp 3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

4 Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say,
p 'Abba, Father,' when we pray.

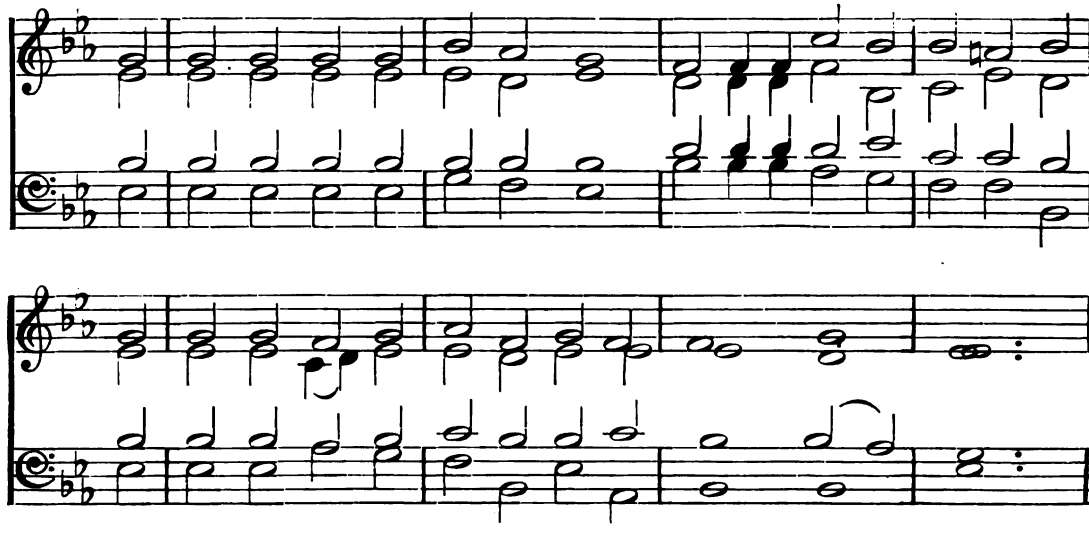
5 Holy Spirit, from on high
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.

6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
m But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.



mf 7 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

389

HERBERT. R. R. CHOPE.

'The hour of prayer.'

mp MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

m 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave;

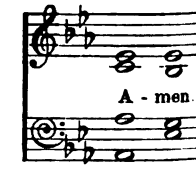
3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

mf 4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

m 5 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

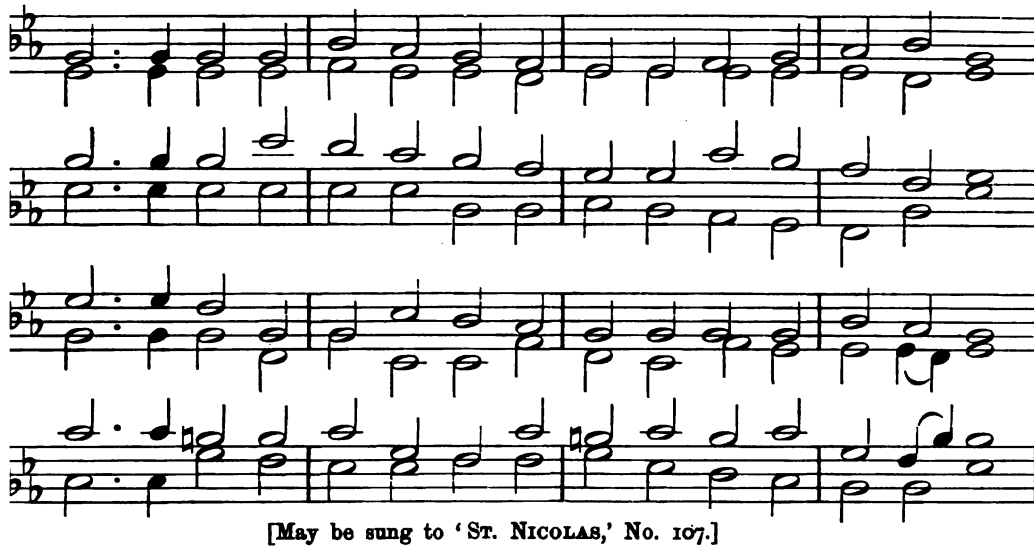
mp 6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

mf 7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.



390

LOWTON. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) A. LOWE.



[May be sung to 'ST. NICOLAS,' No. 107.]

To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.

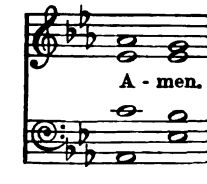
mp LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy name we humbly call.

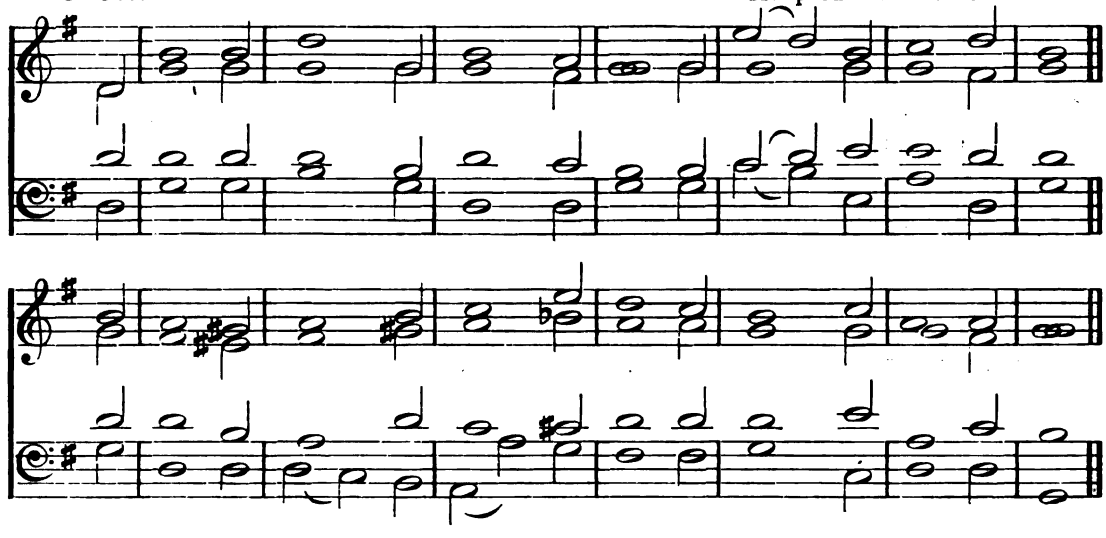
2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;

3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;

4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
m From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

6 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
mp Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.

391

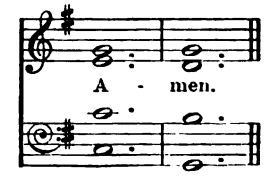
SPOHR. Adapted from L. SPOHR.

'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.'

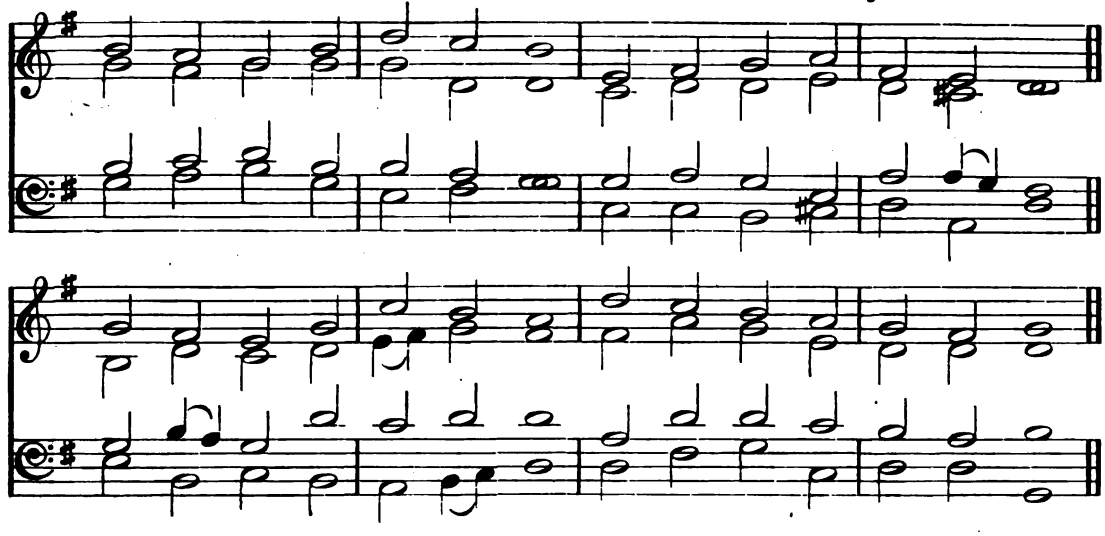
mp APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
p And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
mp I come to Thee for rest.

m 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

mf 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

392

RAVENNA. J. H. KNECHT.

'Ask, and it shall be given you.'

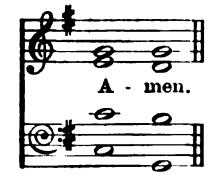
m COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

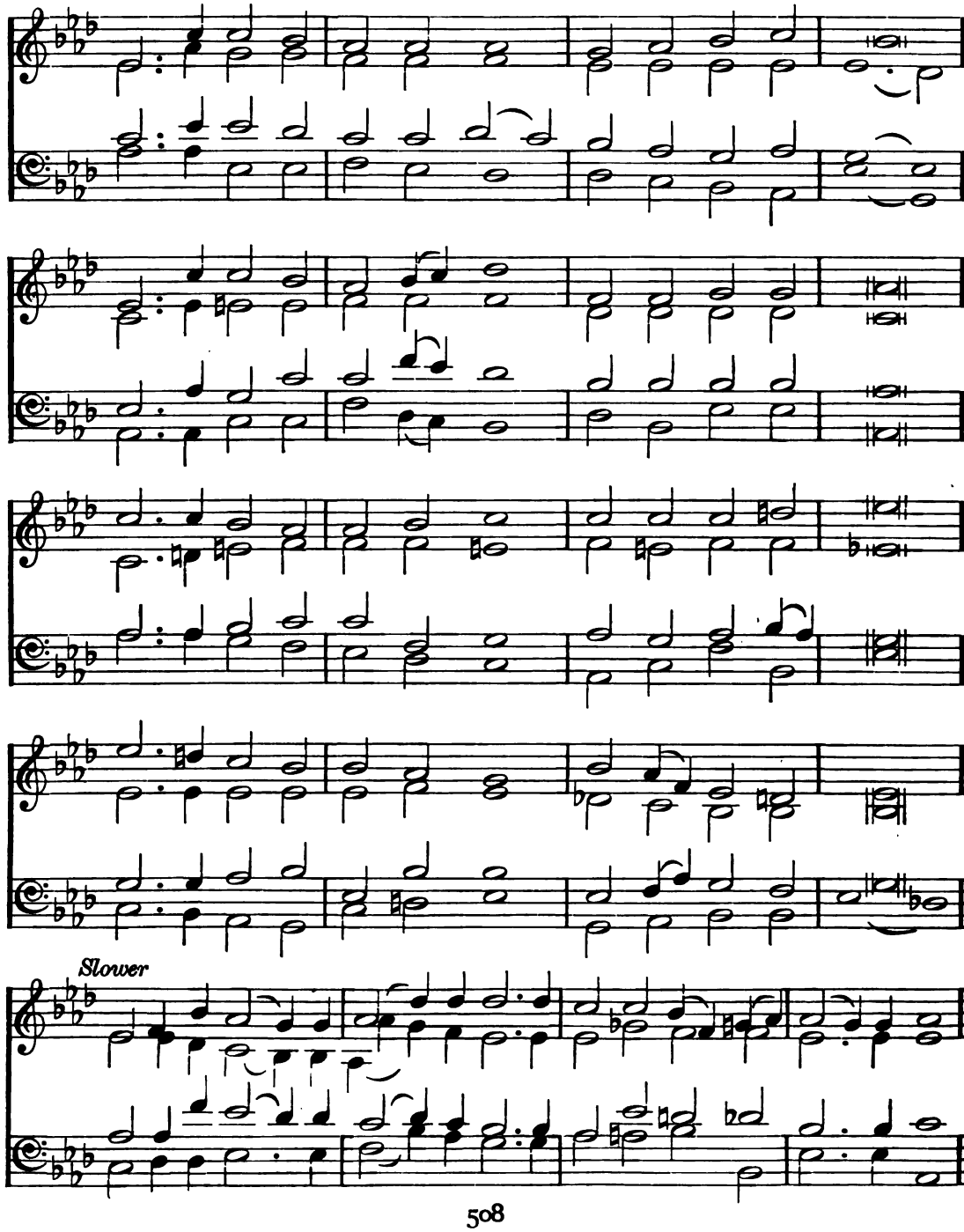
2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
mf For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

mp 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

m 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
c And without a rival reign.

m 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
mf Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

393

INTERCESSION. FIRST TUNE. W. H. CALLCOTT. Last two lines from MENDELSSOHN.

'Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place.'

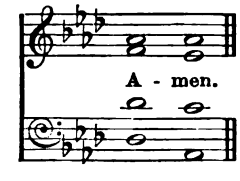
mp WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

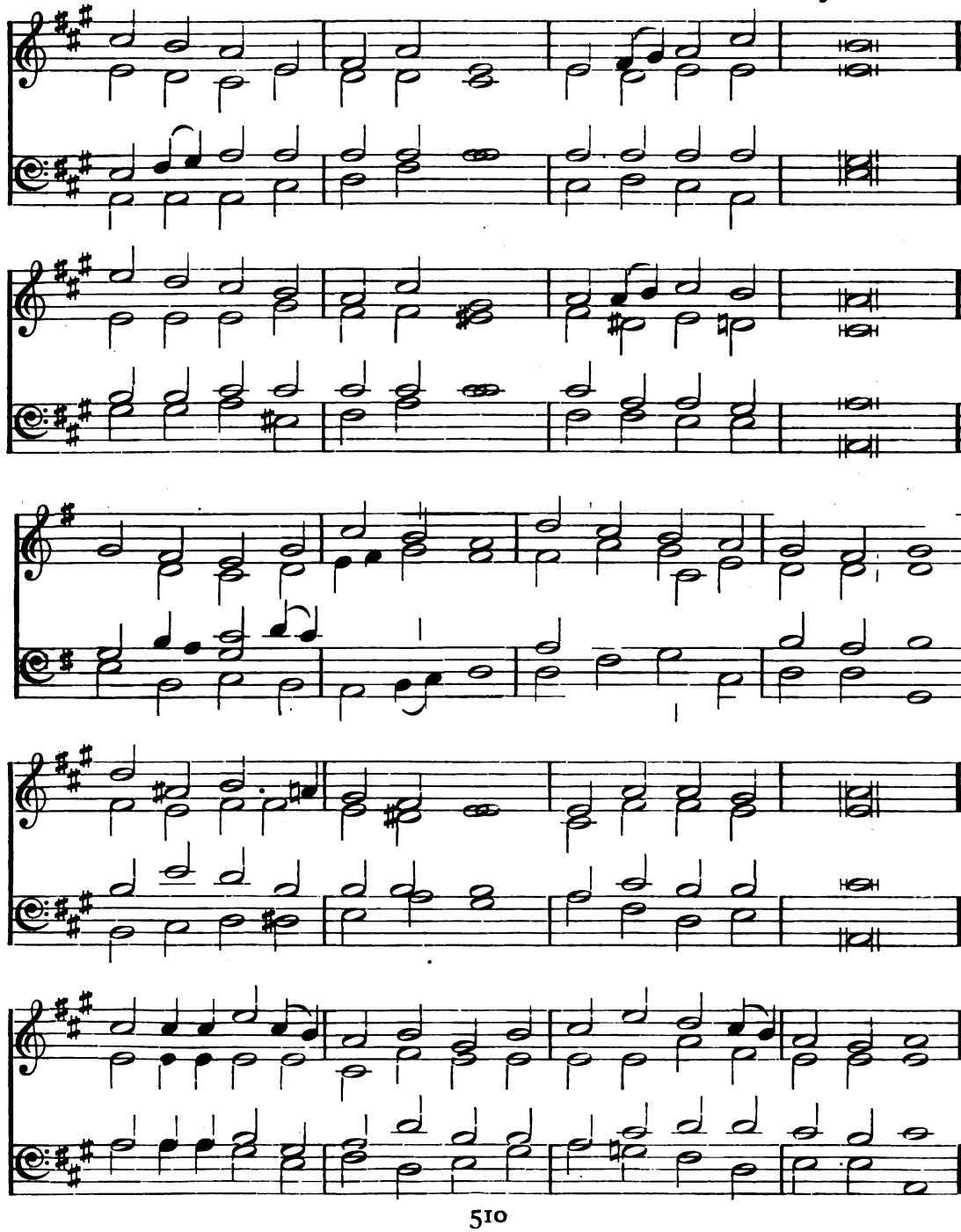
mp 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

m 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

m 4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

m 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
mp When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
p When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

393

WHEN THE WEARY. SECOND TUNE. G. J. ELVEY.

'Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place.'

mp WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;
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Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
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Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
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All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

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In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name;
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d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

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Youth, or maiden fair,
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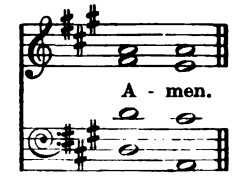
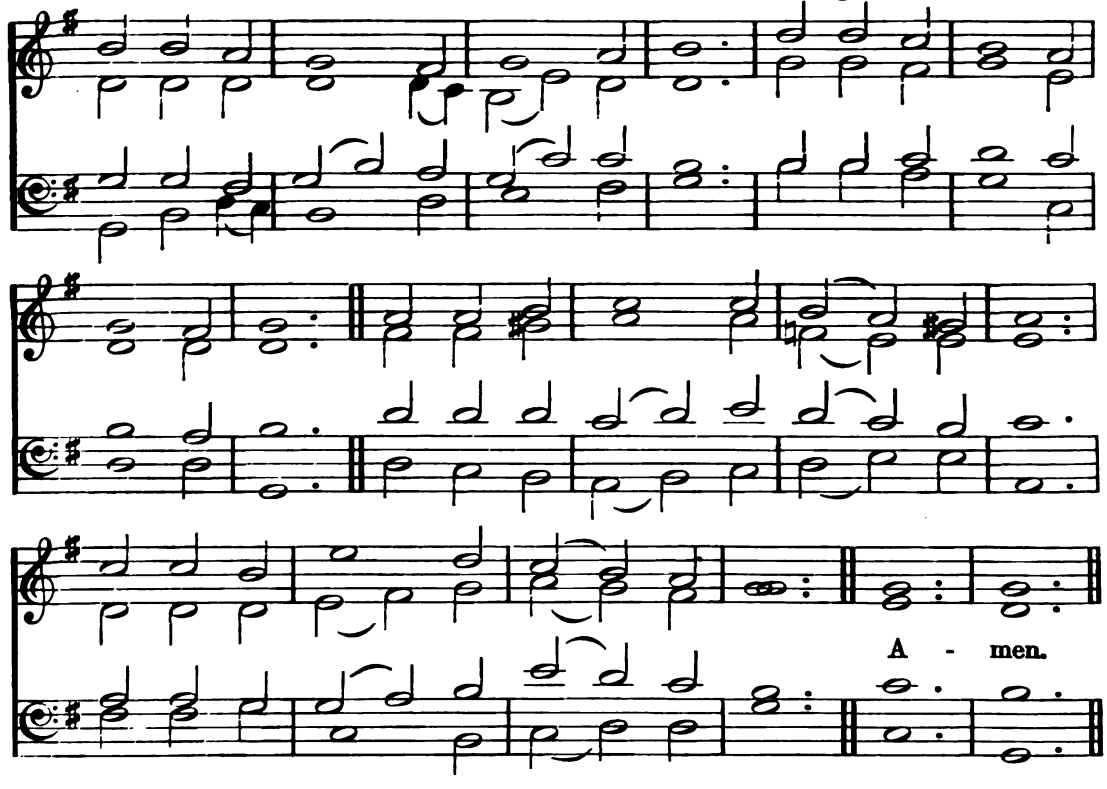
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

mp 6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
p When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
c Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
d In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

394

ST. POLYCARP. **Arranged from PLEYEL.**

'He will regard the prayer of the destitute.'

mp GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
m Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

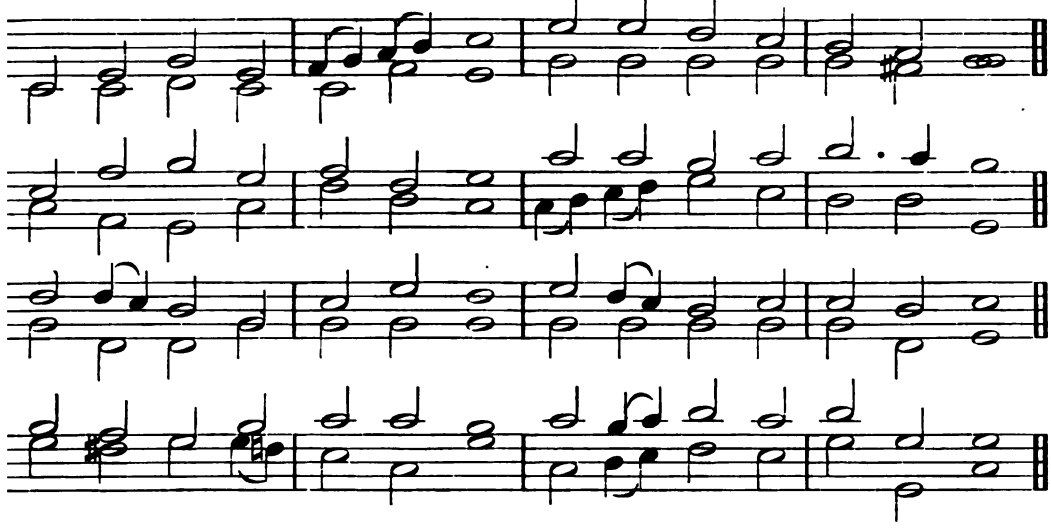
mp 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
m But a prayer-hearing, -answering God
Supports me under every load.

mf 5 Fair is the lot that 's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Also the following:

22 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice.
147 Come to our poor nature's night.
201 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.
285 O help us, Lord; each hour of need.
96-104 Hymns on Our Lord's Intercession.
179-189 Hymns of Penitence.
342-386 Other Hymns on Worship.

395

MONKLAND. Arr. by J. Wilkes.

'All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.'

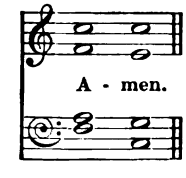
f SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

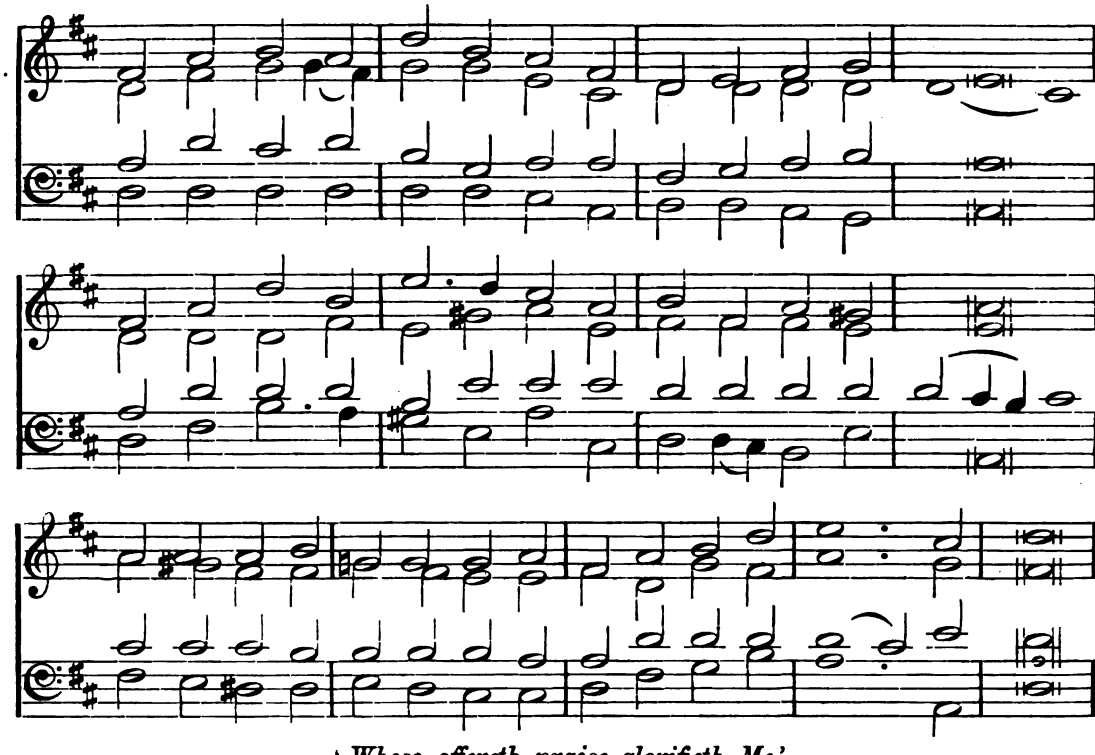
2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

m 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
mf No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
f Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

396

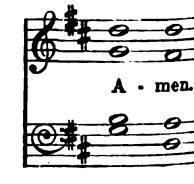
ANGEL VOICES. E. G. MONK.

'Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.'

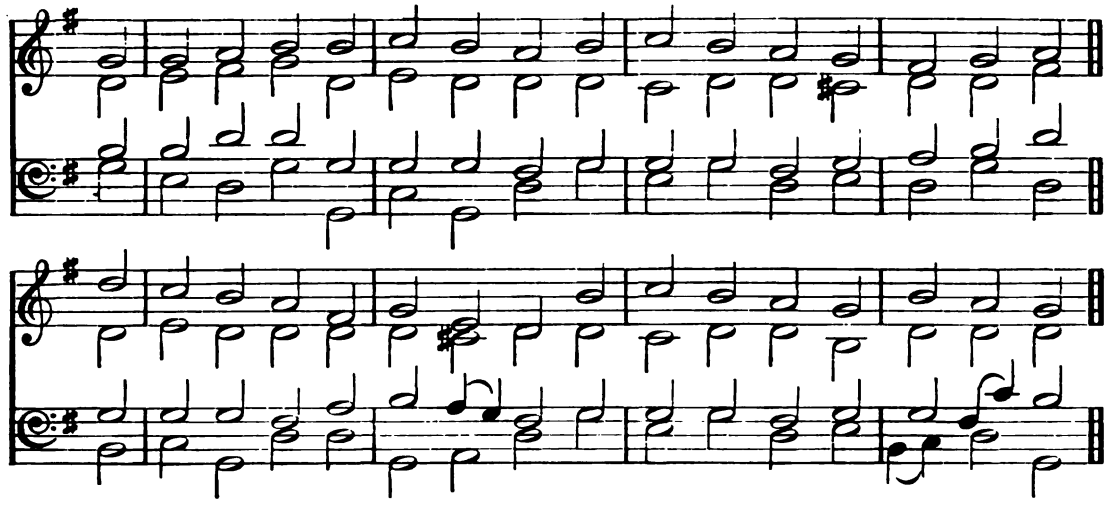
mf ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
f Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

mp 2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
mf Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

m 4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

f 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

397

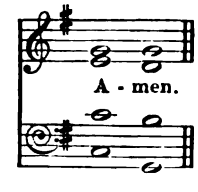
COMMANDMENTS. FIRST TUNE. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1547.

'They brought young children to Him.'

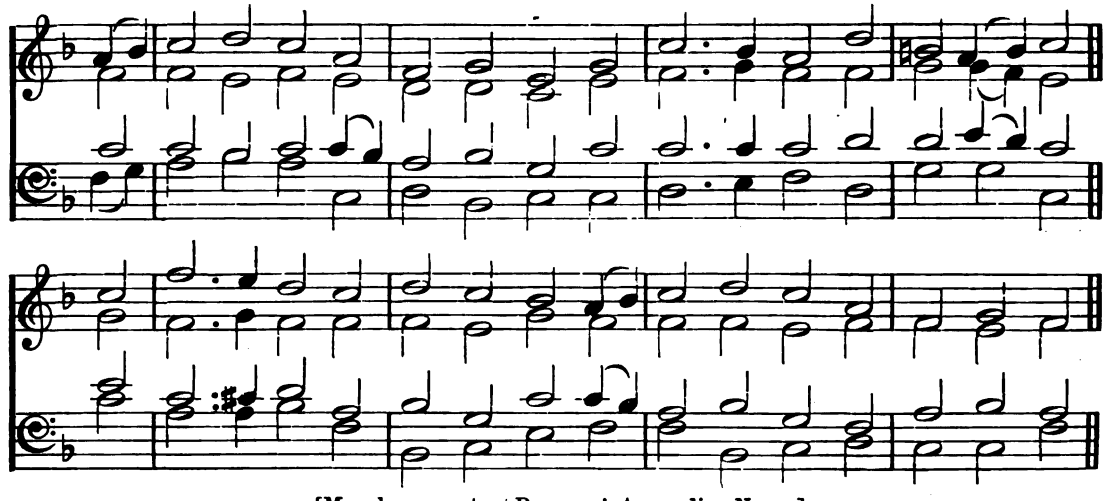
m A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name,
And angels worshipped as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life Divine to show to man
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
mf May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

397

HIGHGATE. SECOND TUNE. F. C. WOODS.

[May be sung to 'BOSTON,' Appendix, No. 2.]

'They brought young children to Him.'

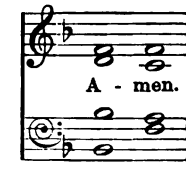
m A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name,
And angels worshipped as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life Divine to show to man
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

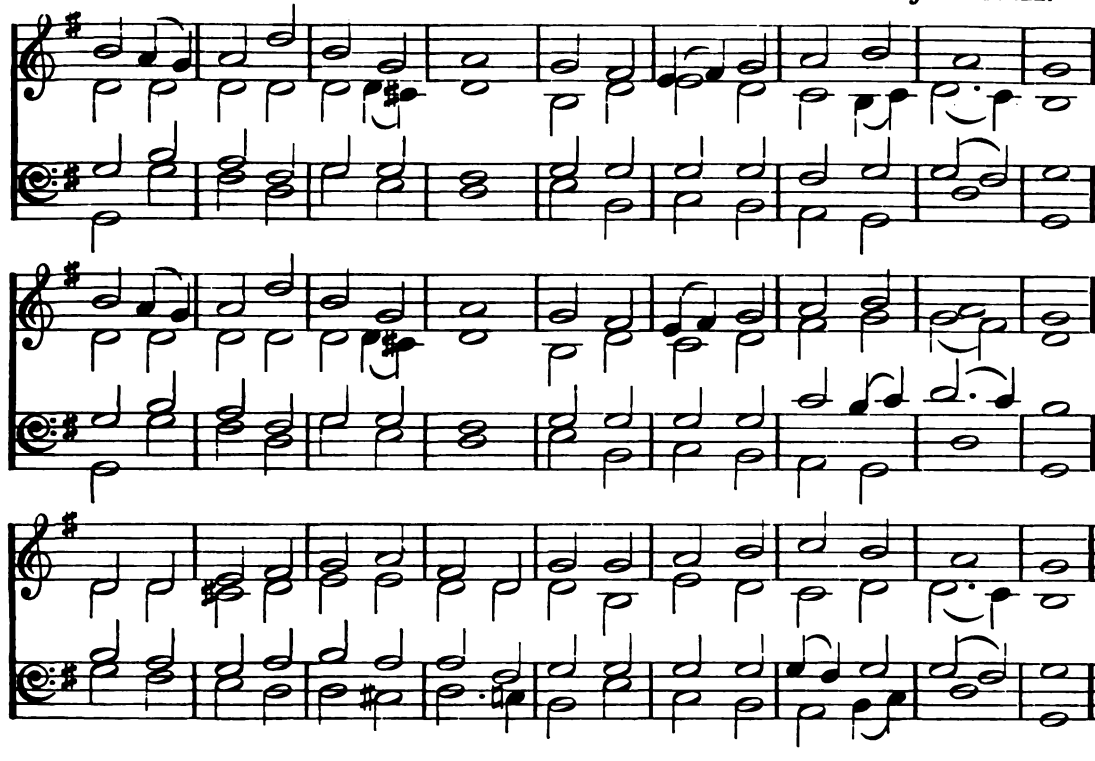
3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
mf May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



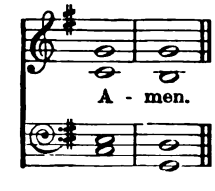
398

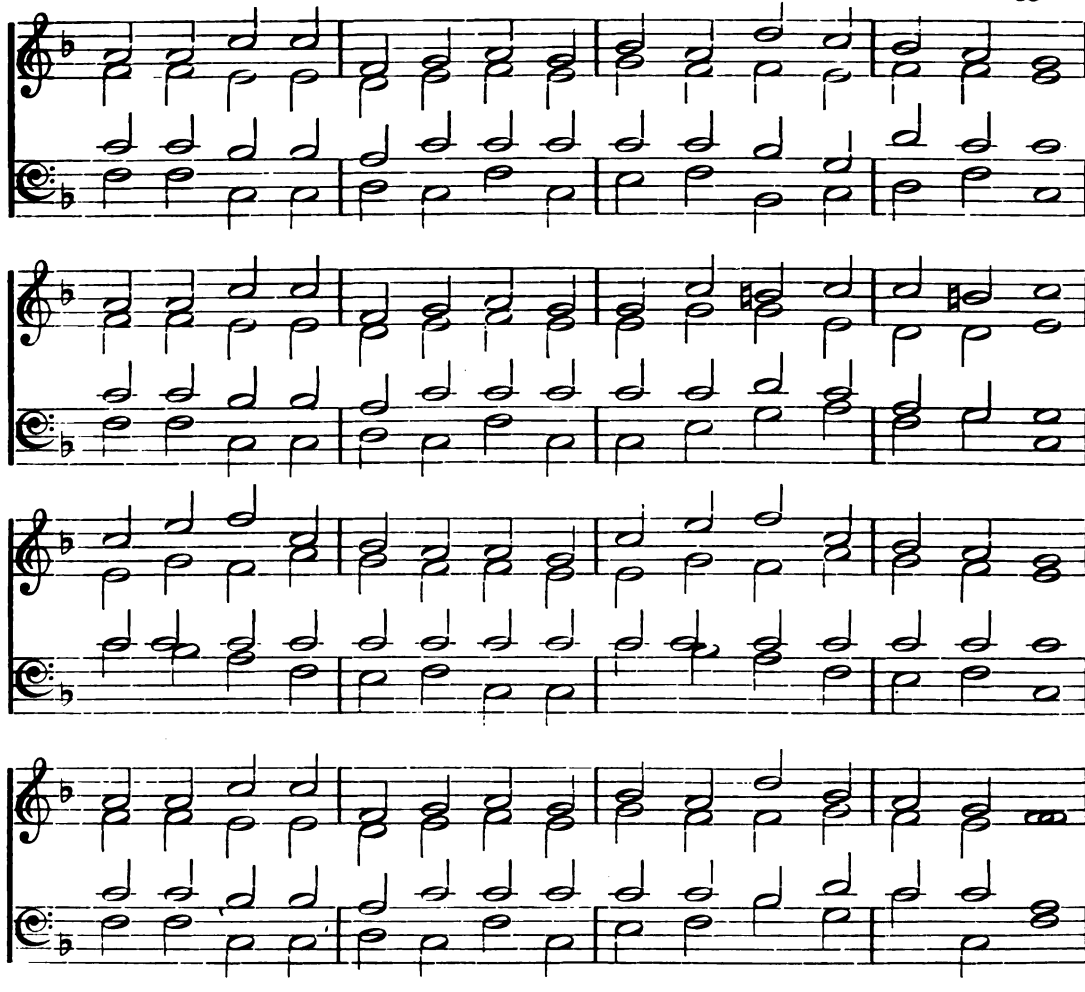
DESSAU. J. R. AHLE.

'I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.'

m BLESSÈD Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken;
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee in token
That to Christ it here is given,
For of such shall be His heaven.

2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take it;
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never—
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

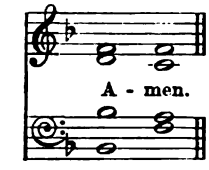
3 Make it, Head, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven O lead it;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Grafted firm in Thee for ever.

mp 4 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;
m Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

399

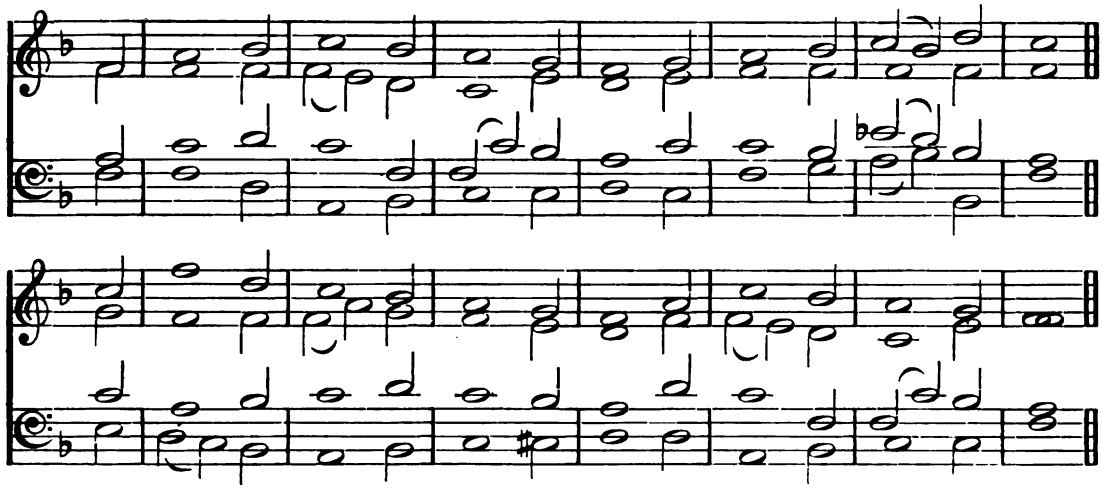
HILARY. KOCHER'S ZIONSHARFE, 1855.

'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.'

m SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
mf Then, within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.



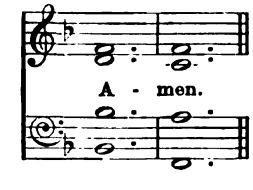
400

ERIN. ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH MELODY.

'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'

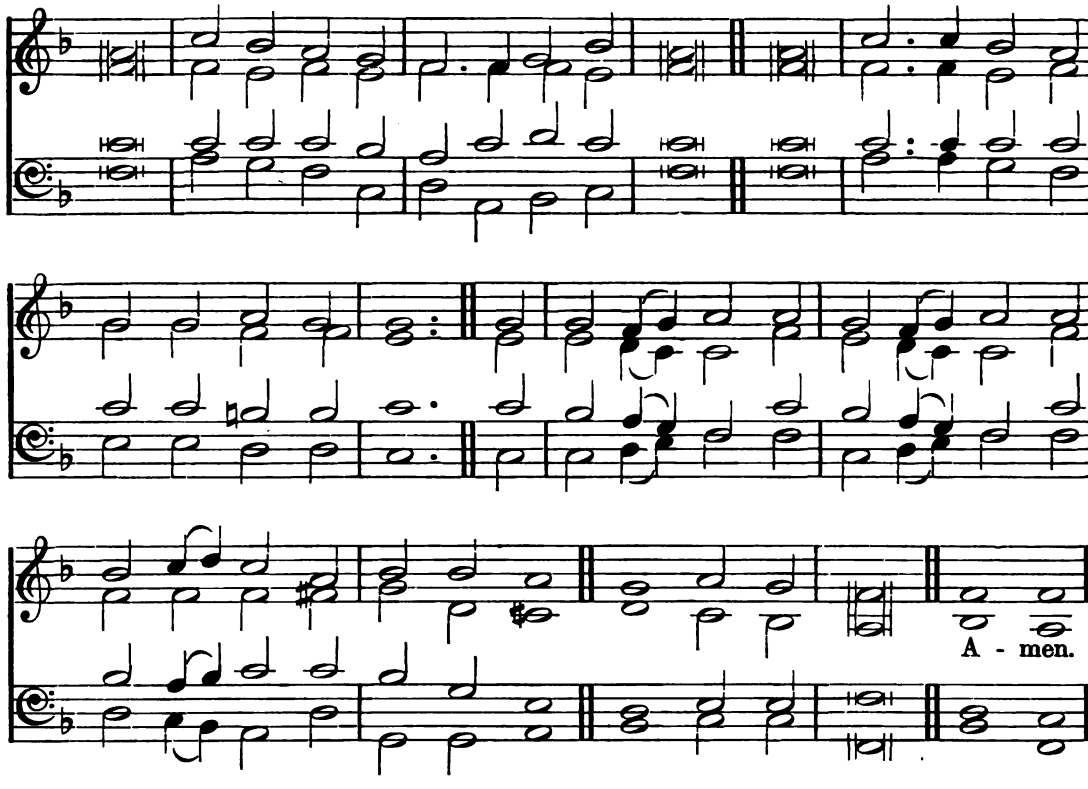
m SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 'Permit them to approach,' He cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

mf 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee,
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be.



401

ST. FRANCIS. · **A. S. SULLIVAN.**

'The promise is unto you, and to your children.'

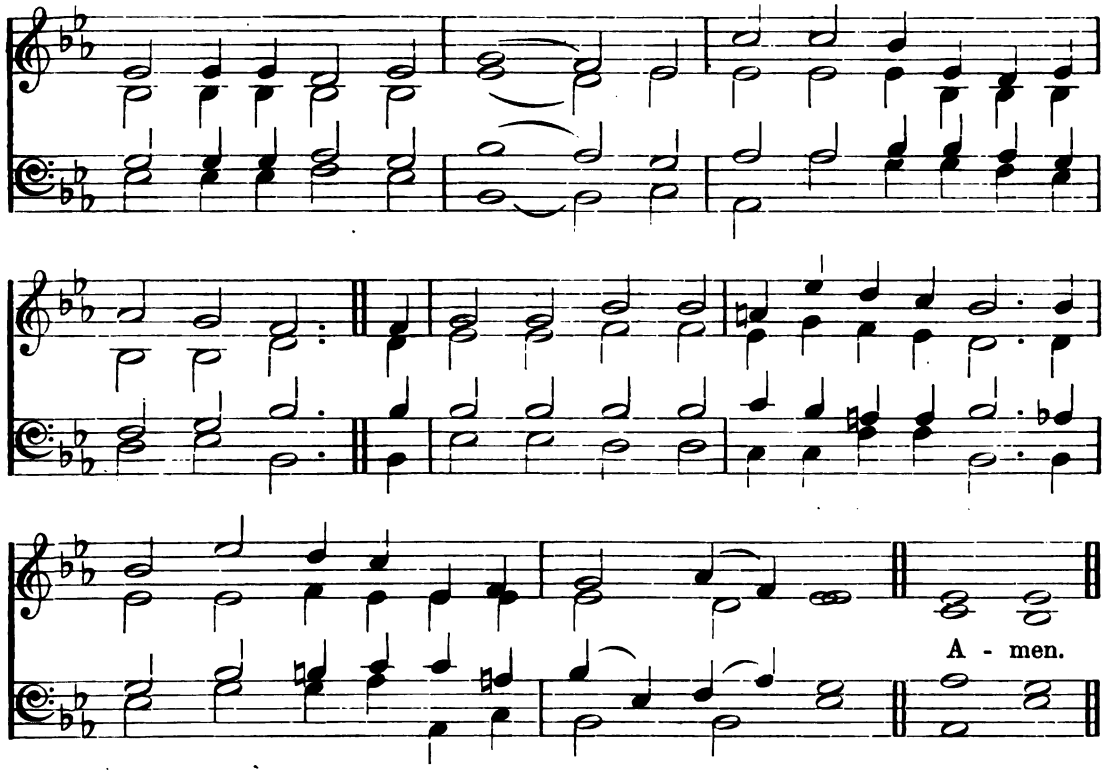
mp O FATHER, Thou who hást cre- | ated all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who át Thy | gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er him in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on his soul impress;
O Father, hear.

2 O Son of God, who díedst for | us, behold!
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, táke him | to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend him through this earthly strife,
And lead him on the path of life,
O Son of God.

3 O Holy Ghost, who bróodedst | o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give him undying lífe, his | spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant him, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost.

m 4 O Triune God, what Thóu com- | mand'st is done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet séen our | earthly sun,
c Yet pour on him Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

402

PROTECTION. F. C. MAKER.

'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.'

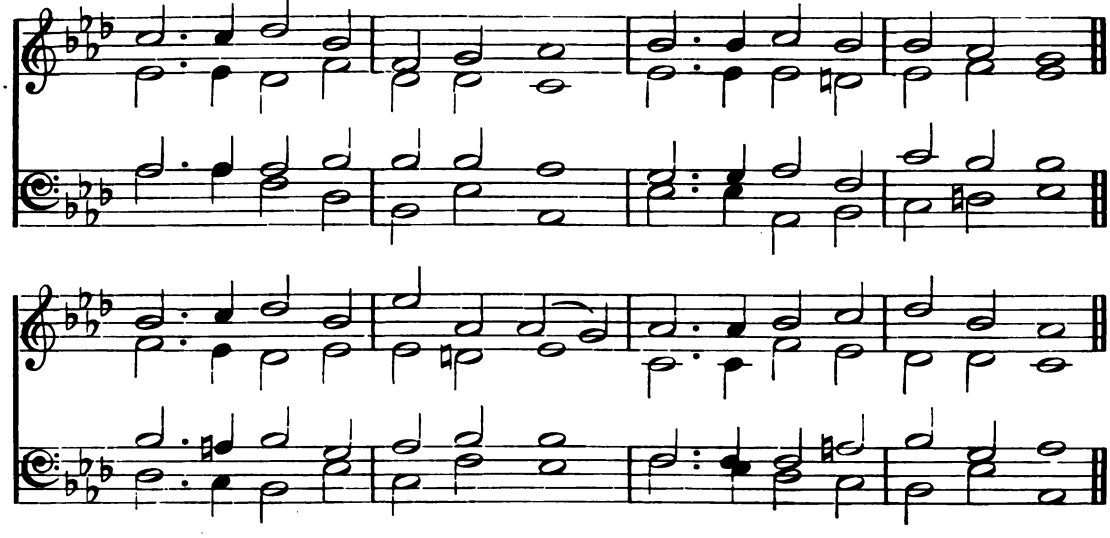
mp FATHER, our children keep;
We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing
O keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

m 2 Father, draw nearer us;
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
O clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

mp 3 Them in Thy chambers hide;
O hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

4 O keep them undefiled.
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin,
c That, clothed in white, through the bright city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

403

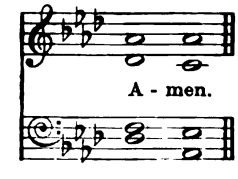
NEWINGTON. W. D. MACLAGAN.

'I am Thine, save me.'

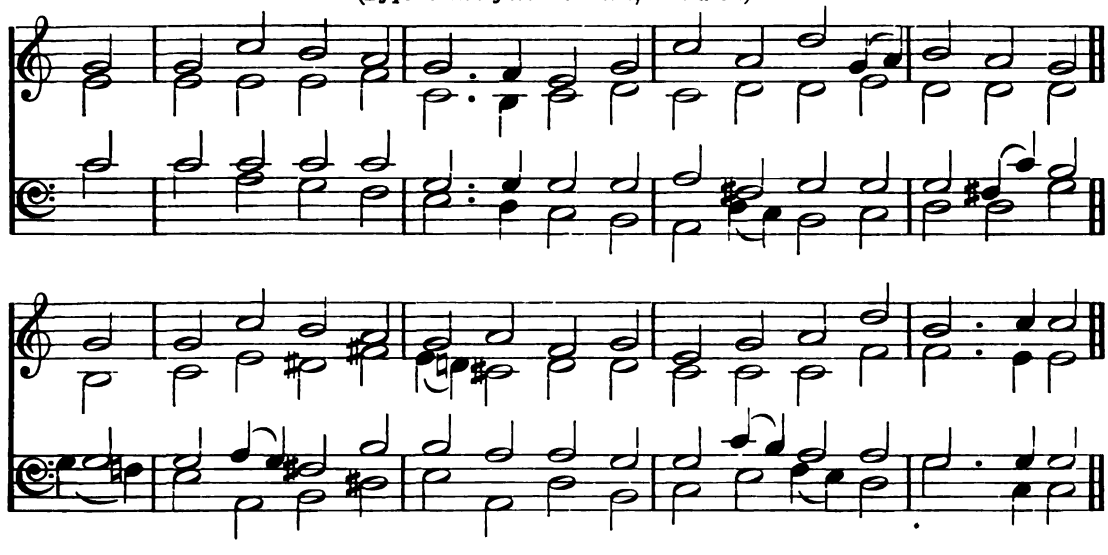
m THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

mf 2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

m 3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

mp 4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

mf 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven.

404

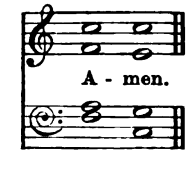
MARKEN. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) B. TOURS.

'*I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.*'

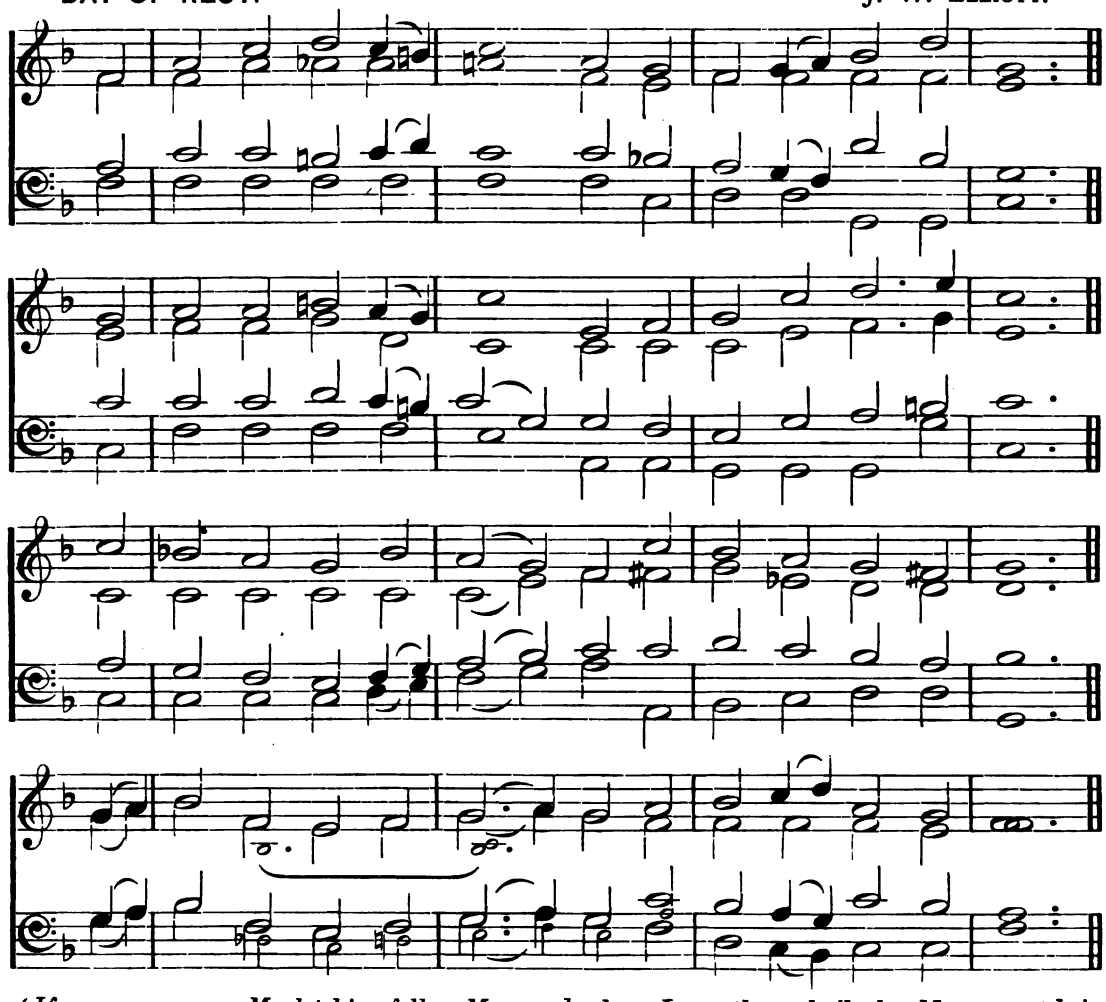
mf O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

m 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
O who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

405

DAY OF REST. J. W. ELLIOTT.

'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.'

m O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:

mf I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

mp 2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

m 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

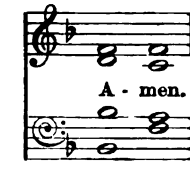
mf 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;

m And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.

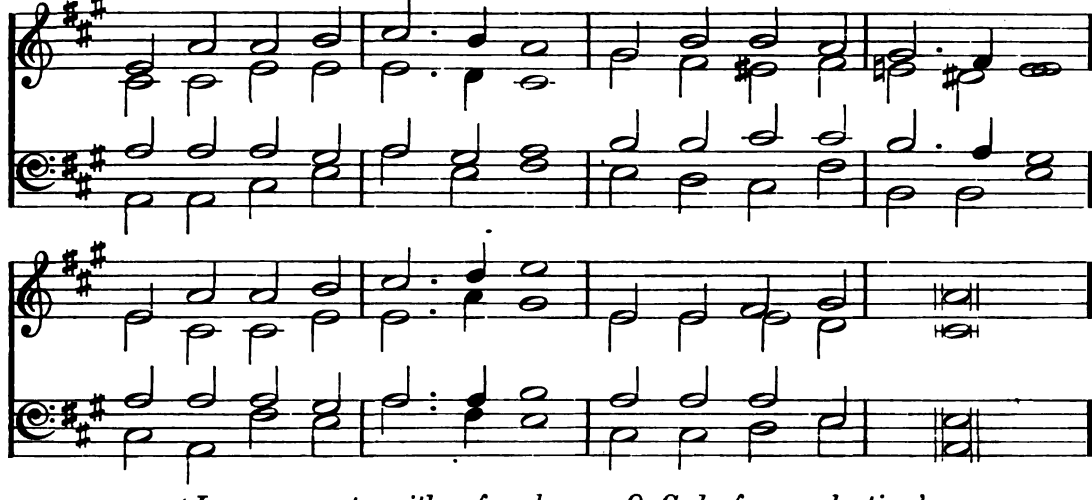
c O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,

mf And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.



406

ST. ALBAN. Har. by T. MORLEY.



'Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.'

mp JESUS, Saviour, hear my call,
Sinful though my heart may be;

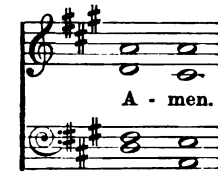
m Thou my Life, my Hope, my All,
Lord, abide with me.

mp 2 Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from Thee;
Lead me by Thy gentle hand:
Lord, abide with me.

m 3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free;

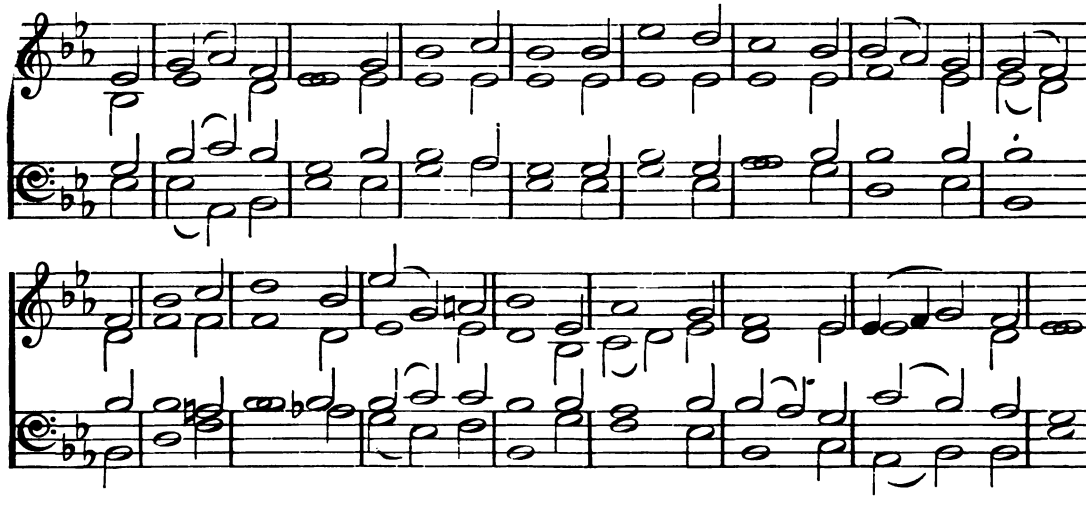
mf Thou didst triumph o'er the grave:
Lord, abide with me.

m 4 Fill me with Thy love Divine;
Consecrate my life to Thee;
Bend my stubborn will to Thine:
Lord, abide with me.

mp 5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to Thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Still abide with me.

Also the following:

40 Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult.
41 'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said.
215 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend.
246–261 Hymns on Discipleship.

407

COMMUNION. E. MILLER.

'*Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat: this is My body. And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them: and they all drank of it.*'

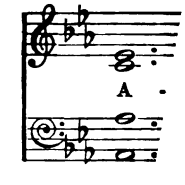
p 'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

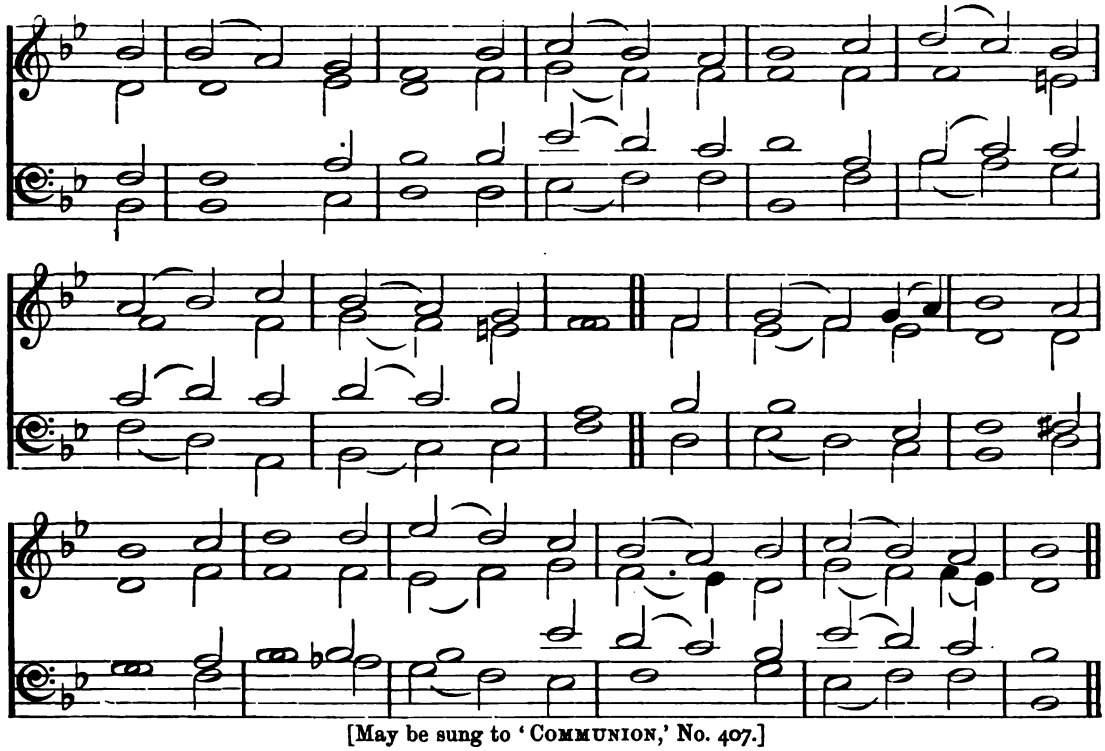
m 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

mp 3 'My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live:
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to view.'

m 4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

mp 5 'My blood I thus pour forth,' He cries,
'To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

mf 6 'With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of My dying hour.'

408

WAREHAM. W. KNAPP.

[May be sung to 'COMMUNION,' No. 407.]

'Thou preparest a table before me.'

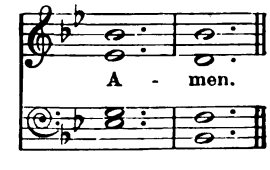
m MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

mf 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

m 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

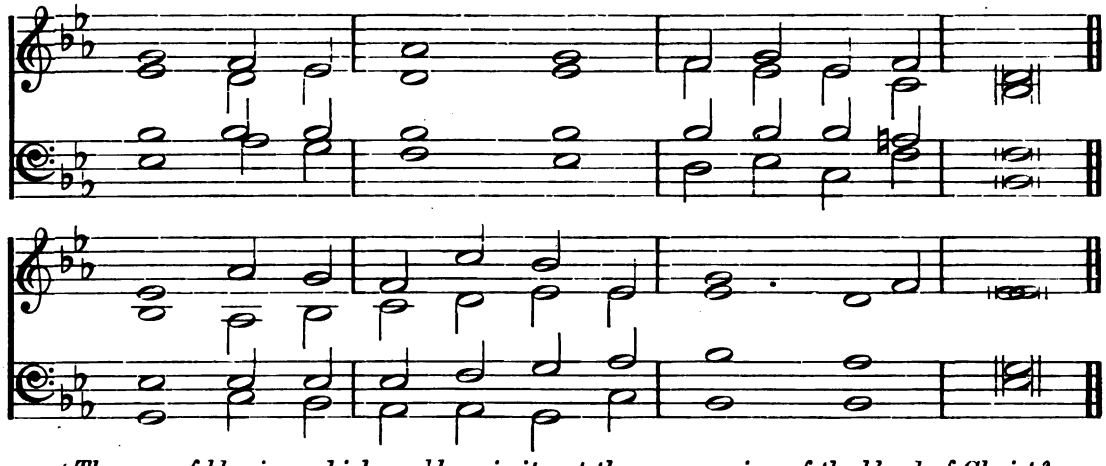
4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend,
Nor when we leave our Father's board
The pleasure or the profit end.

5 Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And, more, that energy afford
A Saviour's love alone can give.



409

CŒNA DOMINI. A. S. SULLIVAN.



'The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?'

m COME, take by faith the body of your Lord,
And drink the blood of Christ for you outpoured.

mf 2 Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only Son,
Who by His cross and blood the victory won,

3 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

m 4 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial mysteries told.

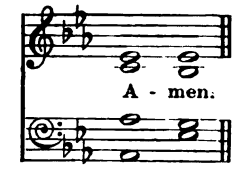
5 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Giveth His holy grace His saints to aid.

6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the pledges of salvation here.

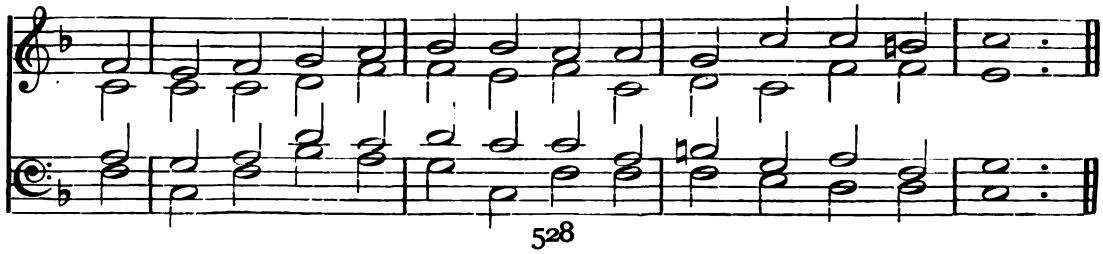
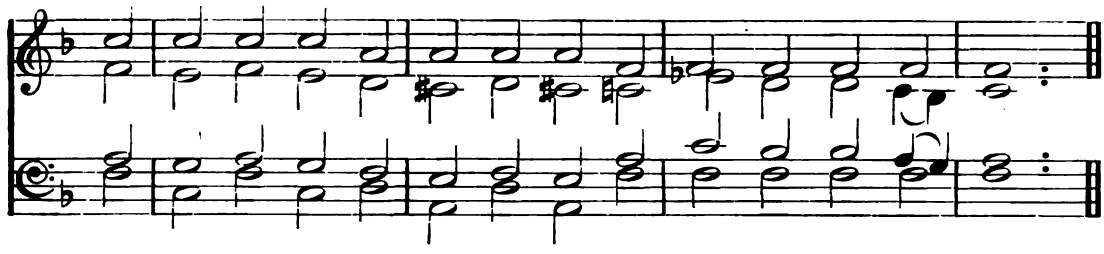
mf 7 He that His saints in this world rules and shields
To all believers life eternal yields,

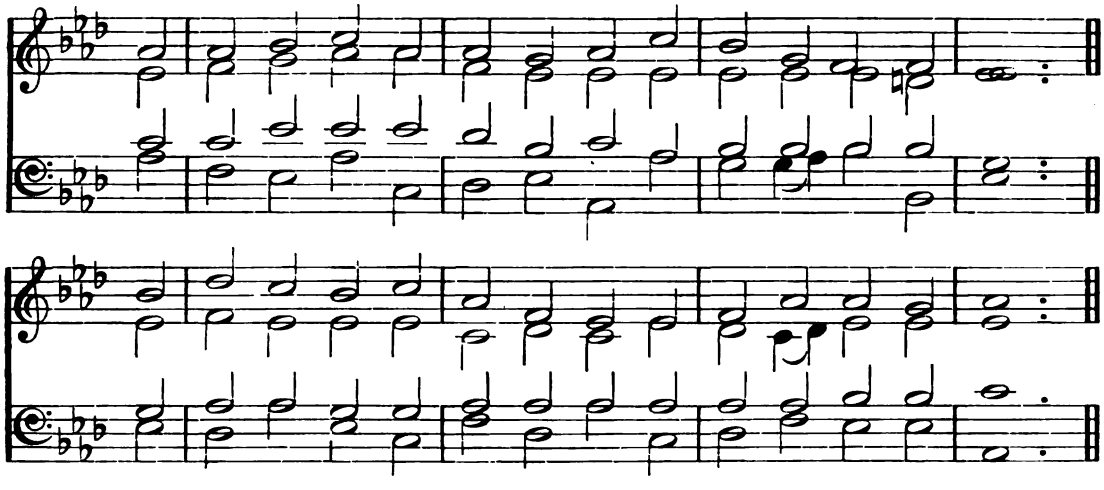
8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.

mp 9 O Judge of all, our only Saviour Thou,
In this Thy feast of love, be with us now.



410

ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER. FIRST TUNE. J. TURLE.

SECOND TUNE.

ST. AMBROSE. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) C. STEGGALL.

'This do in remembrance of Me.'

mp ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

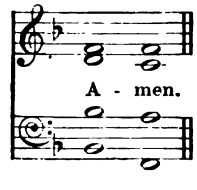
2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

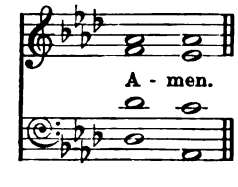
p 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
c O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

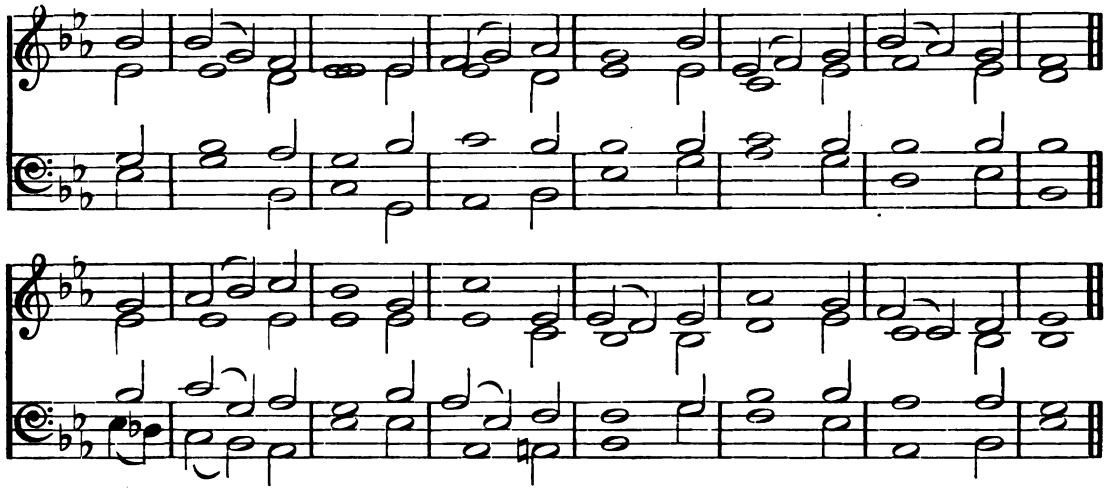
m 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
mf Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

p 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
mp When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



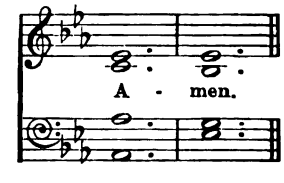
411

LEICESTER. **W. HURST.**

'Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof.'

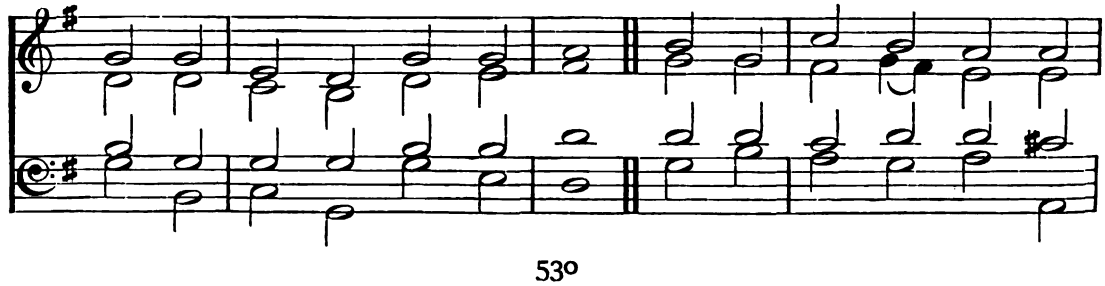
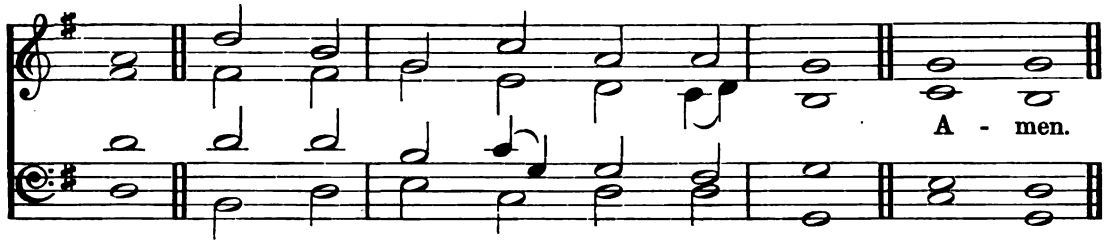
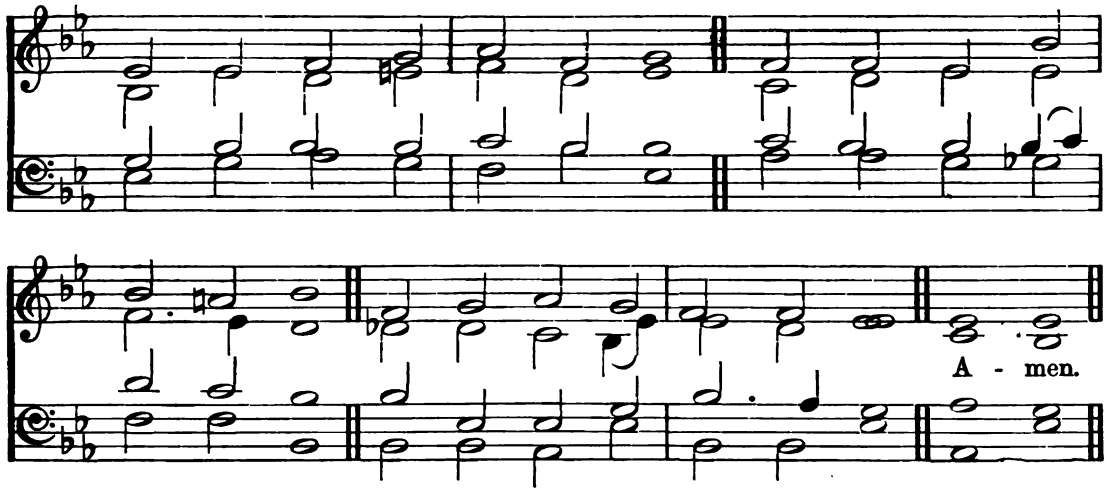
mp I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
m Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

mp 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

m 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom price to pay?

4 O come, in this sweet morning[1] hour
Feed me with food Divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

[1] *Or* evening.

412

HAVERGAL. **FIRST TUNE.** **W. H. HAVERGAL.**

ST. KERRIAN. SECOND TUNE. MS. CHORALBUCH, Dresden, 1761.

'They shall look on Him whom they pierced.'

mp JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love Divine.

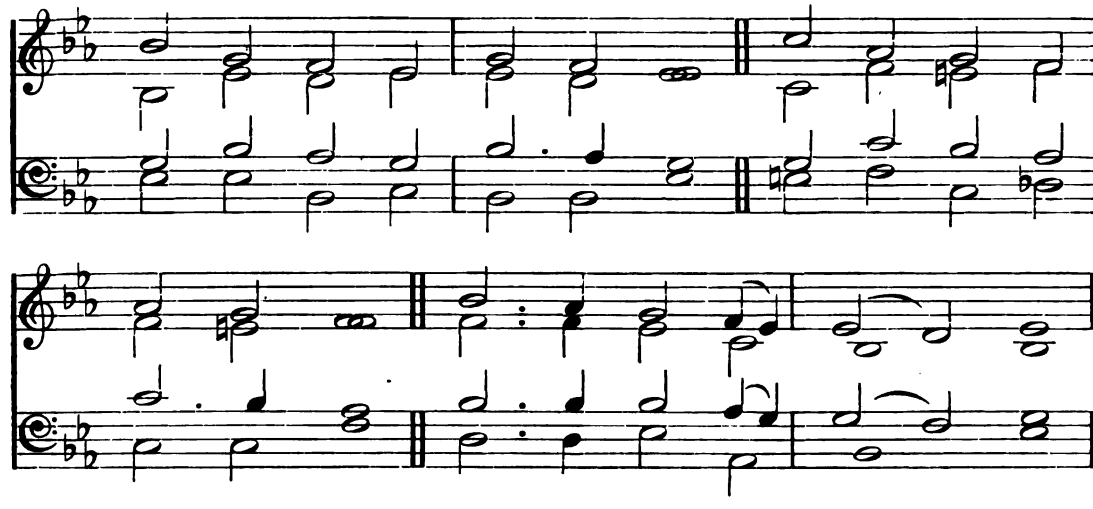
p 3 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
mp Turn our sadness into praise.

4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

m 5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

mp 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
mf Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

413

ST. AIDAN. W. H. MONK.

I.

'Remember, O Lord, Thy lovingkindnesses, for they have been ever of old.'

m GOD of God, and Light of light,
King of glory, Lord of might,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Shepherd, whom the Father gave
His lost sheep to find and save,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Priest and Victim, whom of old
Type and prophecy foretold,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 King of Salem, Priest Divine,
Bringing forth Thy bread and wine,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Paschal Lamb, whose sprinkled blood
Saves the Israel of God,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Manna, found at dawn of day,
Pilgrim's food in desert-way,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 By the love on that last night
That ordained the better rite
Save us, Holy Jesus.

8 By the death that could alone
For the whole world's sin atone
Save us, Holy Jesus.

II.

'We will remember thy love.'

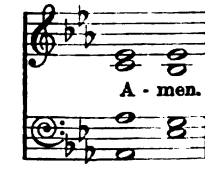
mp 9 That we may remember still
Kedron's brook and Calvary's hill
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

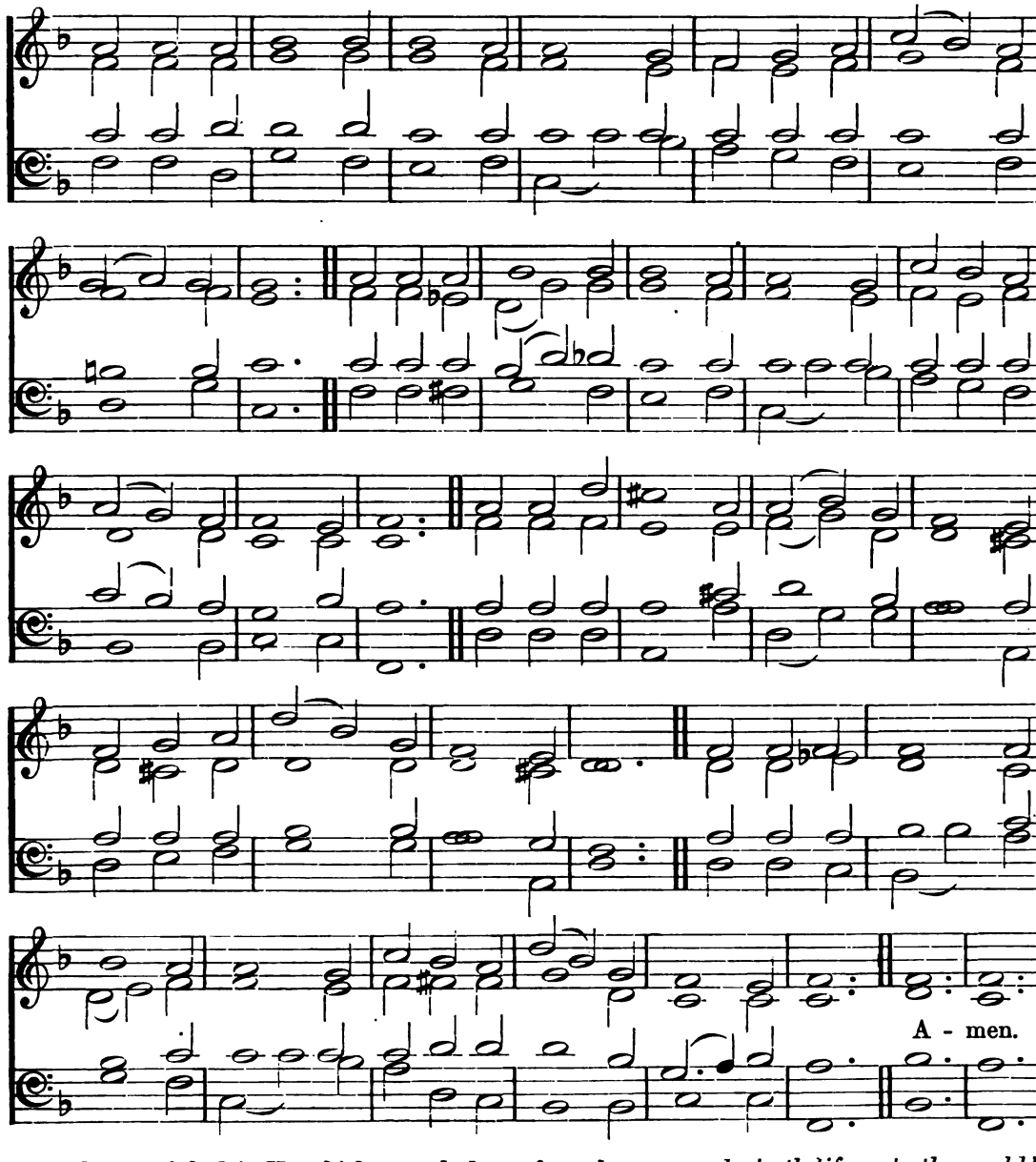
10 That our thankful hearts may glow
As Thy precious death we show
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

11 That Thy sacred flesh and blood
Be our true life-giving food
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

12 That in all our words and ways
We may daily show Thy praise
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

13 That, as death's dark vale we tread,
Thou mayst be our strengthening Bread
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

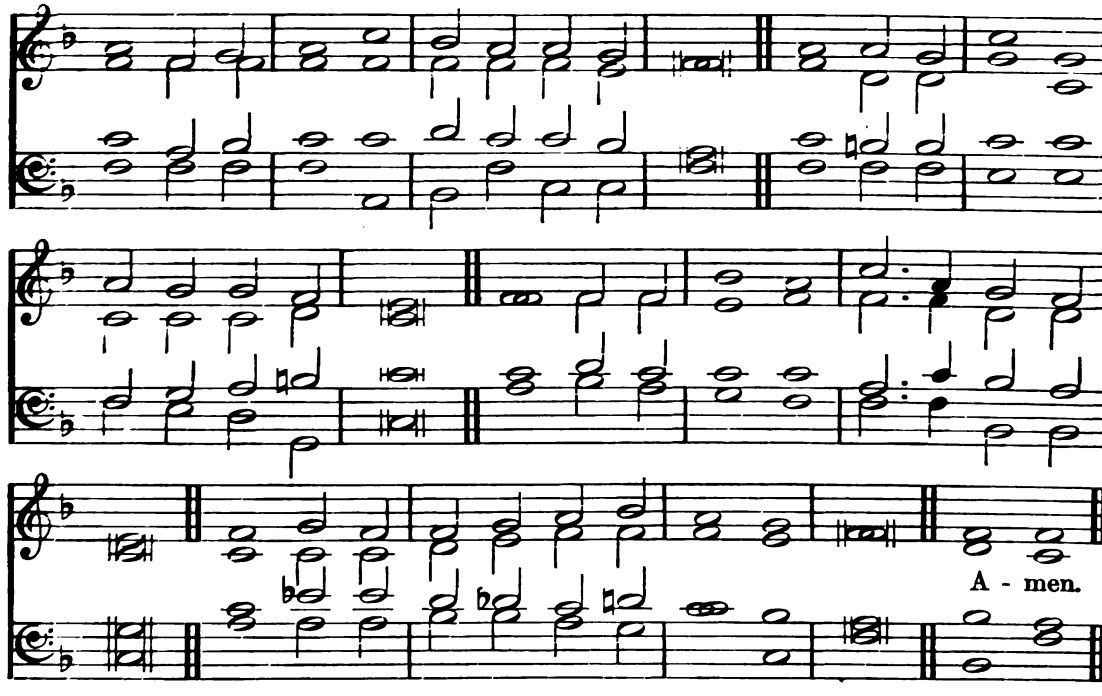
14 That, unworthy though we be,
We may ever dwell with Thee
Grant us, Holy Jesus.

414

EUCHARISTICA. J. LANGRAN.

'The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.'

m BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead,

mp Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
m And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

415

ST. AGNES. J. LANGRAN.

'He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.'

m HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

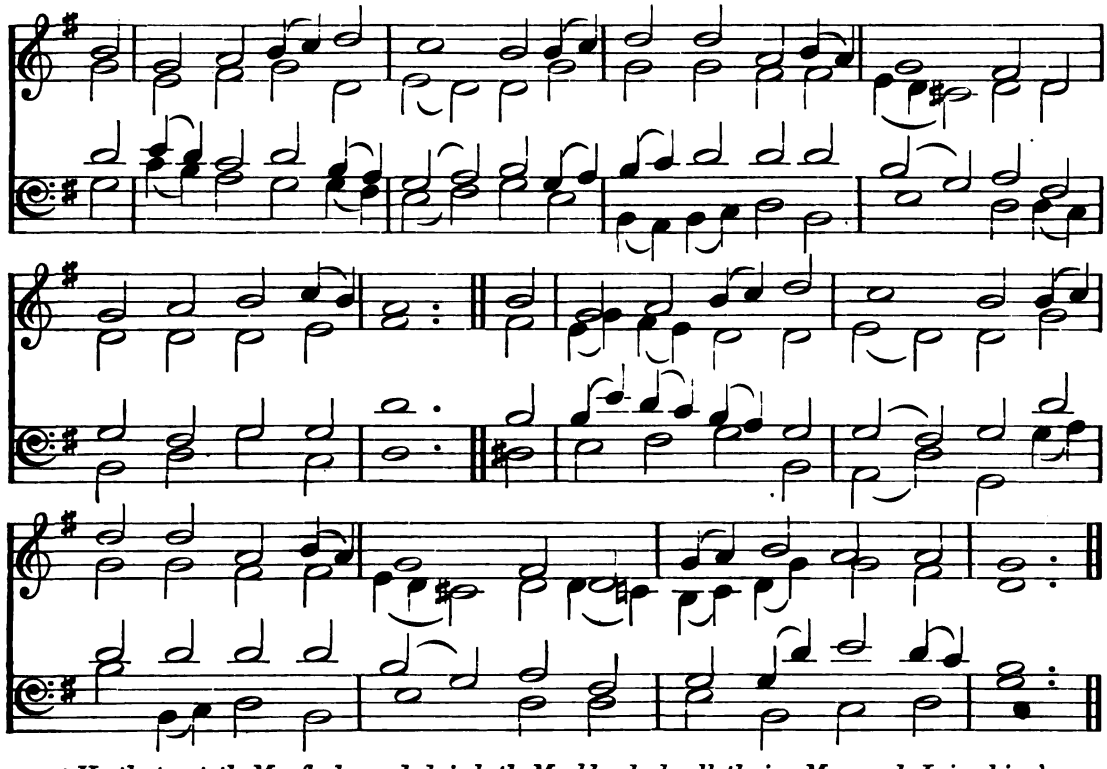
mf 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

mp 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, (*c*) but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

m 5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

6 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.
mp 7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
c Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
mf The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

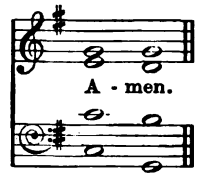
416

INNSBRUCK. H. ISAAC.

'He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him.'

m O BREAD of Life, from heaven
To pilgrim saints now given,
O Manna from above,
The souls that hunger feed Thou,
The hearts that seek Thee lead Thou
With Thy sweet, tender love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,
O river ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side!
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

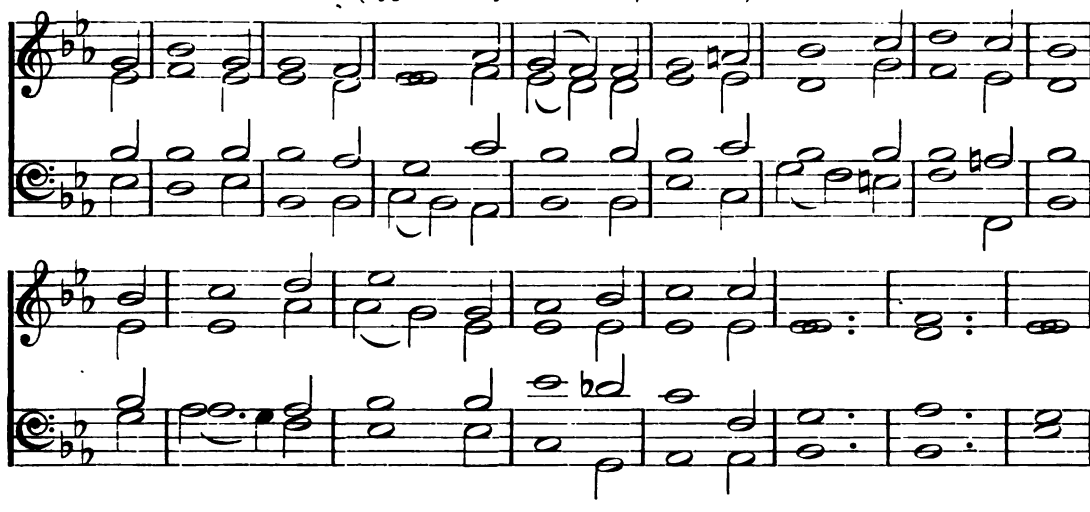
mp 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore;
c Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore.

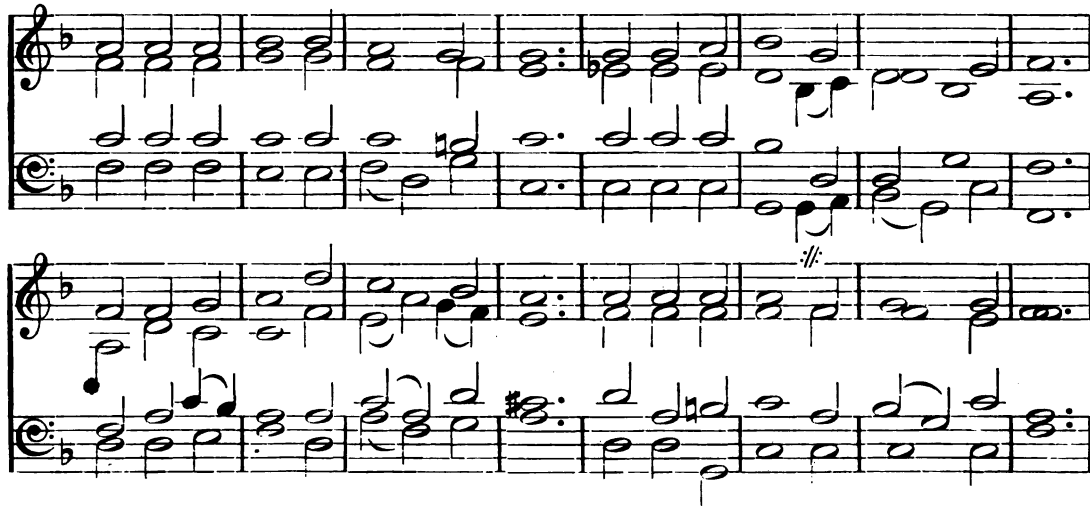


417

FIRST TUNE.

MEMORIA. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) S. S. WESLEY.



ILKLEY. SECOND TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.'

mp BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

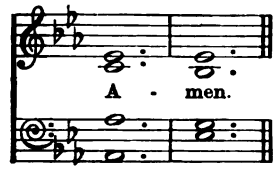
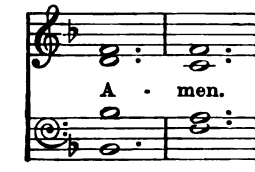
2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

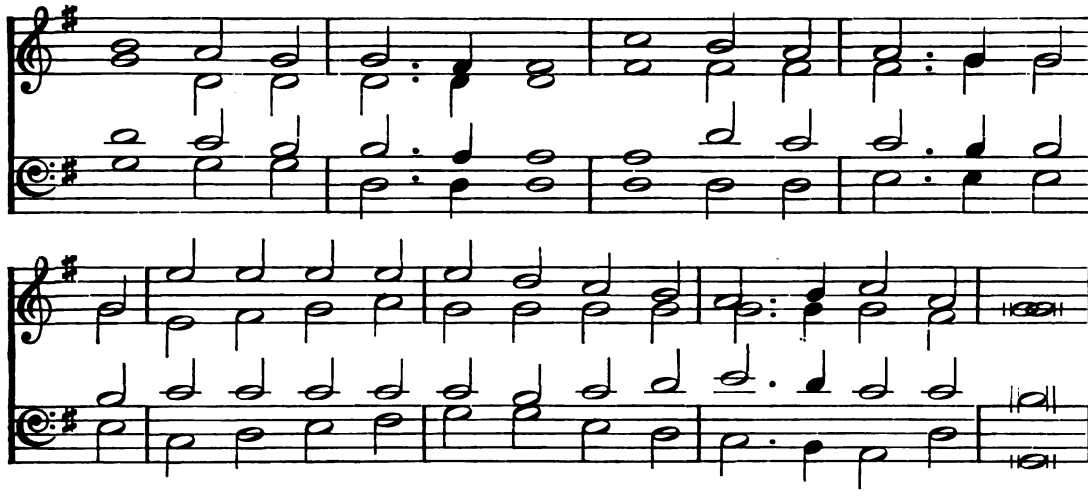
p 3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

mp 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come;

m 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

mf 6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

418

AGAPÉ. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. B. CALKIN.

'My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.'

mp SWEET feast of love Divine!
'T is grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

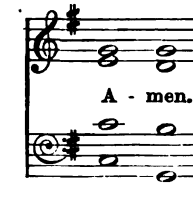
m 2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

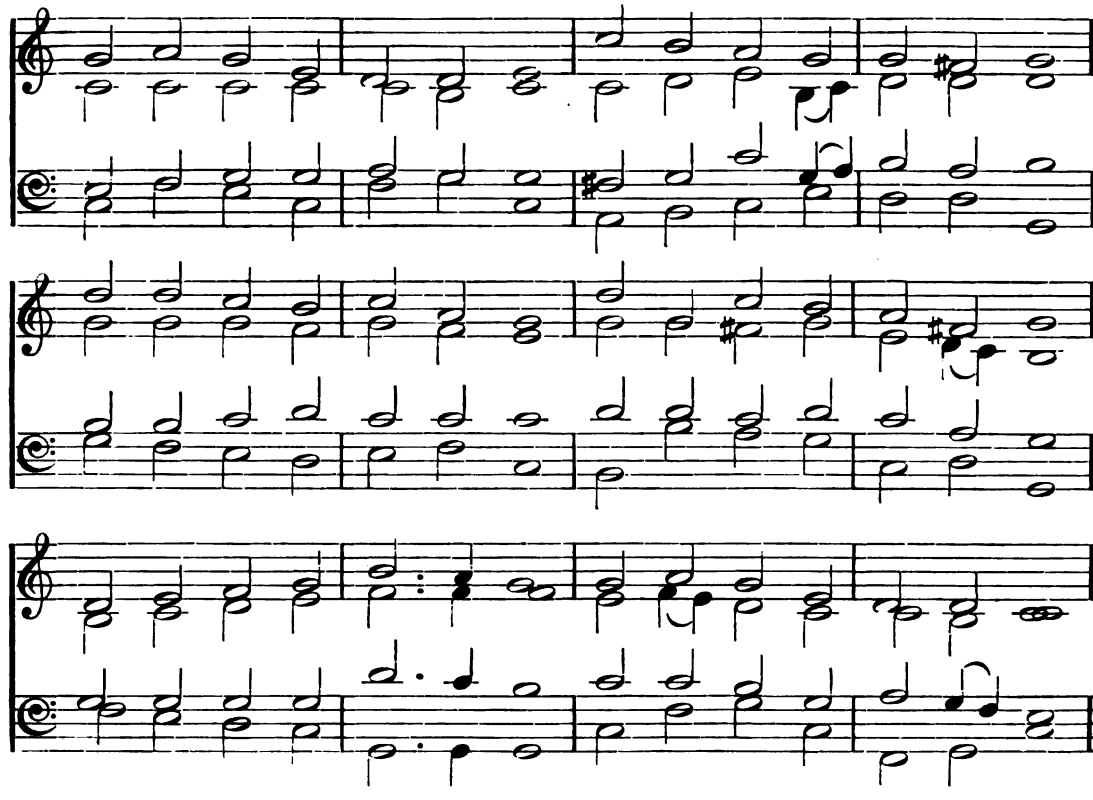
mp 4 That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
m And feel the blessèd pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

5 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
mf What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet,

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare?



419

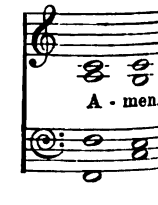
REYNOLDSTONE. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) T. R. MATTHEWS.

'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

mp 'TILL He come!' O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the 'little while' between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

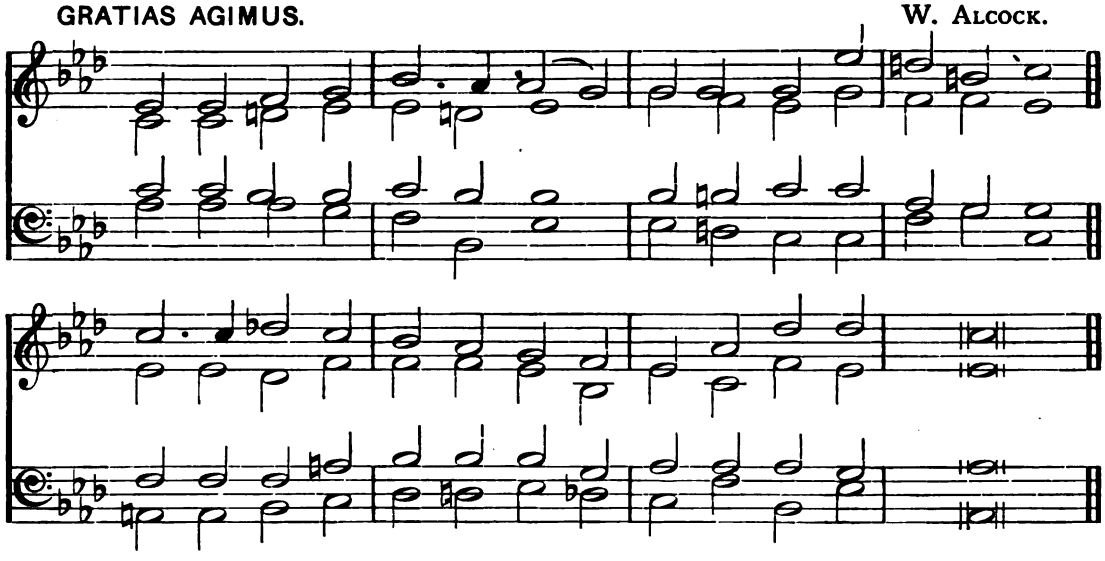
p 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
pp Hush, be every murmur dumb;
c It is only till He come.

mp 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

m 4 See! the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and eat the bread—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.



420

GRATIAS AGIMUS. W. ALCOCK.

'Jesus took bread, and blessed it . . And He took the cup, and gave thanks.'

mf FOR the bread and for the wine,
For the pledge that seals Him mine,
For the words of love Divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

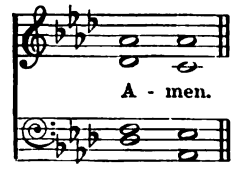
2 For the feast of love and peace,
Bidding all our sorrows cease,
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

m 3 Only bread and only wine,
Yet to faith the seal and sign
Of the heavenly and Divine!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

mp 4 For the words that turn our eye
To the cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

m 5 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
'Do ye this until I come,'
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

mf 6 For that coming, here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

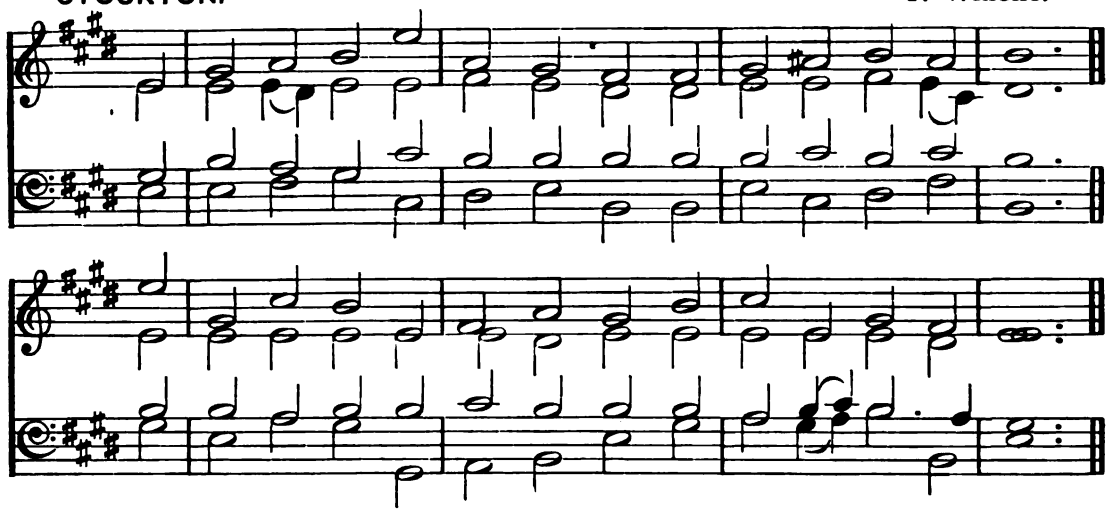


Also the following:

92 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.
96 Thou standest at the altar.
113 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.
205 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.
219 The King of Love my Shepherd is.
306 The sands of time are sinking.
57–71 Hymns on the Death of Our Lord.

421

STOCKTON. **T. WRIGHT.**

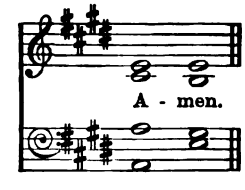


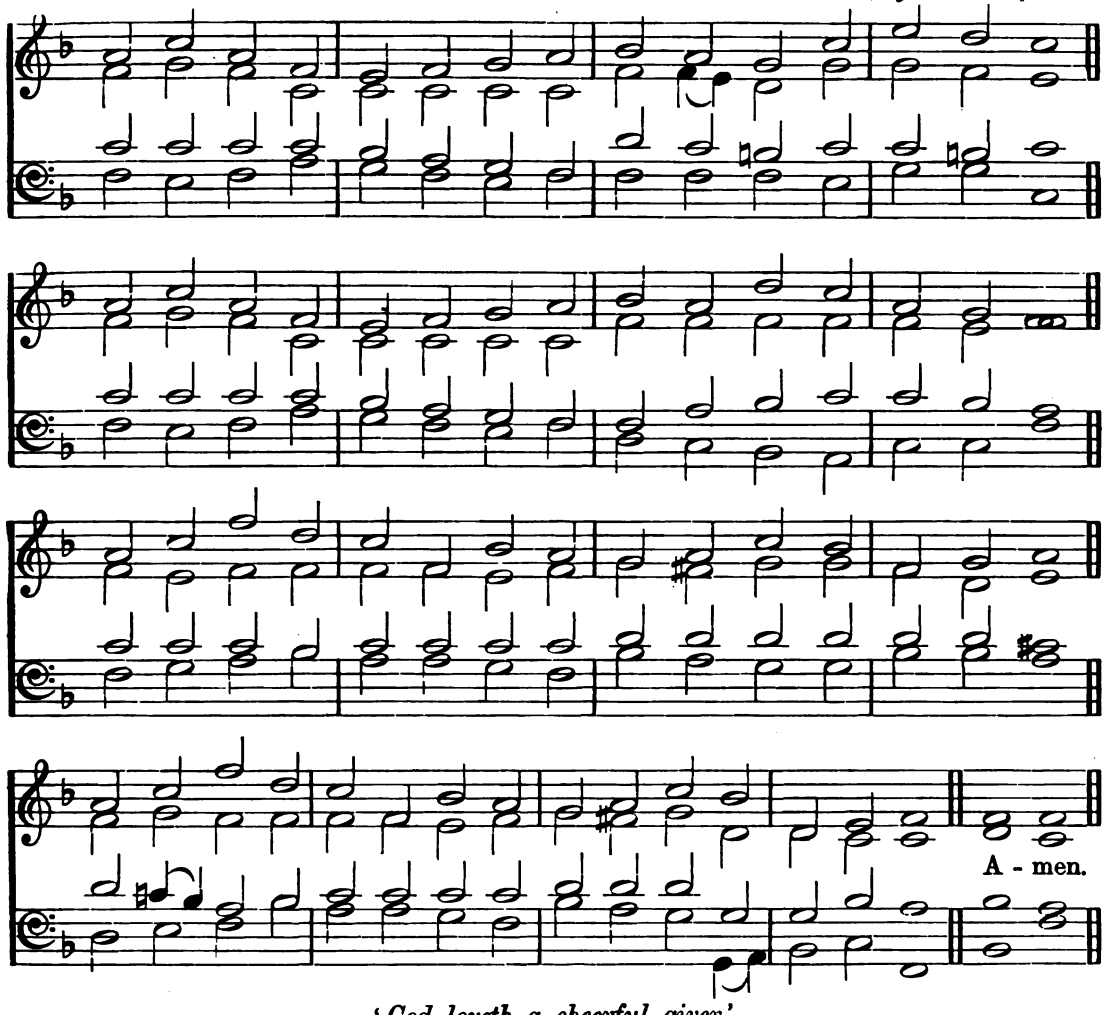
'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

mf FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

m 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
c O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

422

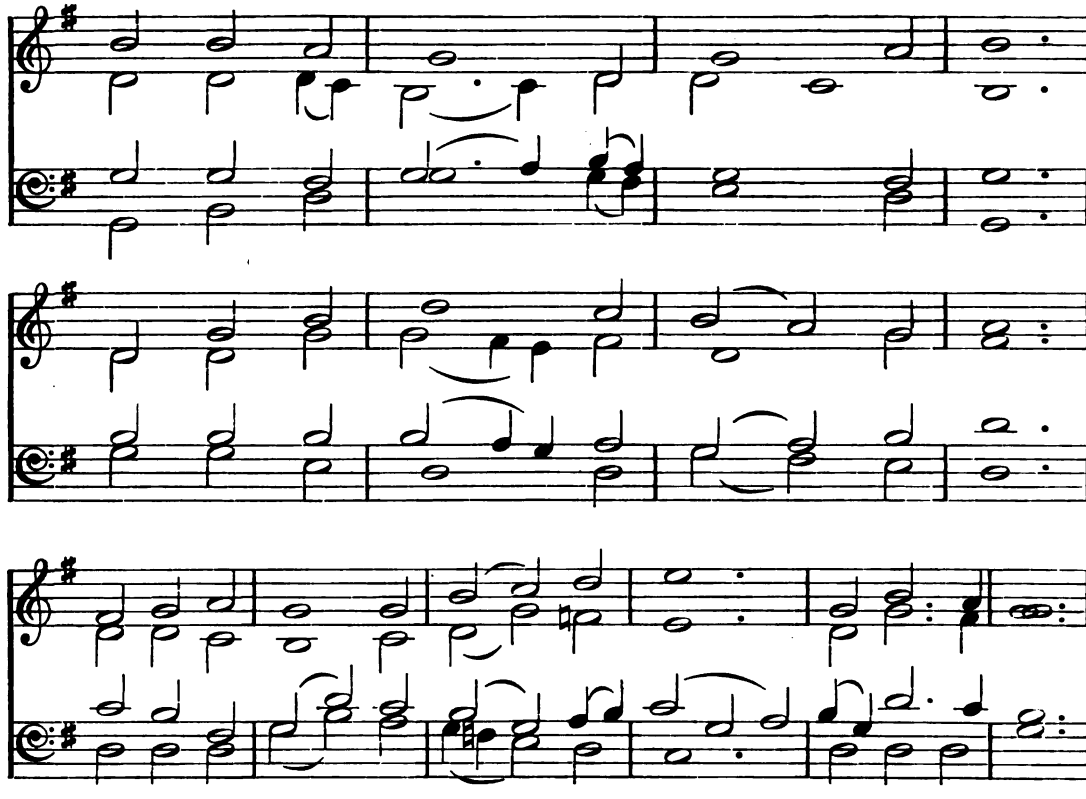
DEERHURST. J. LANGRAN.

'God loveth a cheerful giver.'

mf LORD, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver,
Who with open heart and hand
Blesses freely, as a river
That refreshes all the land;
Grant us, then, the grace of giving
With a spirit large and free,
That our life and all our living
We may consecrate to Thee.

mp 2 Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.
m Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed Thy Church's call,
Gladly in all times and places
Give to Thee who givest all.

3 Saviour, Thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
mp Humbly now we bow before Thee,
And our all to Thee resign;
mf For the kingdom, power, and glory
Are, O Lord, for ever Thine.

423

ALMSGIVING. J. B. DYKES.

'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

mf O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

m 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

mp 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
c And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

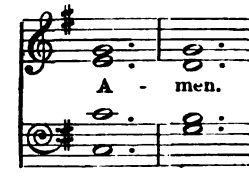
mf 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

mp 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
m We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

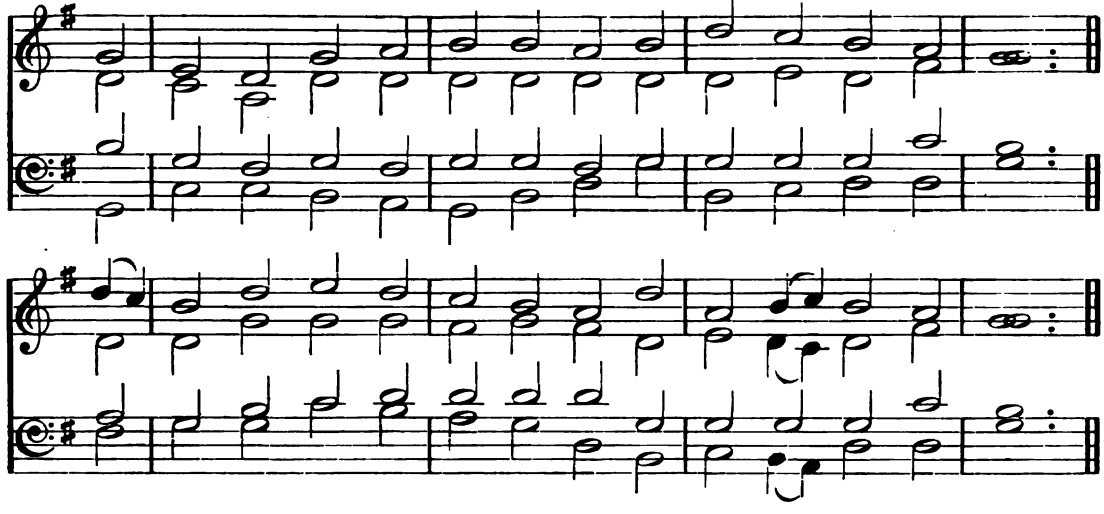
8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
mf Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all,—

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
m O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.



424

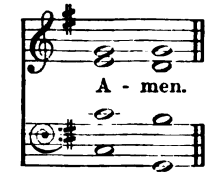
GRÄFENBERG.

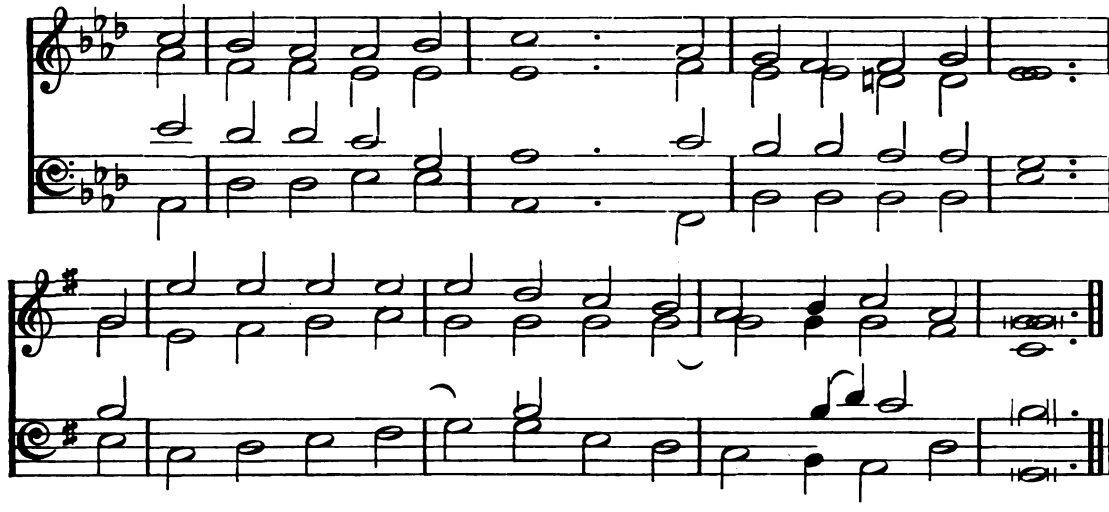
CRÜGER'S
PRAXIS PIETATIS MELICA, 1653.

'As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another.'

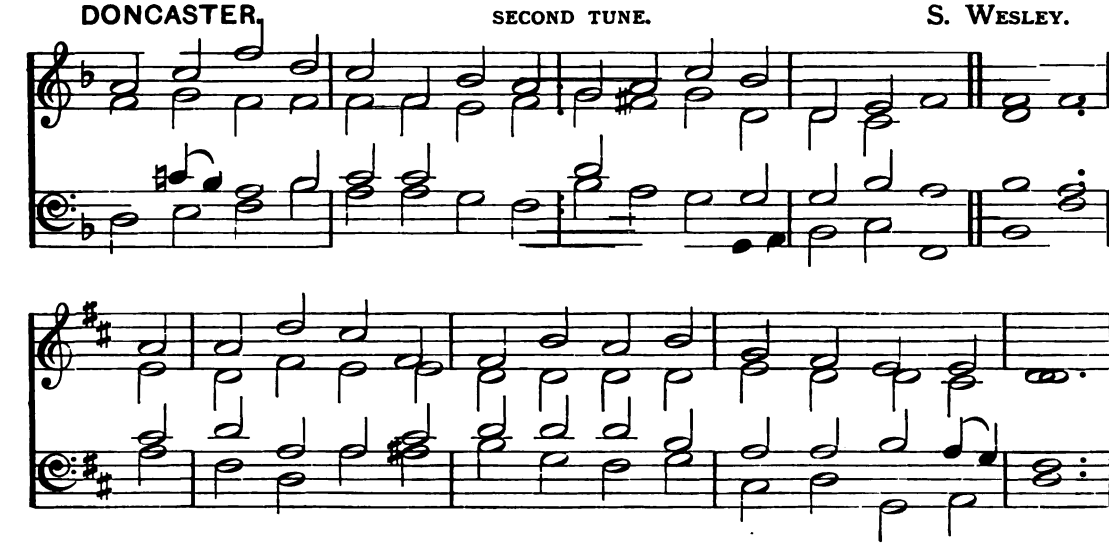
m FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above;

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

mf 3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

425

ST. GILES. FIRST TUNE. **J. M. BELL.**

DONCASTER. SECOND TUNE. **S. WESLEY.**



'All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.'

m WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
mf And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

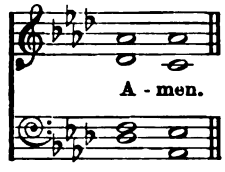
mp 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold;

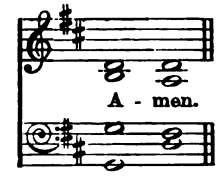
m 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

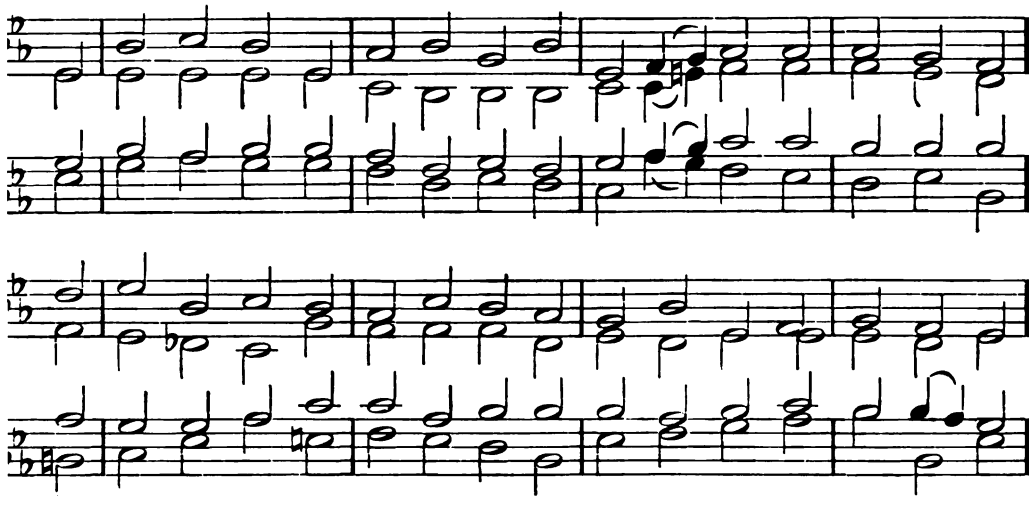
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
mf Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

FIRST TUNE.



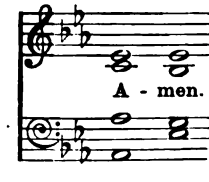
SECOND TUNE.

426

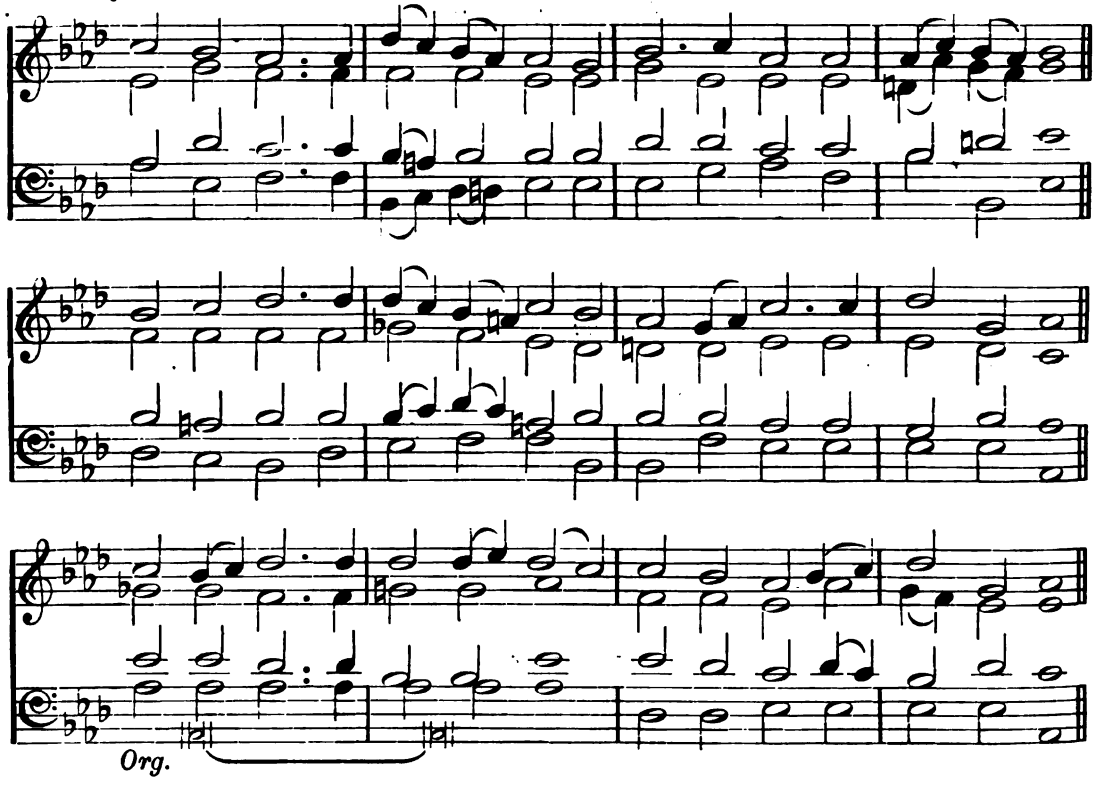
ST. SEPULCHRE. G.. COOPER.

'Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.'

THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid,
hours of sickness, grief, and pain
sufferer turns to Thee in vain.
e halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind
ught not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

mp 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But O, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

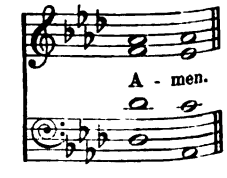
5 O heal the bruisèd heart within;
O save our souls all sick with sin;
mf Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

427

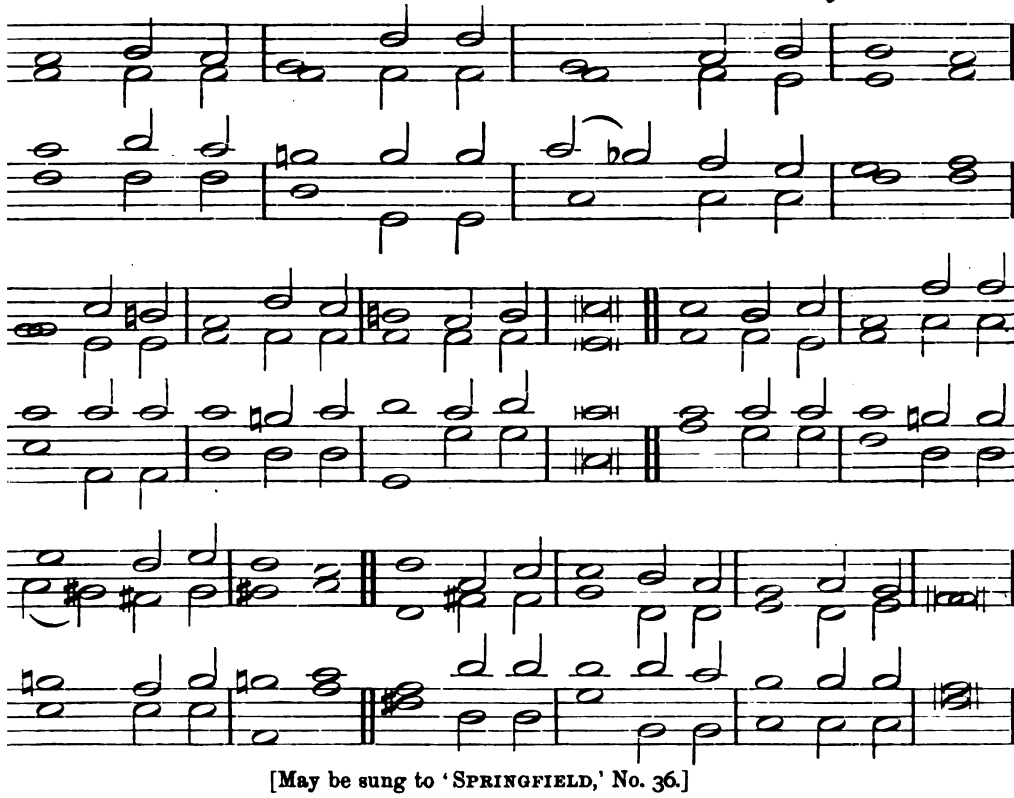
REQUIEM. **W. SCHULTHES.**

'They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases . . and He healed them.'

mp THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

m 2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
e Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
mf One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

428

EPIPHANY. E. J. HOPKINS.

[May be sung to 'SPRINGFIELD,' No. 36.]

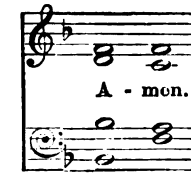
'Bring thank offerings into the house of the Lord.'

m HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden and flowers from the field,
mp Gifts for the stricken ones, (*m*) knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

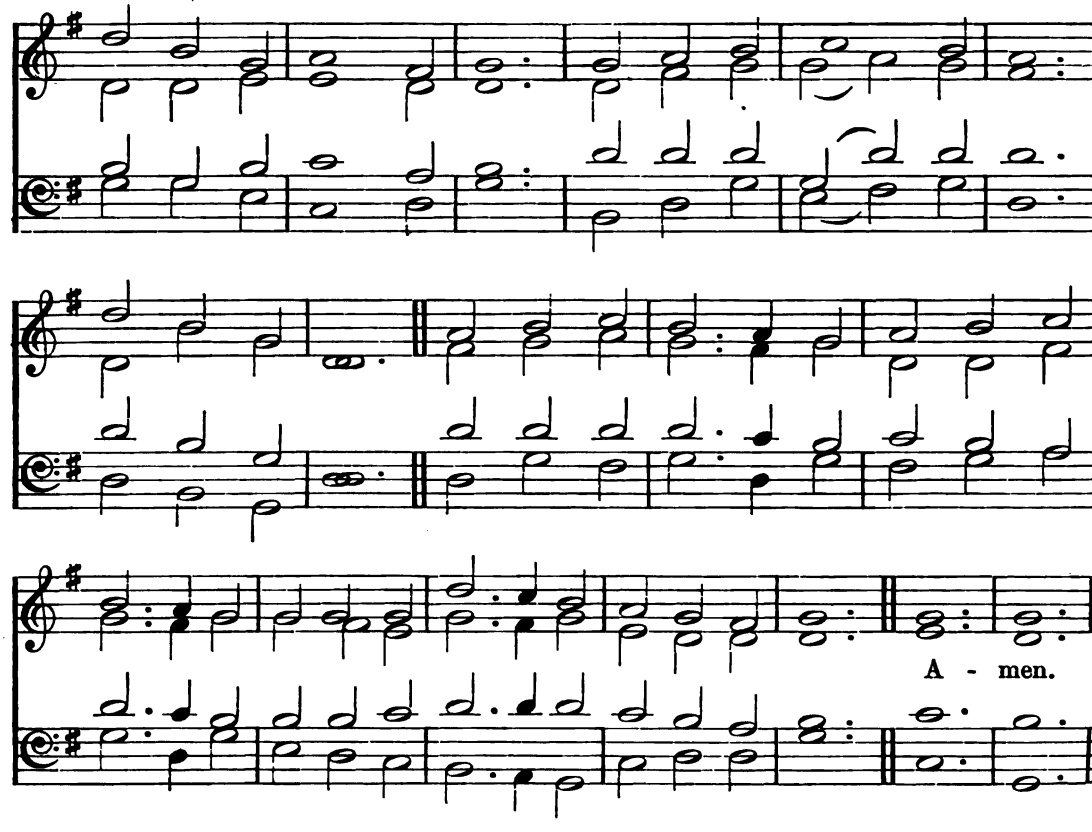
mp 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,
p Grant the departing a gentle release.

m 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened;
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast quickened
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

mp 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
d We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
mf Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.



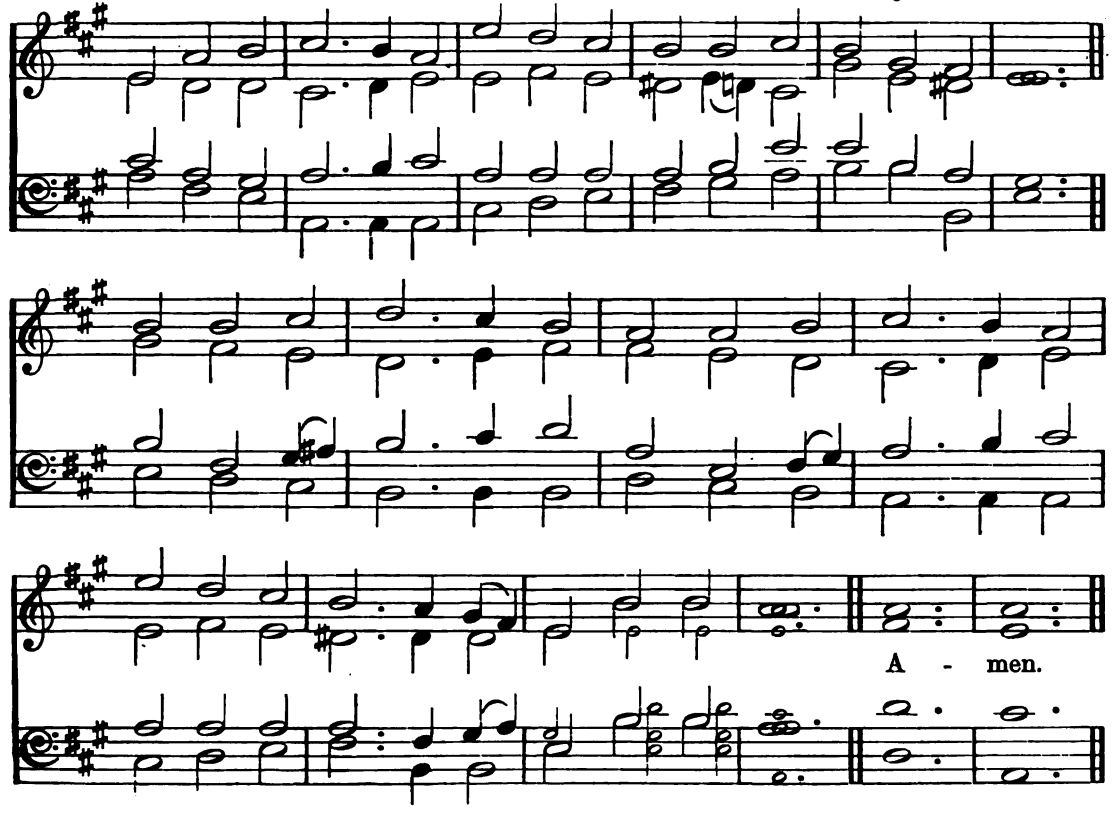
429

MOSCOW. FIRST TUNE. F. GIARDINI.

'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'

mf THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
mp Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray
mf Let there be light.

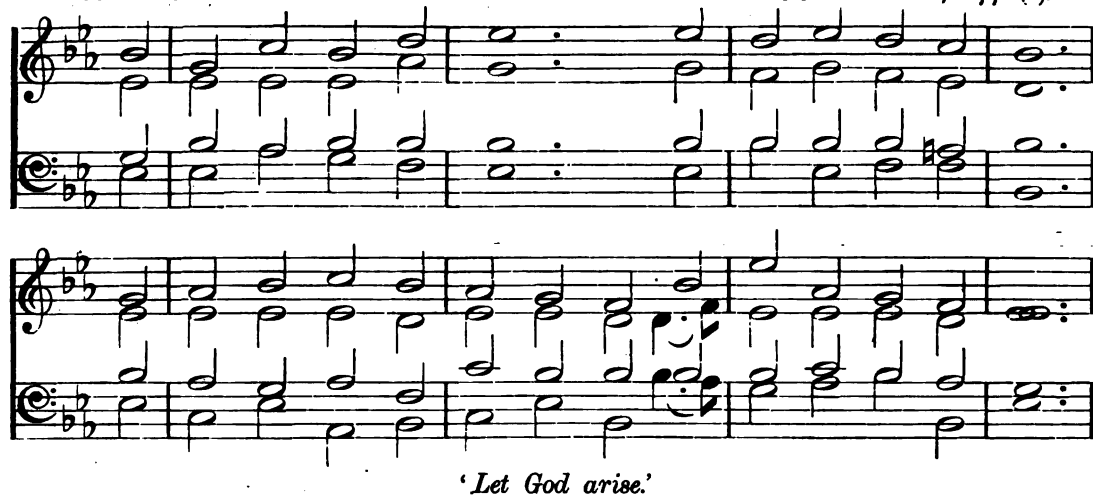
m 2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
mf O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

429

FIAT LUX. SECOND TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

m 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
mf And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

m 4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
mf Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
f Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

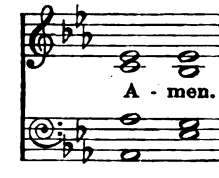
430

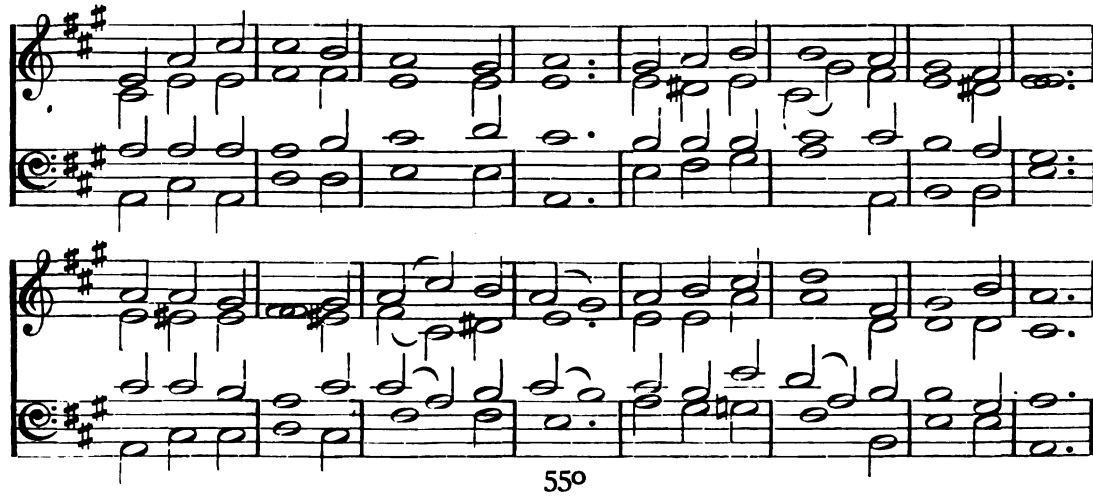
HAMPTON. WILLIAMS'S PSALMODY, 1770 (?).

'Let God arise.'

mf O LORD our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise!
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace
And bless the earth with peace.

m 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

f 4 All on the earth, arise!
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

431

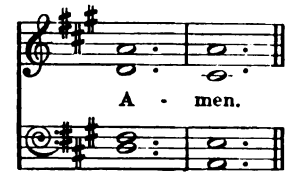
LICHFIELD. W. D. MACLAGAN.

'Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and He began to teach them.'

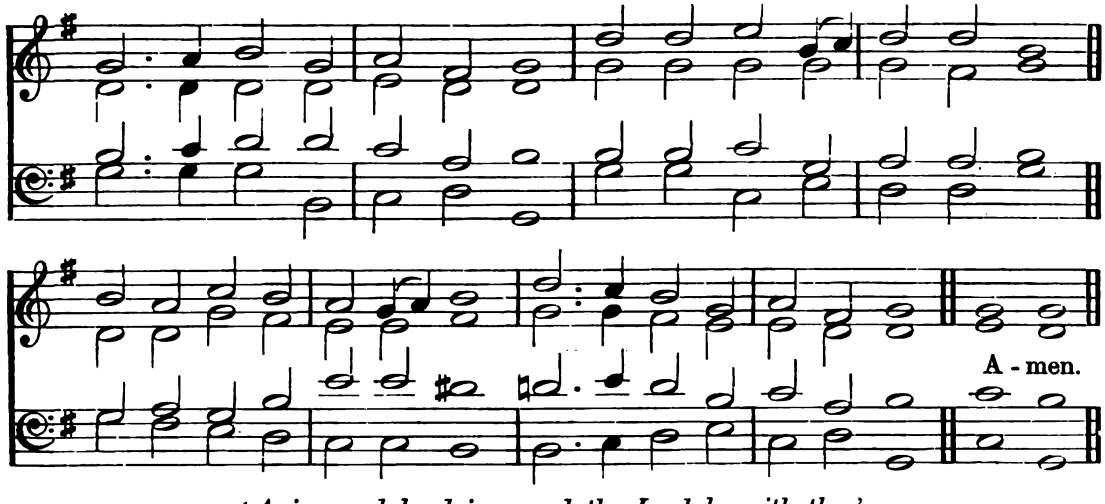
mp LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

m 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
mf Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

432

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS. OLD FRENCH MELODY.

'Arise, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.'

mf SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
c Bear it onward; lift it high.

m 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

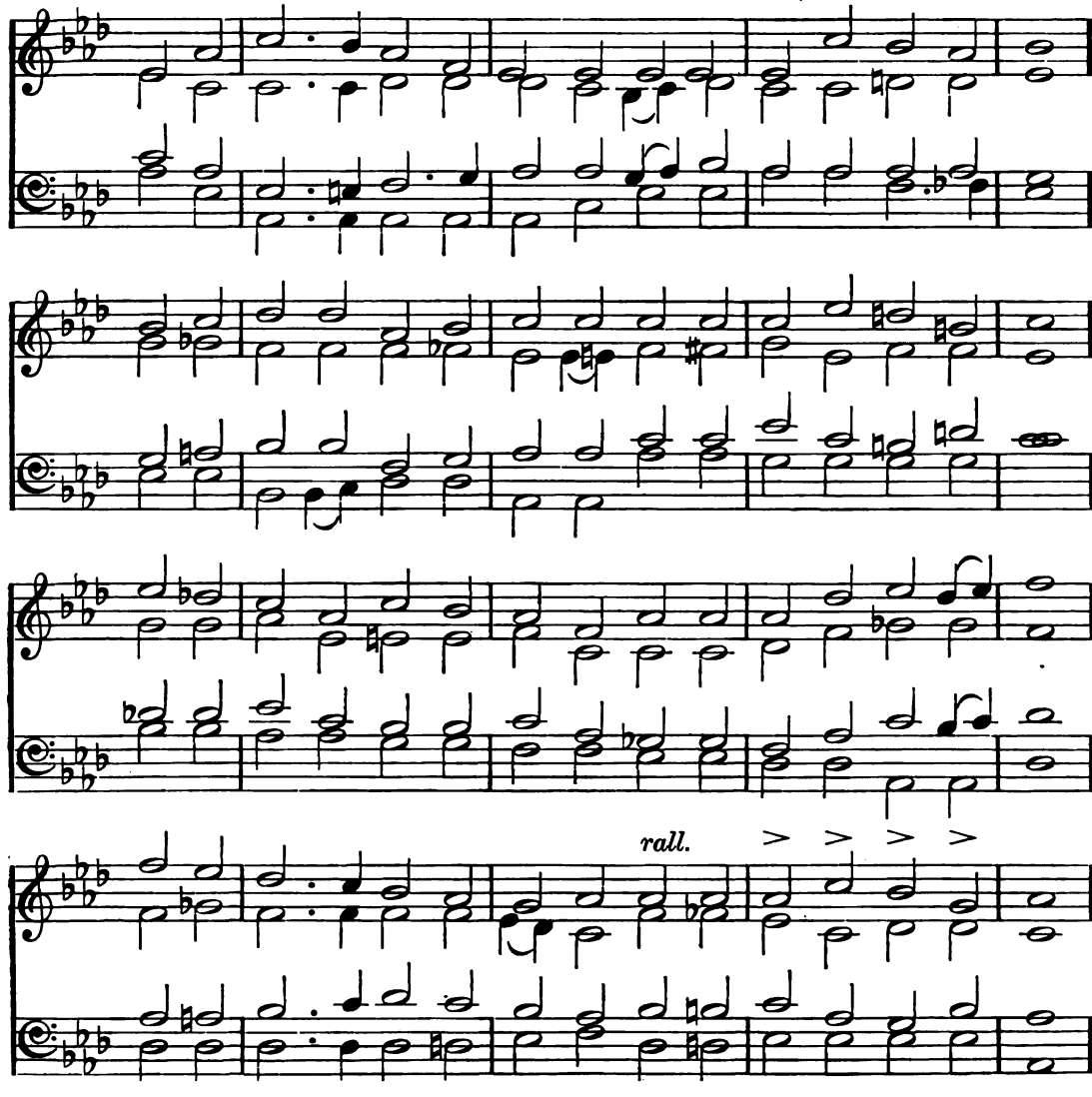
mp 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease:
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
m In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

mf 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
f Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

433

SANCTUARY. J. B. Dykes.

'Here am I; send me.'

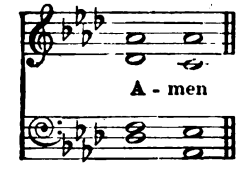
m HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
mp 'Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?'

m Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
mf 'Here am I; send me, send me'?

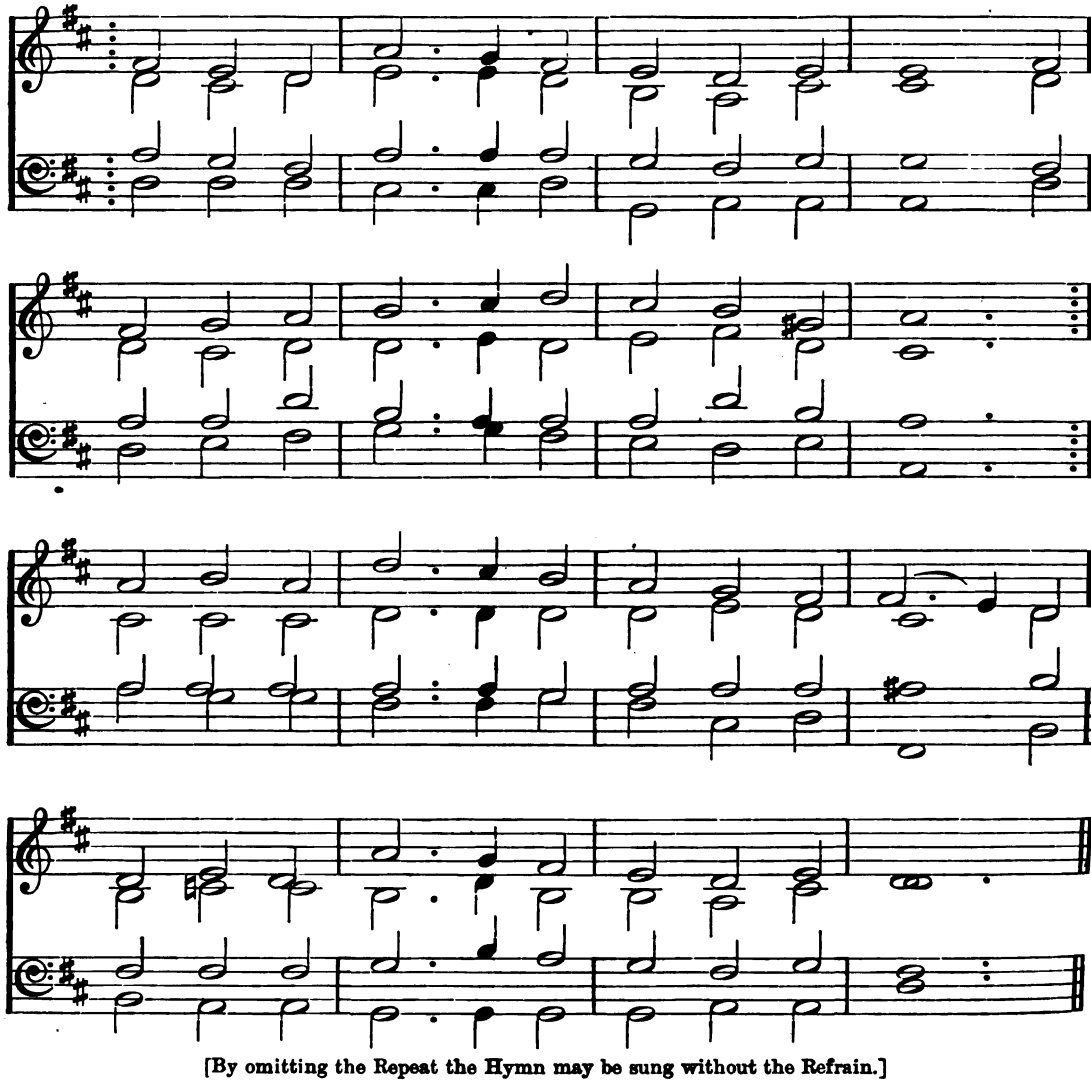
m 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
mf Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me.'



434

COMFORT. **C. A. GARRATT.**

[By omitting the Repeat the Hymn may be sung without the Refrain.]

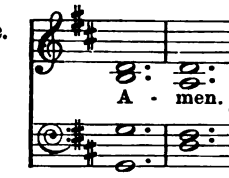
'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.'

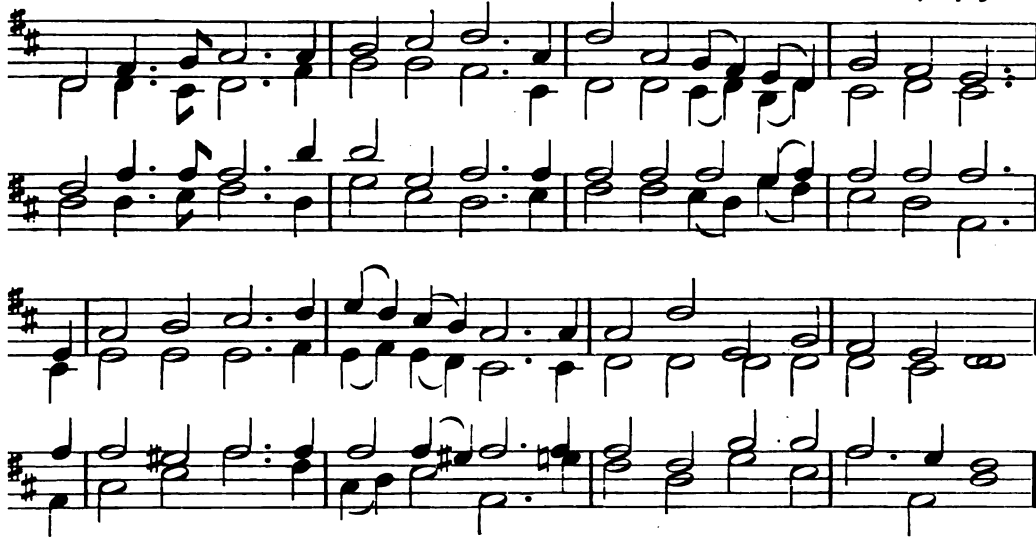
m RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying;
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen;
c Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

mf [*Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;*
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.]

m 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

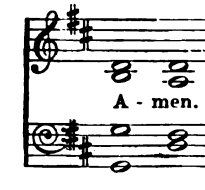
mf 4 Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it;
Strength for Thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

435

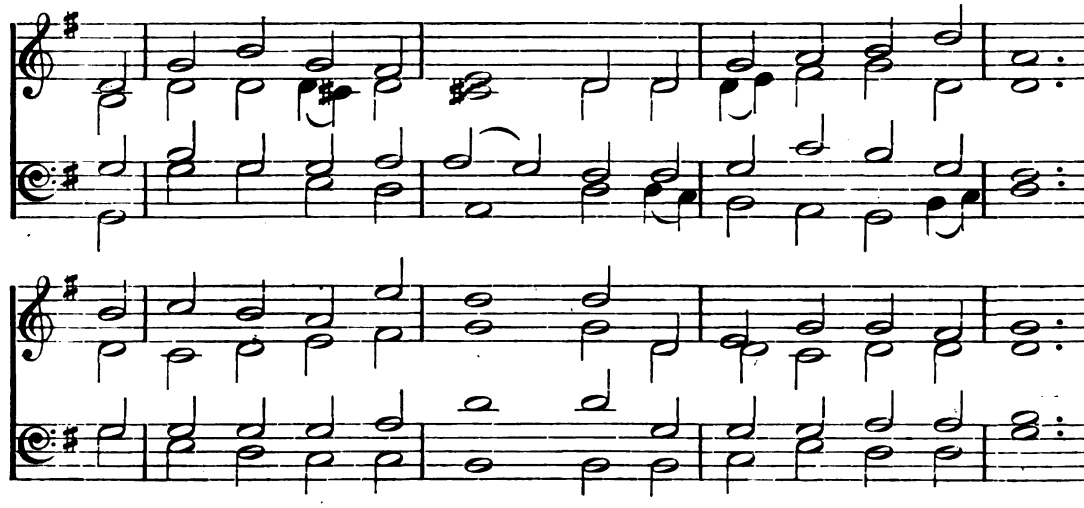
TRURO. PSALMODIA EVANGELICA, 1789.

'Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.'

RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
ıd let the world, adoring, see
iumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone';
f Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

m 3 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

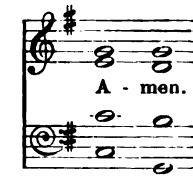
mf 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
c And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

436

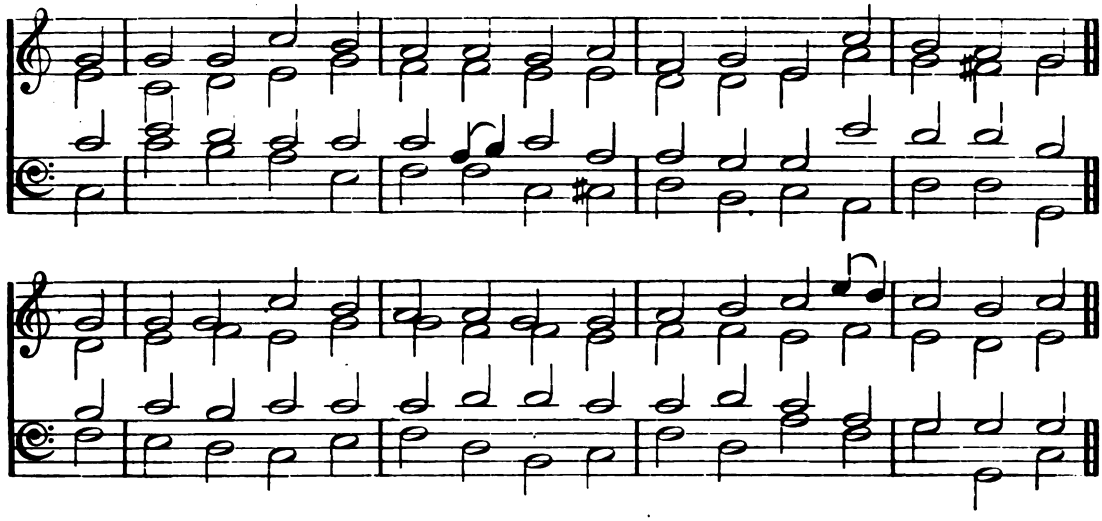
ST. VICTOR. R. REDHEAD.

'Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!'

m O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

mp 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
m Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

mf 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

437

MAINZER. J. MAINZER.

'Beloved for the fathers' sakes.'

m WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

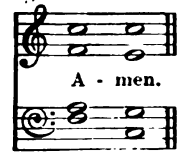
2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

mf 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

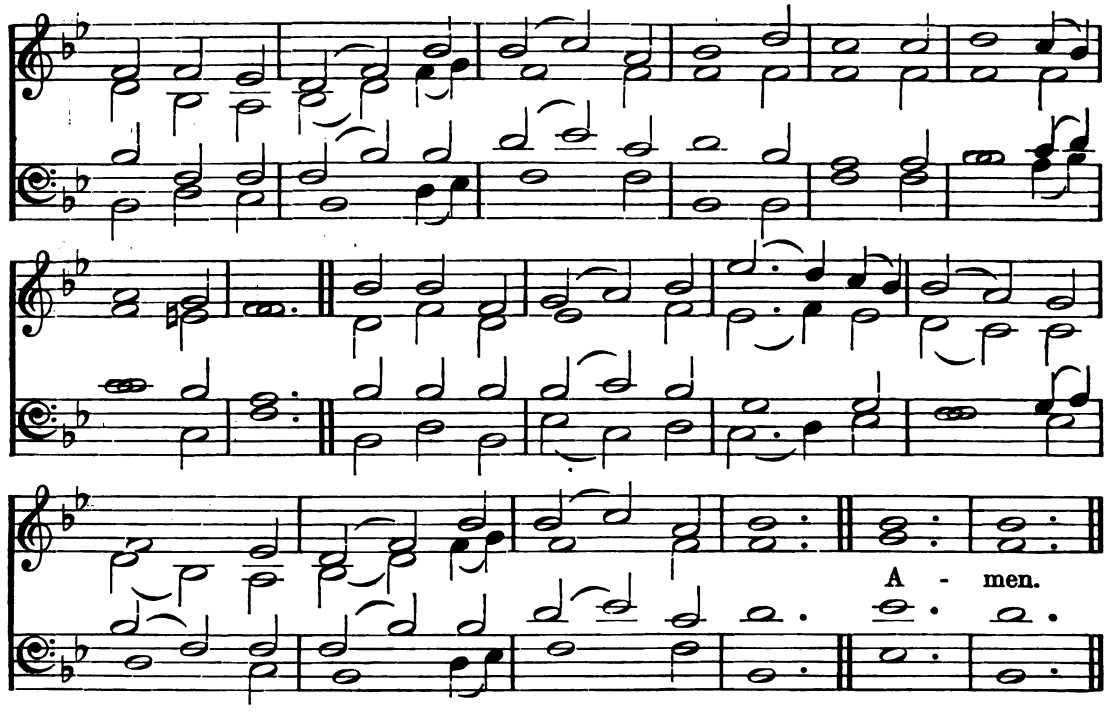
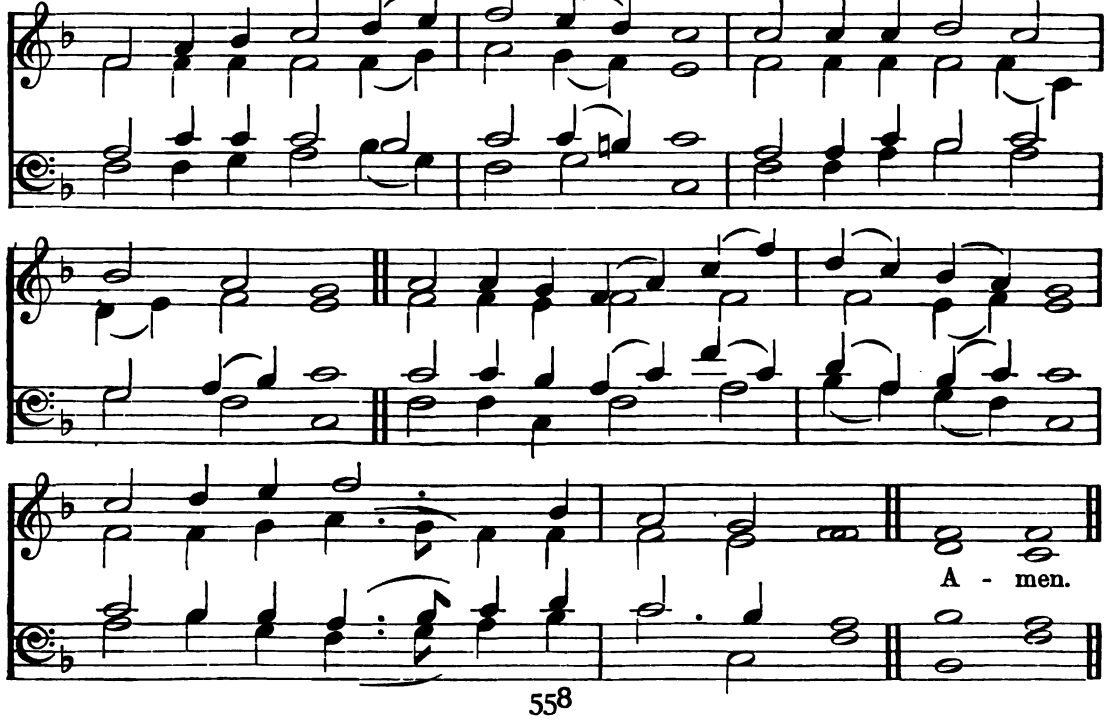
mp 4 No portents now their foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Their fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

m 5 But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

mp 6 And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
m Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!



438

WARRINGTON. FIRST TUNE. R. HARRISON.

DUKE STREET. SECOND TUNE. J. HATTON.

'Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.'

mf JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

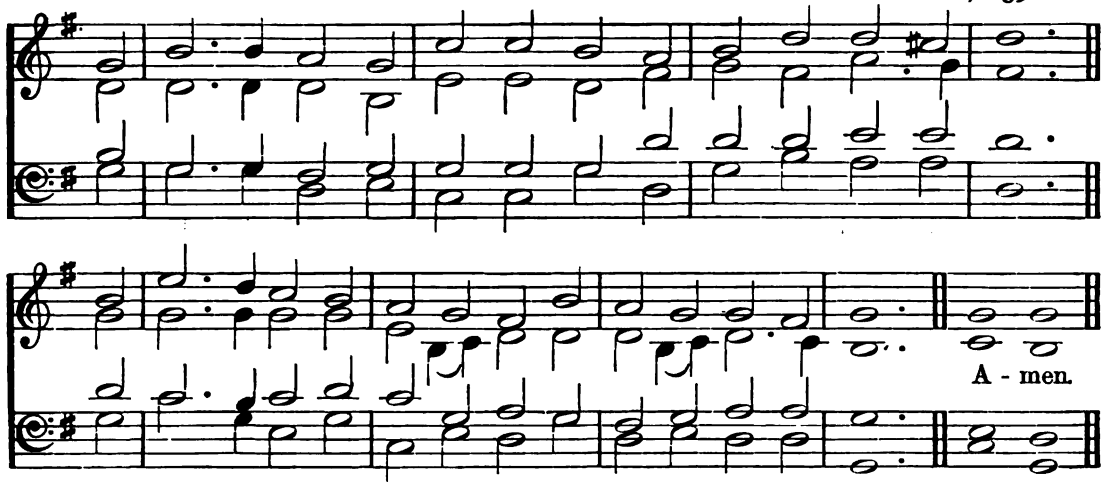
2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long 'Amen.'

439

WINCHESTER. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

'I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron.'

mf LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The cross is in the field.

m 2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

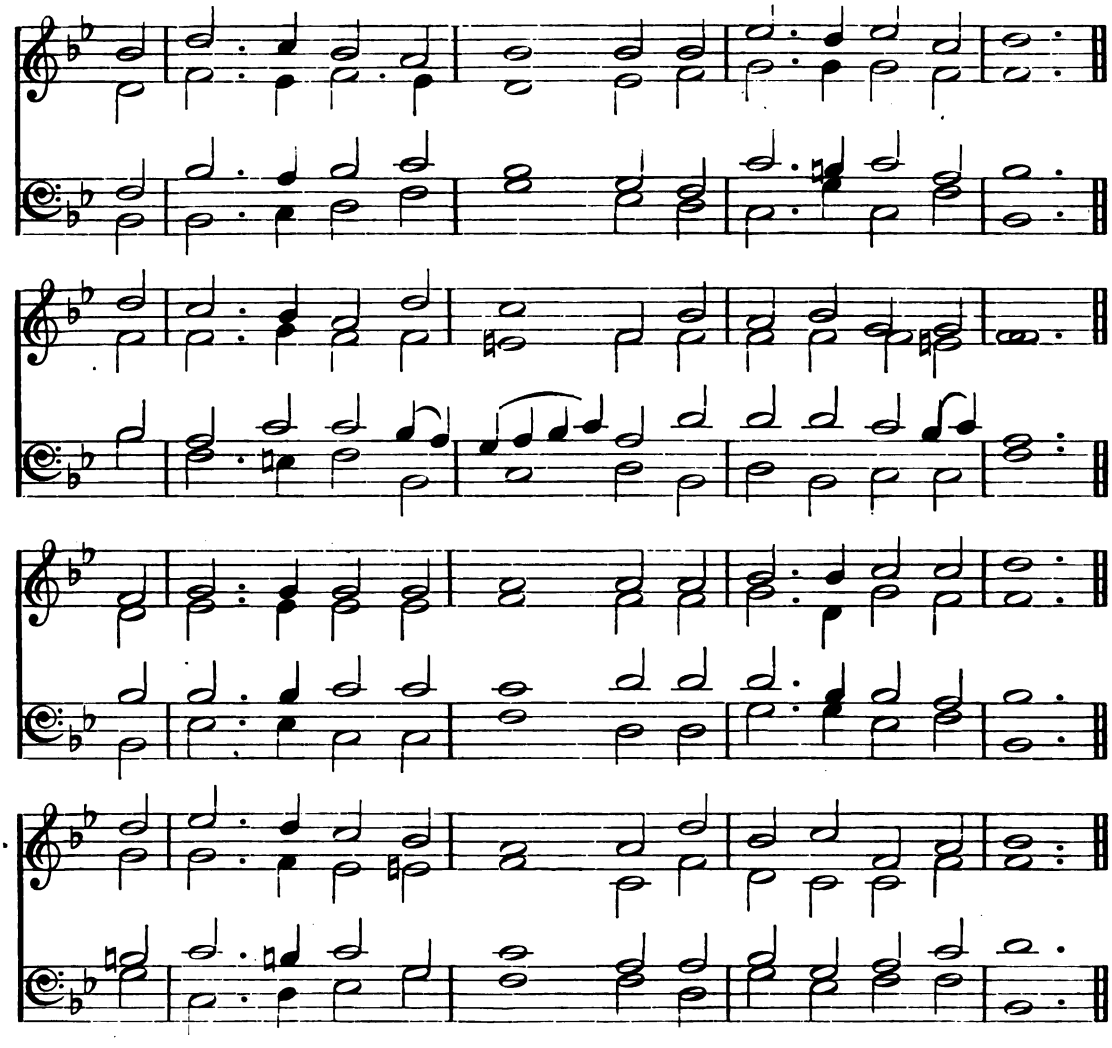
4 Follow the cross; the ark of peace
Accompany your path,
To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

5 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
mf Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

6 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:

f 7 'Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The cross hath won the field.'

440

ZOAN. W. H. HAVERGAL.

'In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.'

f HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
mf He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

m 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
mf To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light
m Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

mf 3 By such shall He be fearèd
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd,
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations
Or moons renew their youth.

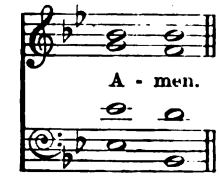
m 4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

mf 5 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

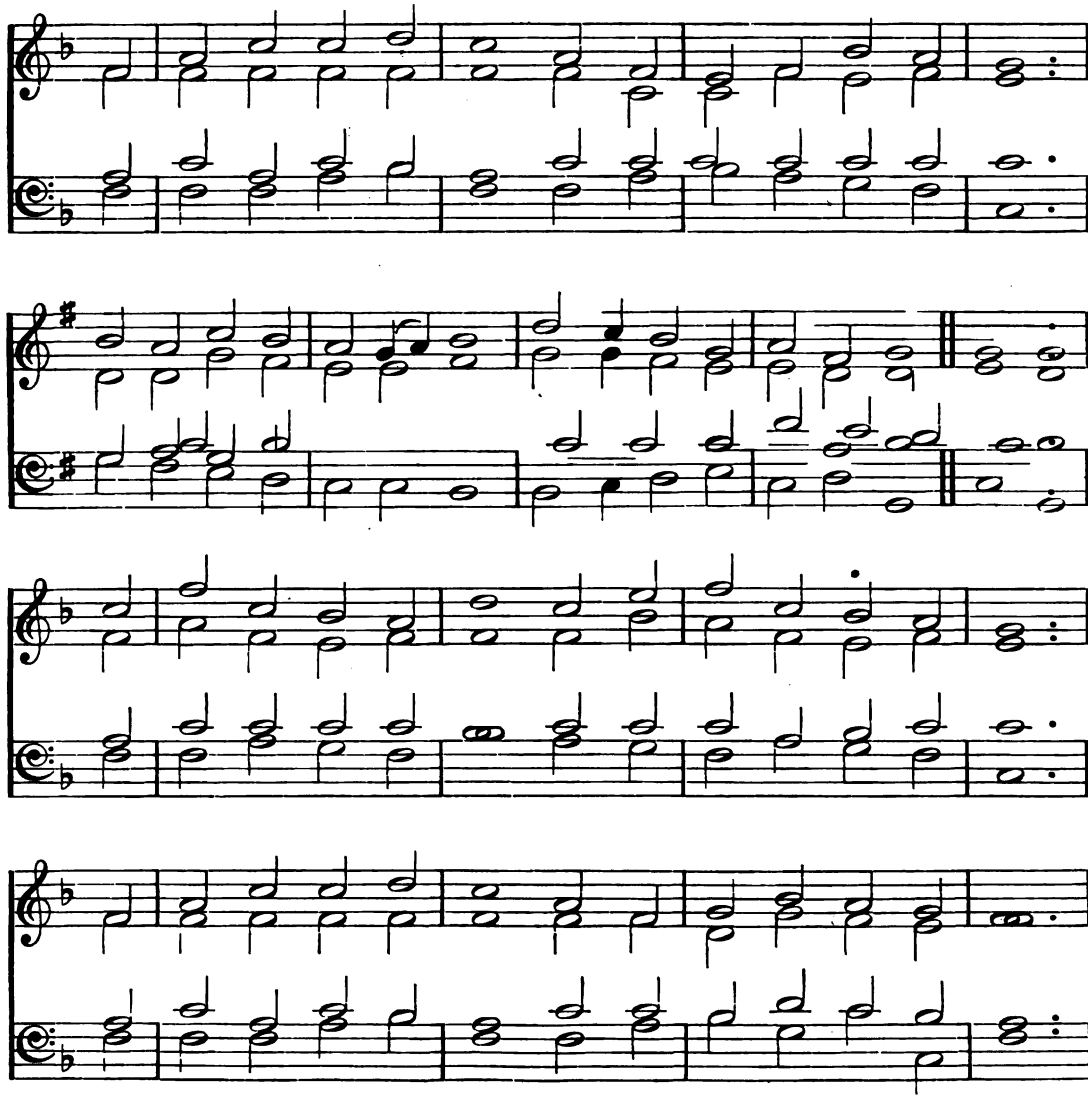
6 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
f For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

m 7 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
c His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
mf The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

f 8 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.



441

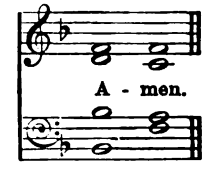
HEBER. L. MASON.

'Come over . . and help us.'

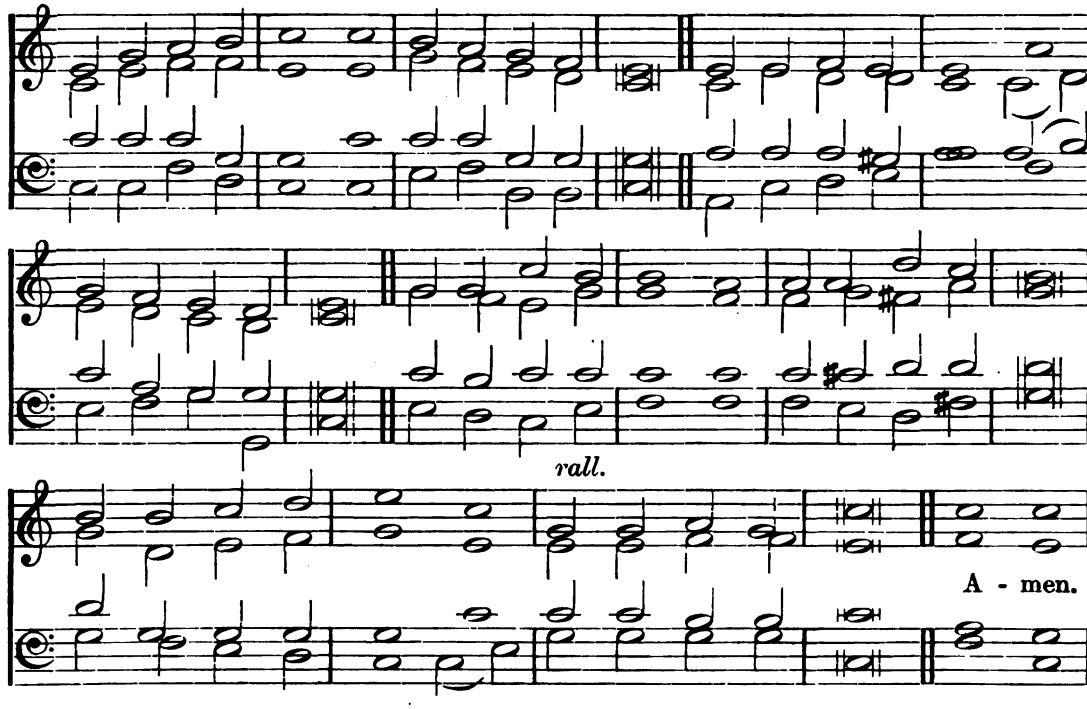
m FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

mp 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

m 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
mf Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
c Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
f Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

442

COLYTON. **W. H. MONK.**

'I will give Thee for a light to the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be My salvation unto the end of the earth.'

m FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home,
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

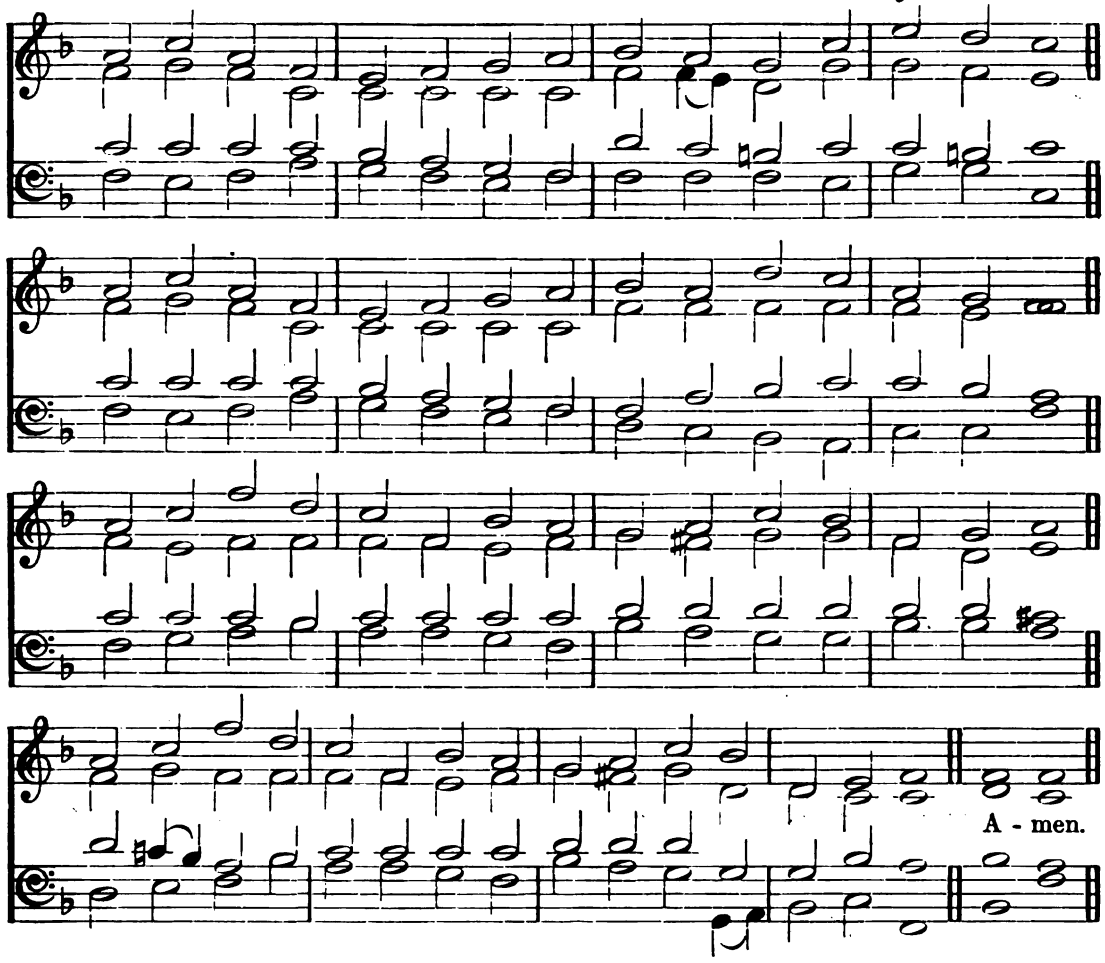
mp 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
mf Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

m 3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who 've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who 've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

mf 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

443

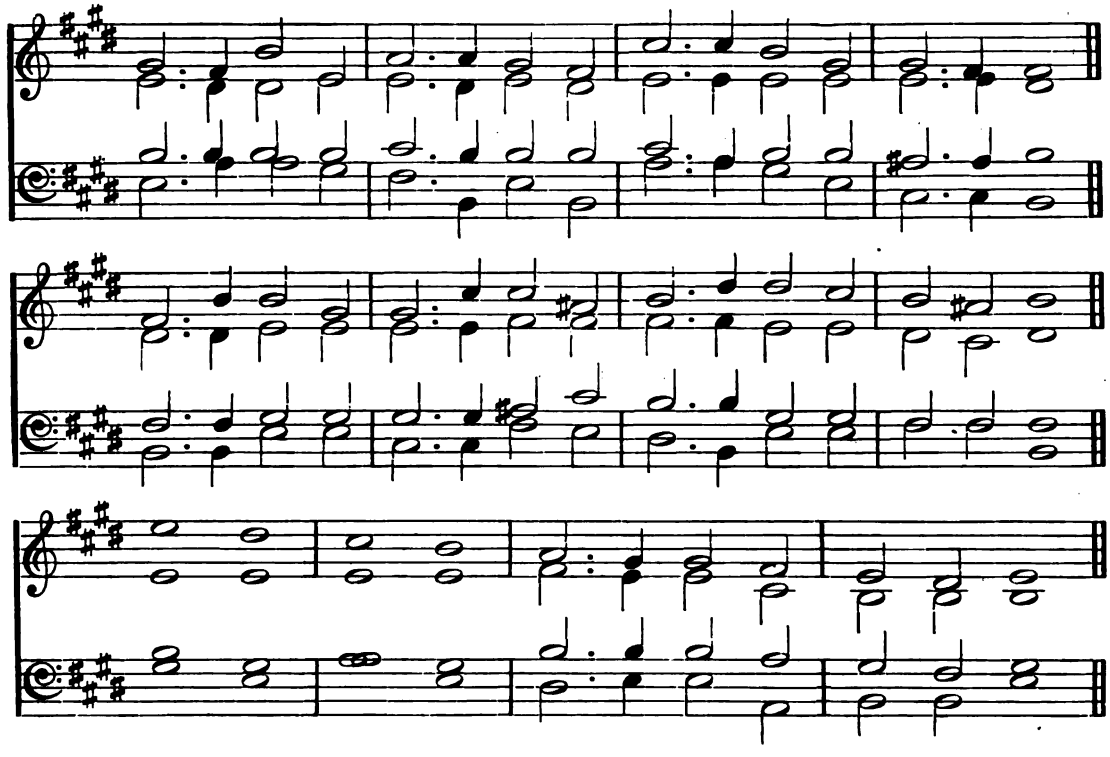
DEERHURST. J. LANGRAN.

'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.'

mp LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping,
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
p Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

mp 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
m Can they hear without a preacher?
mf Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word; in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

f 3 Then the end,—Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin,
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain.
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

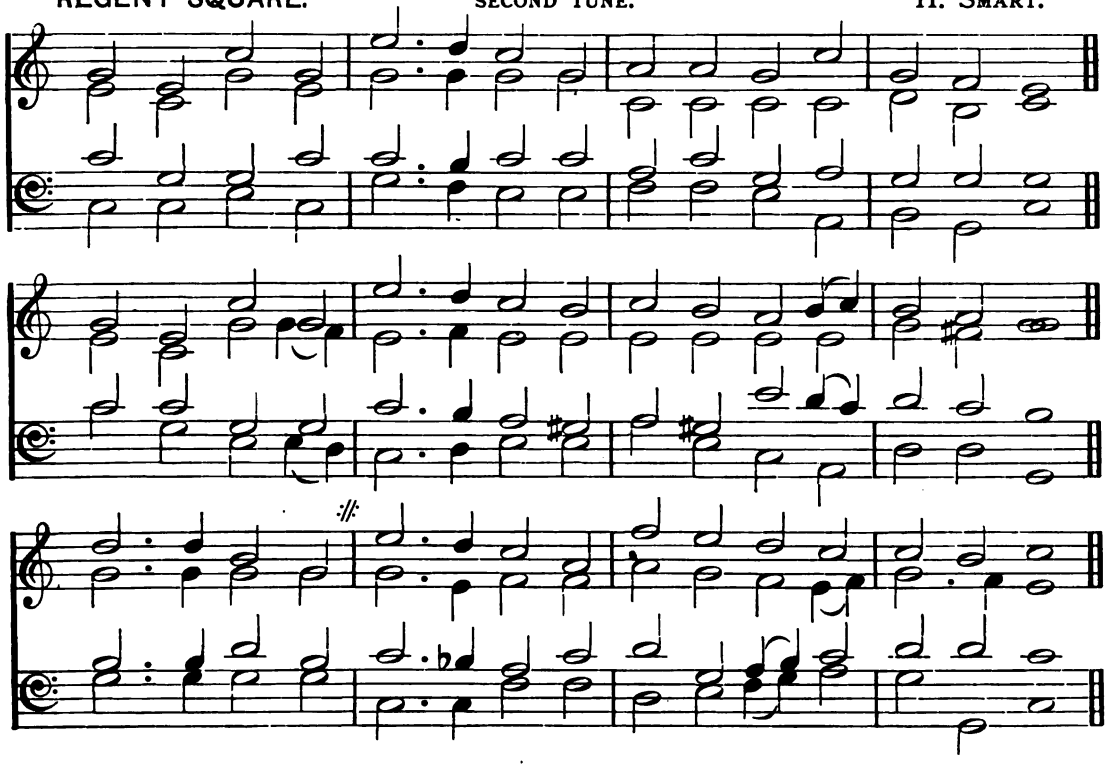
444

ULPHA. FIRST TUNE. **E. Moss.**

'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'

m O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
mf All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
f Blessèd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

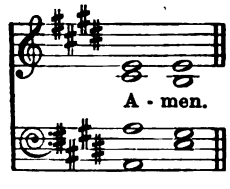
m 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
mf Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

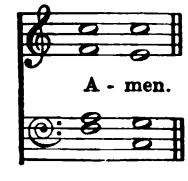
444

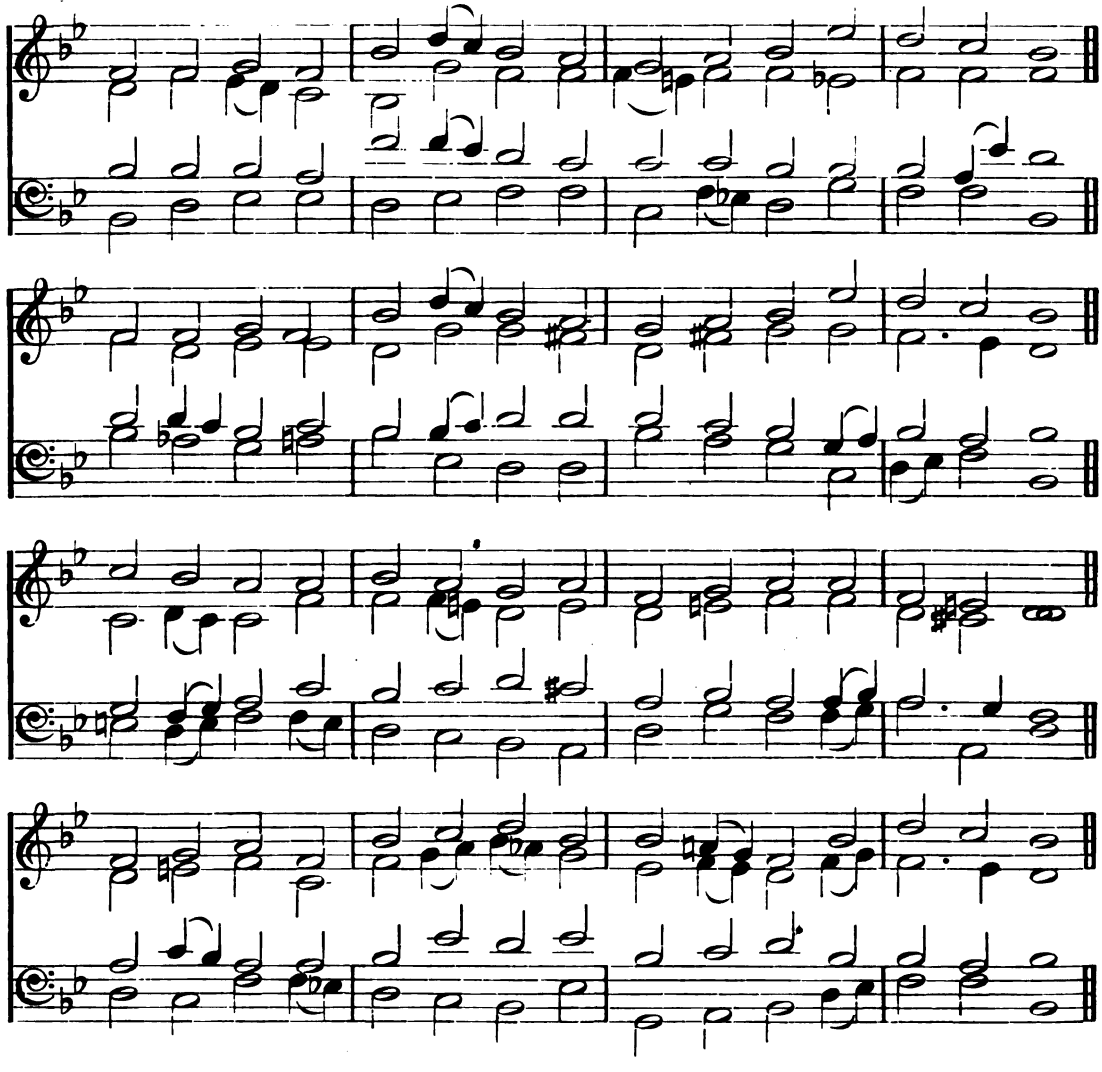
REGENT SQUARE. SECOND TUNE. H. SMART.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

f 4 Fly abroad, eternal gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.

FIRST TUNE.



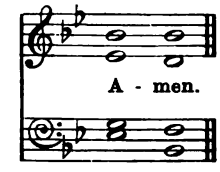
SECOND TUNE.

445

CONTEMPLATION. **MENDELSSOHN.**

'So shall He sprinkle many nations.'

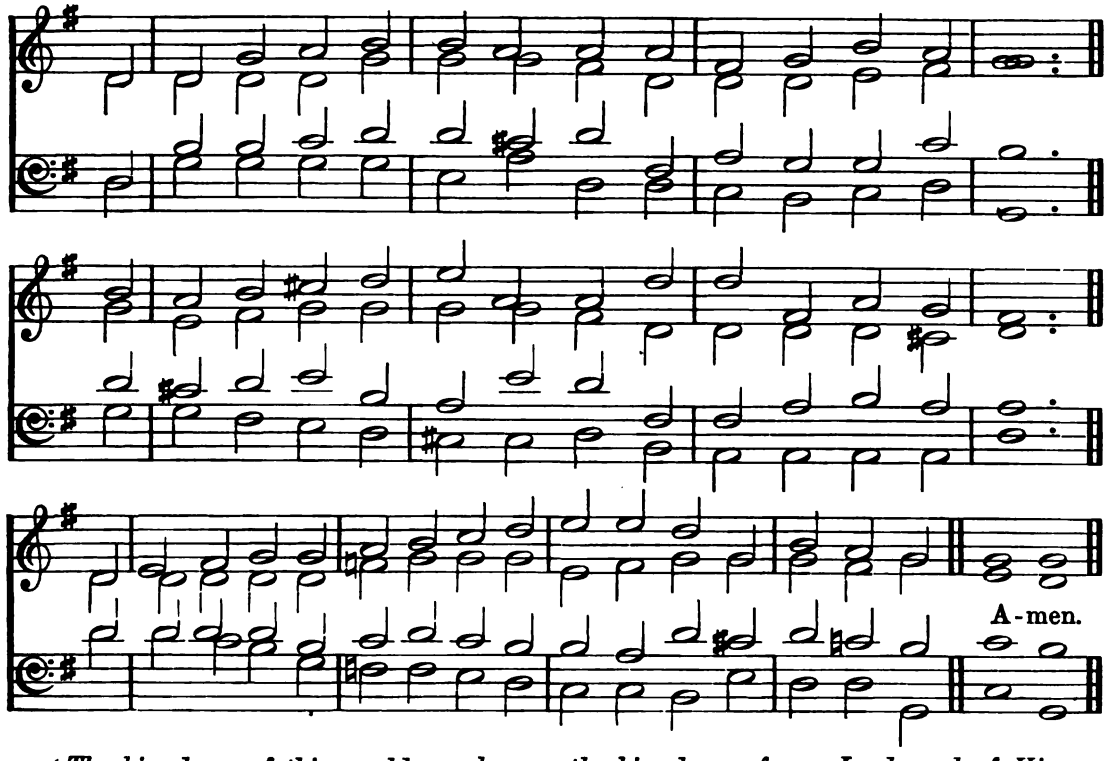
m SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told:
mf Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

mp 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
m Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

mf 3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
c Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.



446

BRYANT. W. ALCOCK.

'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.'

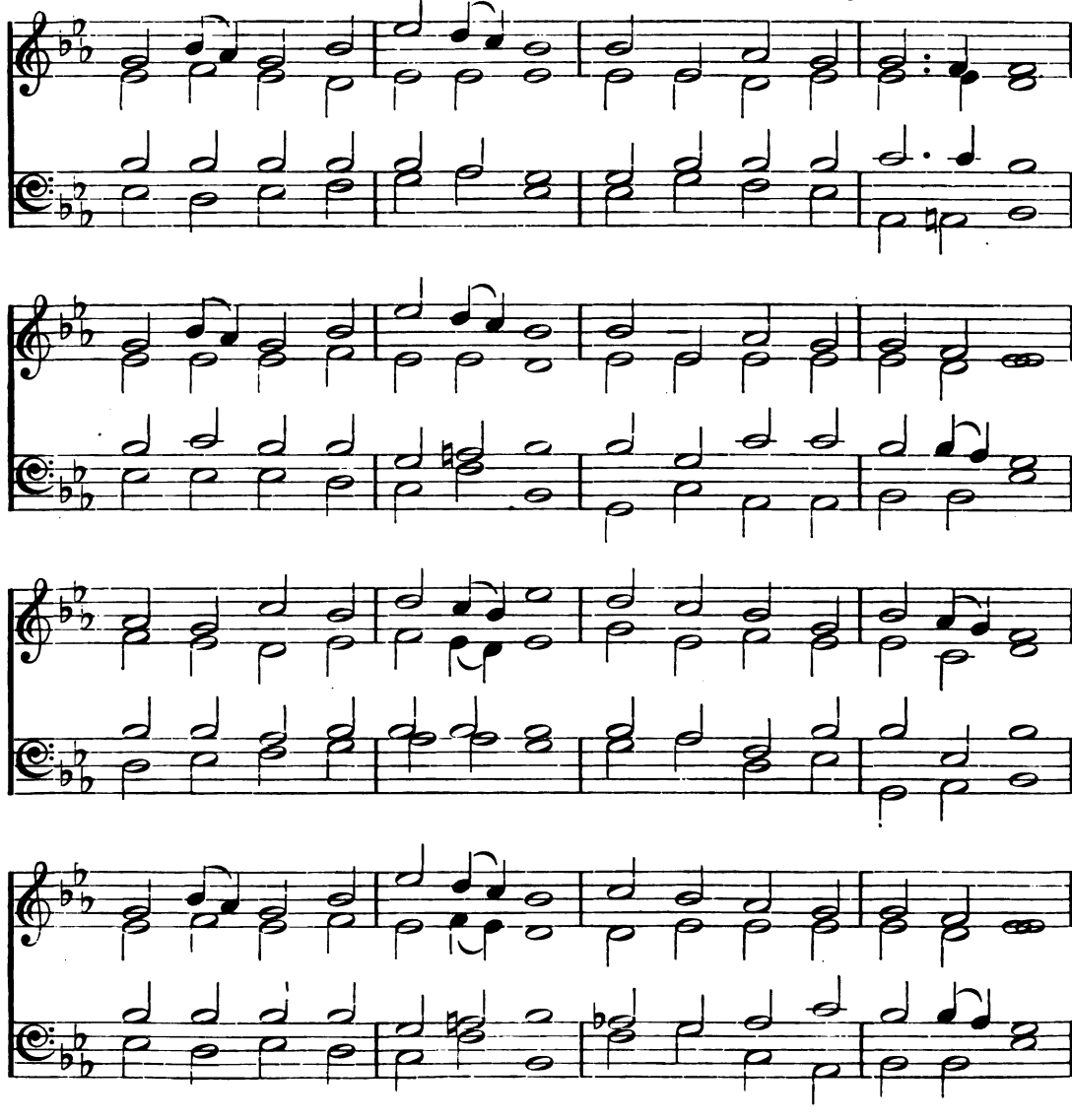
mf O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky,
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

m 4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs,
mf And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

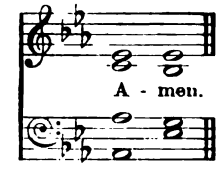
447

TICHFIELD. J. RICHARDSON.

'Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

mf HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.

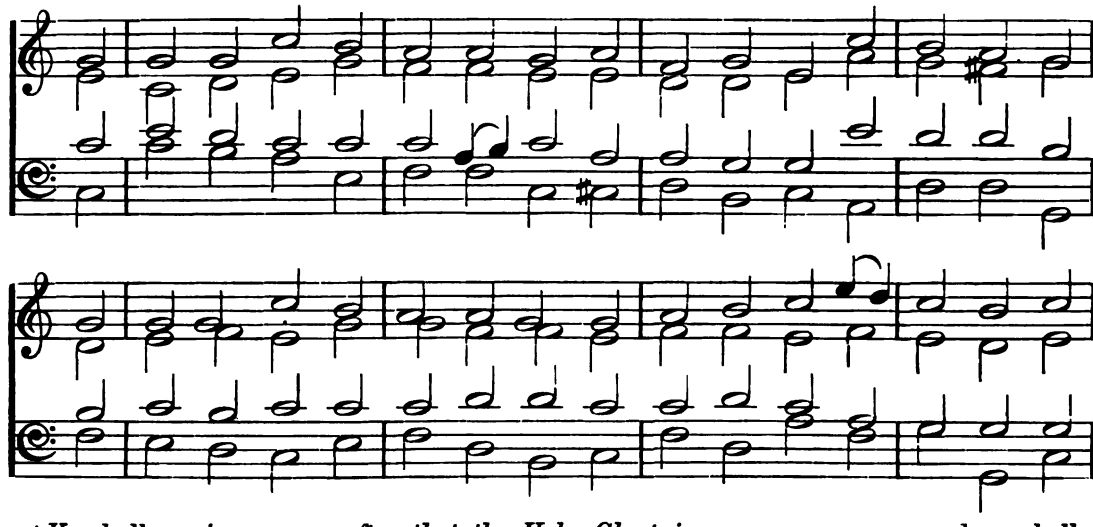
f Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

mf 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'t is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

f 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
ff Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Also the following:

150 O Spirit of the living God.
152 O Word of God incarnate.
253 Come, labour on.
254 Go, labour on: spend and be spent.
258 Christian, work for Jesus.
105-119 Hymns on Our Lord's Second Coming.

448

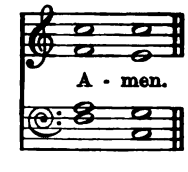
MAINZER. J. MAINZER.

'Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me.'

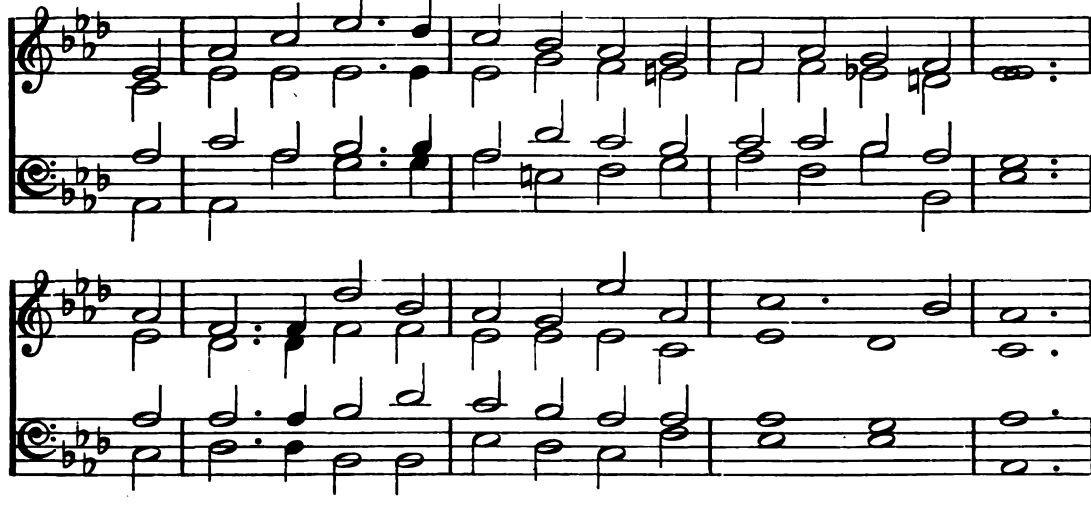
m POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

mp 5 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

449

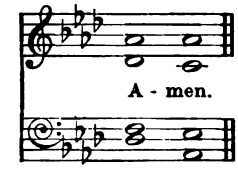
ROTHLEY. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. Goss.

'He ordained twelve, that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach.'

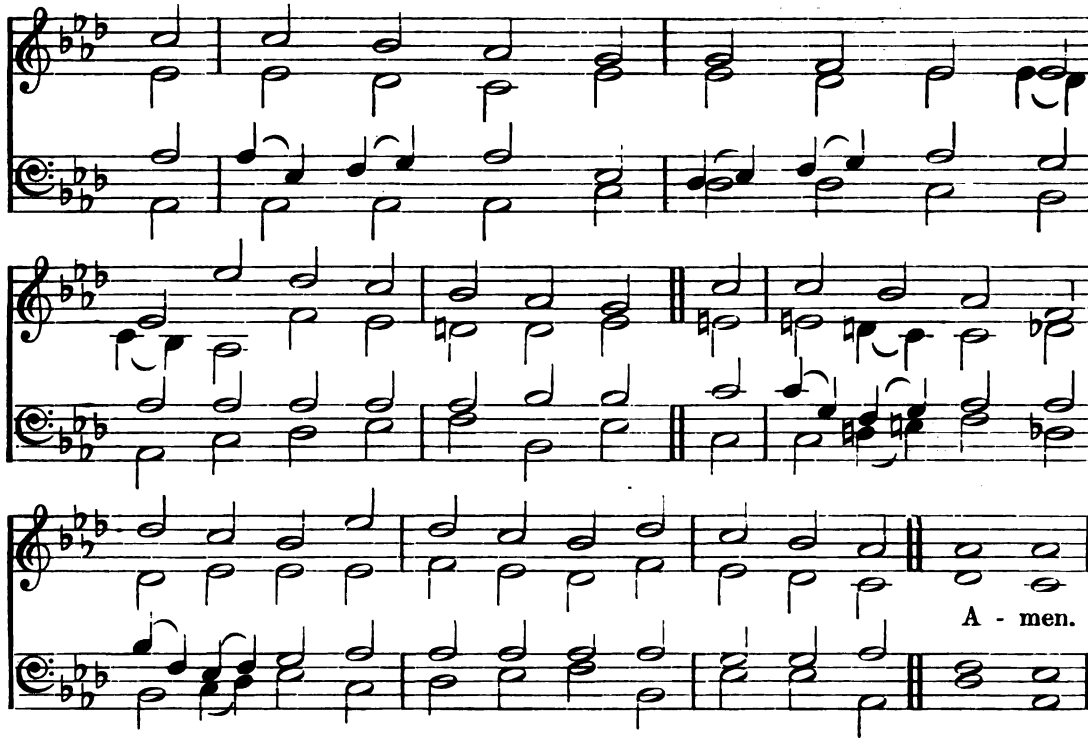
m WE pray Thee, Jesus, who didst first
The sacred band ordain,
In order due and holy life
Thy Church sustain.

2 We pray Thee, Jesus, with Thy gifts
Thy chosen servants bless,
With doctrine incorrupt and pure
And righteousness.

3 We pray Thee, Jesus, that their course
May still be clothed with power,
With miracles of love and strength,
Meet for the hour.

4 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come,
Pastor and people fill,
mf Till all the happy tribes of earth
Shall do His will.

f 5 Then to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost her praise
One living, undivided Church
Shall ever raise.

450

ST. LAWRENCE. L. G. HAYNE.

'He gave some . . pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'

m O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew Divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

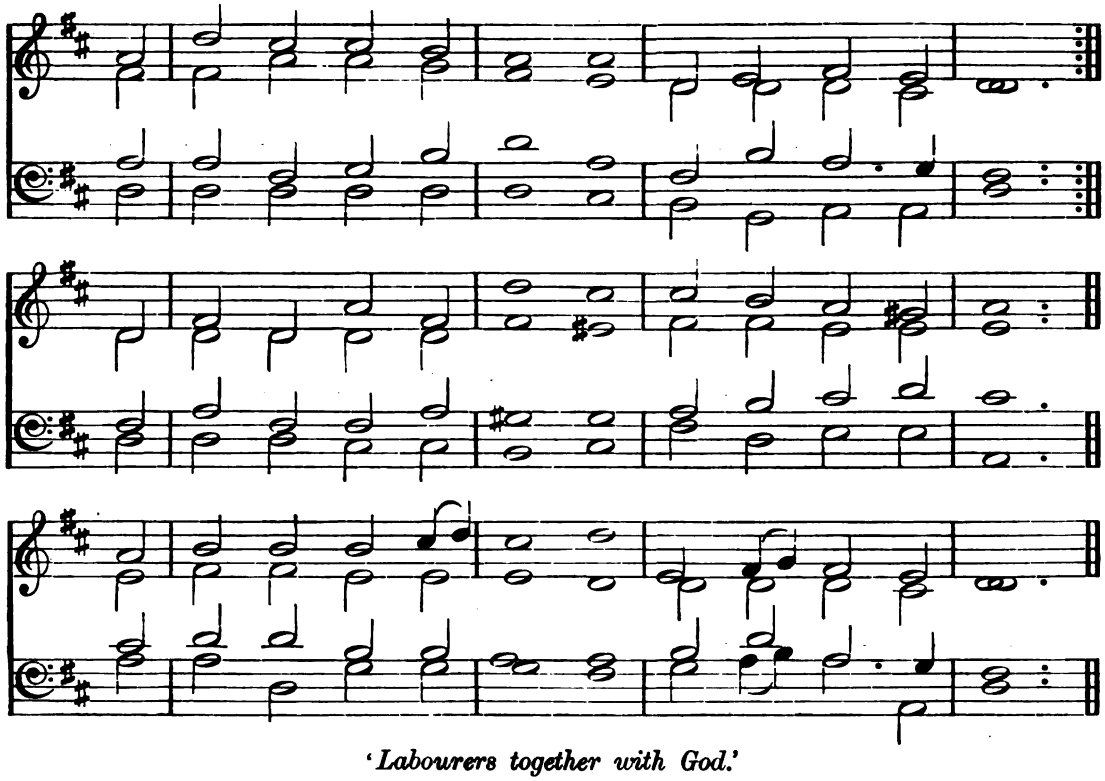
3 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

mf 6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven,
We taste our immortality.

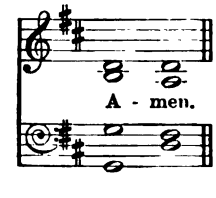
451

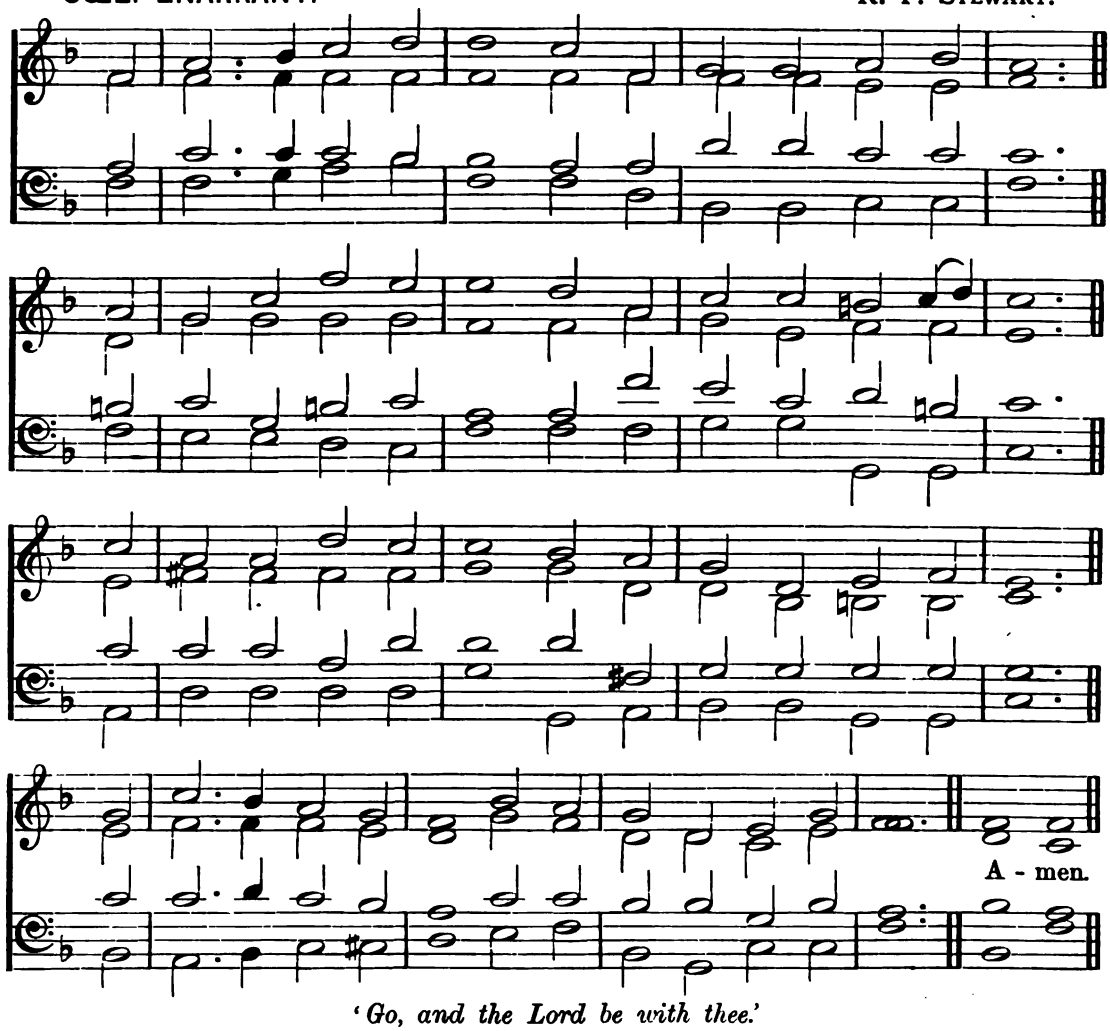
HAWARDEN. S. S. WESLEY.

'Labourers together with God.'

mf SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written word
Thy very self display,
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

m 2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy name.
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be,
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

mf 4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers,
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

452

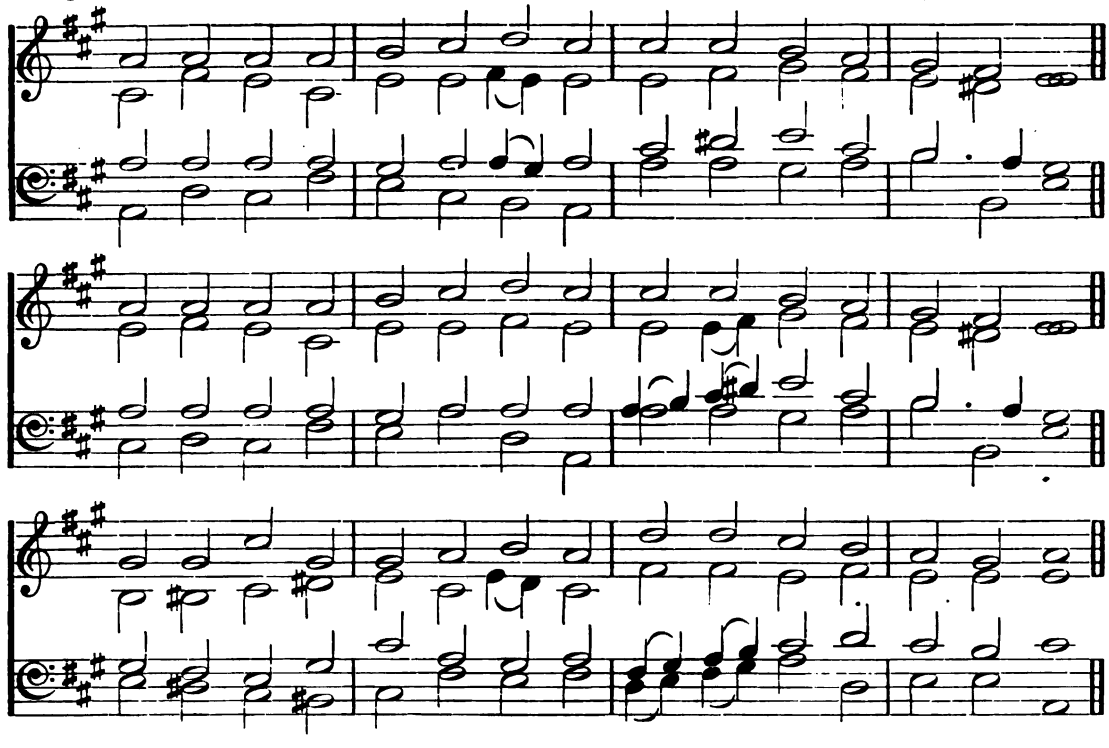
CŒLI ENARRANT. **R. P. STEWART.**

'Go, and the Lord be with thee.'

m LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept fresh hands to labour,
Fresh hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Lord, send them out to be,
mp Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
Content to ask no wages
When Thou shalt call them home,
c But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy kingdom come.

mf 3 Be with them, God the Father,
Be with them, God the Son,
Be with them, God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One!
Make them a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fulness
Now and for evermore.

453

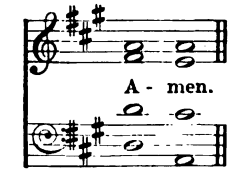
ORIEL.

'Recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled.'

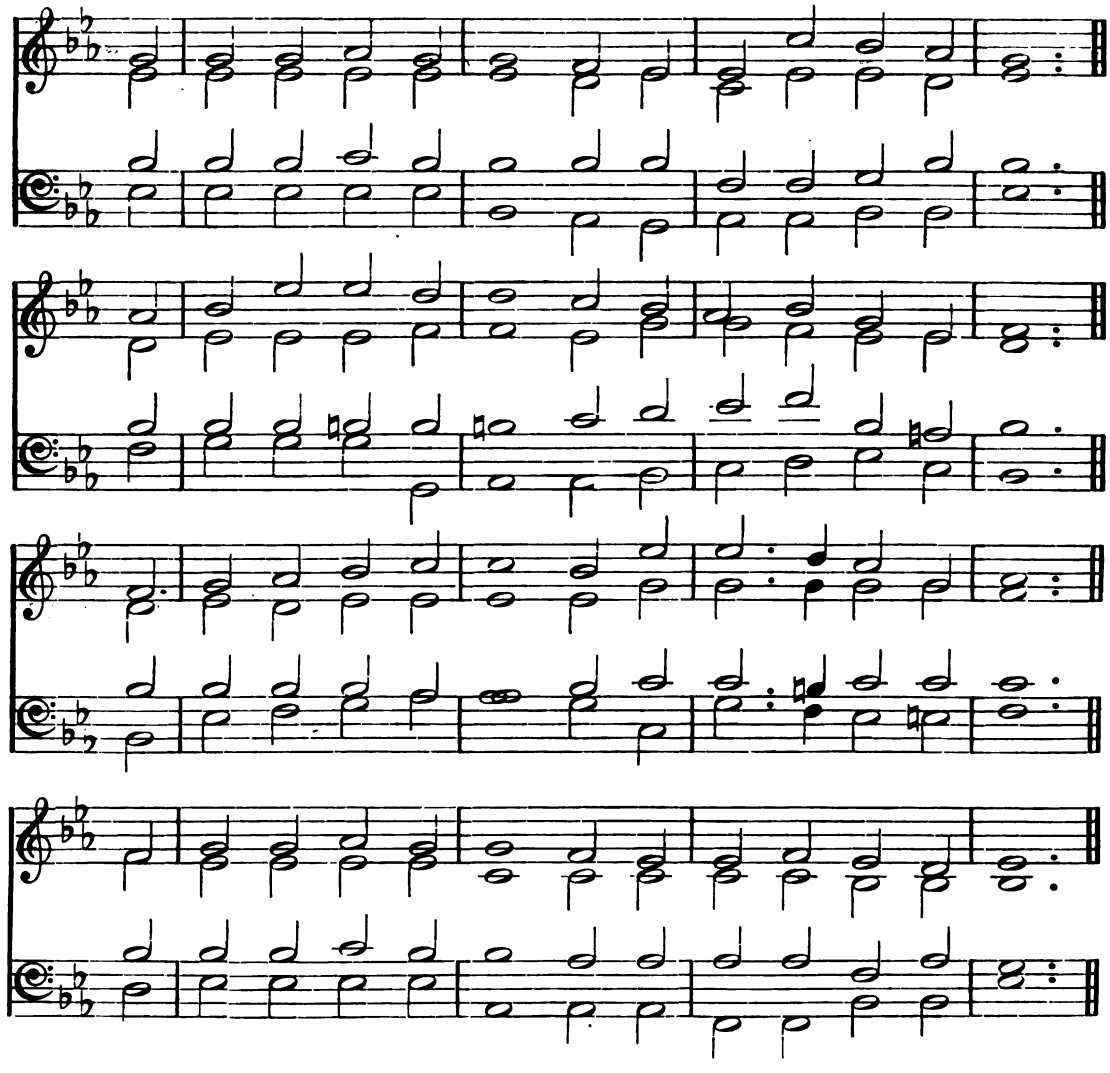
mf SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them;
'T is Thine arm alone that saves.

m 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land;
O be with them;
Lead them safely by the hand.

mp 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
m Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
mf Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see.

454

AURELIA. S. S. WESLEY.

'The church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.'

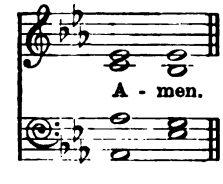
m THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
mp With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

mf 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

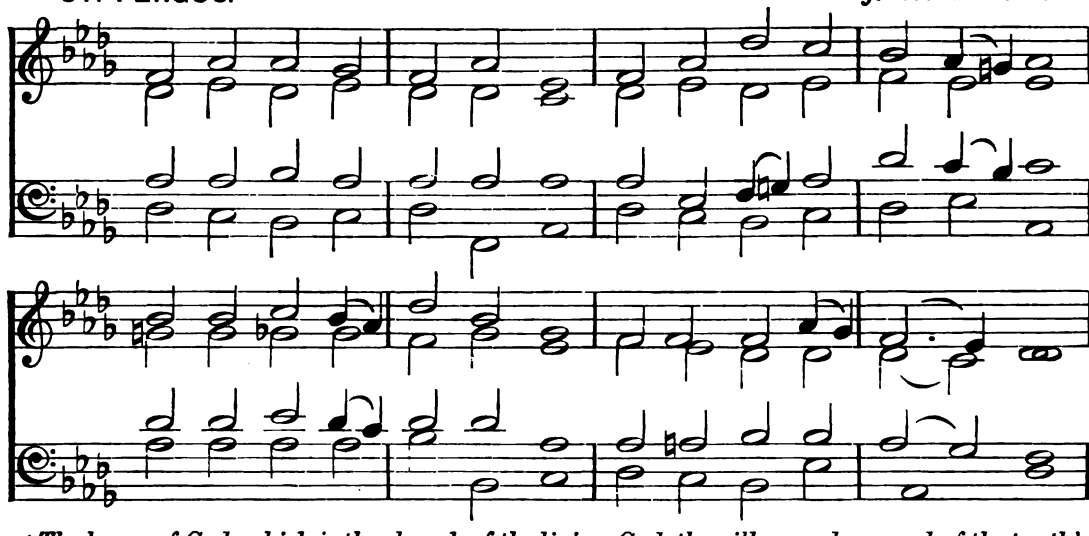
mp 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
m Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
e And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

mp 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
mf Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

m 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.



455

ST. FERGUS. J. W. ELLIOTT.

'The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.'

m JESUS, with Thy Church abide;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release;
Bid our strife and envy cease;
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

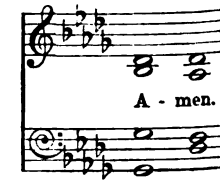
7 Save her love from growing cold;
Make her watchmen strong and bold;
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

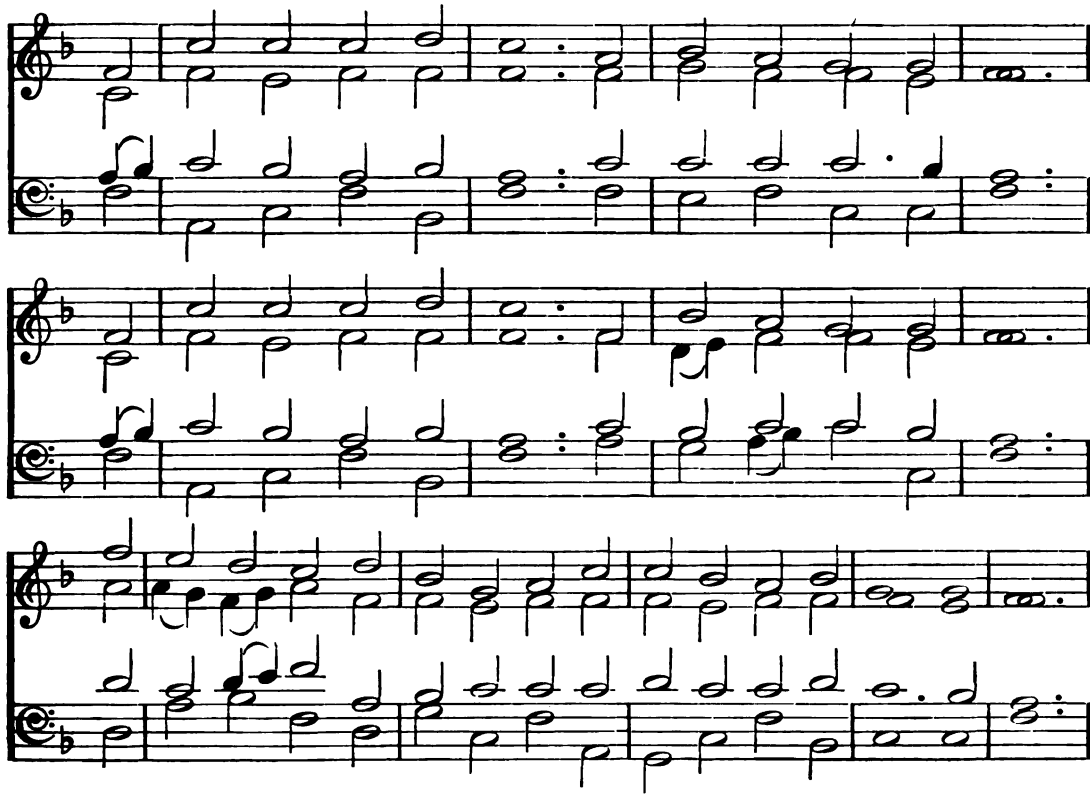
8 Judge her not for work undone;
Judge her not for fields unwon;
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her lamp of truth be bright;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

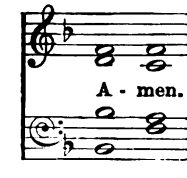
12 May she thus all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

456

ST. EBBE. R. REDHEAD.

'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.'

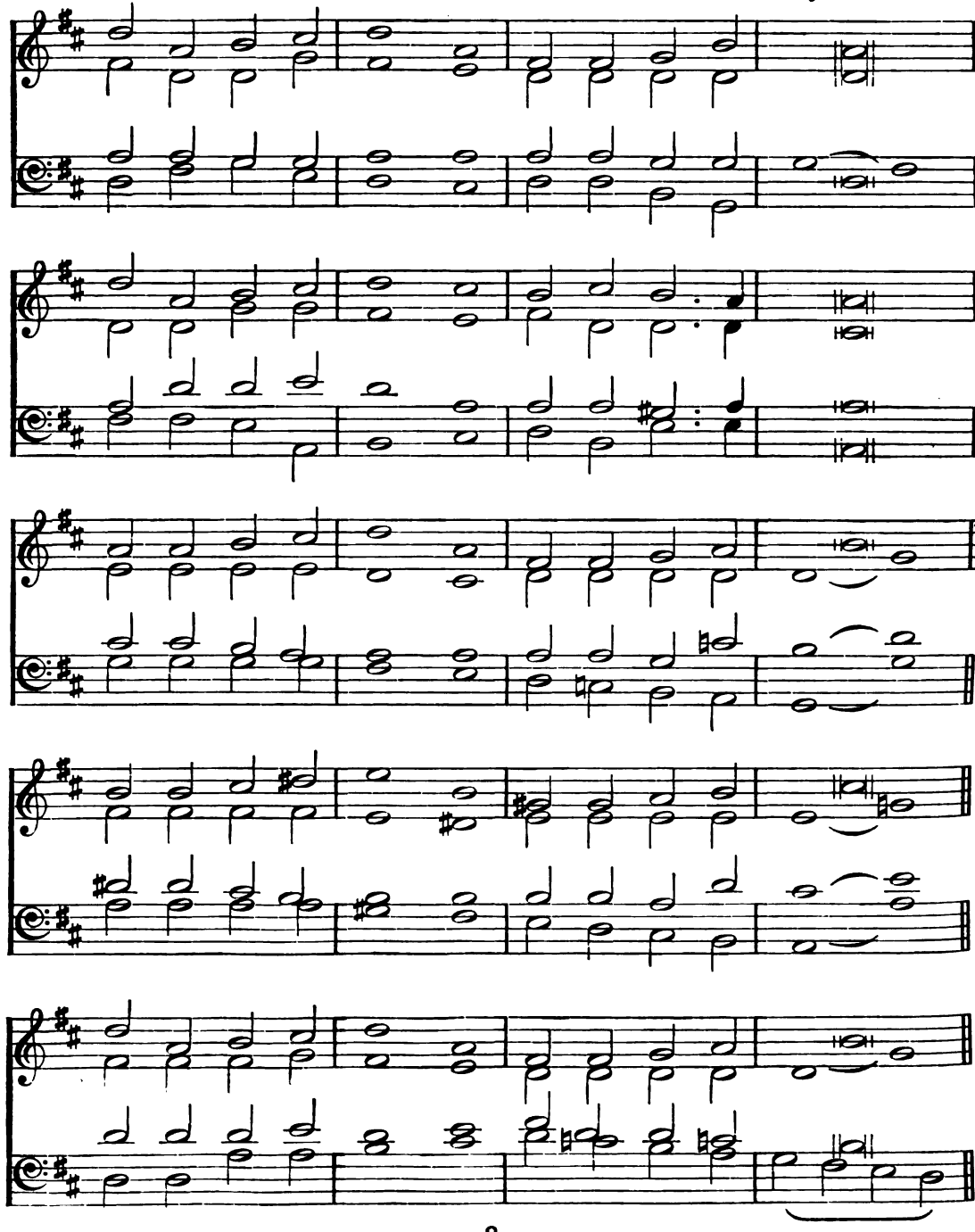
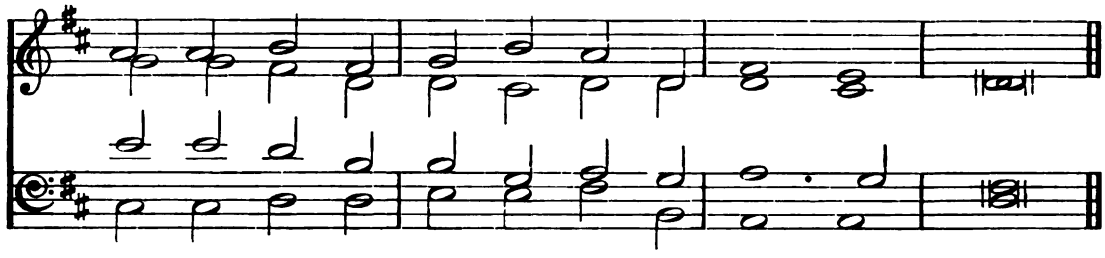
m ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword—love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
mf Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.



457

TADCASTER. **E. J. HOPKINS.**

'That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.'

m JESUS, Thou hast willed it
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

mp We the cross are bearing
Once on Jesus laid,
We the prayer are praying
That our Master prayed.

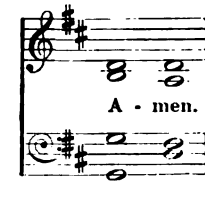
mf *Jesus, Thou hast willed it*
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

mp 2 Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
Even though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day
m When the Church, uniting,
In one host shall fight
'Gainst the powers of darkness
In the Lord's own might.

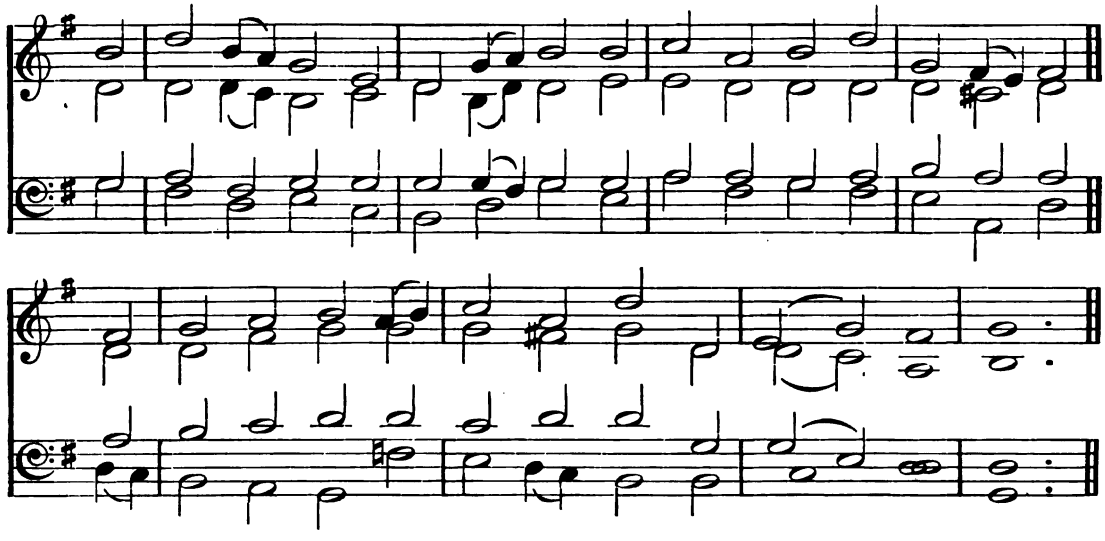
3 Thou, our heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease;
Thou, true Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace,—
Peace from God the Father,
Peace from God the Son,
Peace from God the Spirit,
From the Three in One.

mf 4 When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When our cause has conquered,
When the Church is one,
East and west together
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.

f 5 Praise we God the Father,
Praise the Son who died,
Praise Him who doth ever
In His Church abide.
Praise through endless ages
To Thy name be done,
Holy, holy, holy
God, the Three in One.



458

ANTIOCH. C. STEGGALL.

'They shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.'

mf FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.'

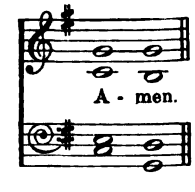
m 2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God, in Thee
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the corner-stone,
Making them one.

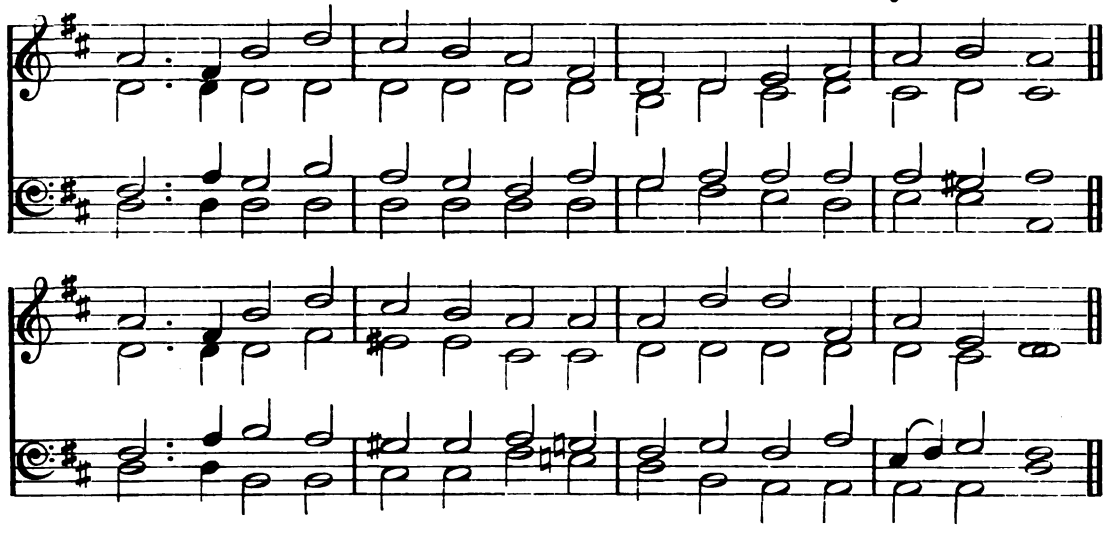
4 Join high with low, join young with old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

mp 5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

mf 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
We shall awake with joy and say,
'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one.'



459

ST. OSWALD. J. B. DYKES.

'One hope of your calling.'

mf THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

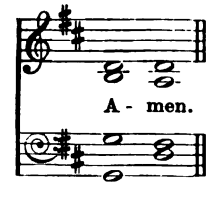
2 Clear before us, through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night;

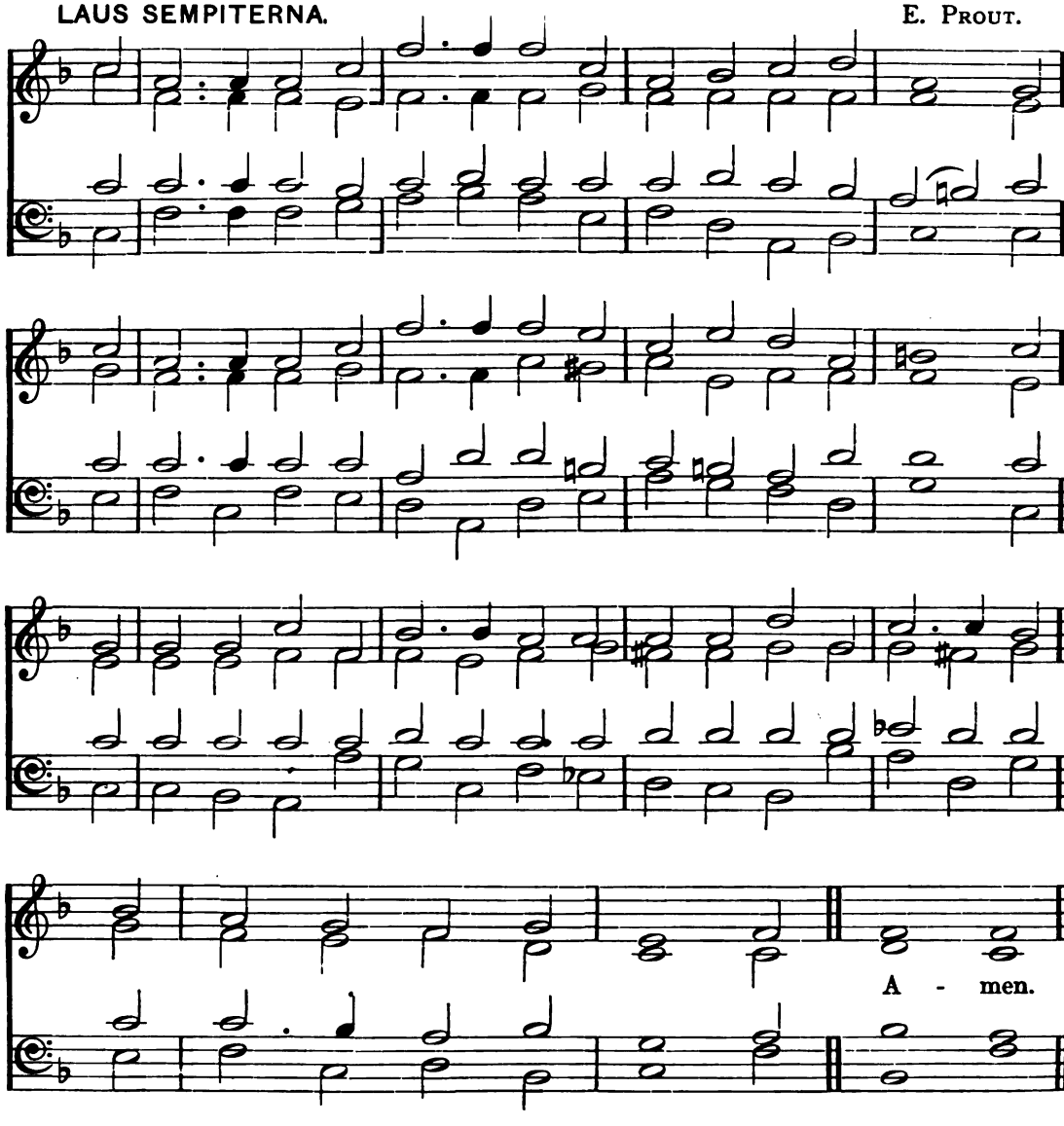
m 3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

mf 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Soon shall come the glad awaking,
Then the rending of the tomb,
Then the scattering of all shadows
And the end of toil and gloom.

460

LAUS SEMPITERNA. E. PROUT.

'One generation shall praise Thy works to another.'

mf WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their Rock is our Salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation;

We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

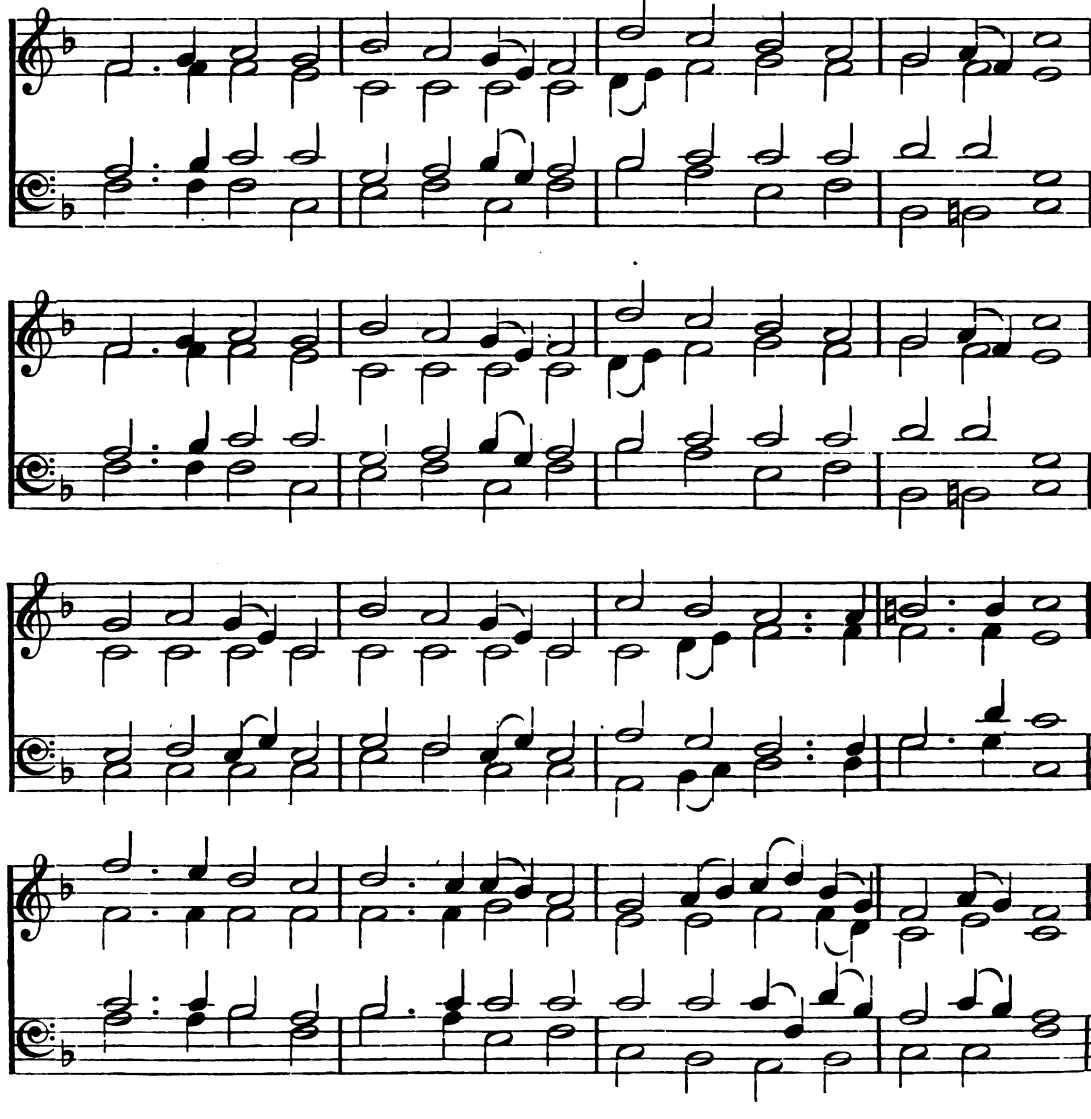
2 The fire Divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield around them spread
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

mp 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
m As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth;
His song in them, in us, is one;
c We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

mf 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain;
Keep on the song for ever;
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

461

AUSTRIAN HYMN. J. HAYDN.

'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.'

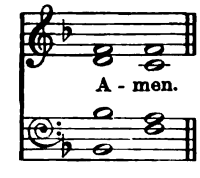
mf GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

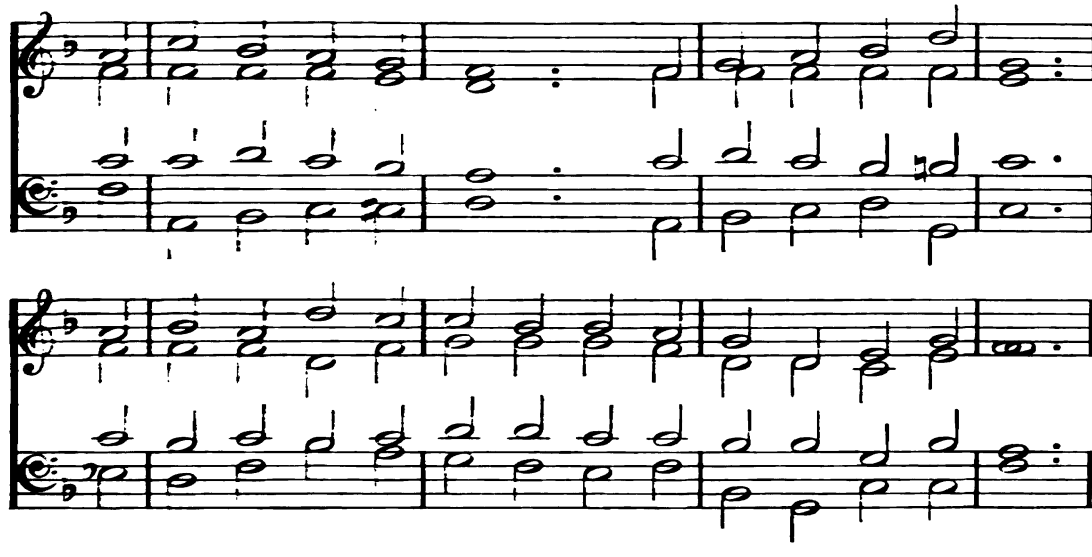
m 2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See! the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
mf Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

m 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
mp Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
mf Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.



462

ST. AUDOËN. **R. P. STEWART.**

'They shall prosper that love Thee.'

mf I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

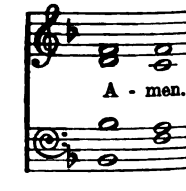
2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

mf 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

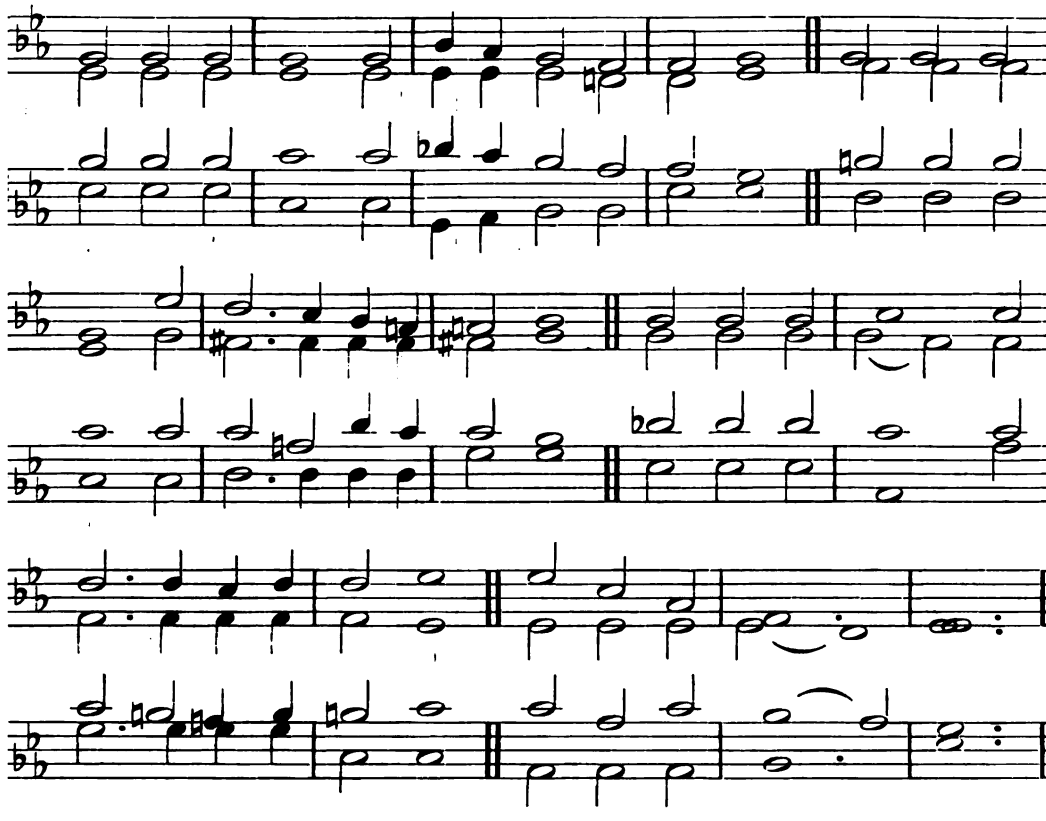
mf 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

f 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.



463

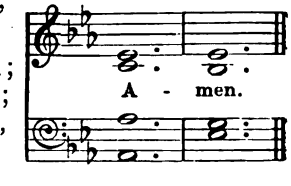
CLOISTERS. J. BARNBY.

'Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name.'

mf LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

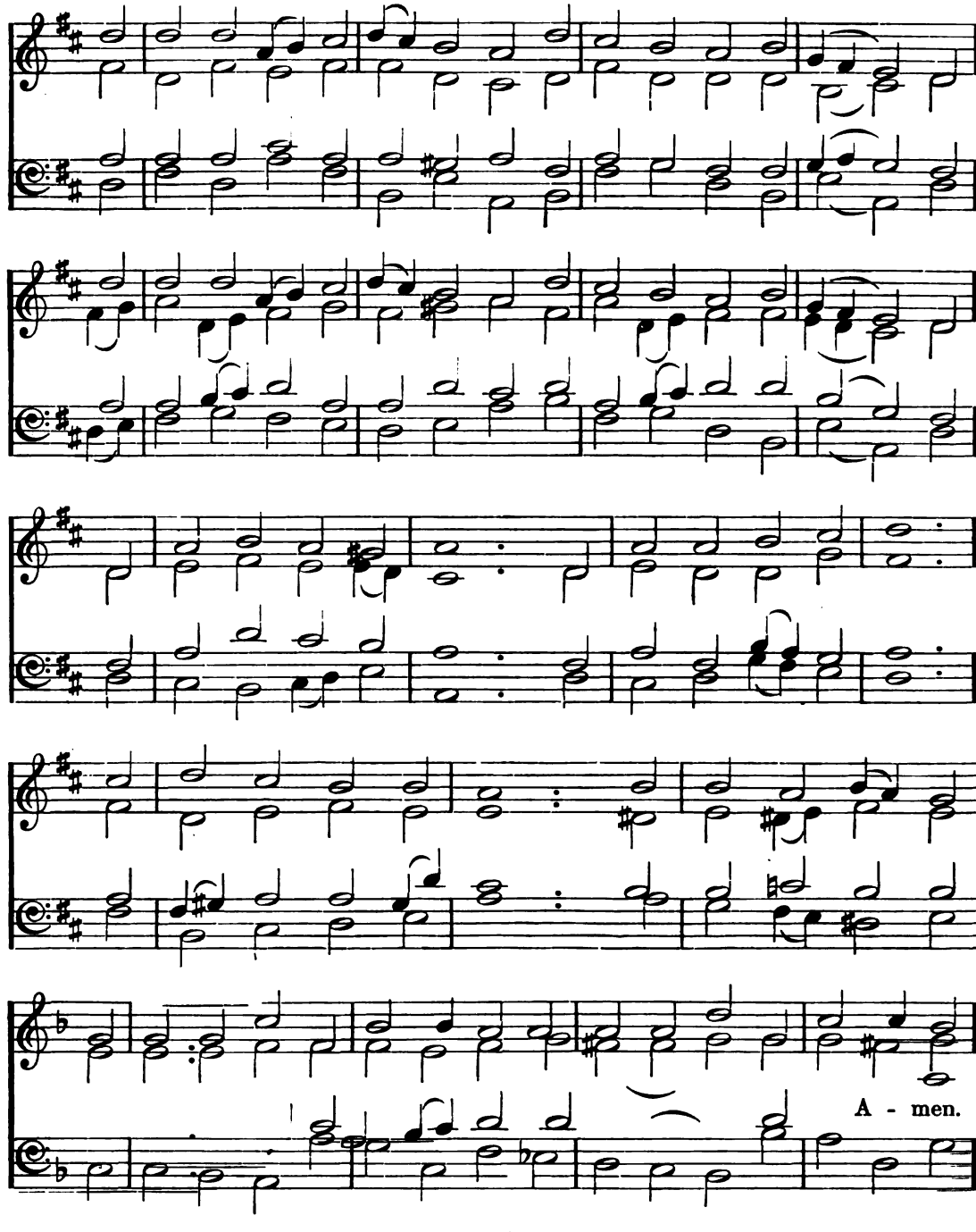
mp 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
m Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
mf Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth;
m Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven;
c Grant peace on earth and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.



464

EIN' FESTE BURG. M. LUTHER.

'God is our refuge and strength.'

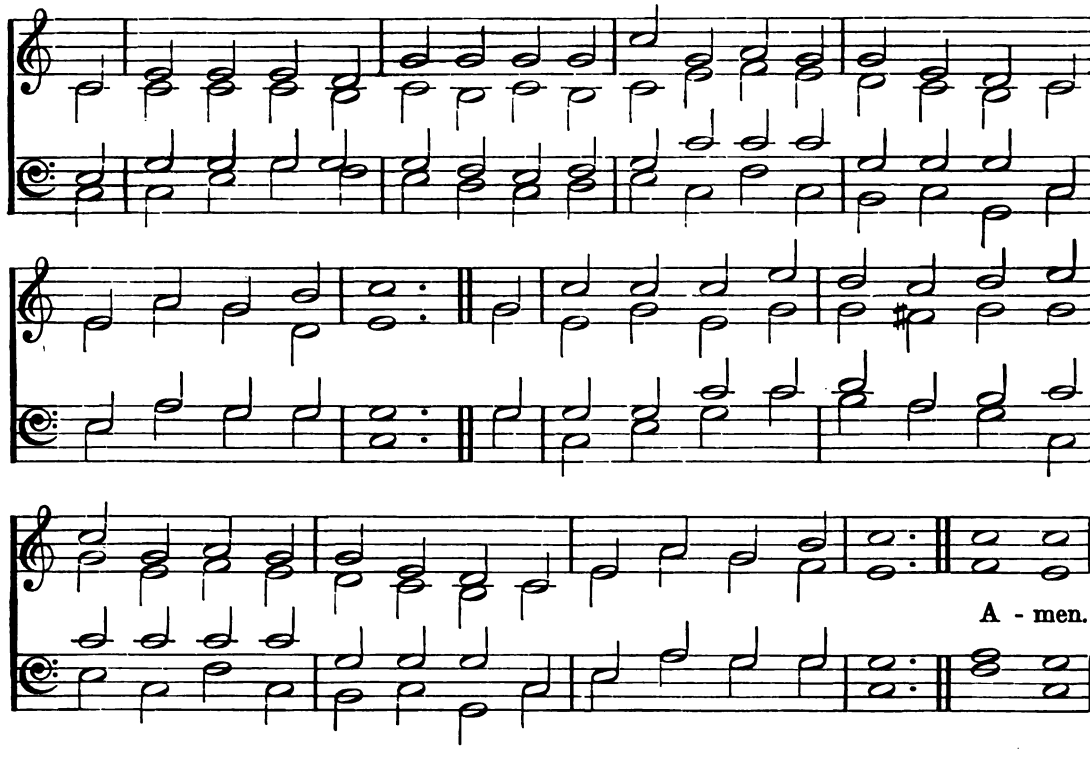
mf A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He 'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

m 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
mf But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
Sole God to be adored,
'T is He must win the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'T is written by His finger.
m And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
f The city of God remaineth.

465

HULL. S. CHANDLER.

'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'

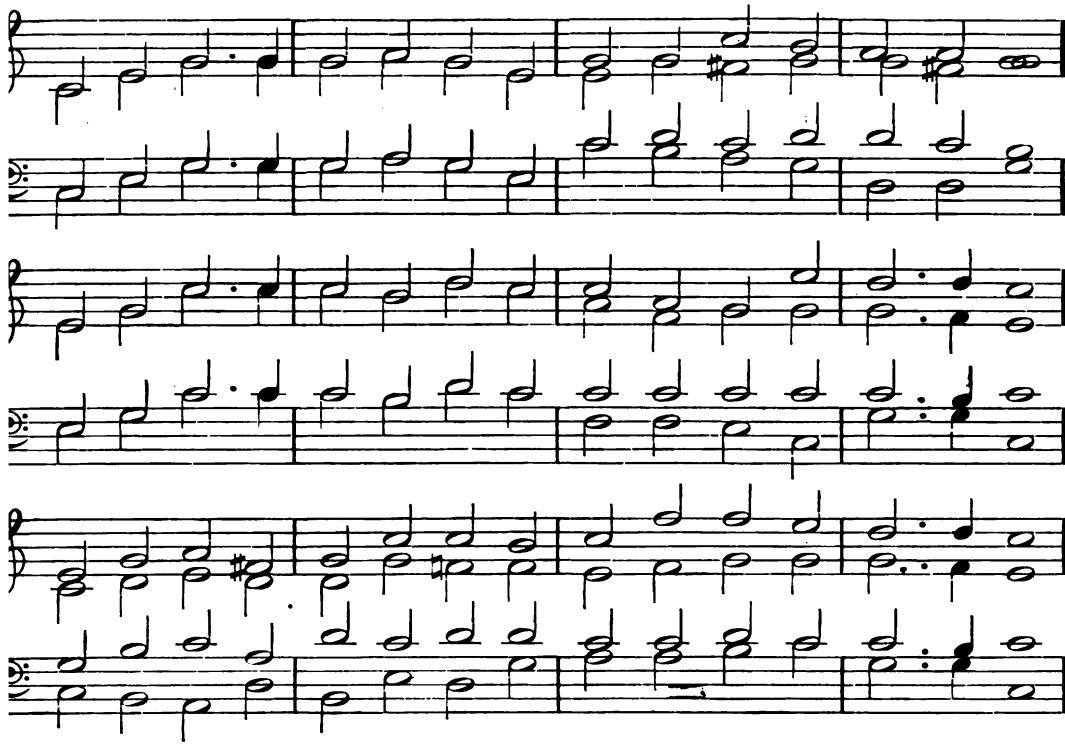
mf FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord:
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

f 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

mf 4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again;
ff So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

466

TRIUMPH. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.'

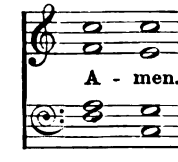
CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

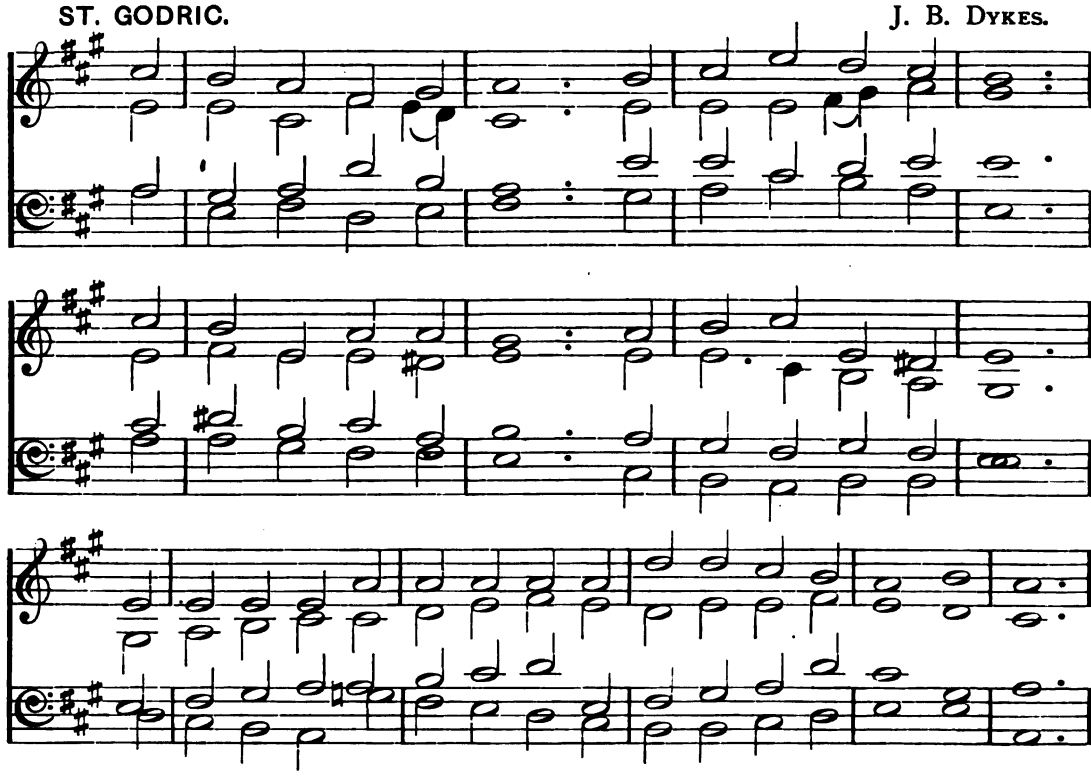
m 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants, as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
mf And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

f 5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory.
While unending ages run.



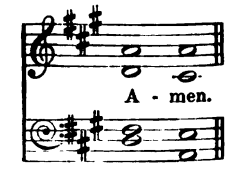
467

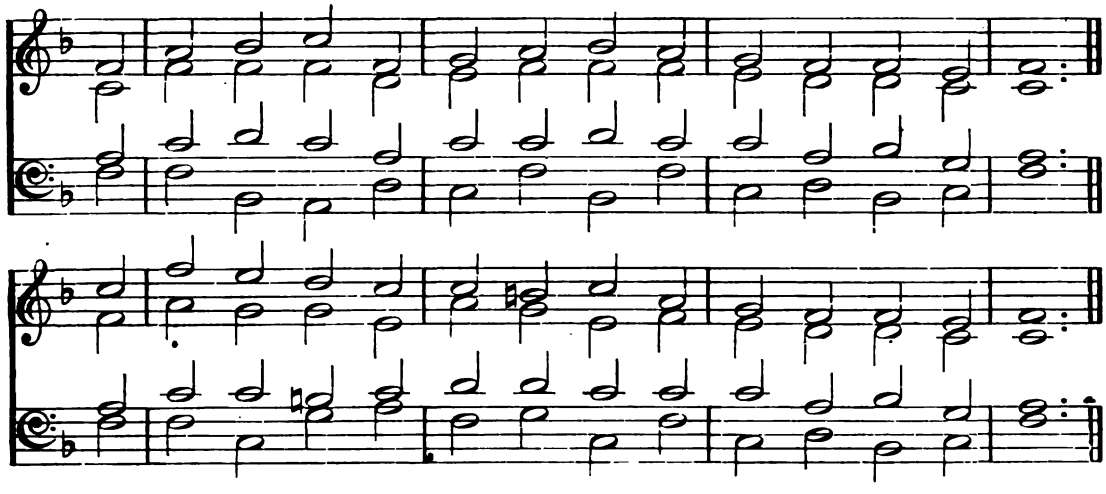
ST. GODRIC. J. B. DYKES.

'Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone.'

m CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
c On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

mf 2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
f And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

m 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

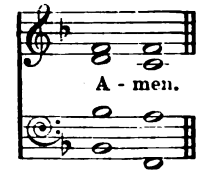
4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
mf Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

468

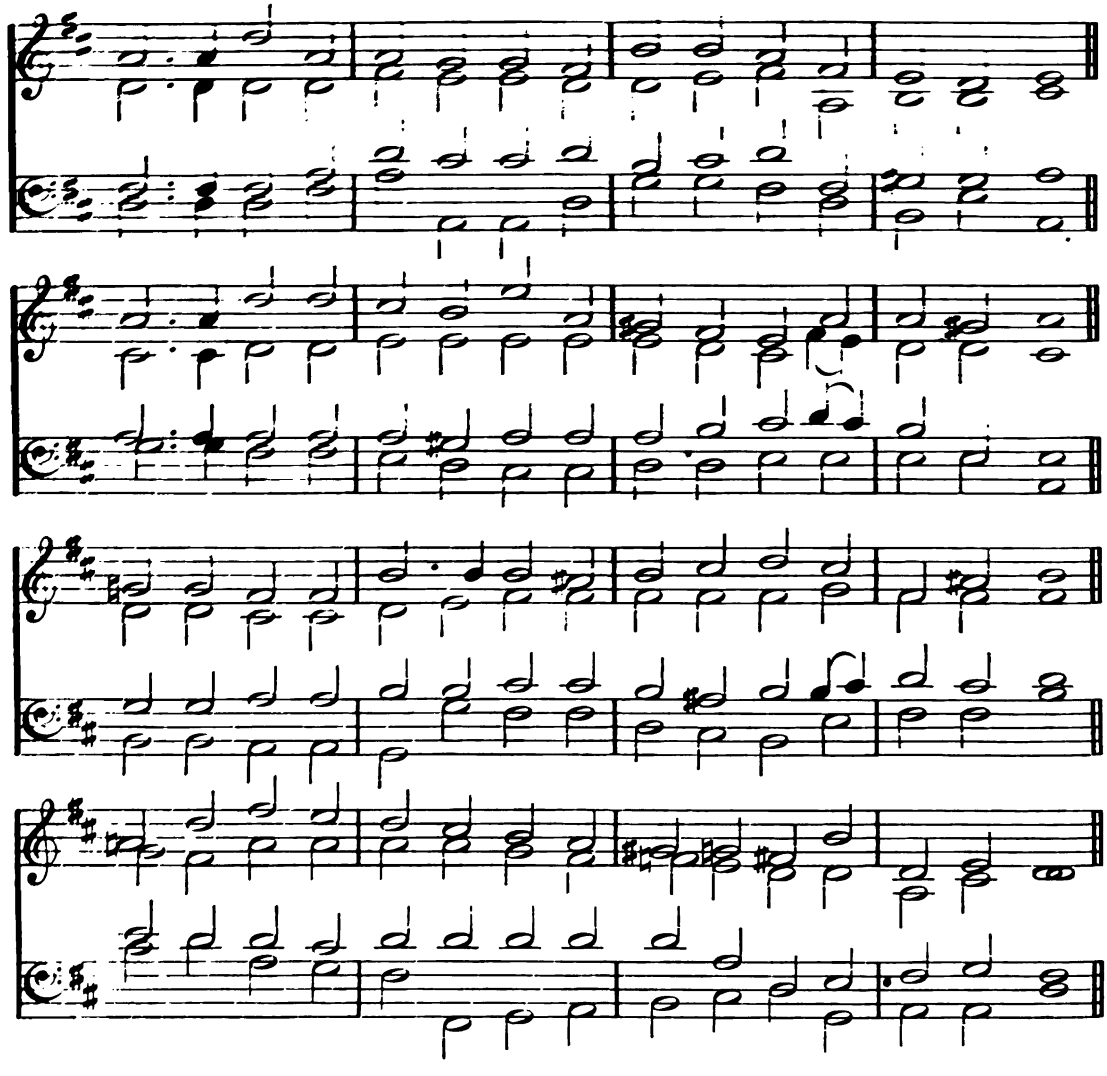
FRENCH. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

'Build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord.'

1 THOU whose unmeasured temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

2 And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

3 May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

469

LUX EOI. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.'

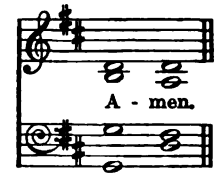
m IN the name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—
Shall a house be builded here:
Here with prayer its deep foundations
In the faith of Christ we lay,
c Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

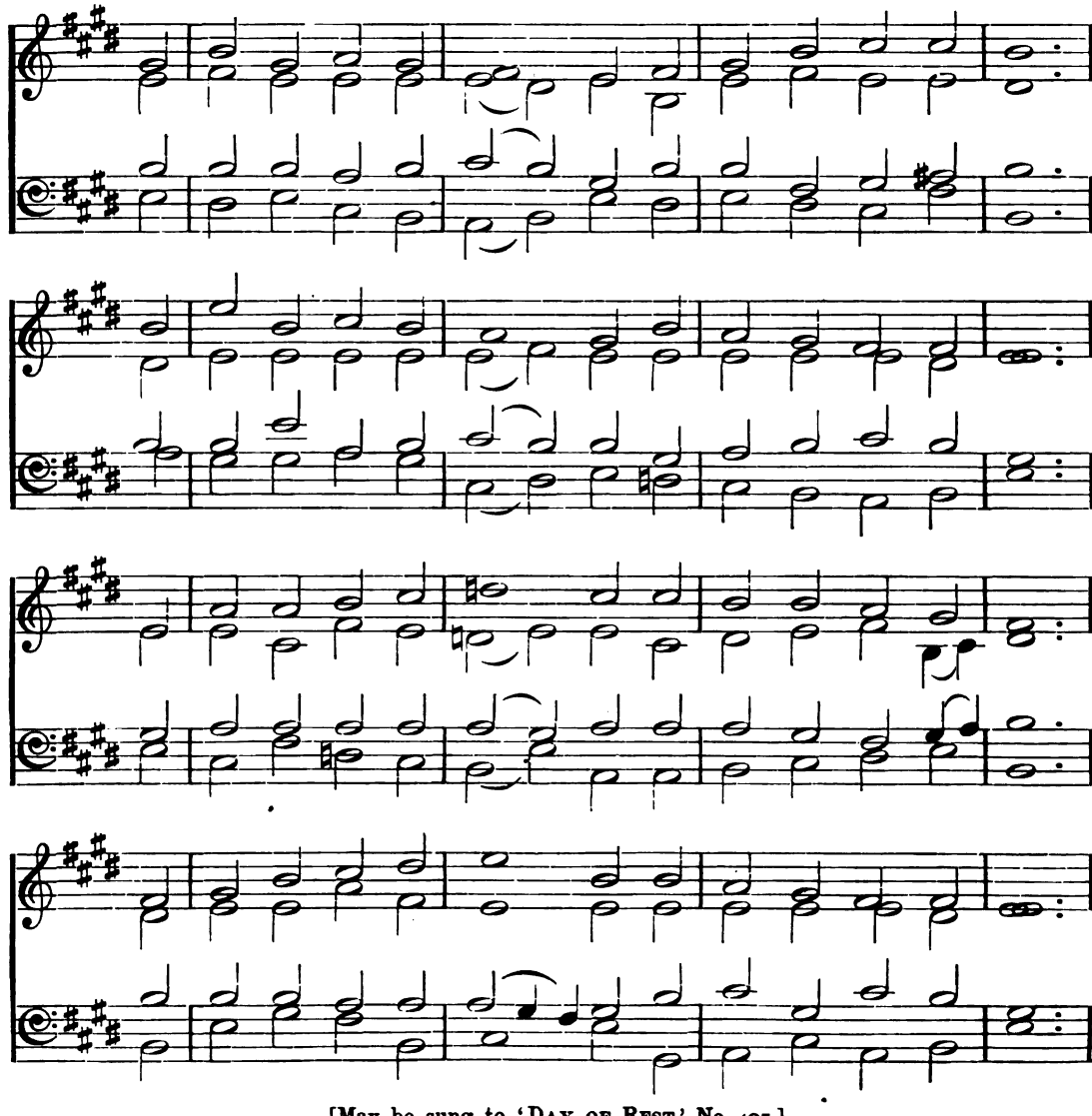
m 2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesus, build us up in grace,
mf Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found,
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

m 3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple;
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier house on high.
mp Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

mf 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
Robes her for her marriage morn,—
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

m 5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
Here the child of God be sealed;
Here the Bread of heaven be broken,
Till He come, Himself revealed.

f 6 Praise to Thee, O Master-builder,
Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one,—
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun!

470

WORDSWORTH. W. H. MONK.

[May be sung to 'DAY OF REST,' No. 405.]

'Let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place.'

m

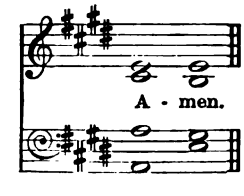
O THOU whose hand has brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray;

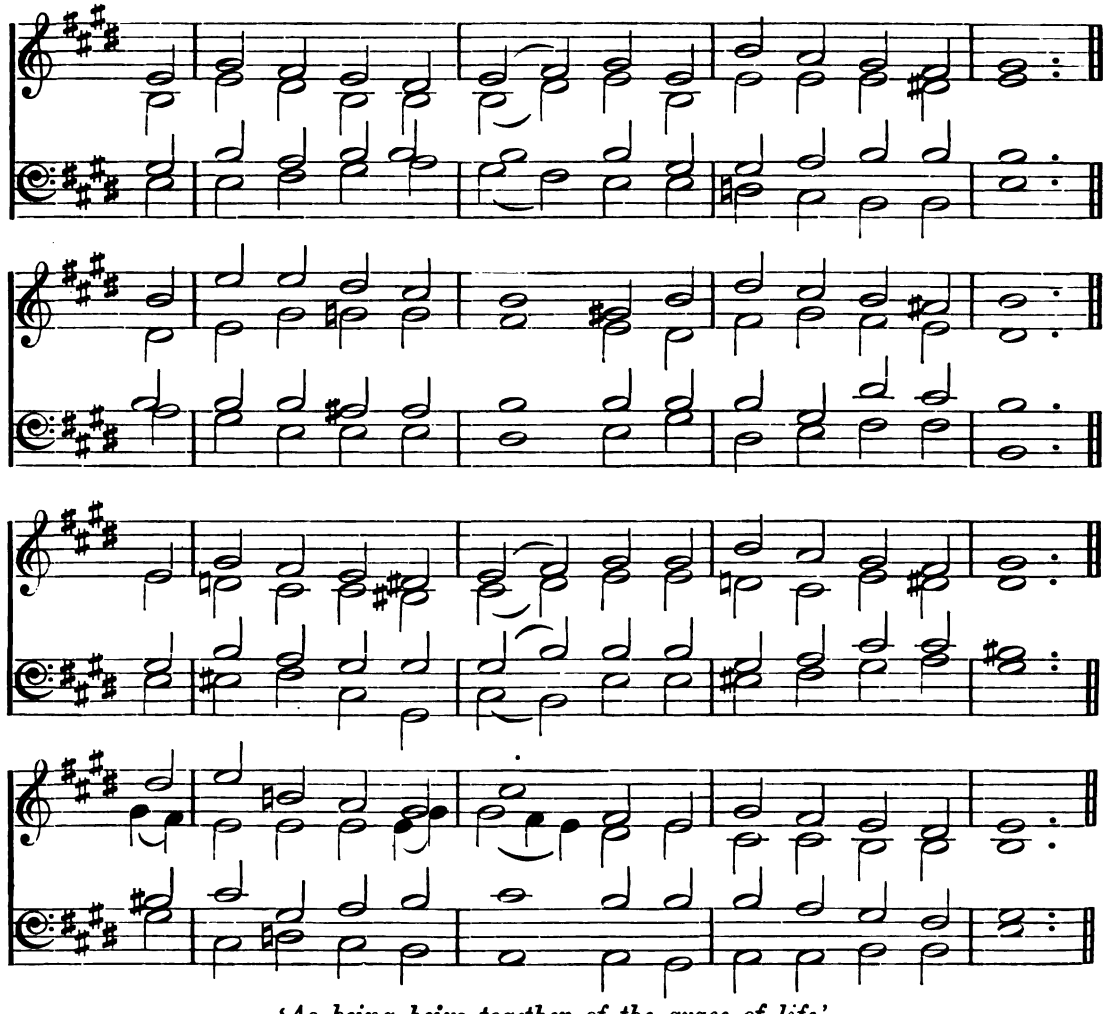
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

mf 2 For this new house we praise Thee,
Reared by Thine own command,
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see,
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

m 3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above,
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

mp 4 And, as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
mf May this its chief distinction,
Its glory, ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.

m 5 Lord God, our fathers' helper,
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day.
mp Our yearning hearts Thou knowest;
We wait before Thy throne;
c O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new house Thine own.

471

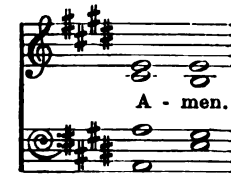
EASTBURG. **G. C. MARTIN.**

'As being heirs together of the grace of life.'

m O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

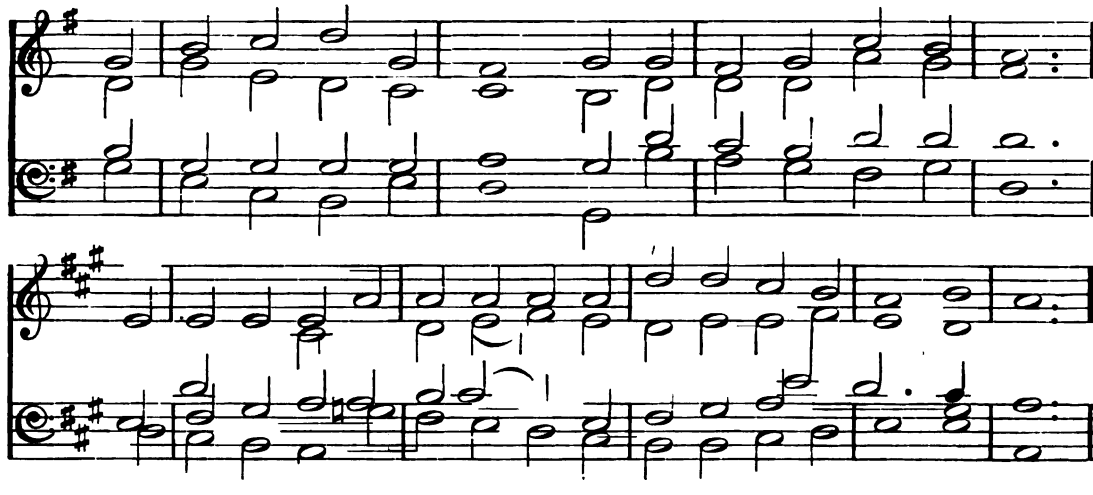
2 O Saviour, guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With those who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is Thine.

mp 3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love,
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife set free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

m 4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
mf But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one;
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.



472

ST. ALPHEGE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

m THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away;

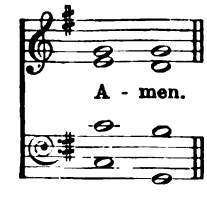
2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

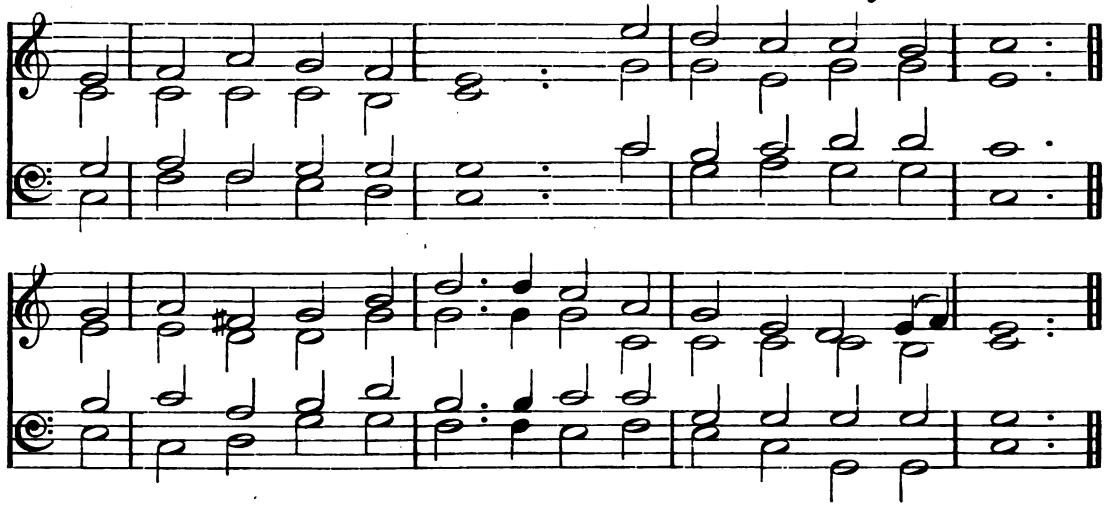
mp 3 Be present, Holy Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side;

4 Be present, Holy Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands;

5 Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

m 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them;
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
mf Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.

473

ST. OLAVE. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.'

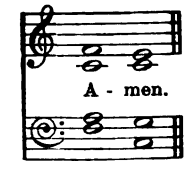
mf HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power Divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

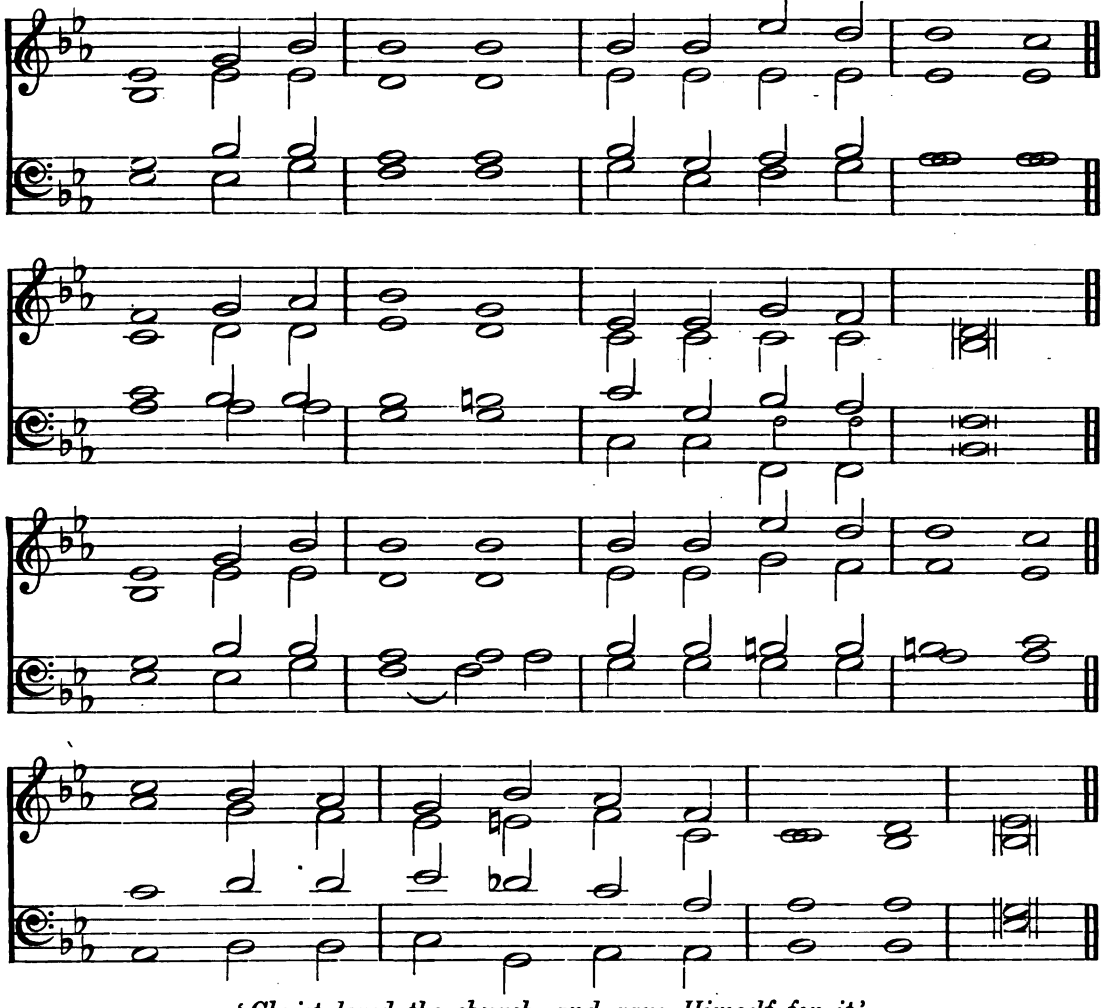
mp 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy piercèd side.

m 6 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore:
c As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

474

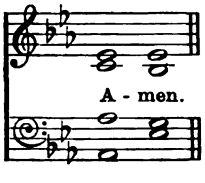
O PERFECT LOVE.

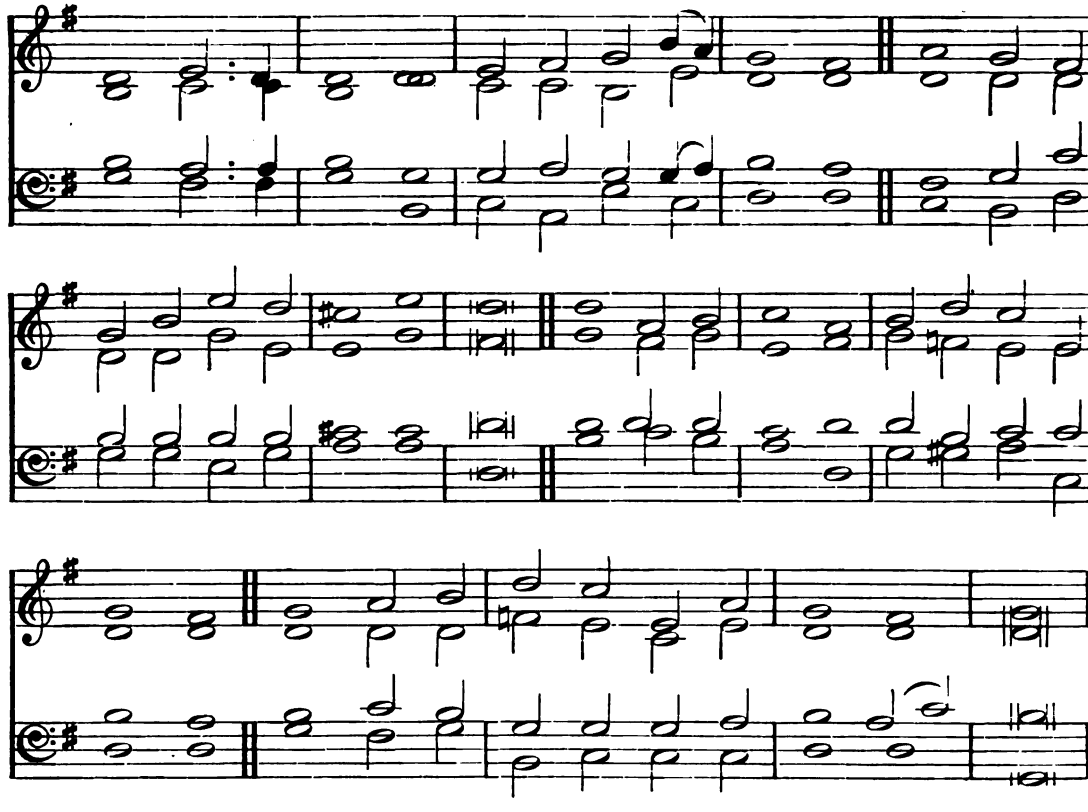
(*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

J. BARNBY.

'Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it.'

mp O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne
m That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
mf And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

475

VESALIUS. FIRST TUNE. **E. C. PERRY.**

'The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.'

m

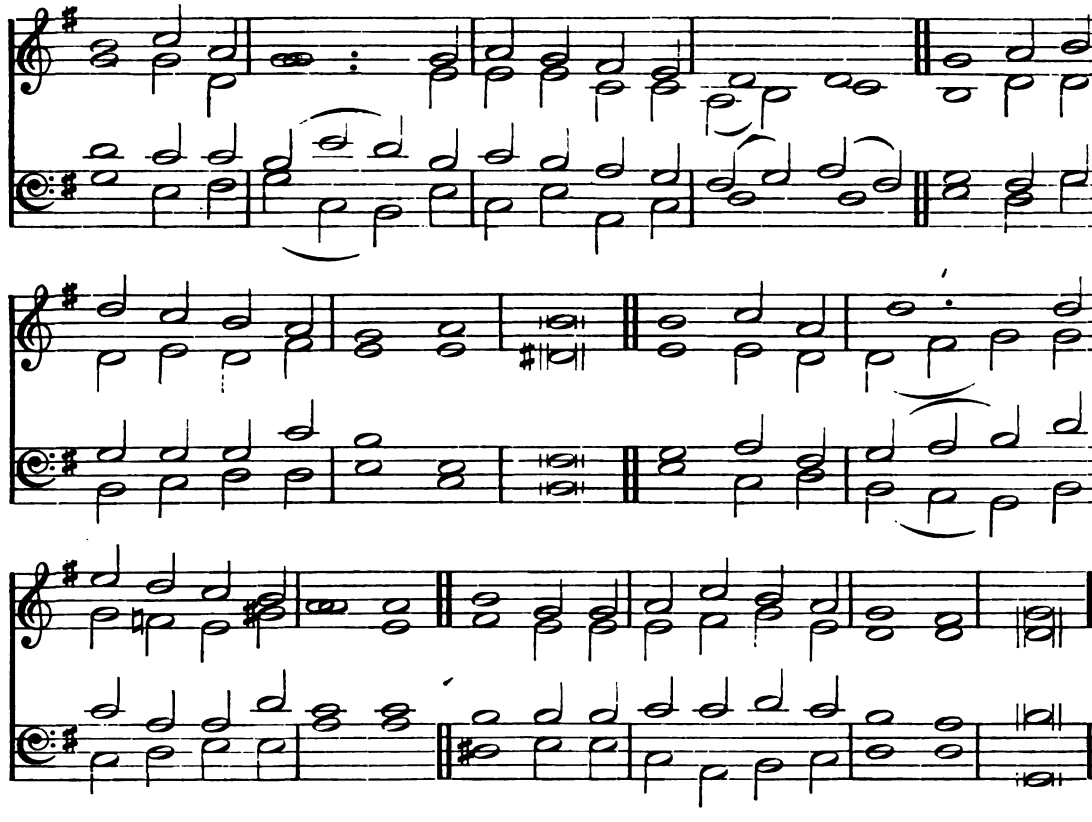
O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

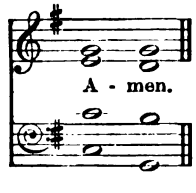
4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!

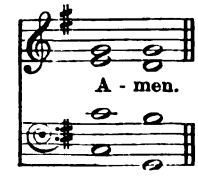
475

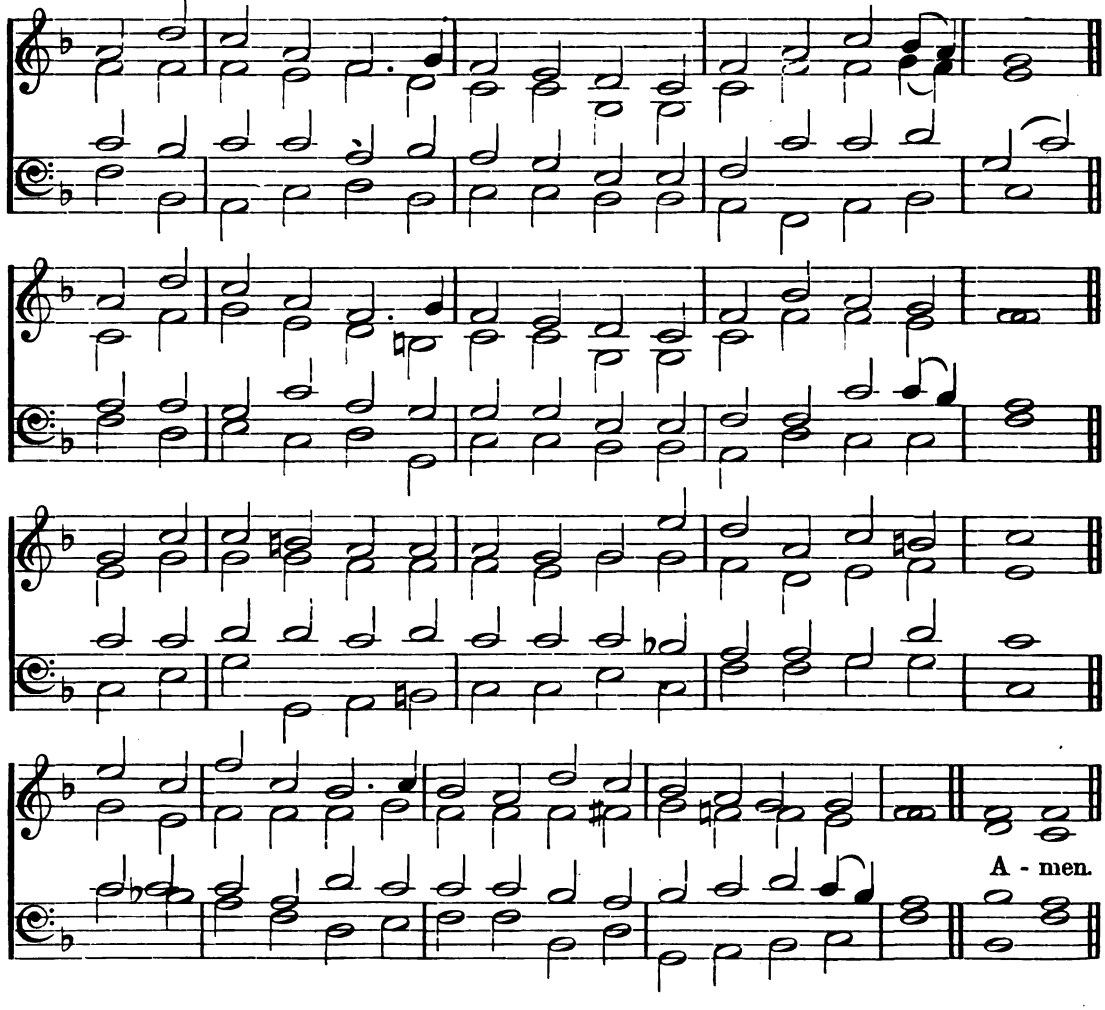
EIRENE. SECOND TUNE. F. R. HAVERGAL.

mf 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
m O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—

mf 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

476

BETHANY (CRUCIFER). H. SMART.

'These years the Lord thy God hath been with thee; thou hast lacked nothing.'

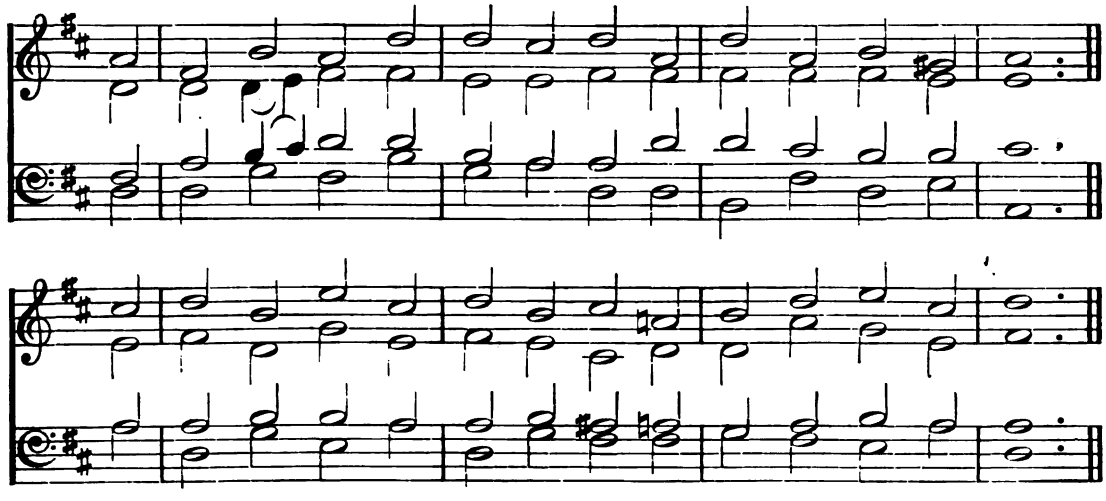
m HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast brought us
Safely to the present day,
Gently leading on our footsteps,
Watching o'er us all the way.
Friend and Guide through life's long journey,
Grateful hearts to Thee we bring;
c But for love so true and changeless
How shall we fit praises sing?

mf 2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and loving-kindness
Always near from first to last,
Tender love, Divine protection
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number
Strow the path with golden light.

p 3 Shadows deep have crossed our pathway;
We have trembled in the storm;
Clouds have gathered round so darkly
That we could not see Thy form;
m Yet Thy love hath never left us
In our griefs alone to be,
And the help each gave the other
Was the strength that came from Thee.

mp 4 Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end;
m Now they wait to give us welcome,
Brother, sister, child, and friend.
mp When at last our journey's over,
And we pass away from sight,
c Father, take us through the darkness
Into everlasting light.

477

ST. ANNE. W. CROFT.

'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.'

mf OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,

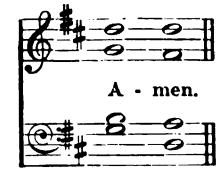
m 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

mf 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

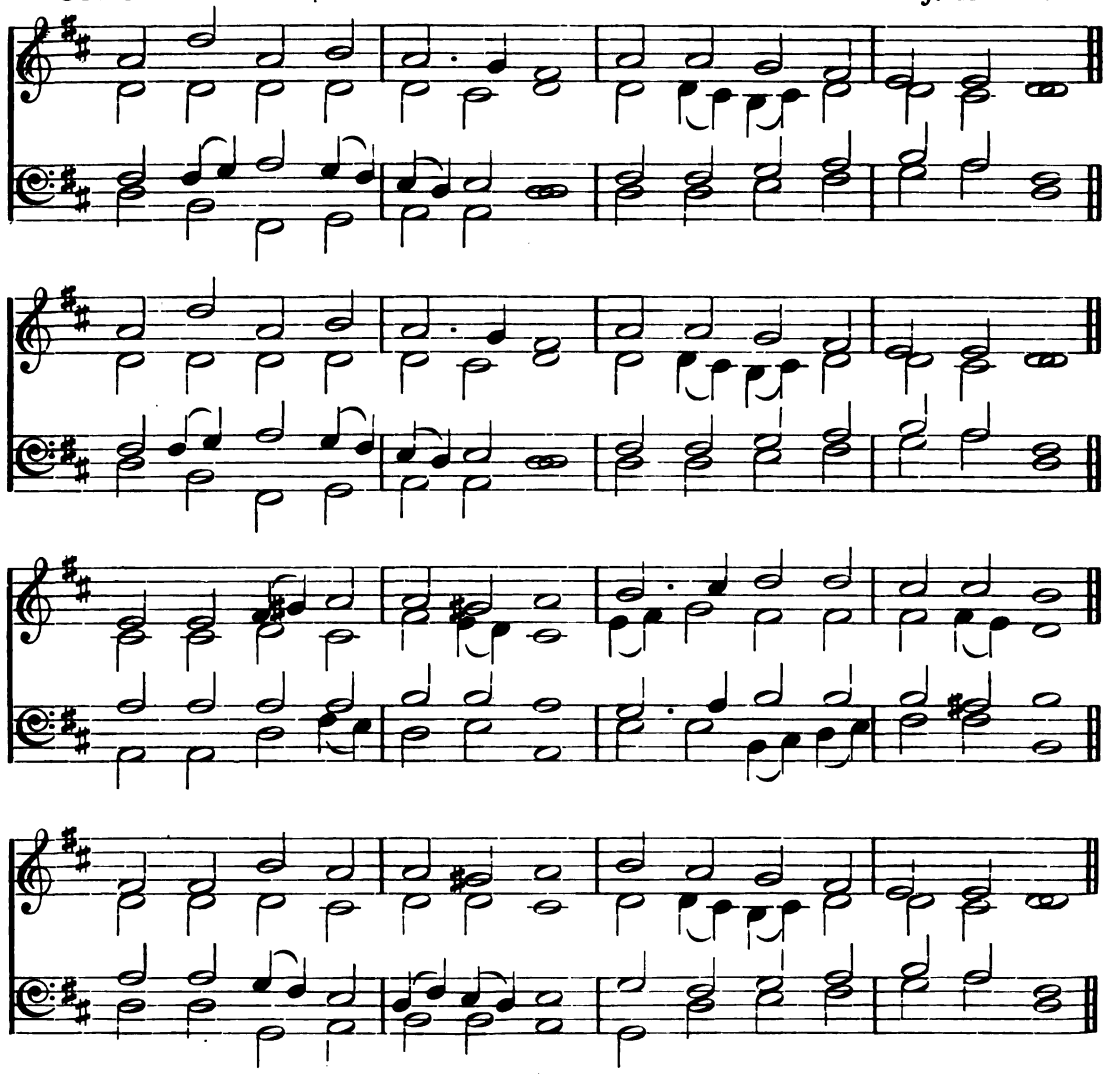
mp 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

mf 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

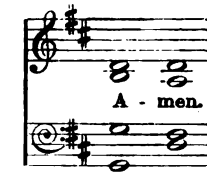


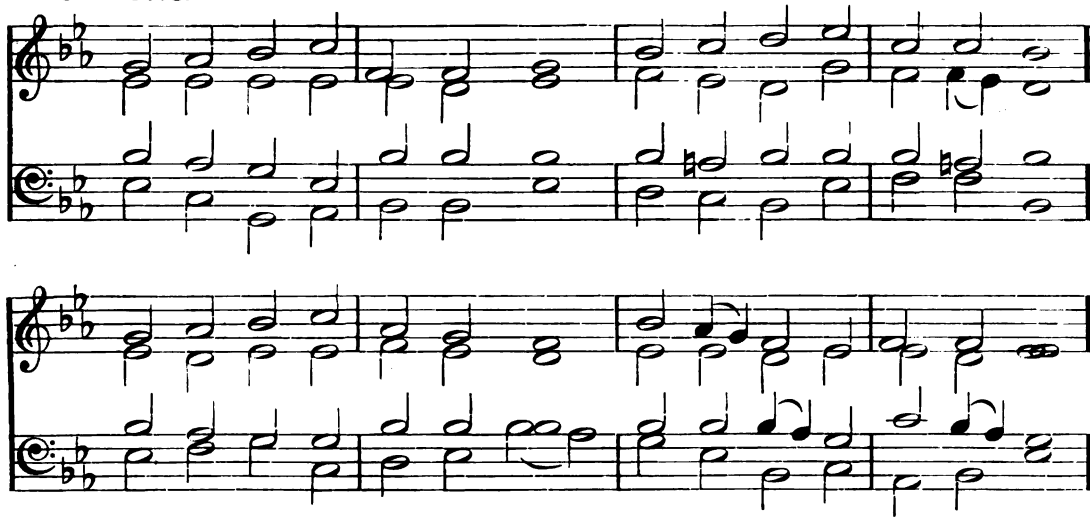
478

SCHÖNBERG. J. HINTZE.

'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

mp WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
p Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
mp We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

m 2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
mp Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
m Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.
mf Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

479

GIBBONS. O. GIBBONS.

'This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.'

mf FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer, hear.

m 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

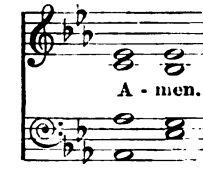
mp 3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

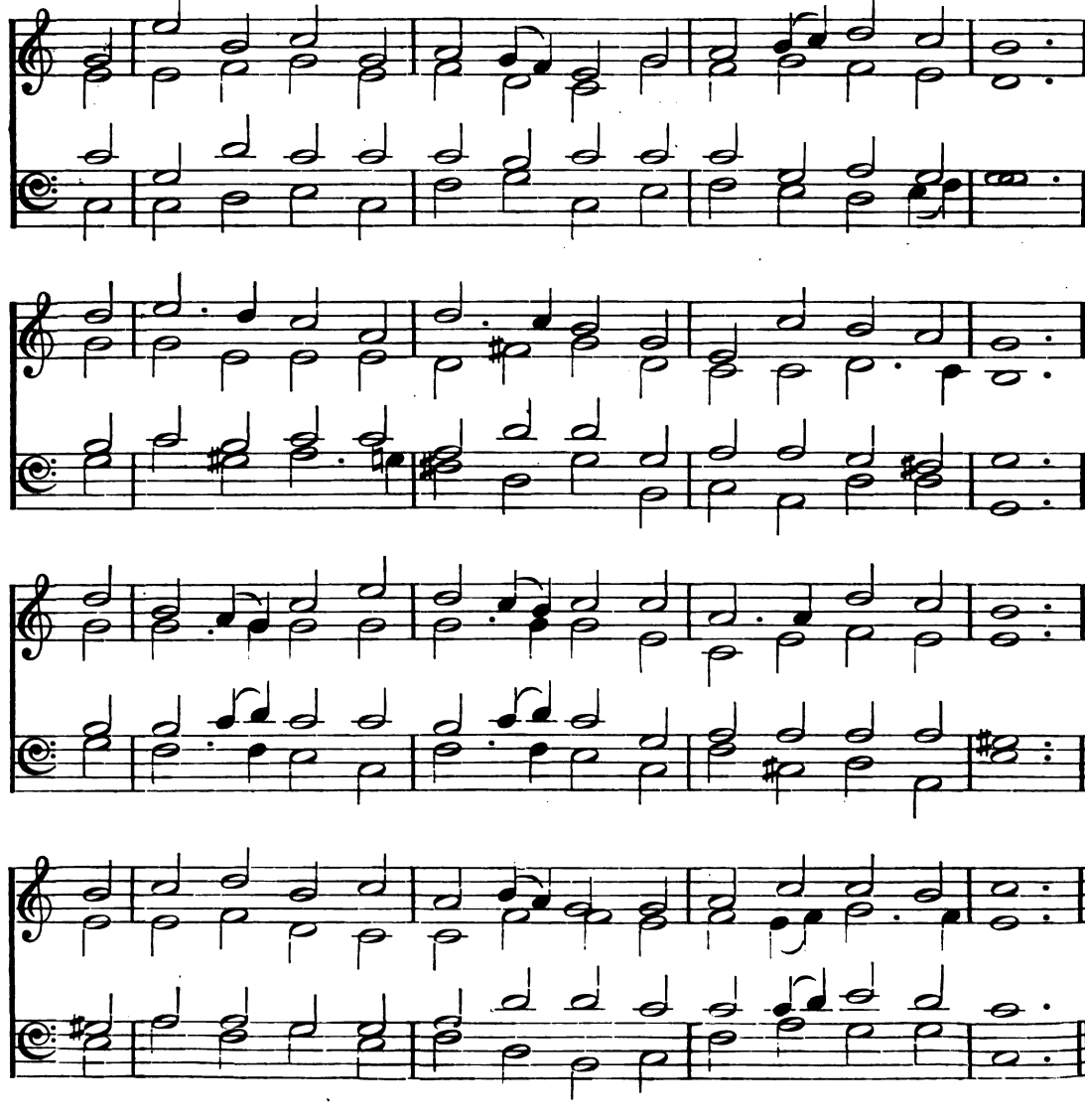
p 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
mp With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

m 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

mf 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.



480

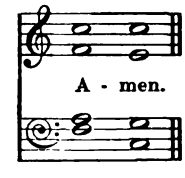
SUNNINGHILL. **G. J. ELVEY.**

'Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation.'

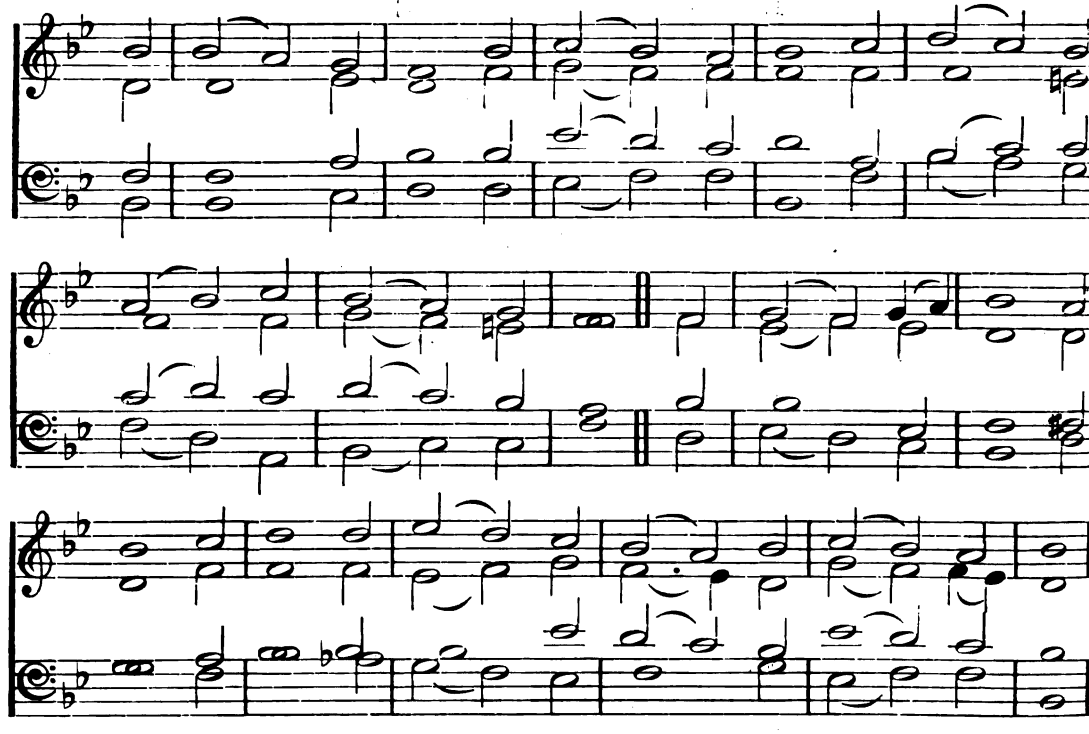
m THE old year's long campaign is o'er;
Behold a new begun!
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won;

Not yet the end, not yet repose;
We hear our Captain say,
mf 'Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day!'

f 2 Go forth, faith's shield o'er every heart,
Bright hope on every helm;
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life;
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,
'Toil on while toil ye may;
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.'

mp 4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end,
c Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
f And never-ending triumph crown
The children of the day.

481

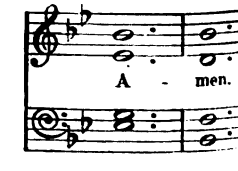
WAREHAM. **W. KNAPP.**

'The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him.'

mf GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
d And mercy crowns its lingering close.

m 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

mf 4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

mp 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
mf Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

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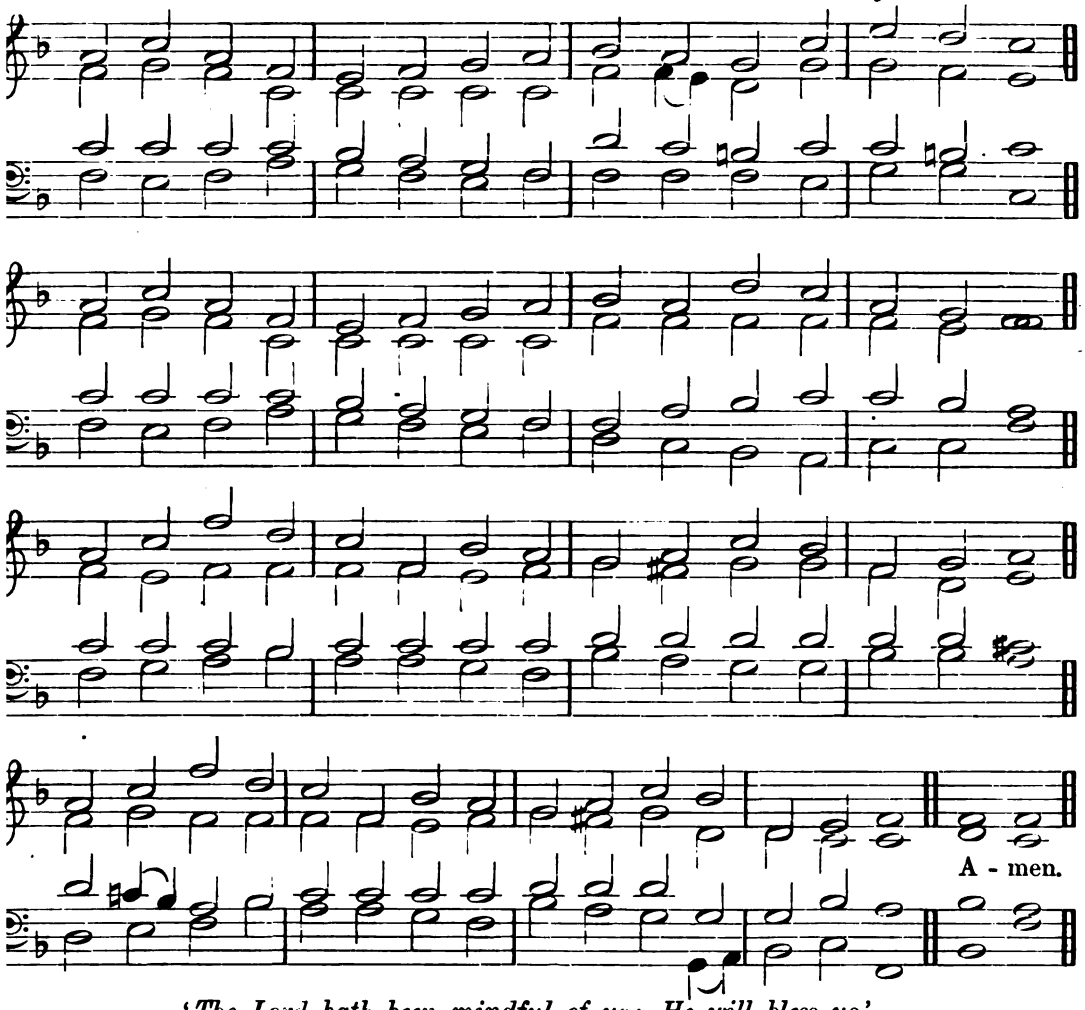
DEERHURST. J. LANGRAN.

'The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us.'

AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee. and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.

mf With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
f Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.

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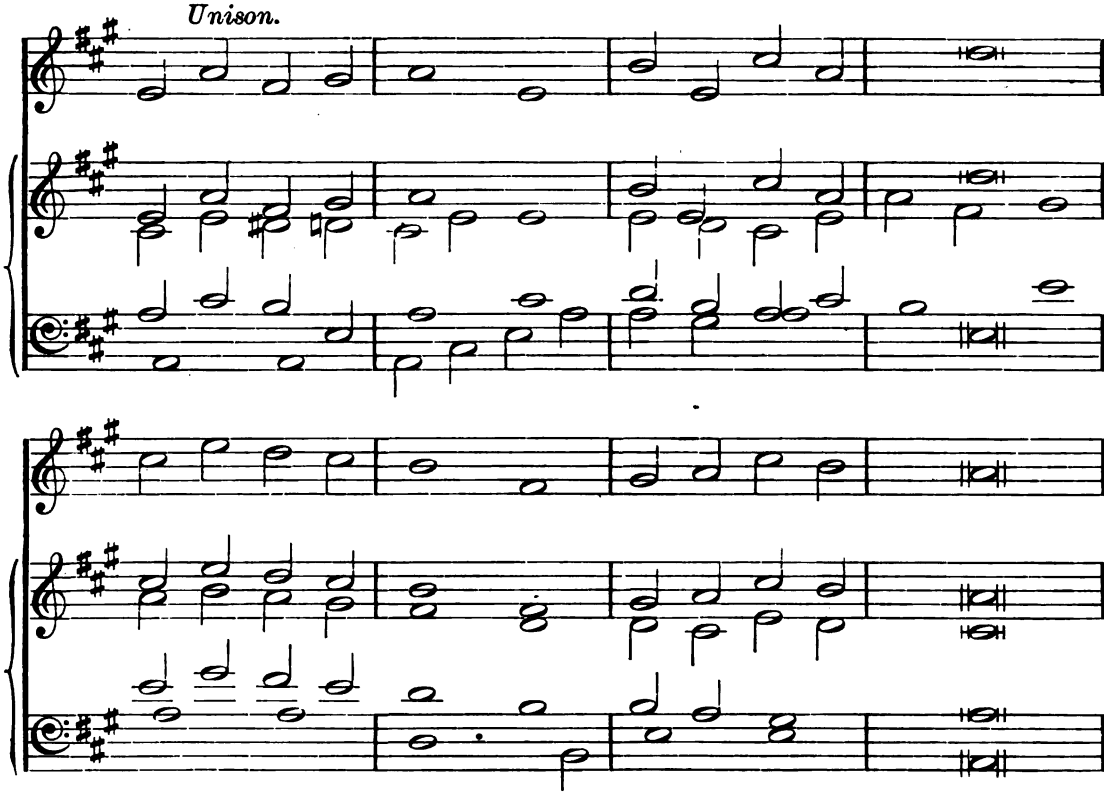
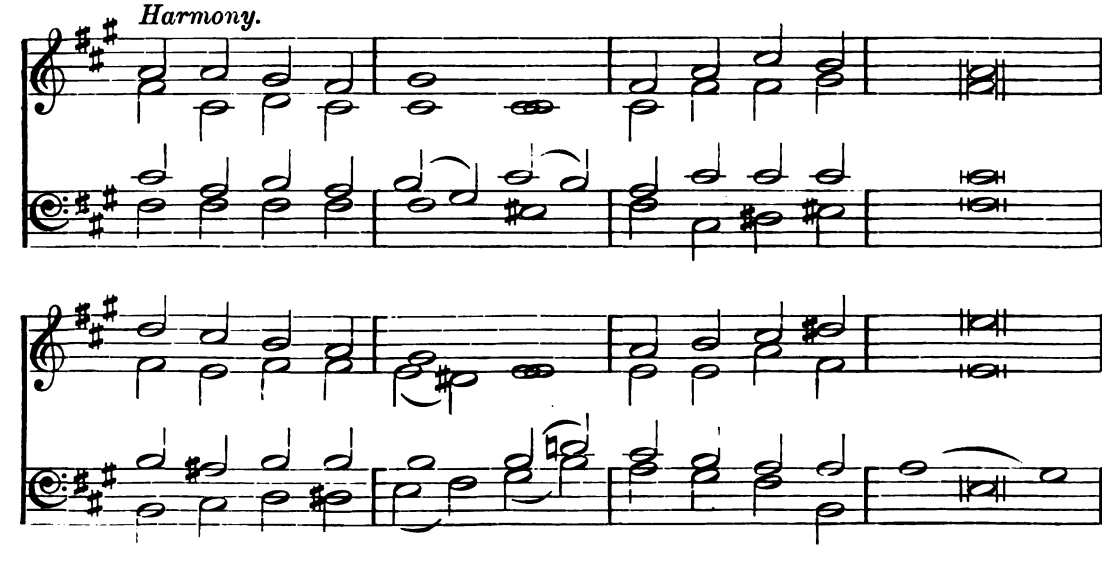
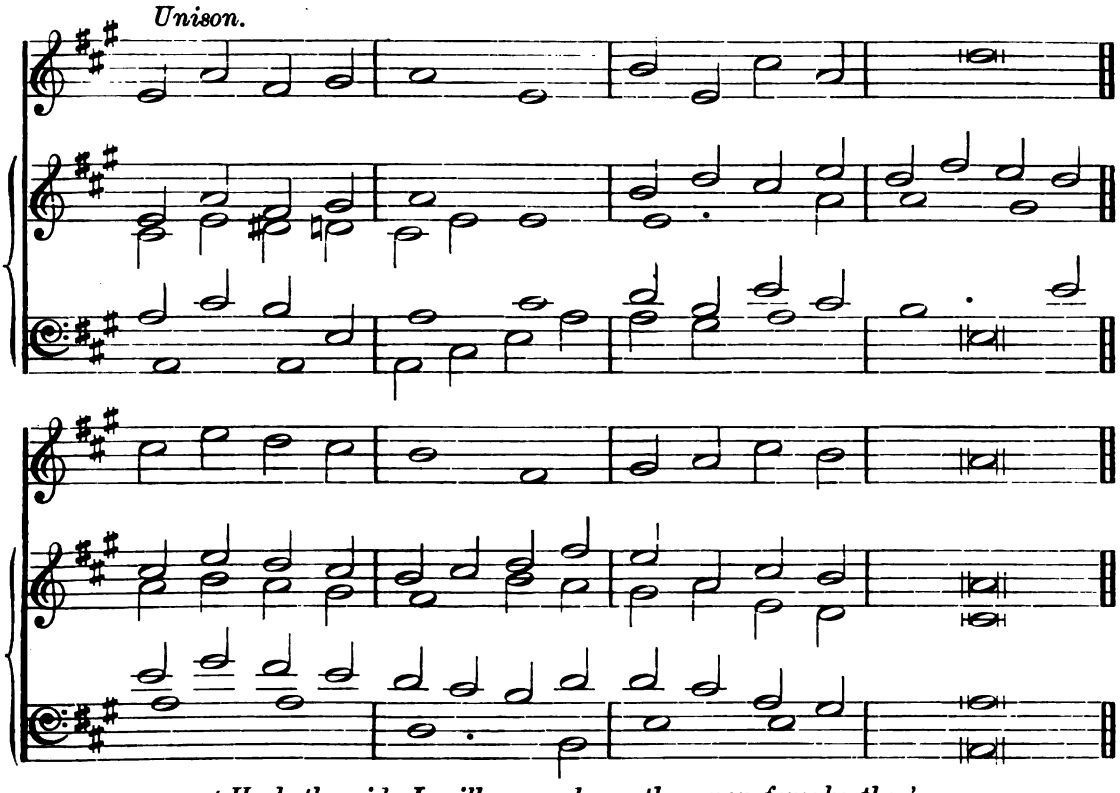
NEW YEAR MORN. **E. BUNNETT.**

Unison.

Harmony.



'He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

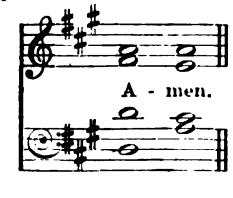
m STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
mf Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

f *Onward, then, and fear not,*
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

m 2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

mf 3 For the year before us
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound,
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.



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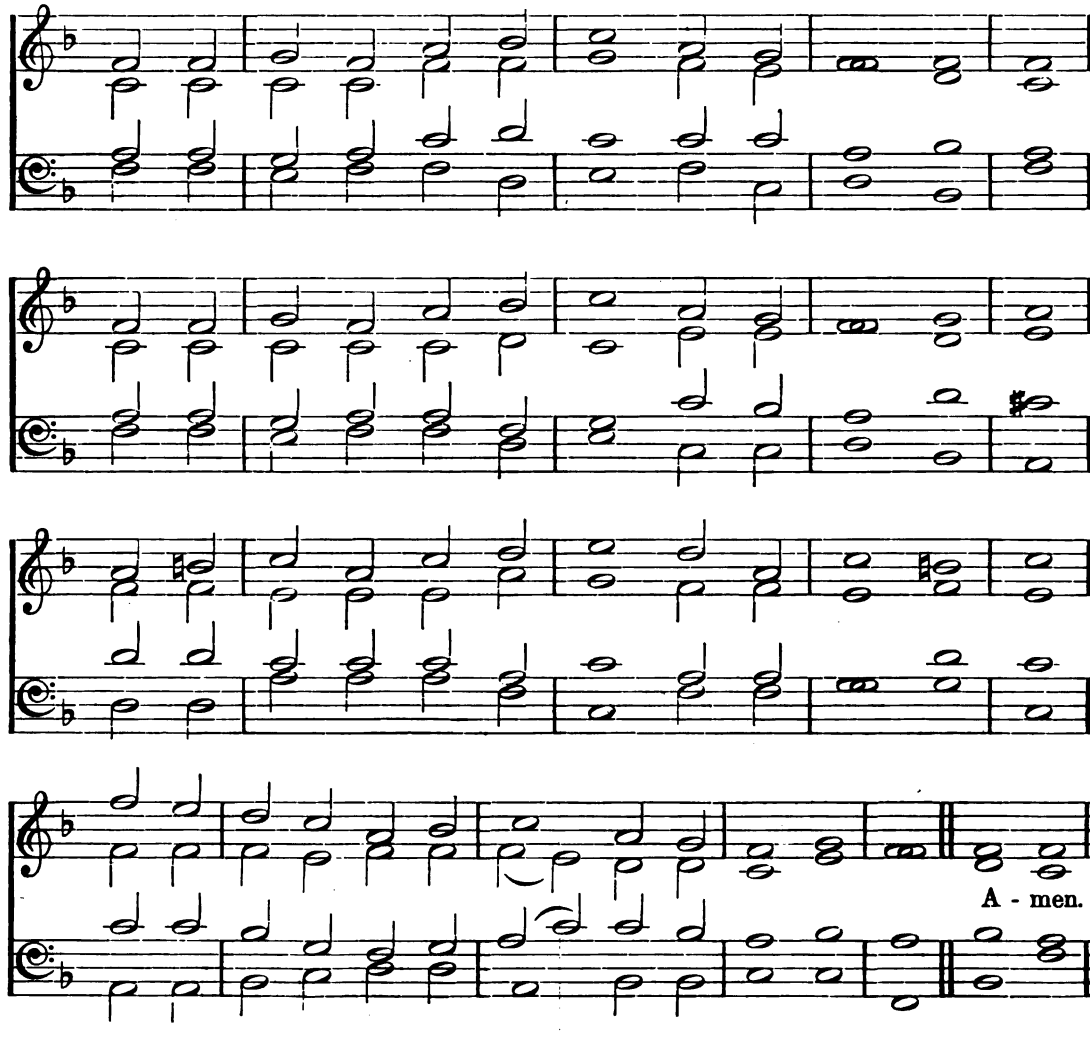
ST. IGNATIUS. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Father, glorify Thy name.'

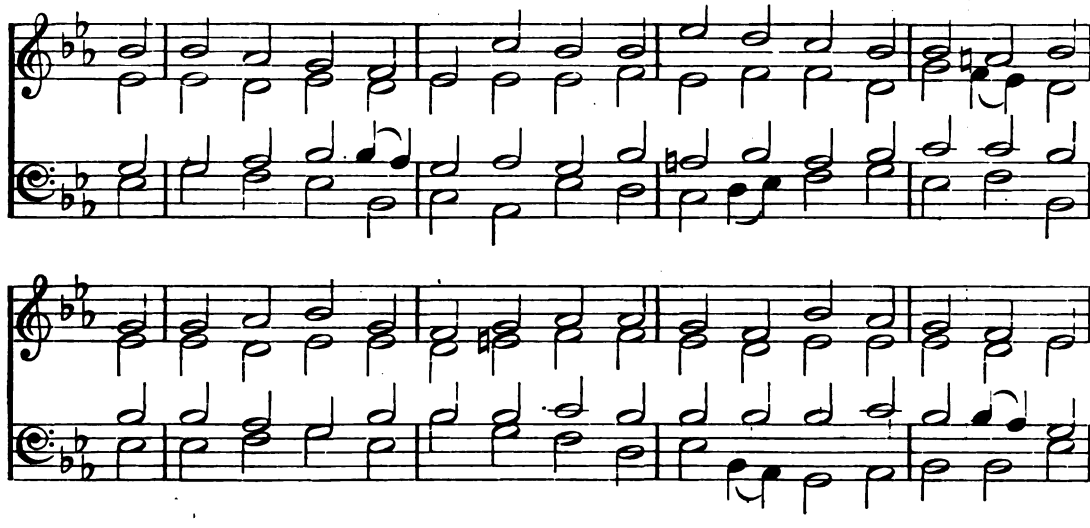
m FATHER, here we dedicate
All our time to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have us be;
mp Not from trouble, loss, or care
Freedom would we claim;
This alone shall be our prayer,
c 'Glorify Thy name!'

m 2 Can a child pretend to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
What is best to give?
More Thou grantest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are ours,
If our future life may bear
Some few brighter flowers,
mf Let our glad hearts, while they sing,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er this year may bring,
Glorify Thy name.

p 4 If we must in grief and loss
Thy behest obey,
If beneath the shadowing cross
Lies our homeward way,
m We will think what Thy dear Son
Once for us became,
And repeat, till life is done,
c 'Glorify Thy name!'

485

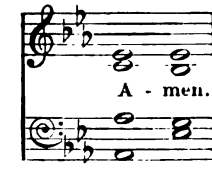
MELCOMBE. S. WEBBE.

'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.'

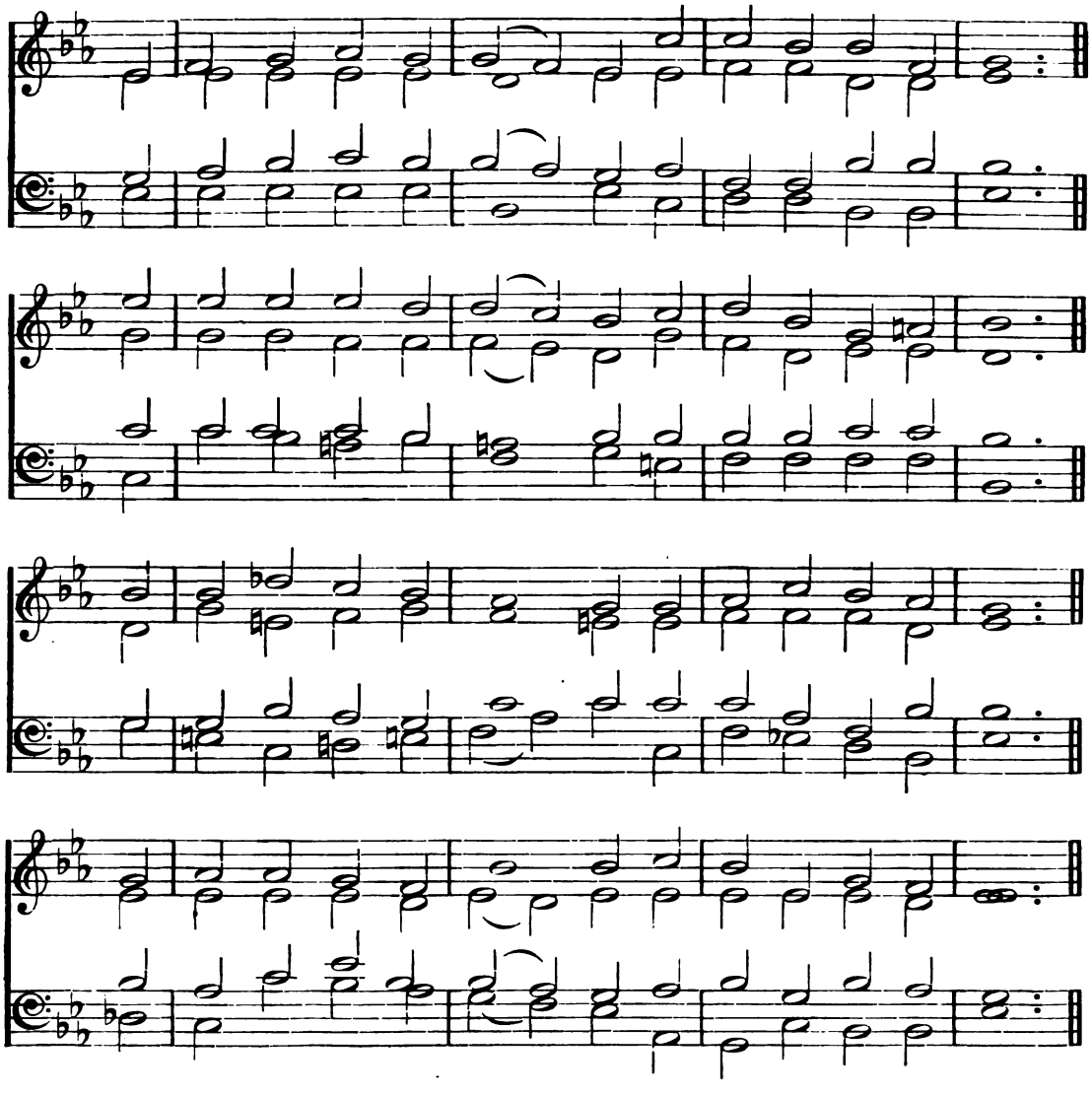
m THOU gracious God, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

mp 3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

mf 5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

486

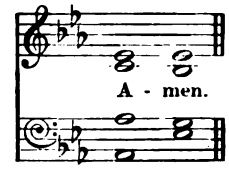
WELLESLEY. G. J. ELVEY.

'Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.'

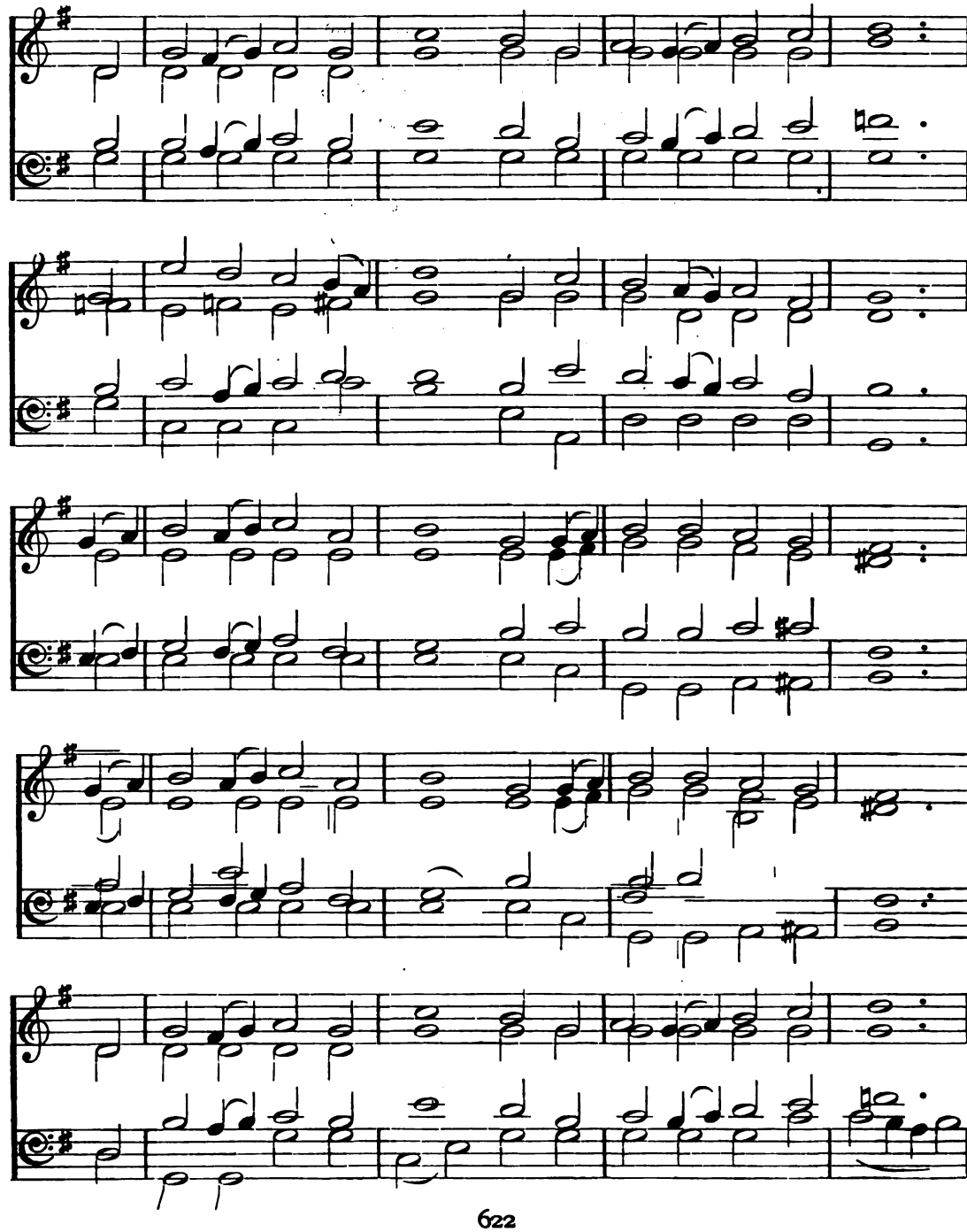
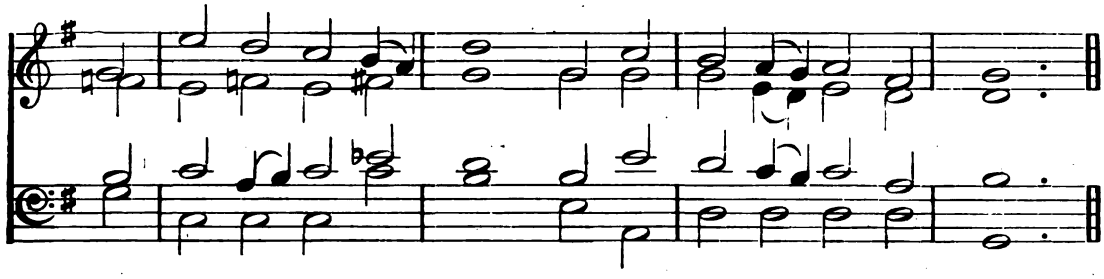
m STILL on the homeward journey
Across the desert plain,
Beside another landmark,
We pilgrims meet again;

We meet in cloud and sunshine
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us,
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted
And soon again to part.
mp With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear
We meet, for some are wanting;
All loved ones are not here.

mf 3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him for ever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturbed their rest!
m How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last!

mp 4 Thus round the silent landmark,
Here on the desert plain,
We pilgrims meet together
With loving hearts again.
The storm may gather round us,
m But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more.

487

HARVEST. B. TOURS.

'I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

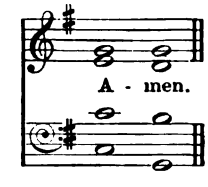
mf IT is a day of gladness
When all our friendly band,
Christ's members, thus together
In Him united stand,
Together lift our voices
To praise Him for His love,
And pray that we may worthy
Of all His mercies prove.

f *Haste forward, then, haste forward;*
Reach to the glorious prize,
The mark of our high calling,
The crown above the skies.

m 2 In lowliness and meekness
May we from day to day
Still in our Master's footsteps
Press on our heavenward way.
O make us, blessèd Master,
Pure, even as Thou art pure,
And grant, as faithful servants,
We to the end endure.

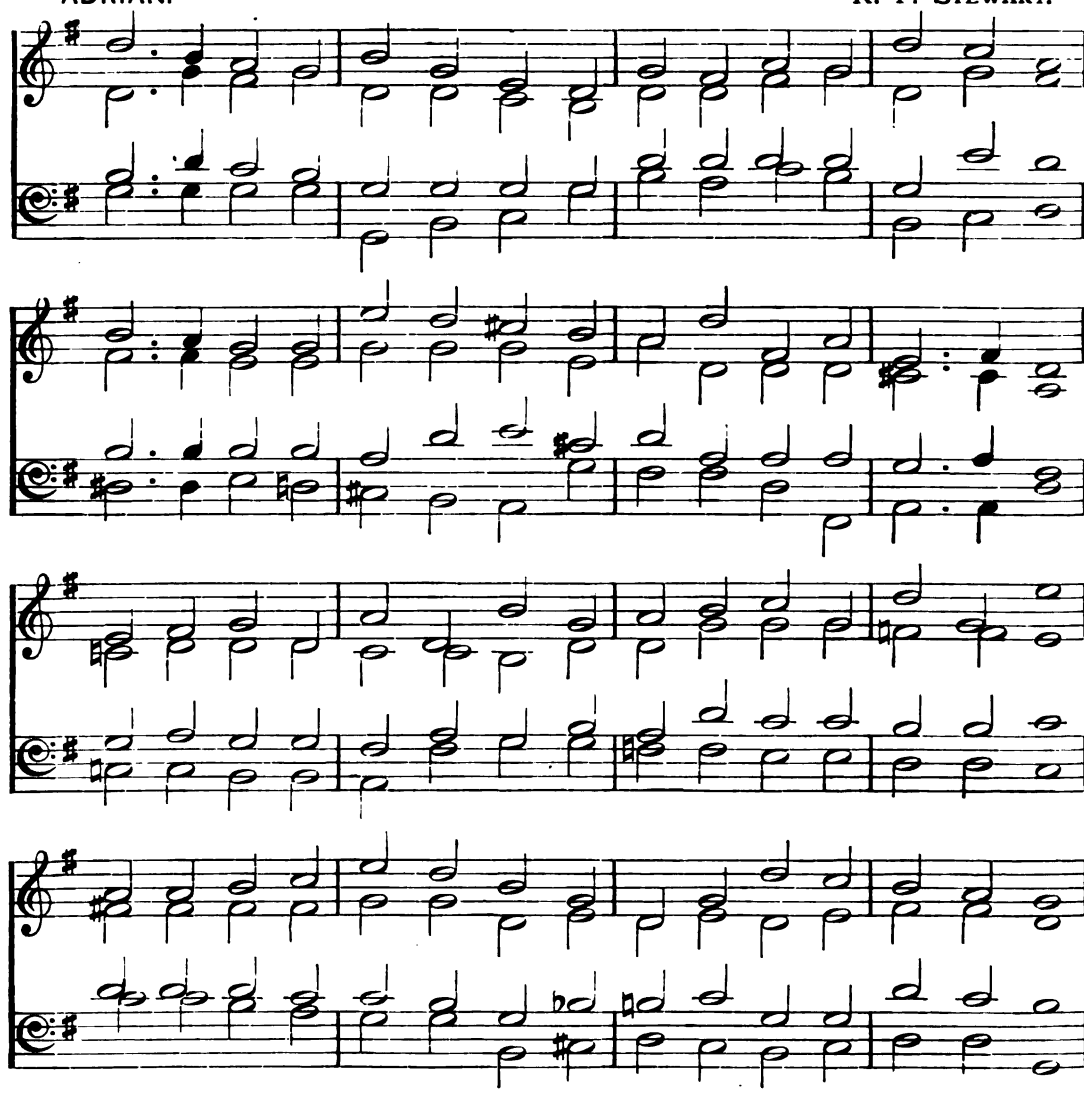
mf 3 O joy within the vineyard
To labour for the Lord!
Joy on this happy feast day
To praise with one accord!
Joy of all joys the greatest
To hear Him say, 'Well done;
Rest, good and faithful servant;
Thy heavenly crown is won!'

m 4 Come, Holy Ghost, possess us
With Thy indwelling might;
Come, Jesus, reign within us,
Our King, our Life, our Light.
f So through the endless ages
Our triumph song shall be,
'Praise Father, Son, and Spirit,
One God in Persons three.'



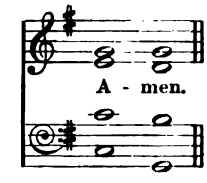
Also the following:
301-307 Hymns on Pilgrimage.

488

ADRIAN. R. P. STEWART.

'An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

mf ALL is bright and cheerful round us;
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too.
Every flower is full of gladness;
Dew is bright, and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

m 2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
mf What must be God's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils, are blest?

3 There are leaves that never wither;
  There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither;
  Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
  Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
  Now have rest and peace and light.

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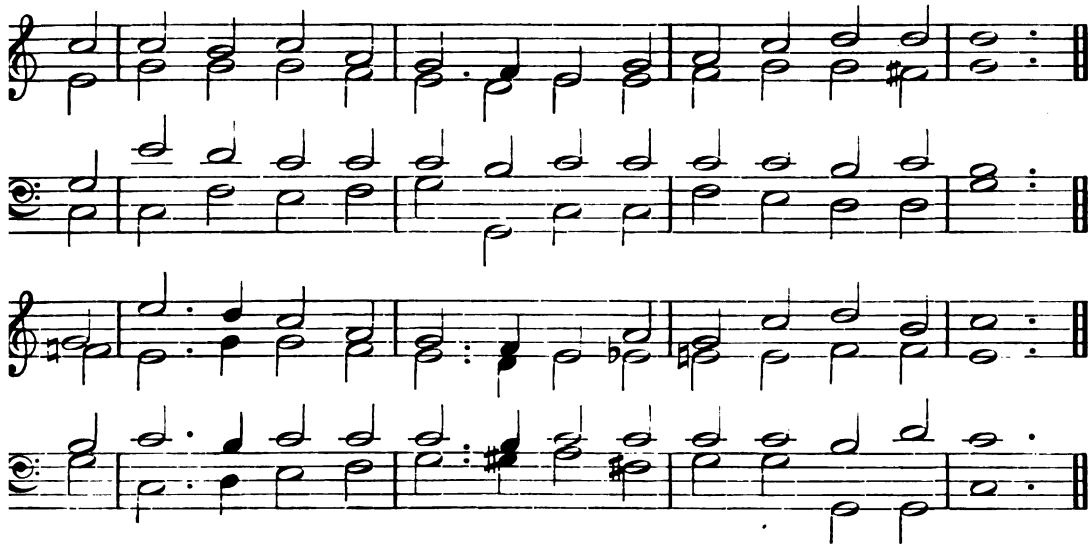
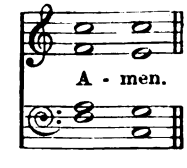
ST. SAVIOUR. F. G. BAKER.

Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth.

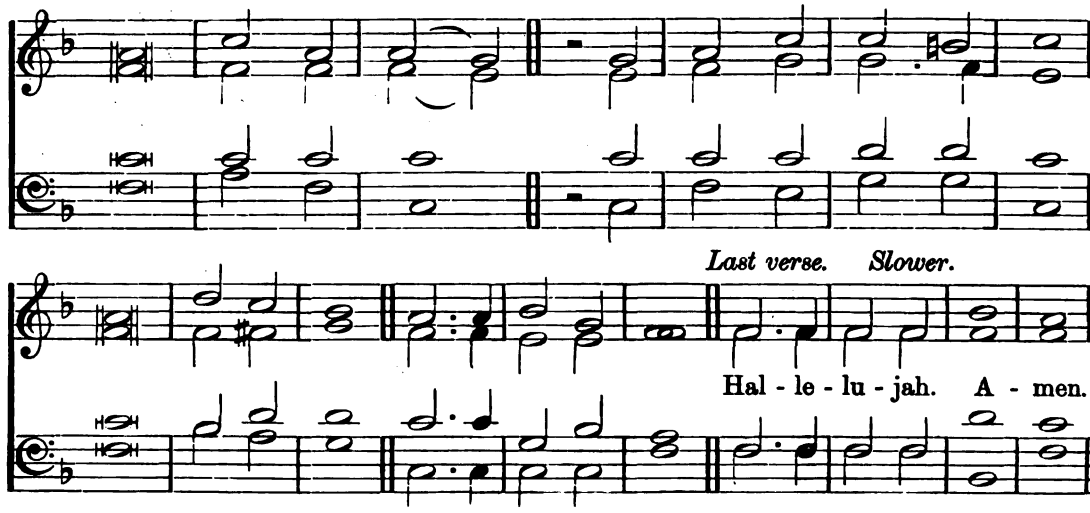
f THE glory of the spring how sweet!
  The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
  In new, bright raiment clad!

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless;
  I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
  Of Thy renewèd earth.

3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
  These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
  These new births more divine,

4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
  This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
  And fragrancy of prayer!

m 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
  These wonders sweet of Thine;
Divine Renewer, graciously
  Renew this heart of mine.

490

SPRINGTIME. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

'The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.'

mf FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bounti- | ful and free,
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
f On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar | up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord!

m 2 The springtime breaks all round about, waking from | winter's night:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
mf The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of | golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in | all the air:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
f All nature singeth aloud to God; there is gladness | everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

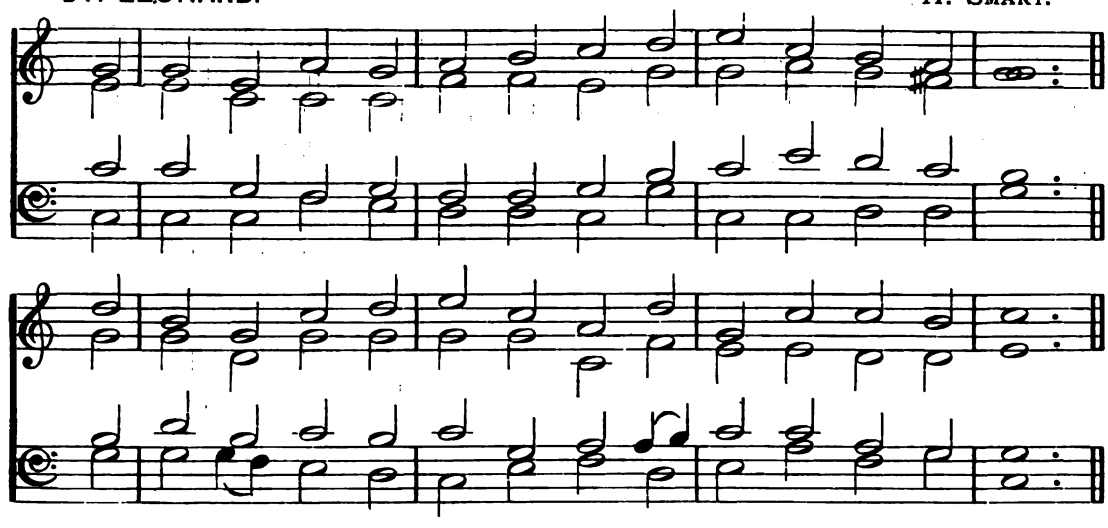
m 4 The flowers are strown in field and copse, on the hill and | on the plain:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
mp The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the | trees again:
Glory to the Lord!

m 5 The works of Thy hands are very fair; and for all Thy | bounteous love
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
mf But what, if this world is so fair, is the better | land above?
Glory to the Lord!

m 6 O to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their | wintry grave!
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
mf And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall | come to save!
f Glory to the Lord!

mf 7 O to dwell in that happy land where the heart cannot | choose but sing!
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessèd ones is a beautiful | endless spring!
f Glory to the Lord! Hallelujah!

491

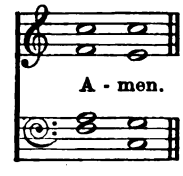
ST. LEONARD. H. SMART.

'The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.'

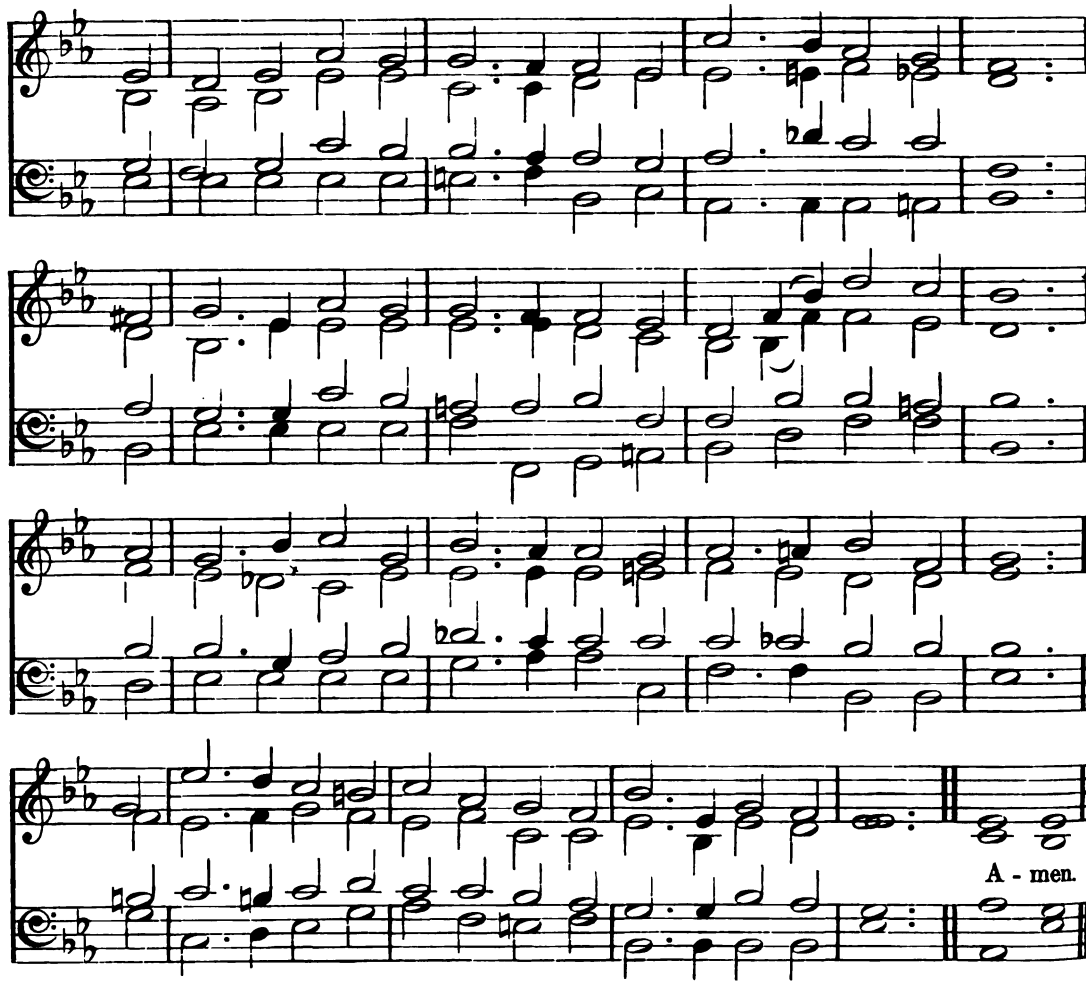
m LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee;
And now, when spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer;

4 Thine too by right and ours by grace
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below
mf That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

492

HASBORO. A. H. MANN.

'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.'

mf THE summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

2 The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to Him.

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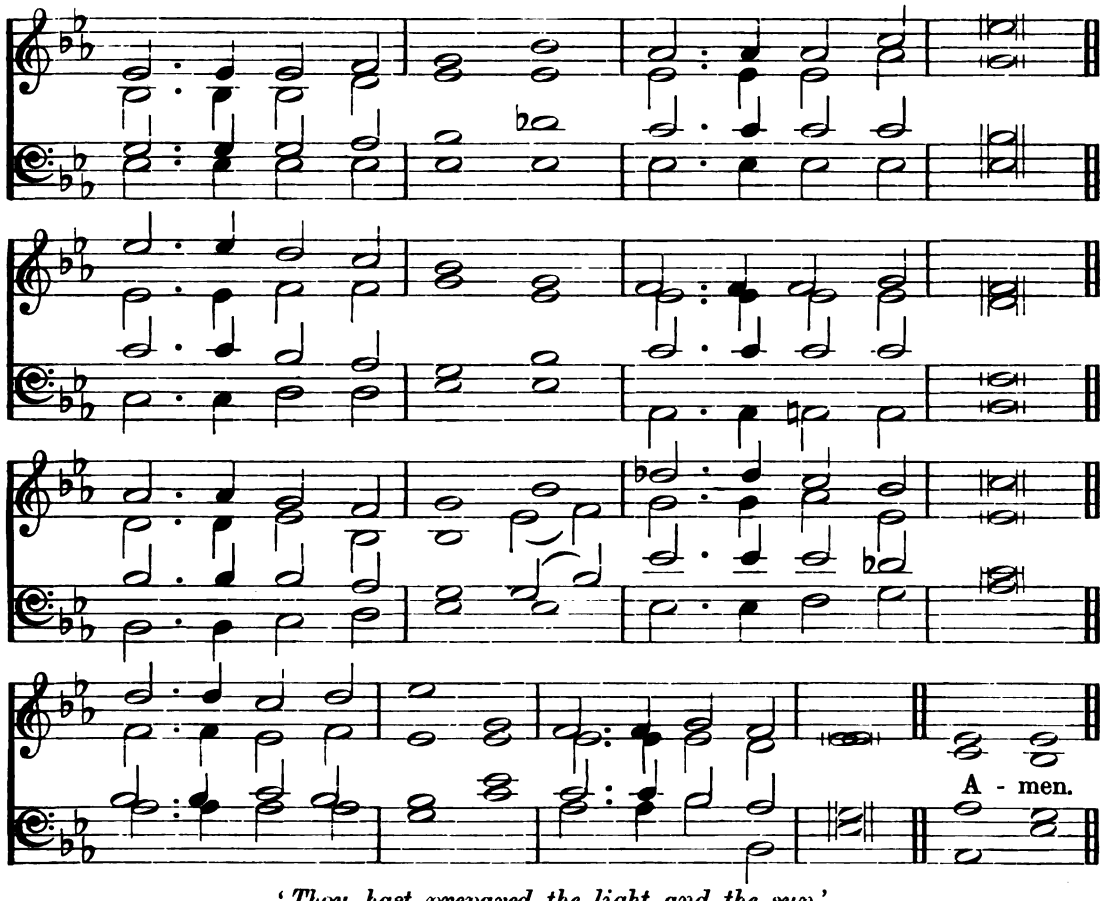
RUTH. S. SMITH.

'Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.'

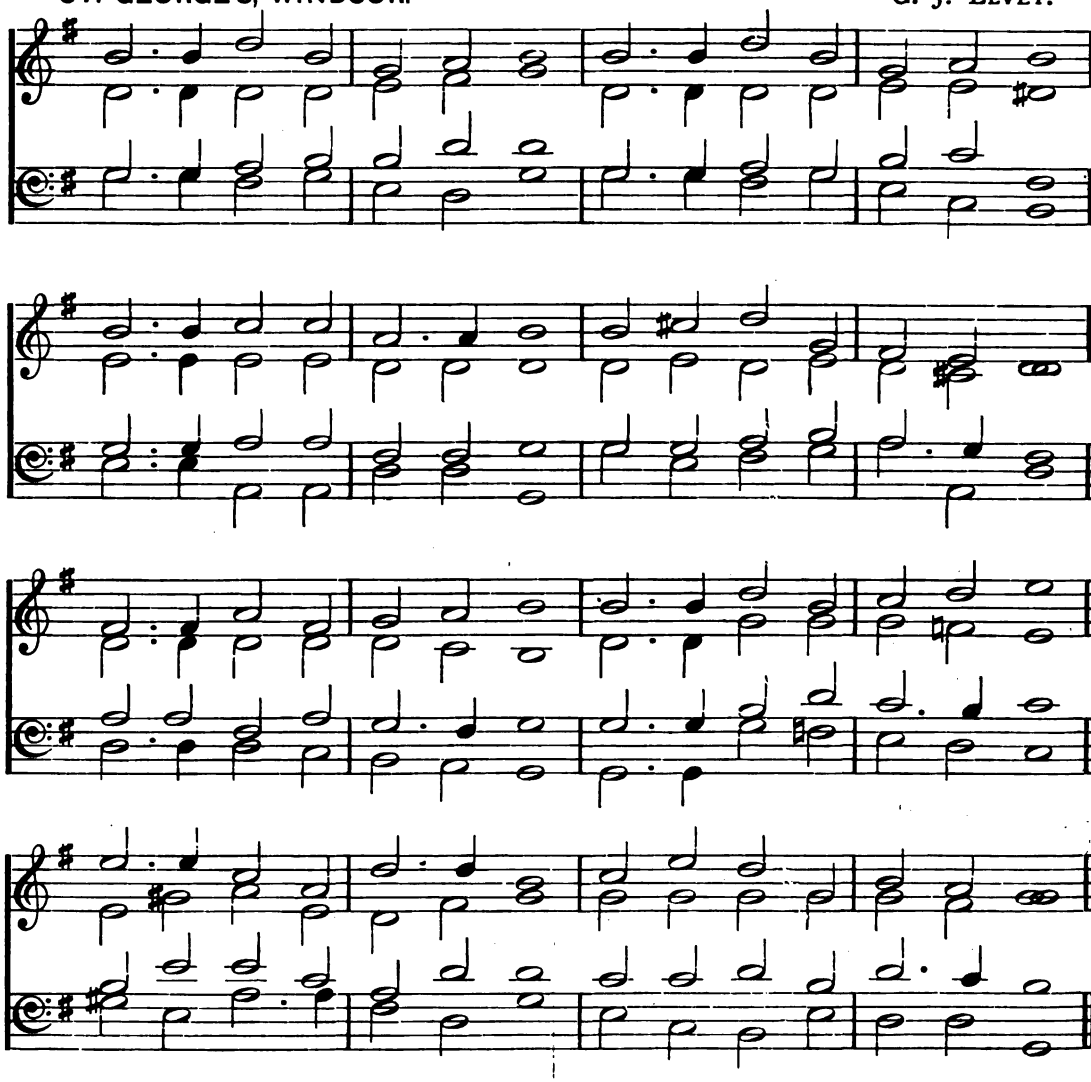
mf SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
f Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

m 3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
mp Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

m 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
mf Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

494

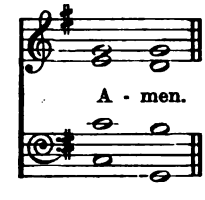
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. G. J. ELVEY.

'The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.'

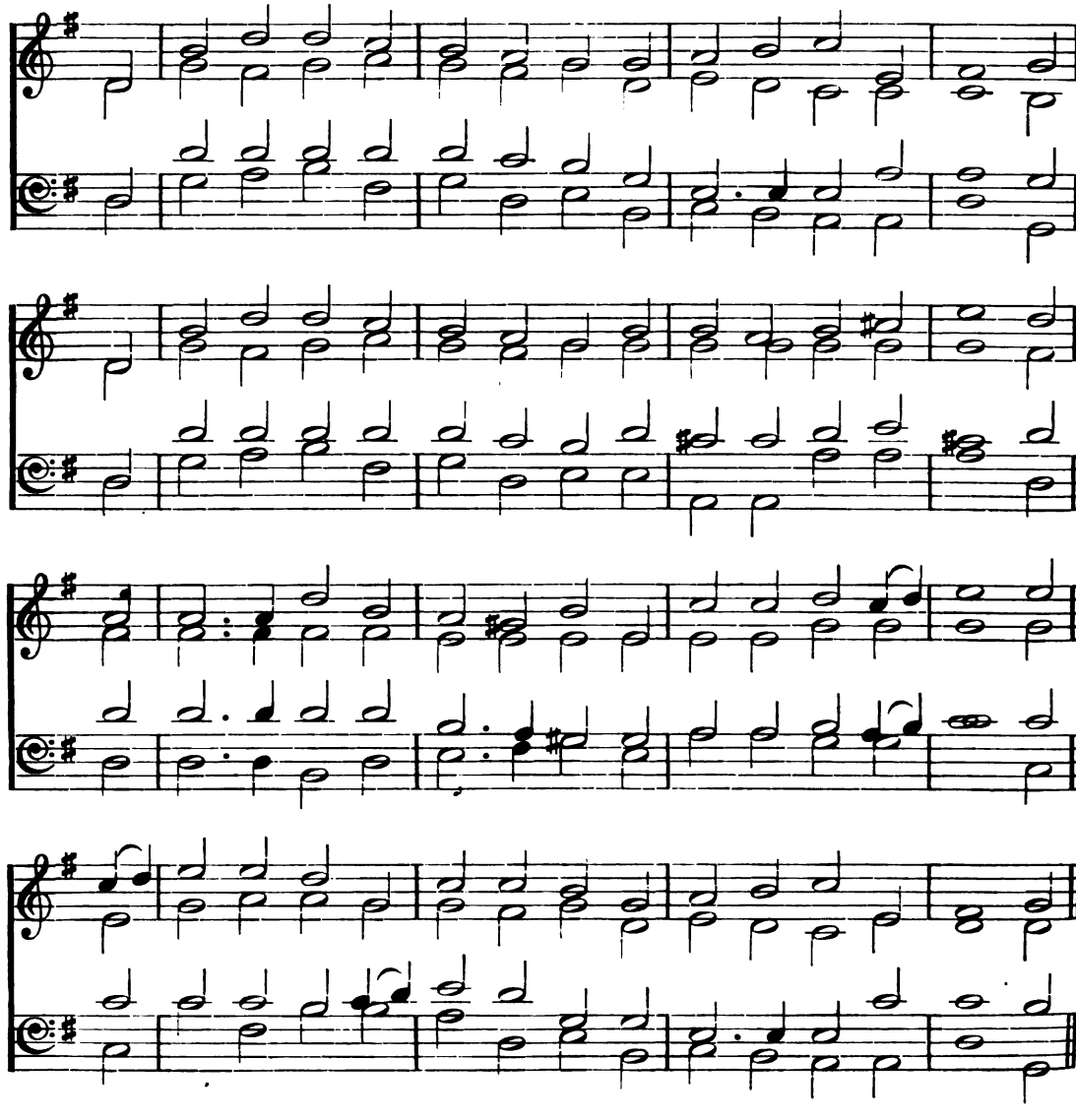
mf COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

m 2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
mp Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

m 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home,
mp From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away,
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
m But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final harvest home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

495

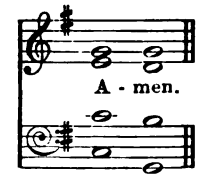
GOLDEN SHEAVES. **A. S. SULLIVAN.**

'Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.'

f TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;

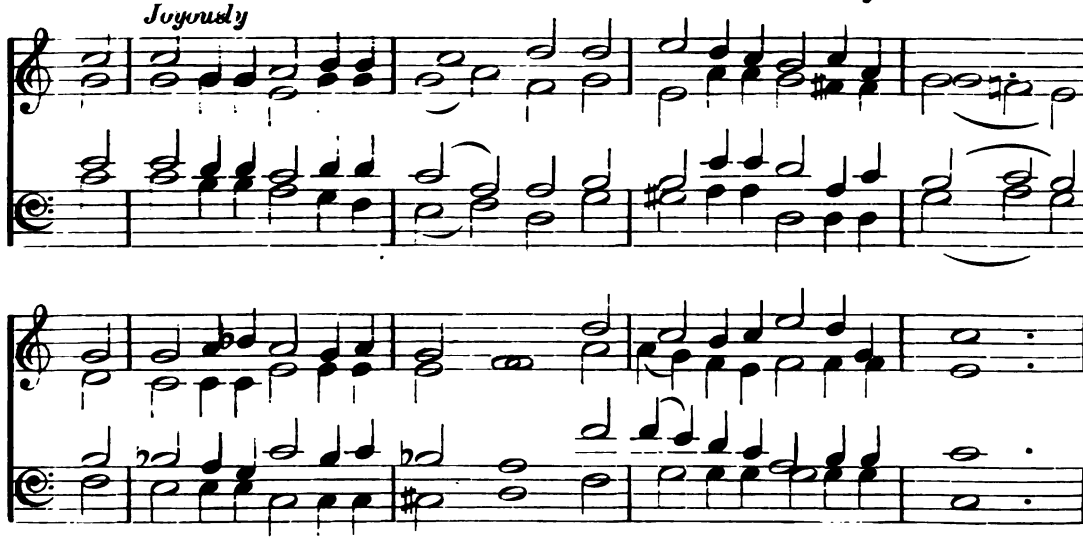
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

mf 2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
m By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

mp 3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
m But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary;
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
c Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

mf 4 O blessèd is that land of God
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
f Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending.

496

KEMSING. J. W. ELLIOTT.

Joyously

'The earth is full of Thy riches.'

mf NOW sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days,

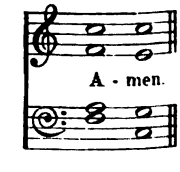
2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

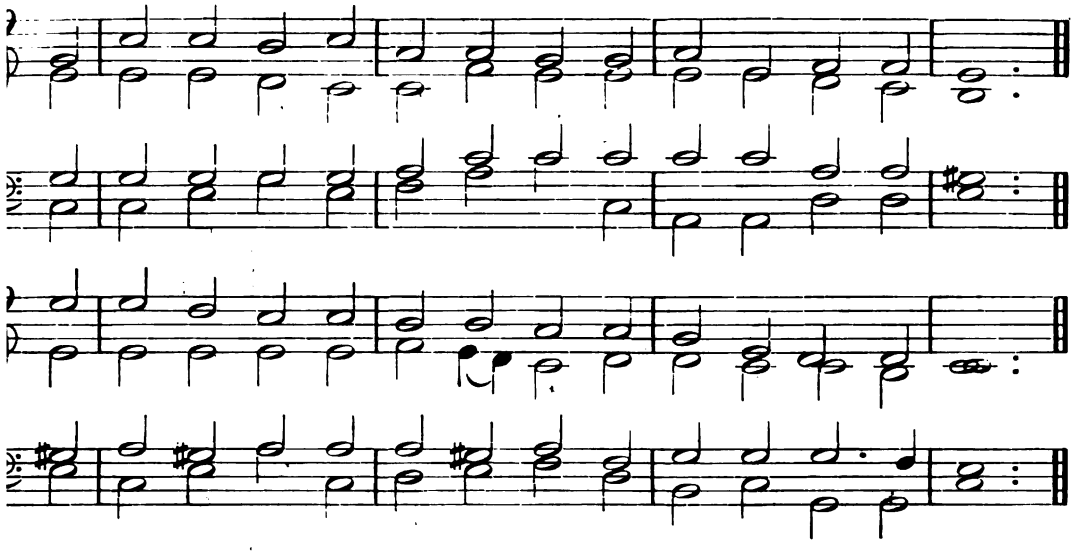
3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But the song it goes deeper and higher;
There are harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

6 And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
mp And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

f 7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

497

RAVENDALE. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) T. R. MATTHEWS.

'While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.'

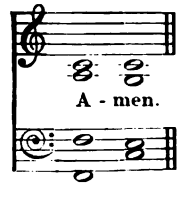
mf FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

m 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

f 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we 'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

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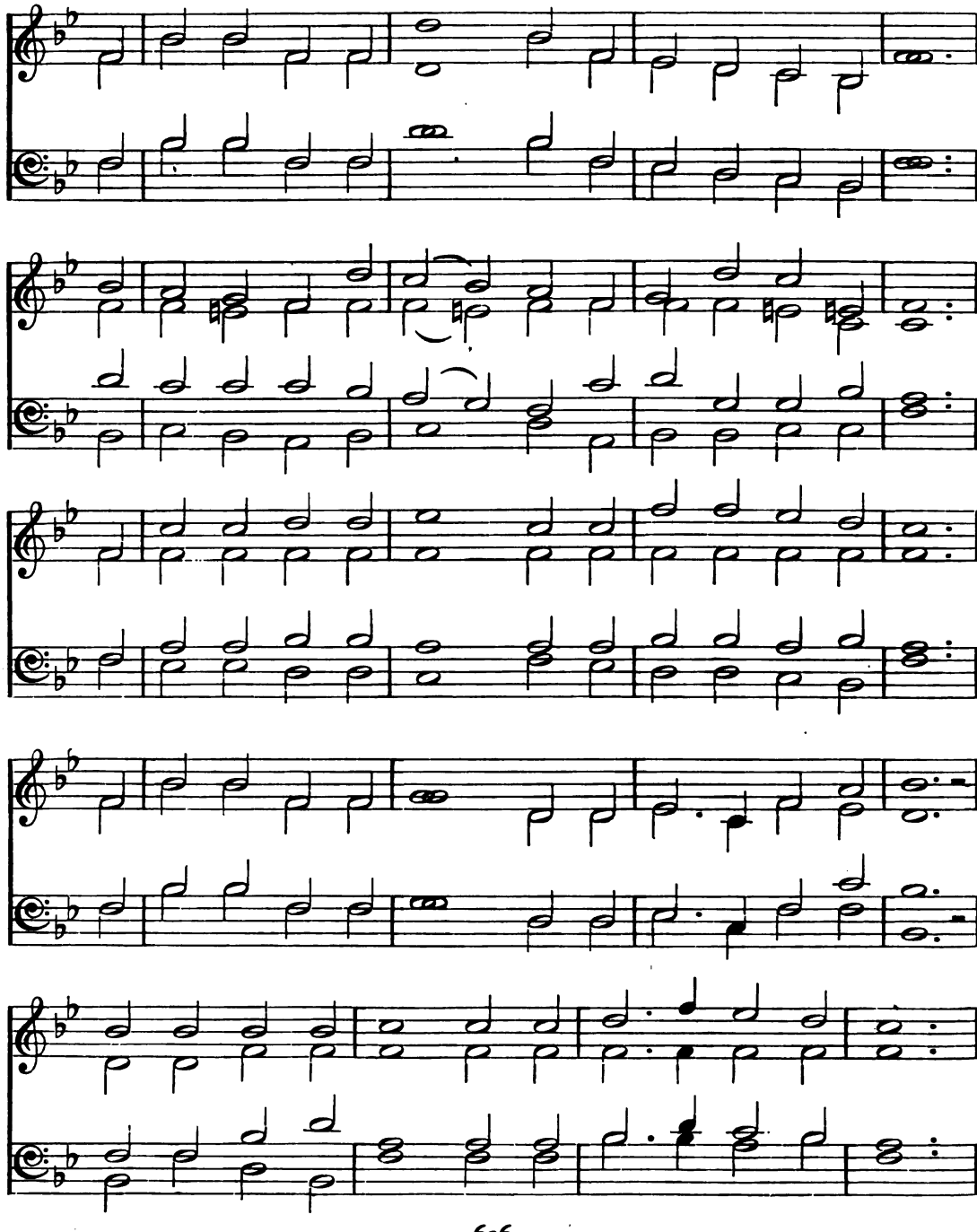
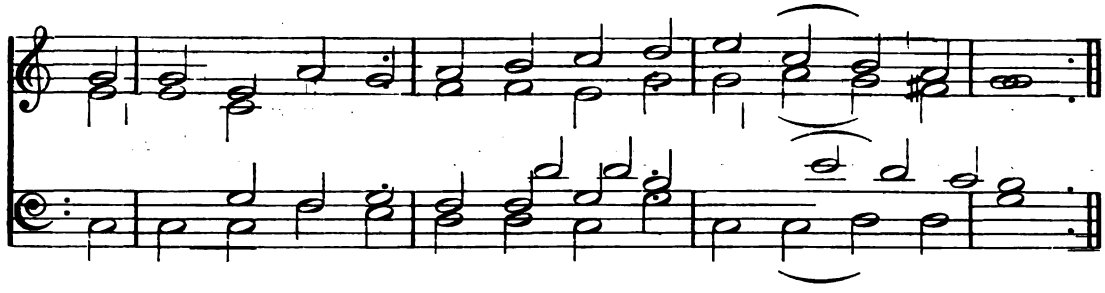
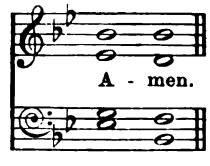
DRESDEN. J. A. P. SCHULZ.

'He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.'

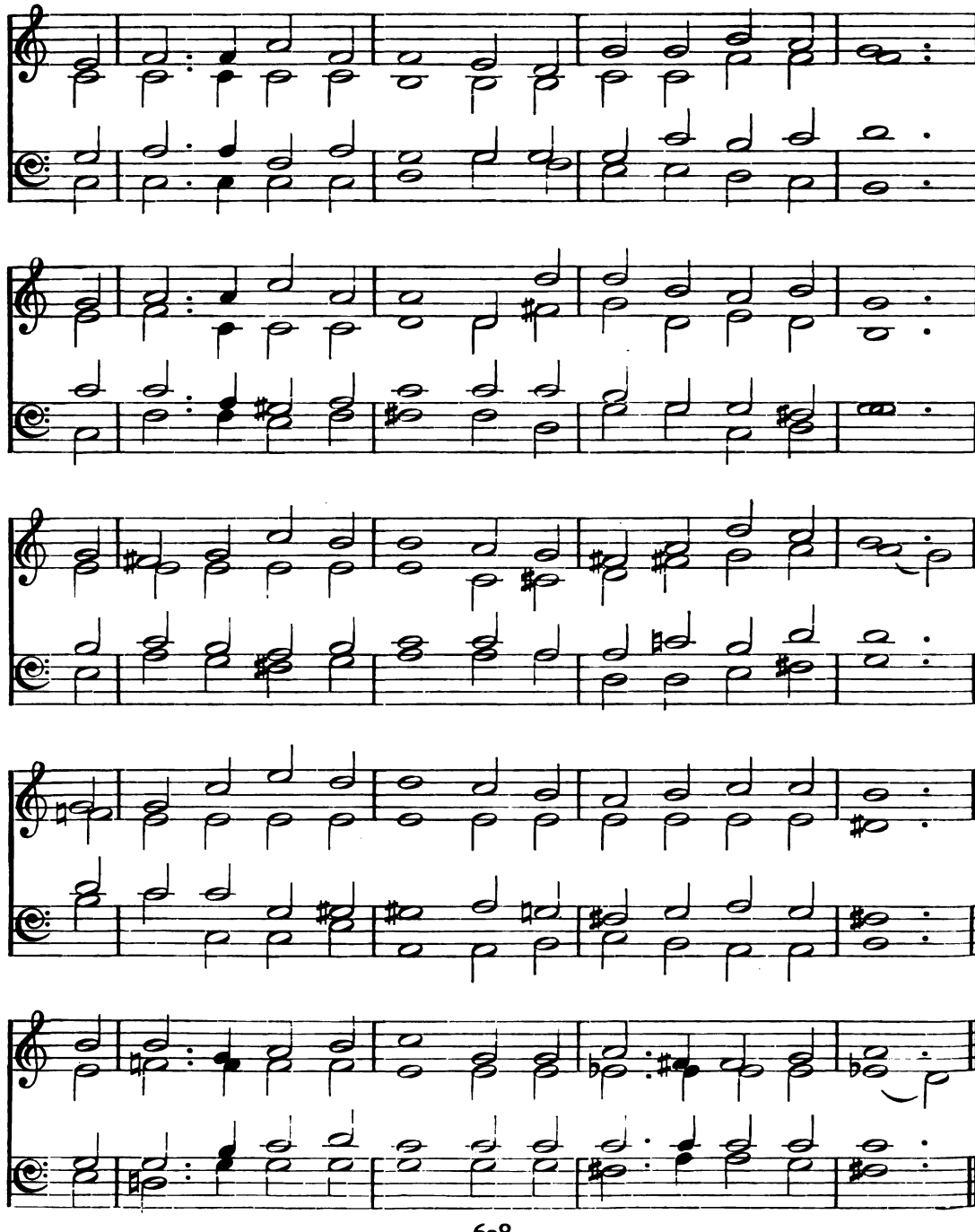
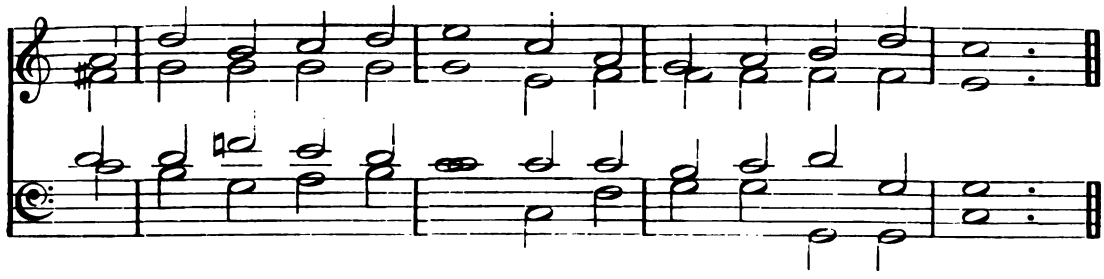
m WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
c He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.
mf *All good gifts around us*
Are sent from heaven above;
f *Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,*
For all His love.

m 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

mf 3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
c No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
mf But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.



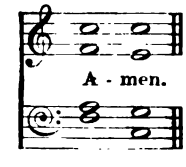
499

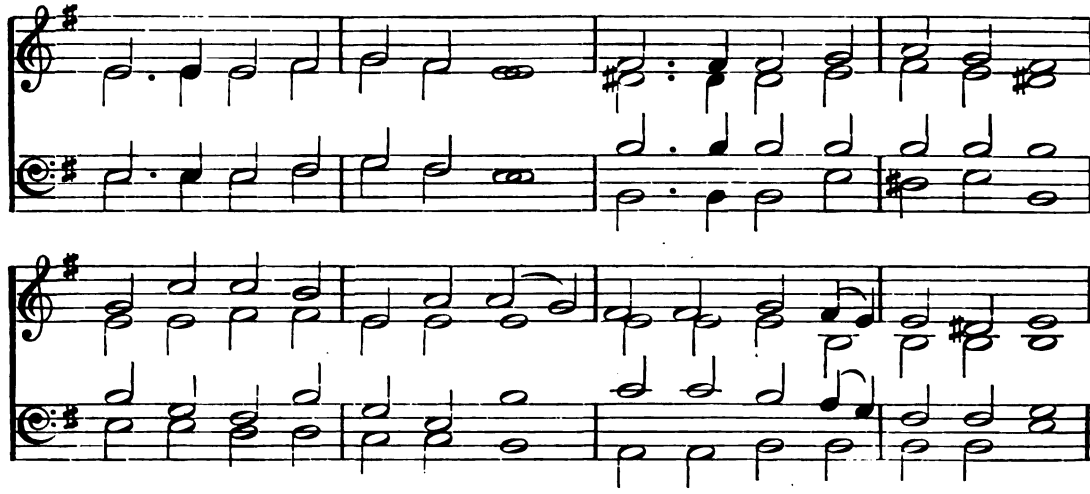
ST. BEATRICE. J. F. BRIDGE.

'He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man.' 'He will gather His wheat into the garner.'

m THE sower went forth sowing;
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And, warmed by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.
mf O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

m 2 Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His Church 't is scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
mf O beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

mp 3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
m For, though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
mf O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

m 4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing.
And with Him bring His own;
pp And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
p O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

500

CLARENCE. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Thou hast made summer and winter.'

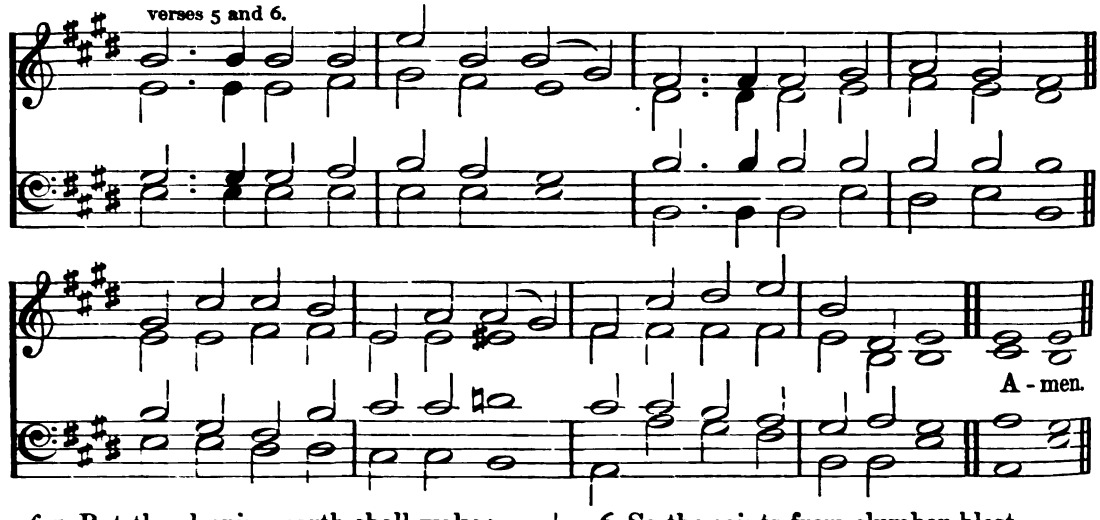
mp WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
p All is chill and drear as death.

mp 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

p 4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
d Soon shall fade and fall and die.

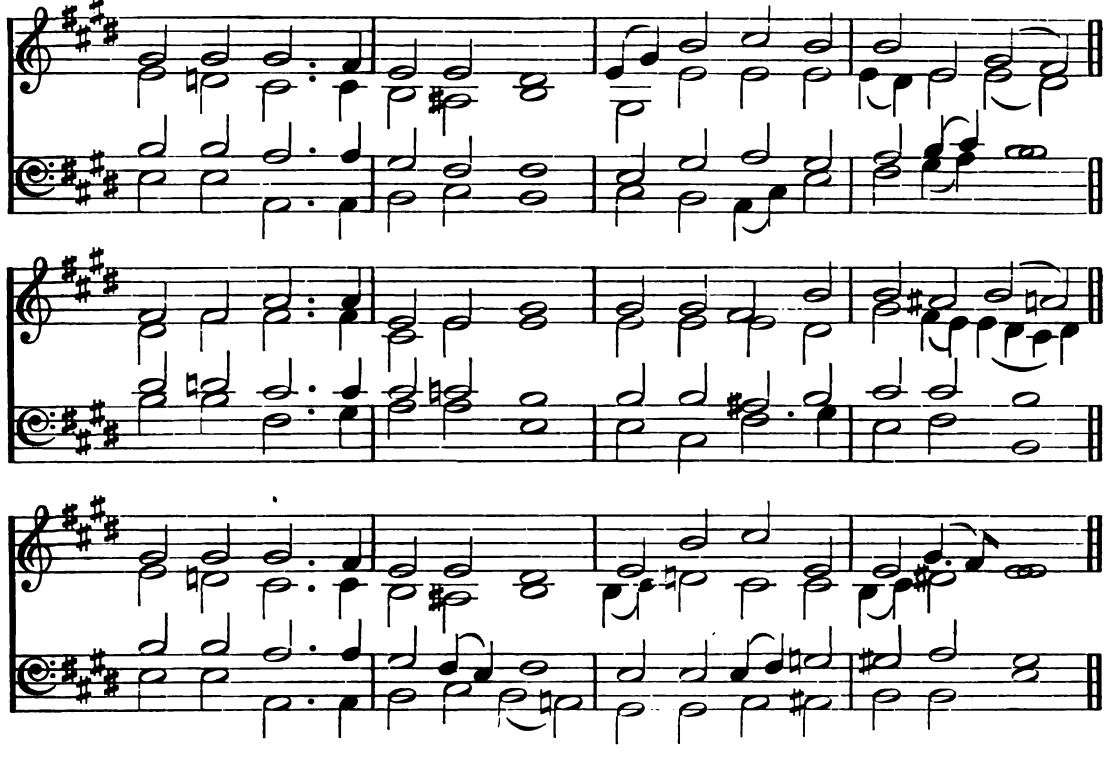
verses 5 and 6.



mf 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake;
New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So the saints from slumber blest
Rising shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Till there breaks the endless spring.

501

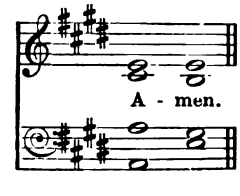
TRUST. J. B. DYKES.

'Although the fields shall yield no meat . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

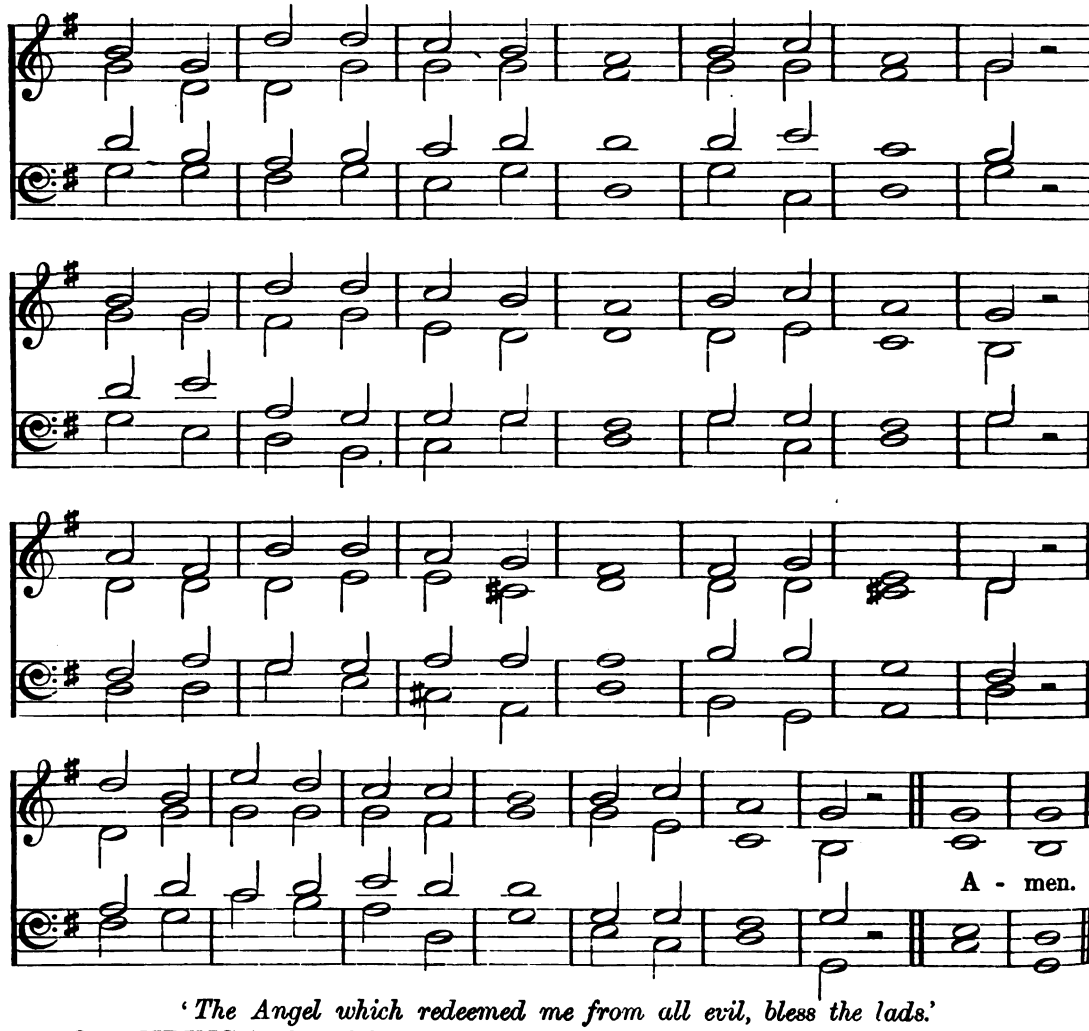
mf WHAT our Father does is well:
Blessèd truth His children tell!
m Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
c Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

m 2 What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field or in the fold,
mf Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

m 3 What our Father does is well:
mp Though He sadden hill and dell,
mf Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at His rod?

m 4 What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
mf God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

f 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now and through eternity.

502

MAGDEBURG. GERMAN MELODY.

'The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.'

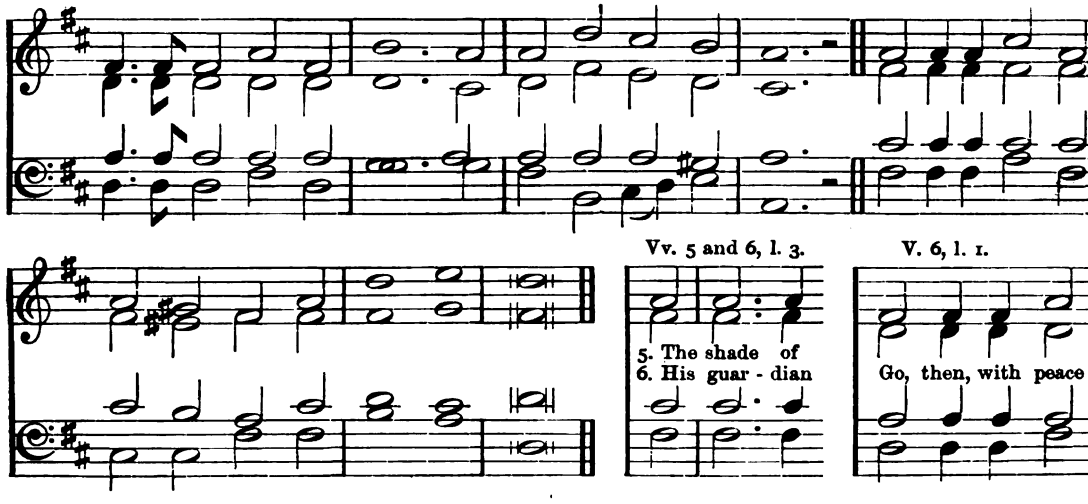
m STANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
mp O we know not what of harm
May betide them;
m 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them:
mp In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
m Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

503

VALEDICTION. J. W. ELLIOTT.



'Brethren, farewell . . the God of love and peace shall be with you.'

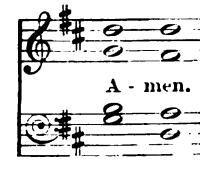
m WITH the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go,—
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the good word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

mf 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That the sure promise of Thy truth
Faithful shall be.

5 And the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting shine,
The shade of absent days light up
With rays Divine.

m 6 Go, then, with peace, and prayer,
And love, and faith, and hope;
His guardian angels everywhere
Shall bear you up.

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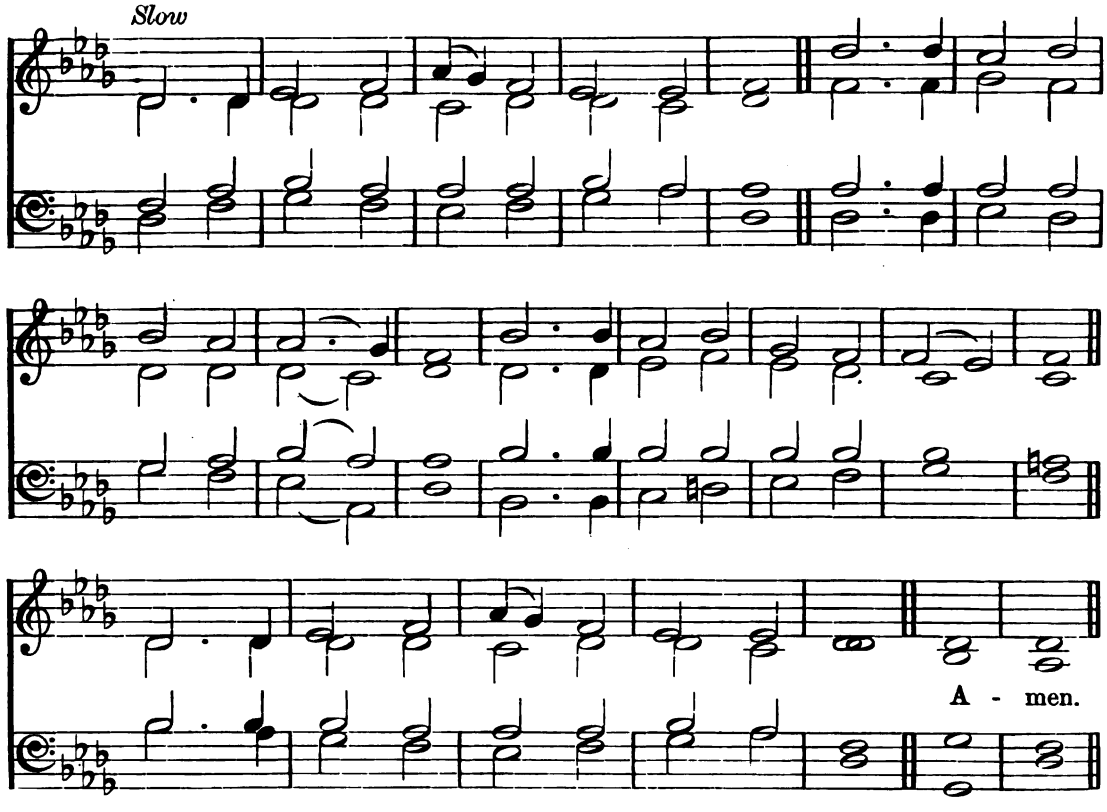
DOMINUS VOBISCUM. A. SOMERVELL.

Slow

'I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.'

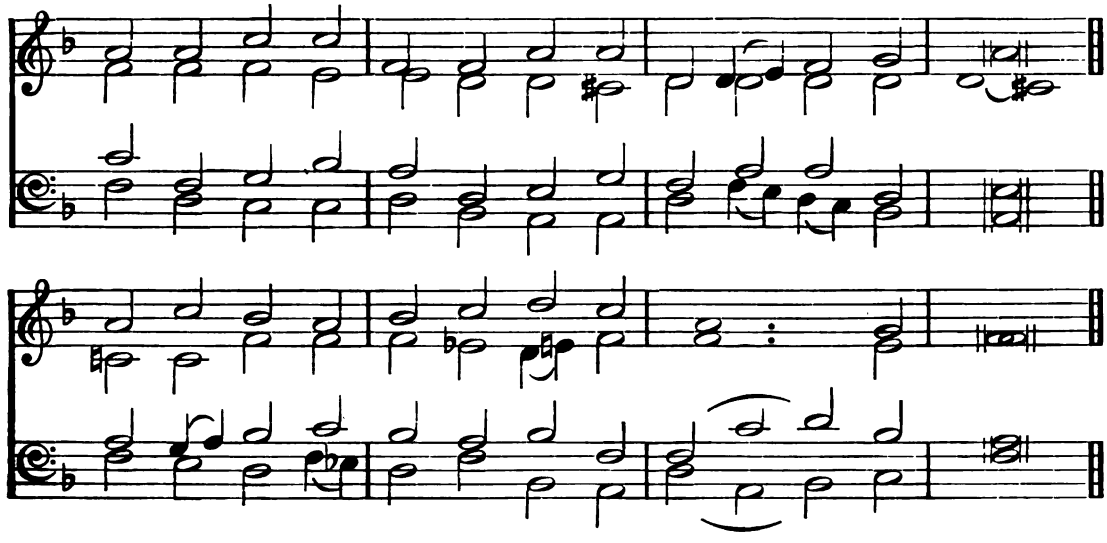
m GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

mp 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you:
God be with you till we meet again.

m 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again.

505

MINTO. W. H. MONK.

'We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will.'

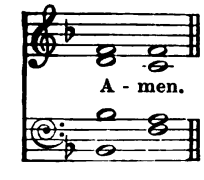
m HOLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

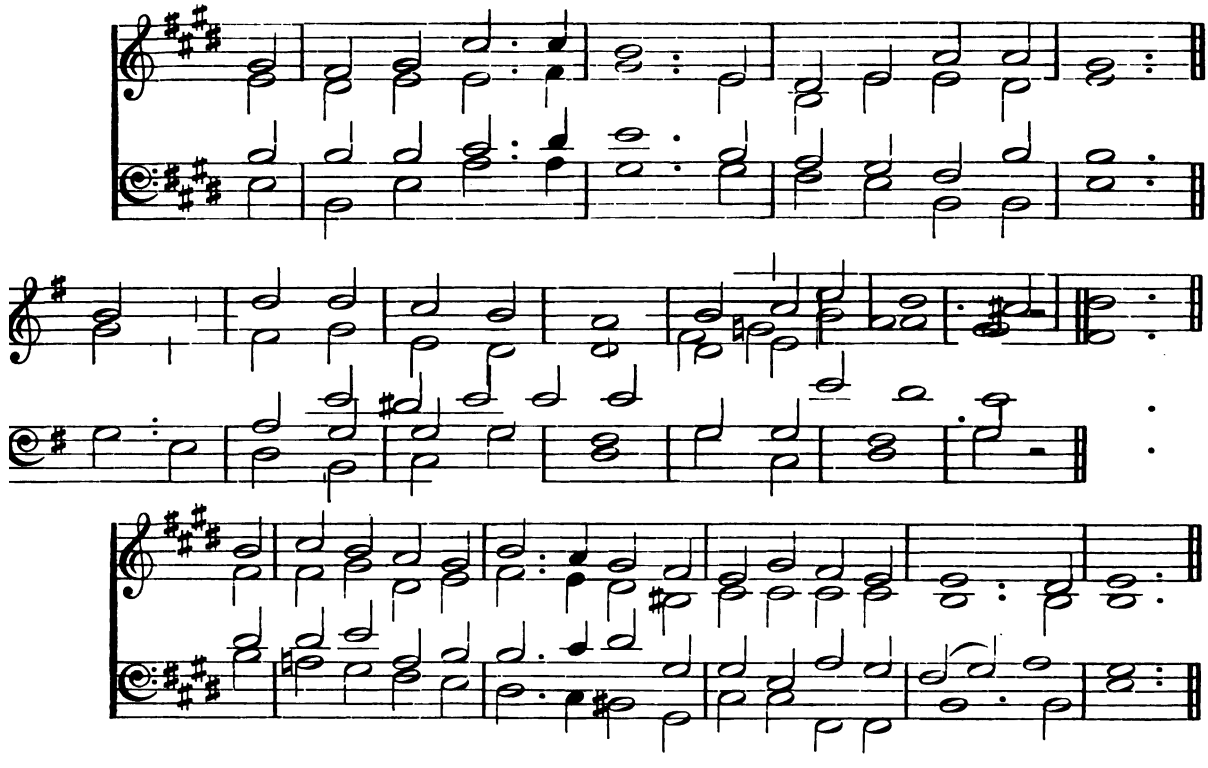
2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

mp 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

mf 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

m 5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

mf 6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

506

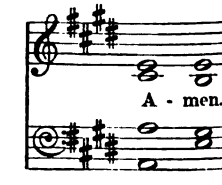
RALEIGH. **E. PROUT.**

'O God of our salvation . . the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.'

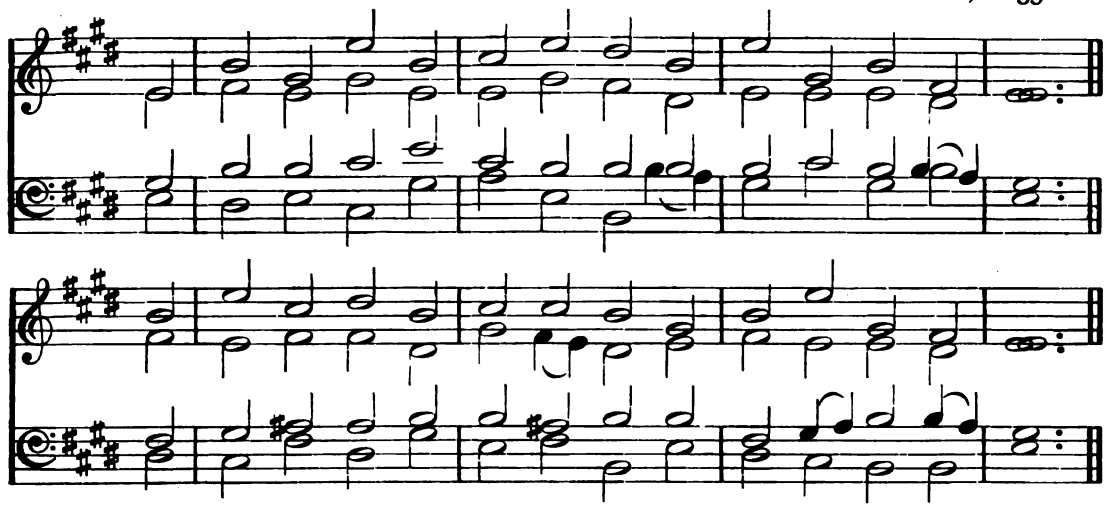
m FATHER, who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
mp O hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
mf And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.

m 2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
mf That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

m 4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

mp 5 We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
mf Till we shall mount to God,—
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above.

507

LONDON NEW. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1635.

'They that go down to the sea in ships . . these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.'

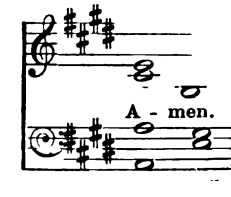
m O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
mf For Thou, O God, art near.

m 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thine hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts,
To whisper, (*mp*) 'Peace, be still!'

m 6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
mf Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

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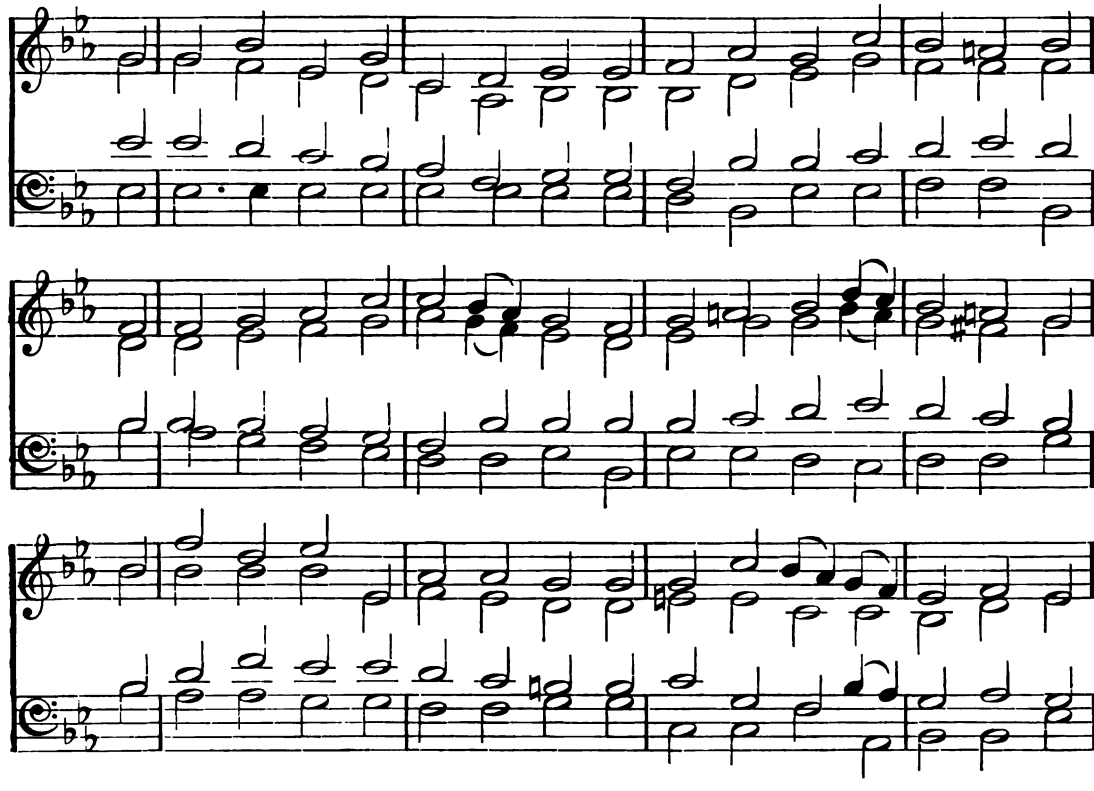
VALETE. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.'

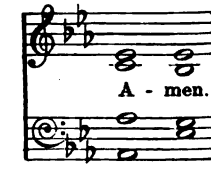
m GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to Thee,
Able to succour and to save
From perils of the wind and wave.

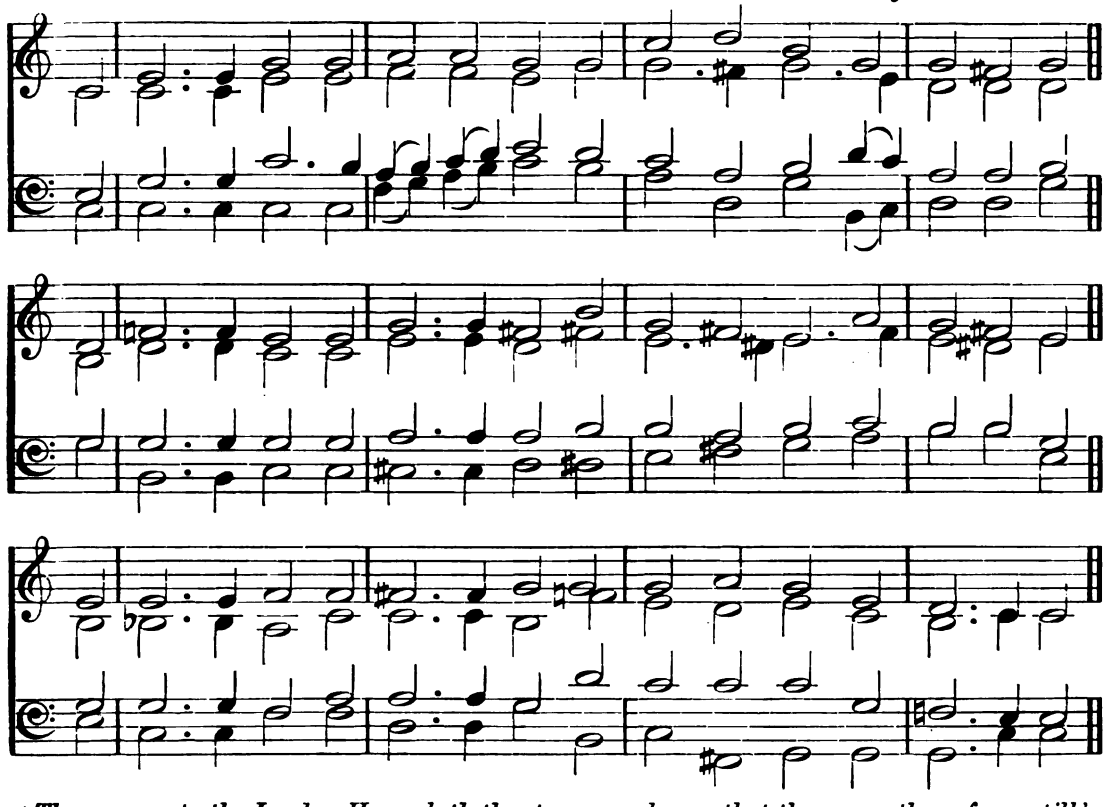
mp *Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep*
The dwellers on the homeless deep.

m 2 Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place
To the soft breeze that wafts the barque
Safely alike through light and dark.

3 In storm or battle, with Thine arm
Shield Thou the mariner from harm,—
From foes without, from ills within,
From deeds and words and thoughts of sin.

mp 4 O Son of God, in days of ill,
Say to each sorrow, 'Peace, be still!'
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.

m 5 Good Pilot of the awful main,
Let us not plead Thy love in vain;
mf Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,
Say, (*mp*) 'It is I, be not afraid.'

509

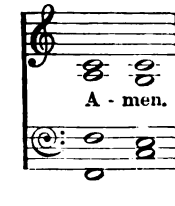
MELITA. J. B. DYKES.

'They cry unto the Lord .. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.'

m ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
mp O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

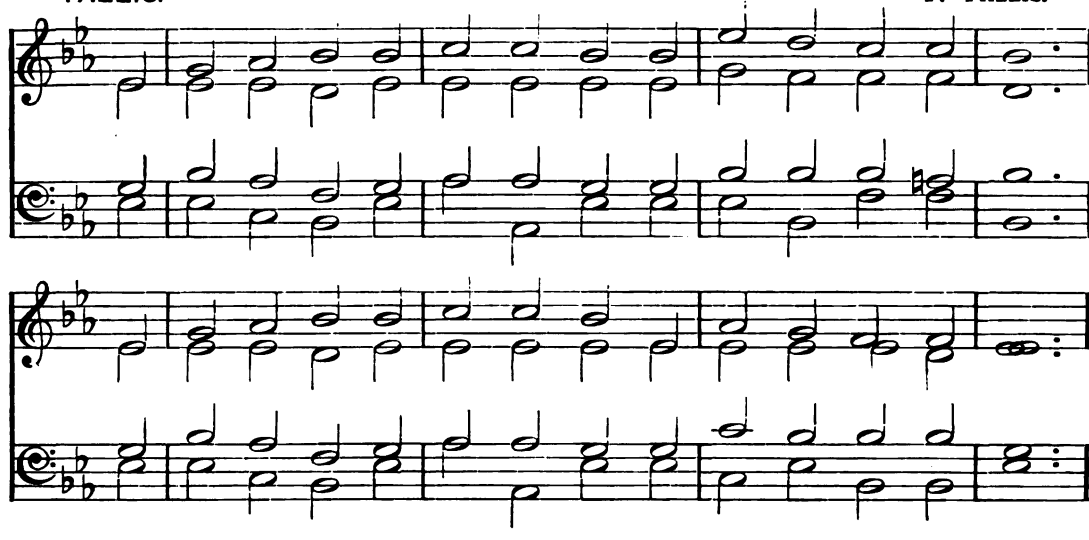
m 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
mp O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

m 3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
mp O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

mf 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
c Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



510

TALLIS. T. TALLIS.

'The Lord forsaketh not His saints; they are preserved for ever.'

m HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

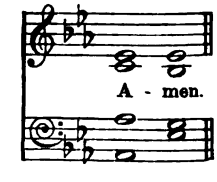
2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

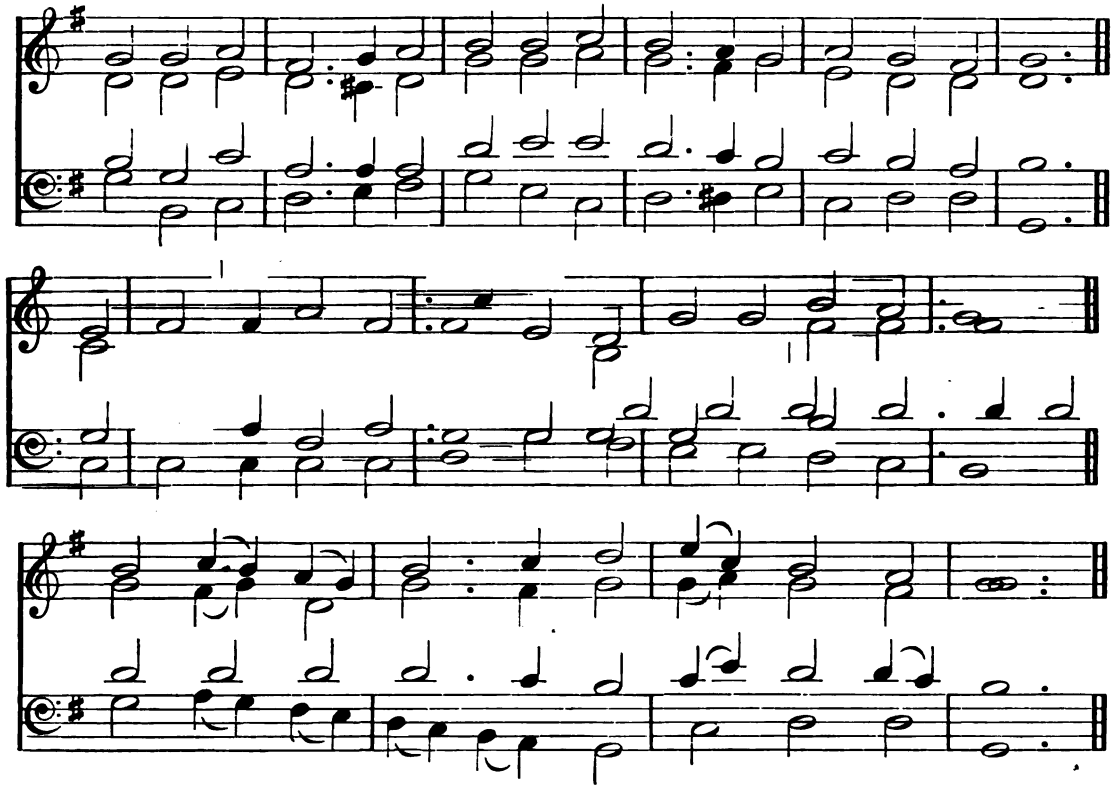
3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

mp 4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
m They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

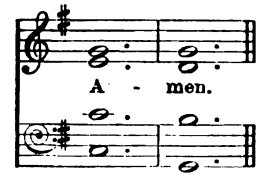
6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
mf Thy goodness we adore;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

m 7 Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
mf And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

511

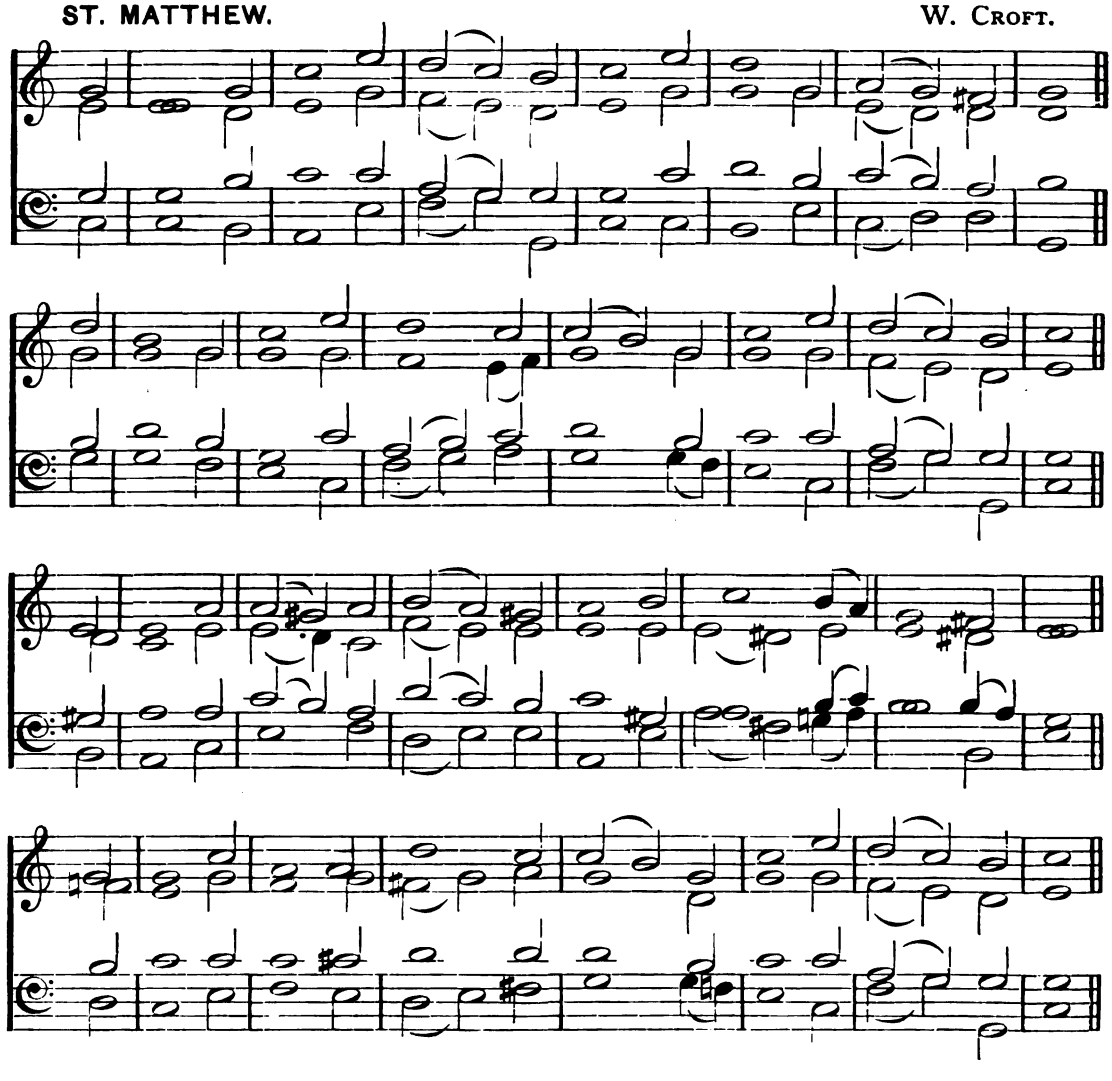
NATIONAL ANTHEM.

'And all the people . . said, God save the King.'

mf GOD save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
'God save the King!'

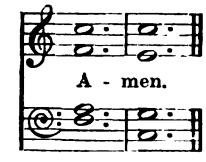


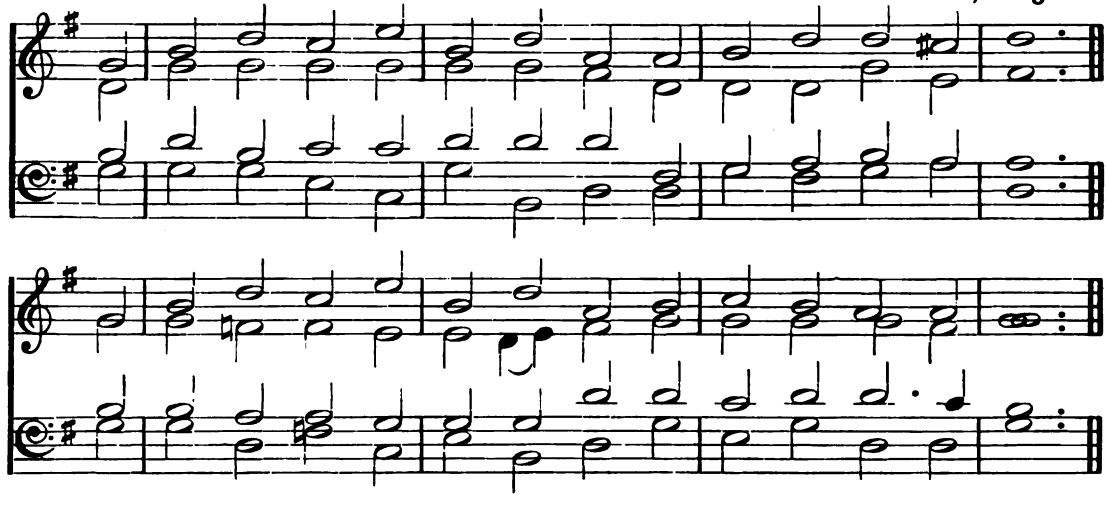
512

ST. MATTHEW. W. CROFT.

'We have sinned with our fathers.'

mp GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
O turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
mf Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

mp 3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
m Then let Thy mercy spare.

513

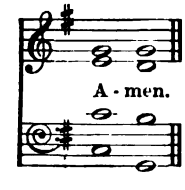
YORK. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

'The land which Thou gavest unto our fathers.'

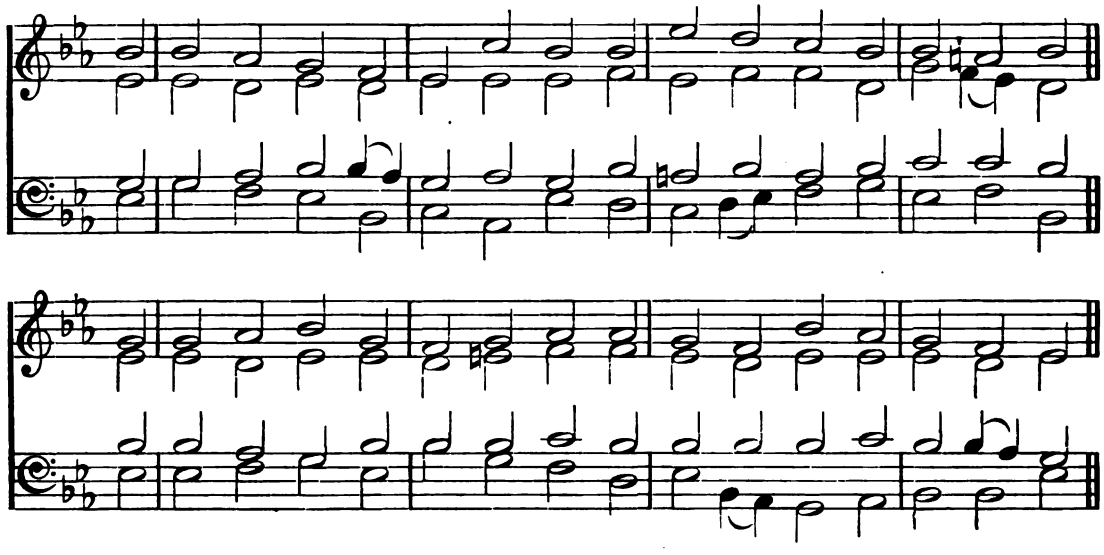
m LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

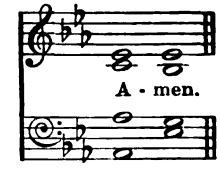
mf 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

514

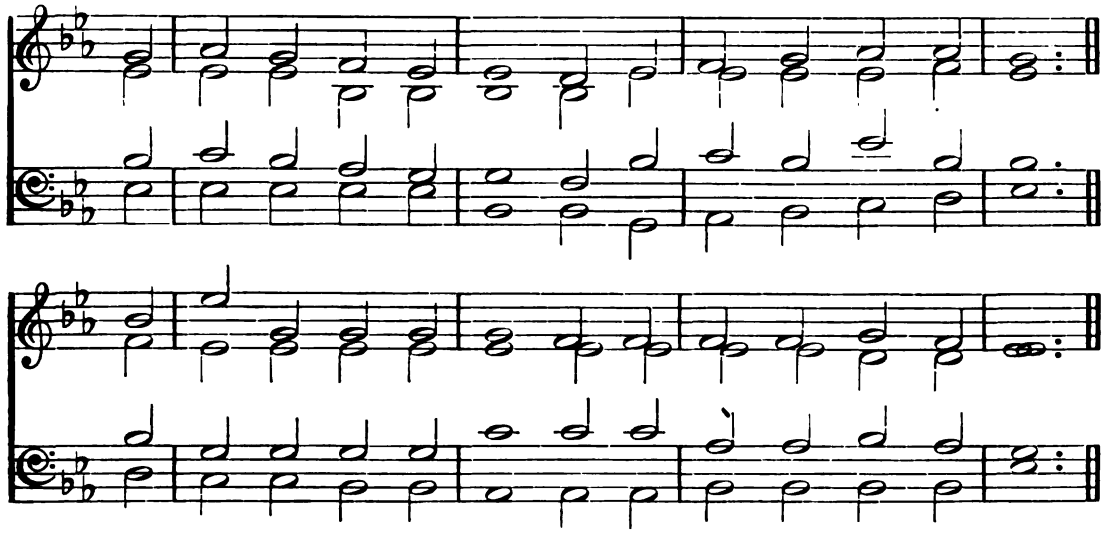
MELCOMBE. **S. WEBBE.**

'He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.'

m O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain:
mp Give peace, O God, give peace again.

m 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
mp Remember not our sin's dark stain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

m 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain:
mp Give peace, O God, give peace again.

m 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
mf O bind us in that heavenly chain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

515

SACRIFICE. H. LAHEE.

'Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.'

mp BOWED low in supplication,
We come, O Lord, to Thee;
Thy grace alone can save us;
To Thee alone we flee.

m 2 We come for this our parish
Thy mercy to implore;
On church, and homes, and people,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour.

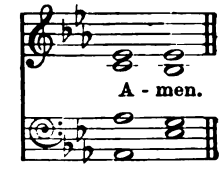
p 3 Blot out our sins, O Father;
Forgive the guilty past;
Loose from their chains the captives
Whom Satan holdeth fast.

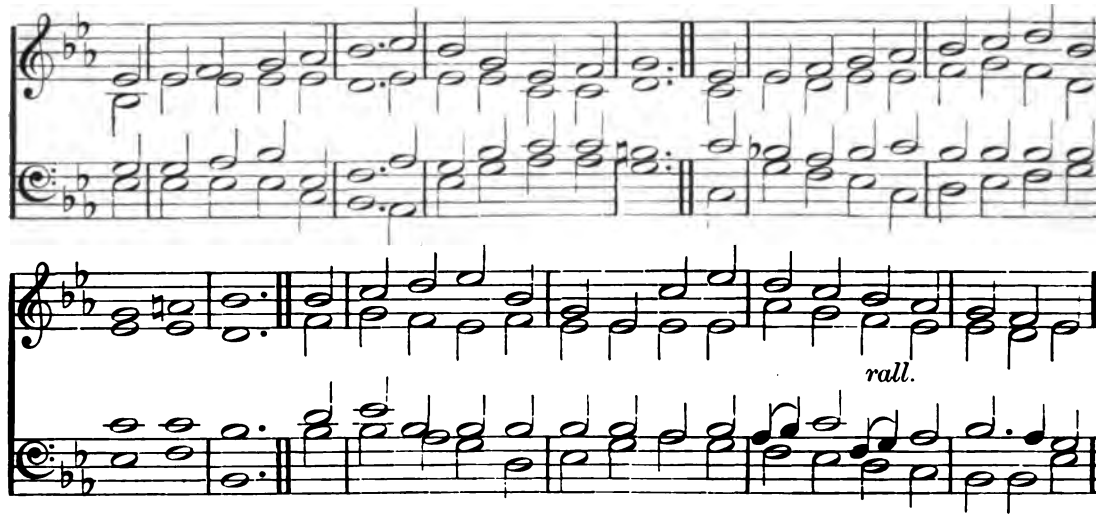
mf 4 Wake up the slumbering conscience
To listen to Thy call;
The weak and wavering strengthen,
And raise up them that fall.

m 5 Our crying sin drive from us
With Thy chastising rod,
That we may be a people
Fearing and loving God.

6 O be Thy house, Lord, hallowed,
And hallowed be Thy day;
Let sin-stained souls find pardon,
And learn to love and pray.

7 With heavenly food supported,
O be they firm and strong
To follow all things holy,
To flee from all things wrong.

mf 8 Lord, banish strife and variance;
Knit sundered hearts in one;
c And bind us all together
In love to Thy dear Son.

516

NANTWICH. T. R. MATTHEWS.

'Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land.'

mp TO Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
mf *O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,*
And guard and bless our fatherland.

m 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
mf That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.

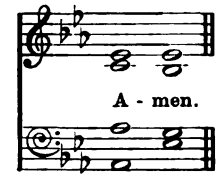
m 4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

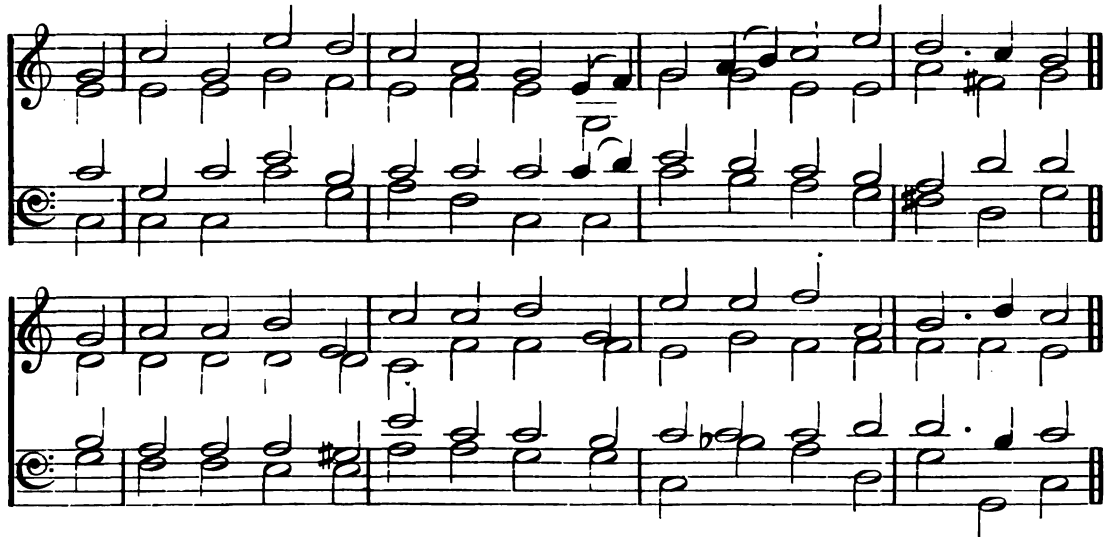
5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That, faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.

7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.

mp 8 Though vile and worthless, still
m Thy people, Lord, are we;
mf And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.



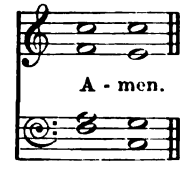
CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. **517** J. W. ELLIOTT.

'All nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts.'

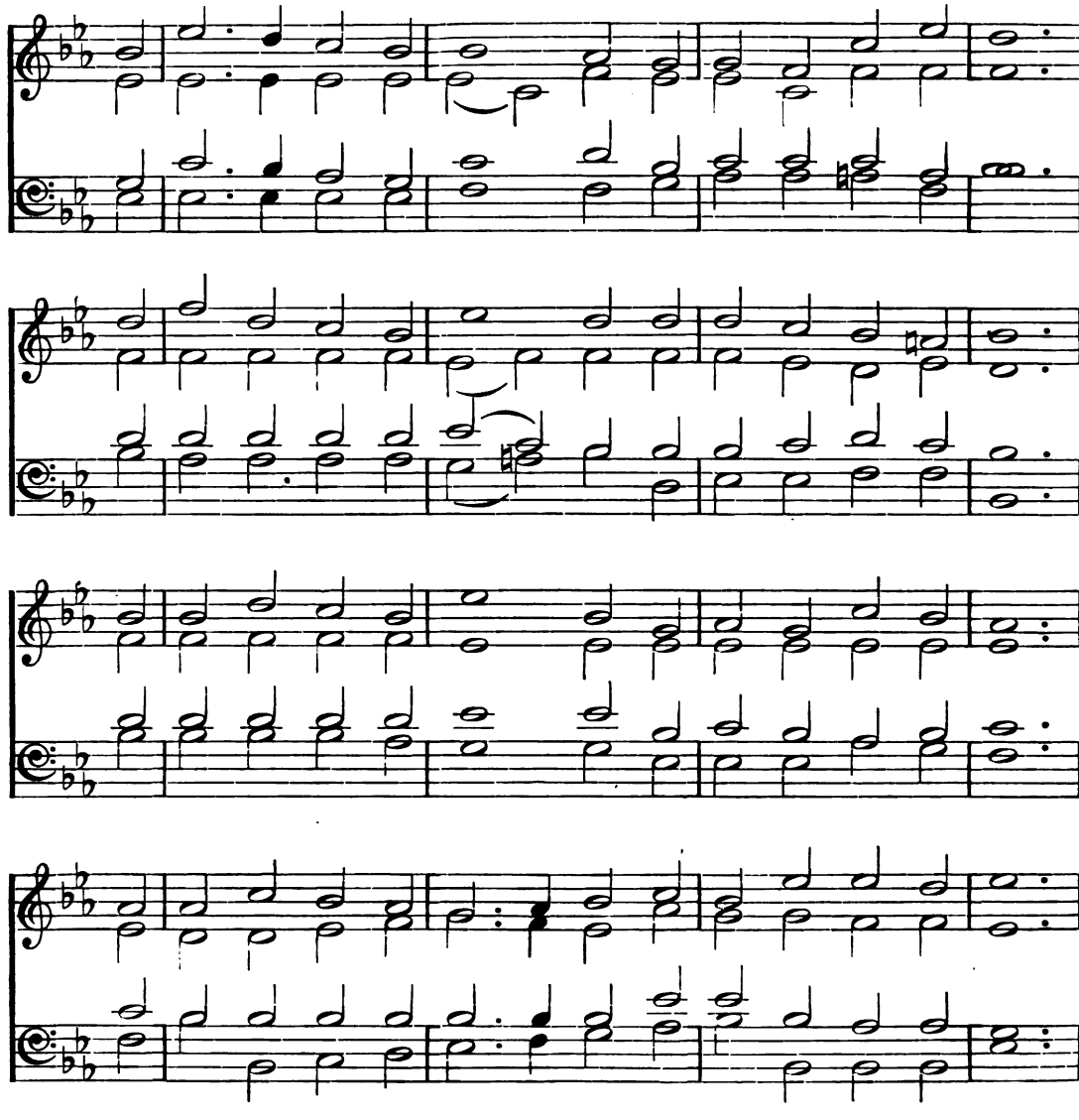
mf PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free!

2 Praise to our God! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God! (*mp*) though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
mf His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

518

ST. GREGORY. E. BUNNETT.

'Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.'

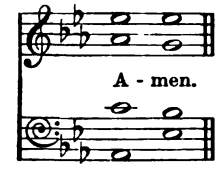
mf FROM ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sovereign word.

Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains
To Thee shall tribute yield.

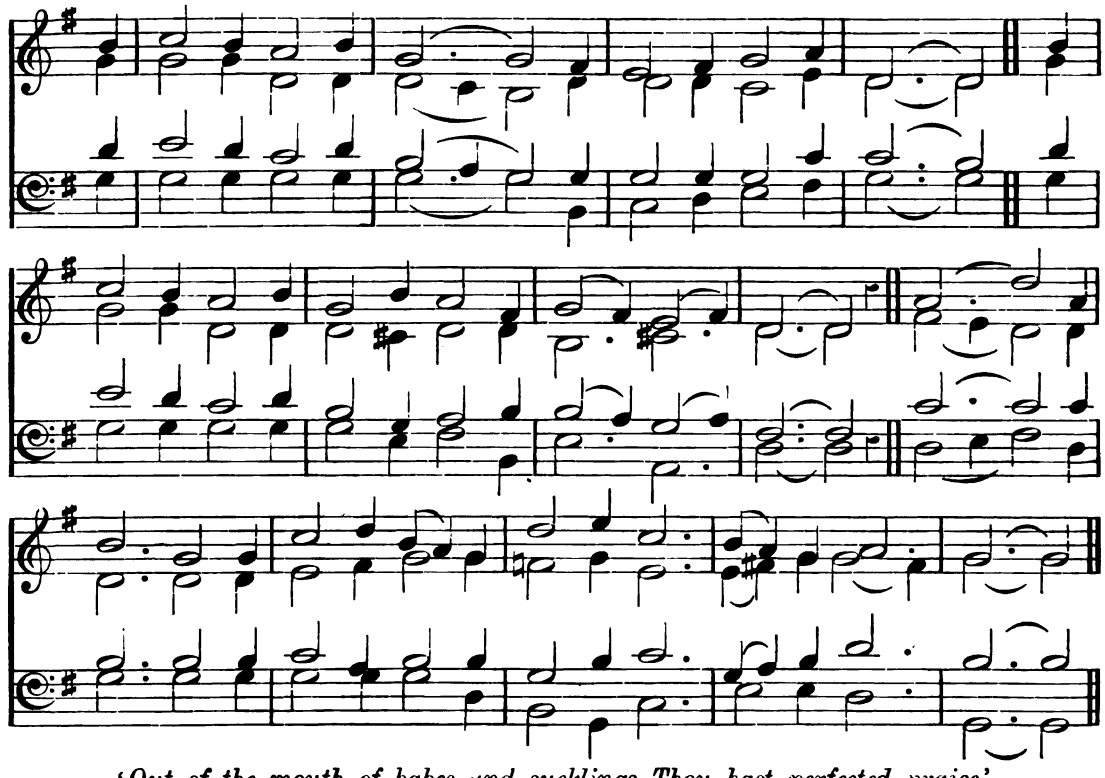
m 2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,
mf Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

m 4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
f Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.



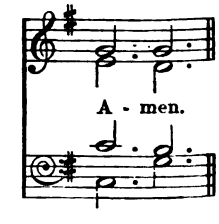
519

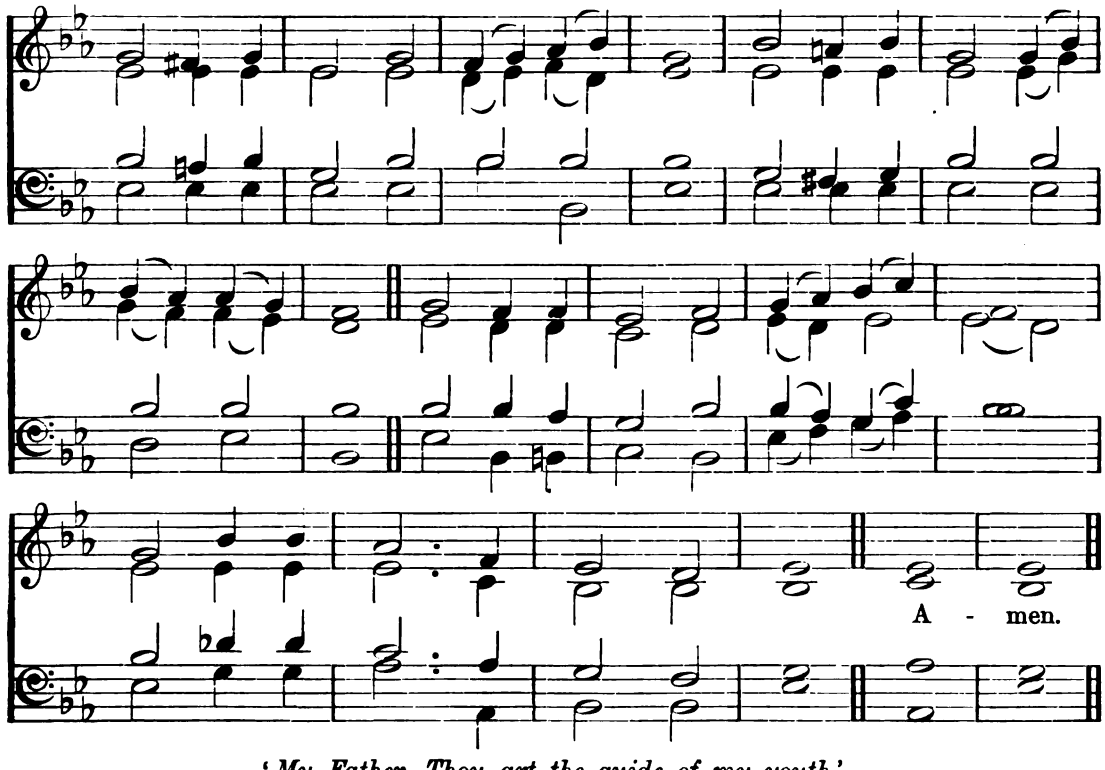
CHILDREN'S VOICES. E. J. HOPKINS.

'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'

mf ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God.
f Hallelujah!
They love to sing
To God their King,
'Hallelujah!'

m 2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
mf We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
f Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King,
'Hallelujah!'

m 3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
f Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
'Hallelujah!'

m 4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
mf All then with one accord
Shall lift the joyful sound.
f Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King,
'Hallelujah!'

520

HOLLEY. G. HEWS.

'My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.'

mp GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky.

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

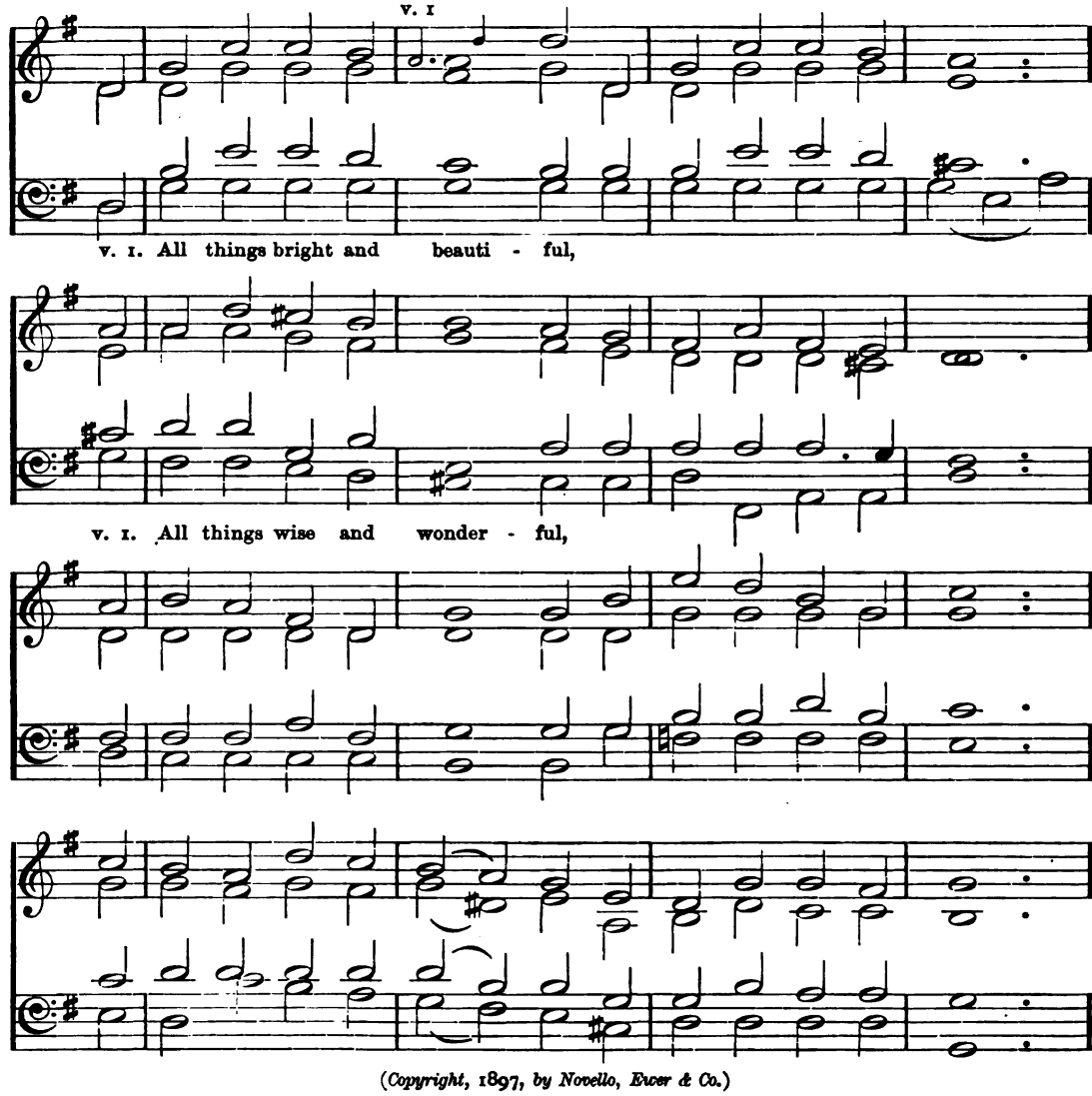
m 3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee,
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

mf 5 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

521

GOD IN NATURE.

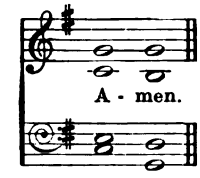
J. STAINER.

(*Copyright, 1897, by Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

'He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.'

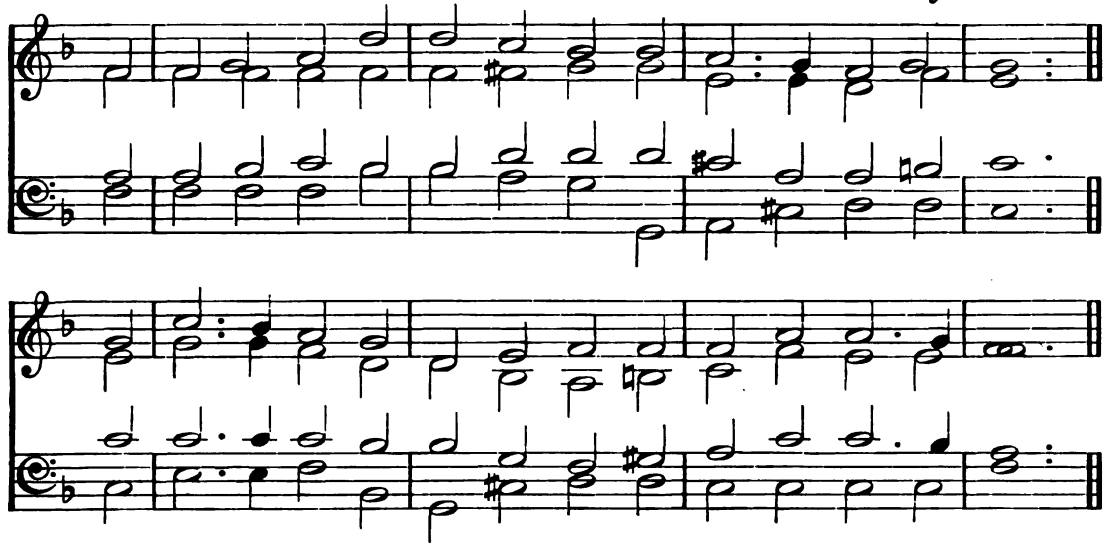
mf ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

m Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

2 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

3 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day,—
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
mf How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

522

NORTHREPPS. J. Booth.



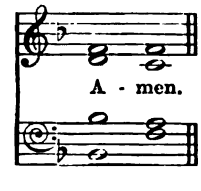
'Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.'

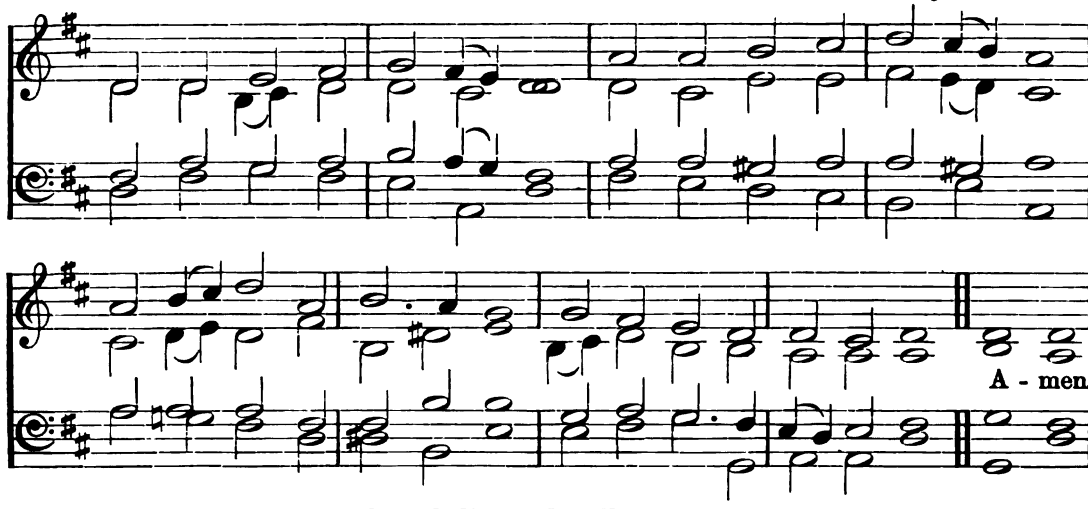
m LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

mp 2 'T is Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

m 3 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

4 My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

mp 5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
m But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

523

ST. LUCY. H. J. POOLE.

'God shall supply all your need.'

m POOR and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me,
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

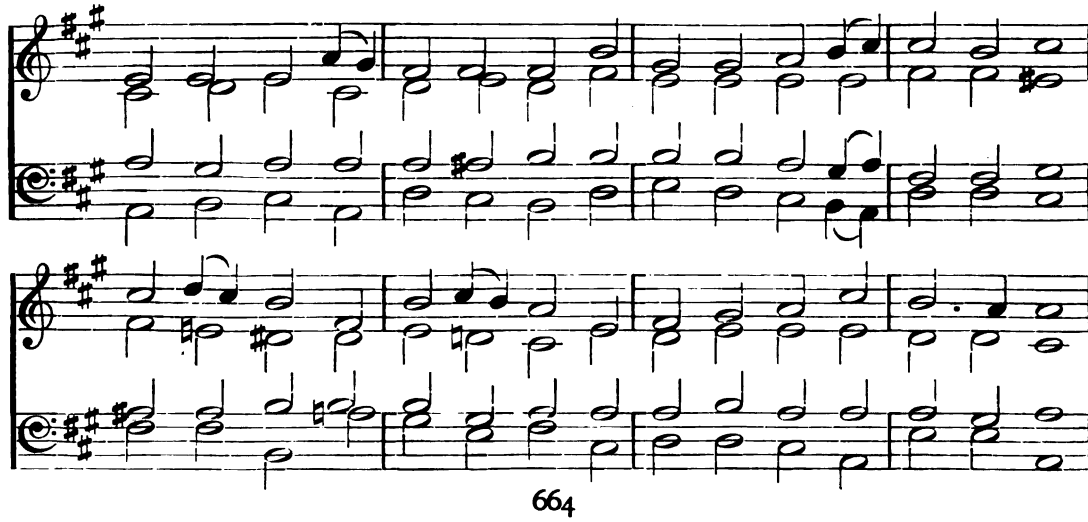
2 He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep, and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

p 3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.

m 4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with His smile;
And, when this short life is past,
I shall rest with Him at last.

mf 5 Then to Him I tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be,—
God Almighty cares for me.

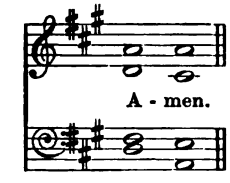
524

DAY BY DAY. E. S. CARTER.

'Do all things without murmurings; that ye may be . . children of God.'

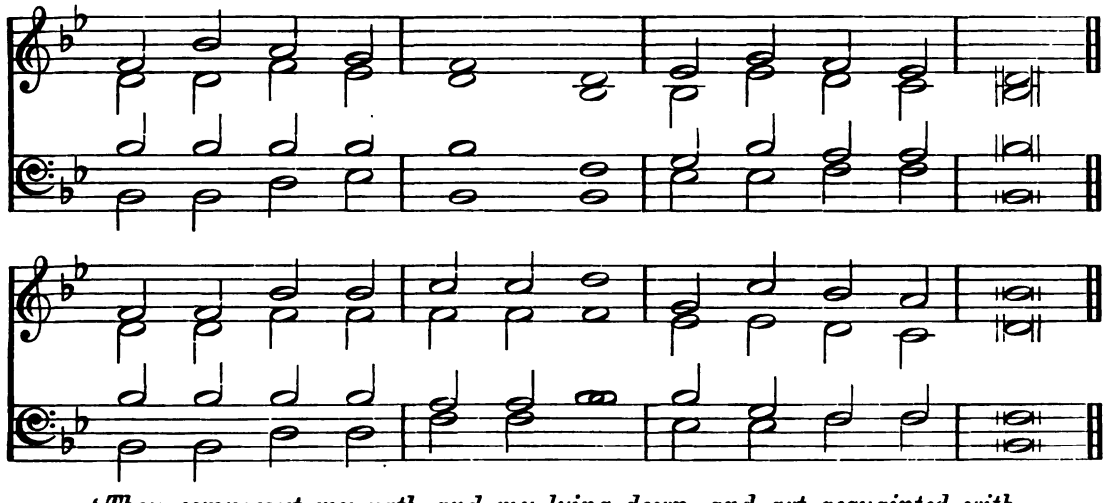
m DAY by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

mf 2 And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath
As to flowers that bloom on high.

m 3 God has given each his station:
Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly homes and labour;
All may have His precious grace.

4 And God loveth all His children,
Rich and poor, and high and low;
mf And they all shall meet in heaven
Who have served Him here below.

525

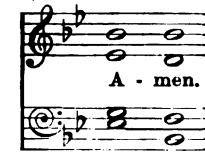
ST. CYRIL. P. P. BLISS.

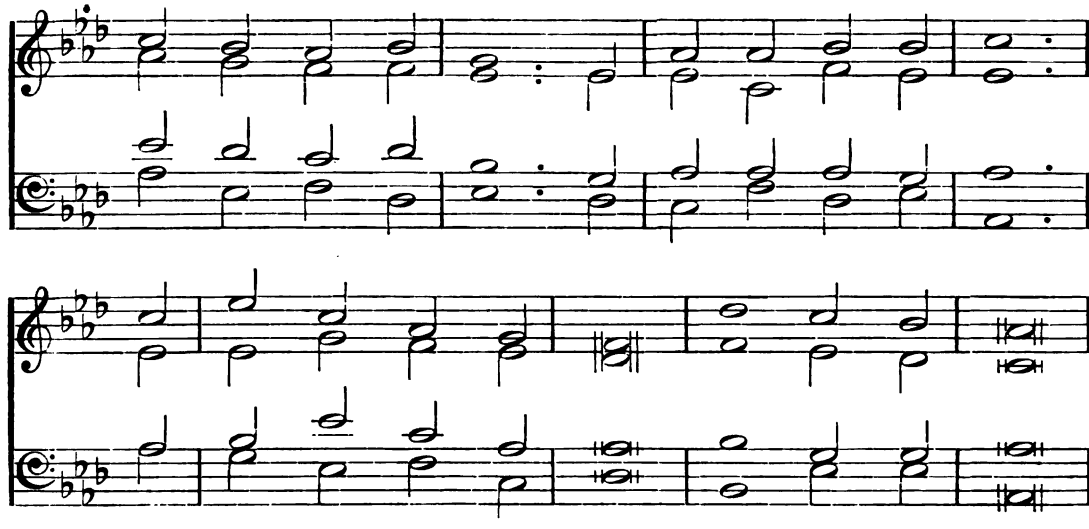


'Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.'

mp GOD is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

2 God is always near me:
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

3 God is always near me
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

526

BEECHWOOD. **J. Booth.**

'He careth for you.'

mf GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

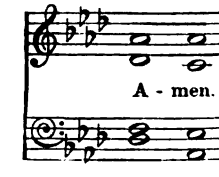
3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

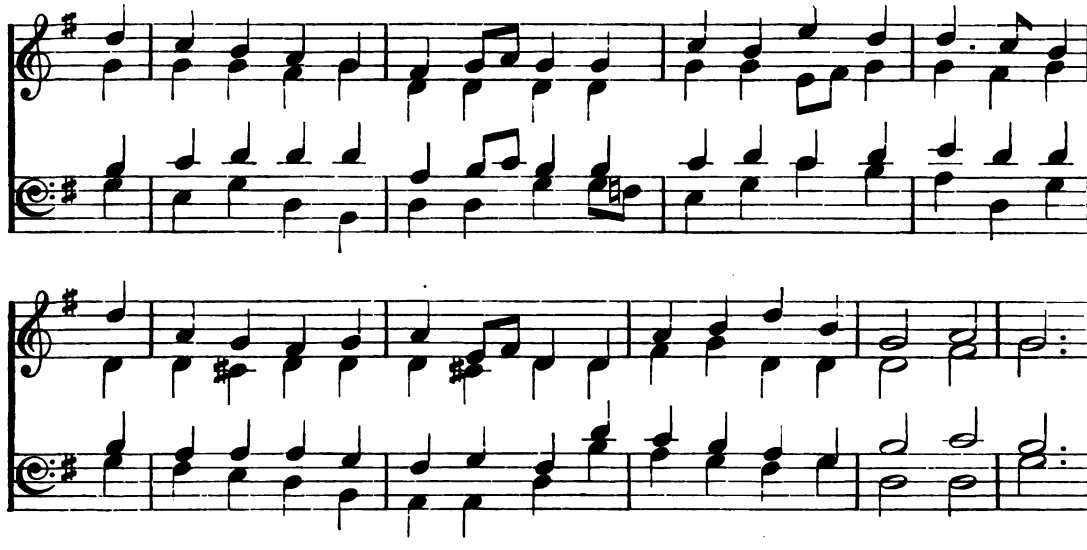
p 5 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee
That, when I sink in death,
Thou care for me.

mp 6 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
c He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

mf 7 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
f I 'll sing with that blest band,
'God cared for me.'



527

COPENHAGEN. E. HARTMANN.

'The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.'

mf 'FROM heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing,—

mf 2 '"To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild";
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

3 'T is Christ our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be;
Himself from sin will make you free.

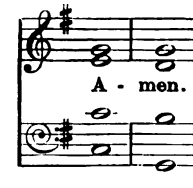
4 'He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.'

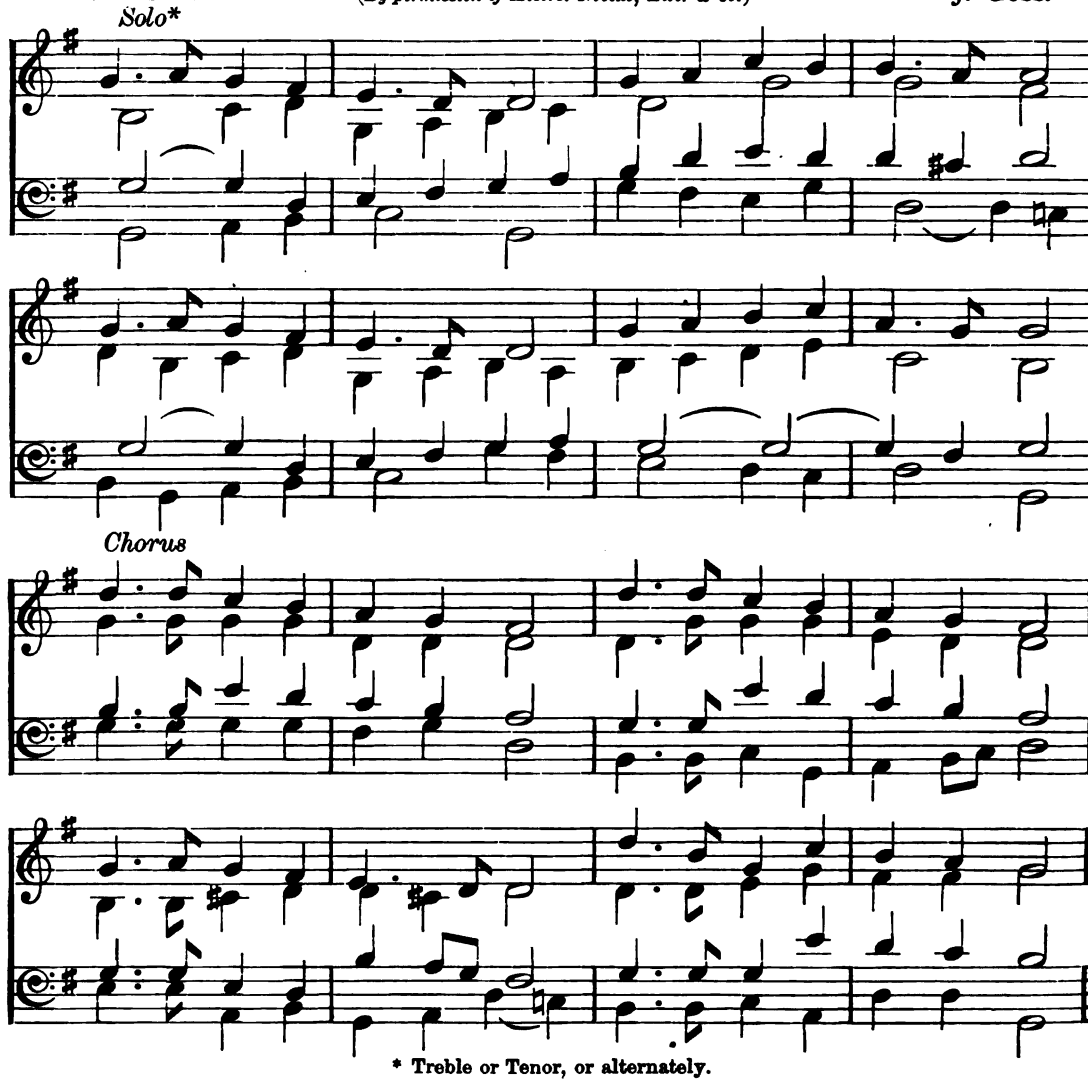
mf 5 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom even wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

6 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

mp 7 Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

mf 8 My heart for very joy doth leap;
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must raise with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song,

f 9 'Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!'
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

528

HUMILITY. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. GOSS.

* Treble or Tenor, or alternately.

'The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.'

mp SEE! in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See! the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

f *Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!*
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'

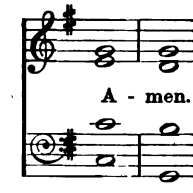
m 2 Lo! within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

mp 4 'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light:
m Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

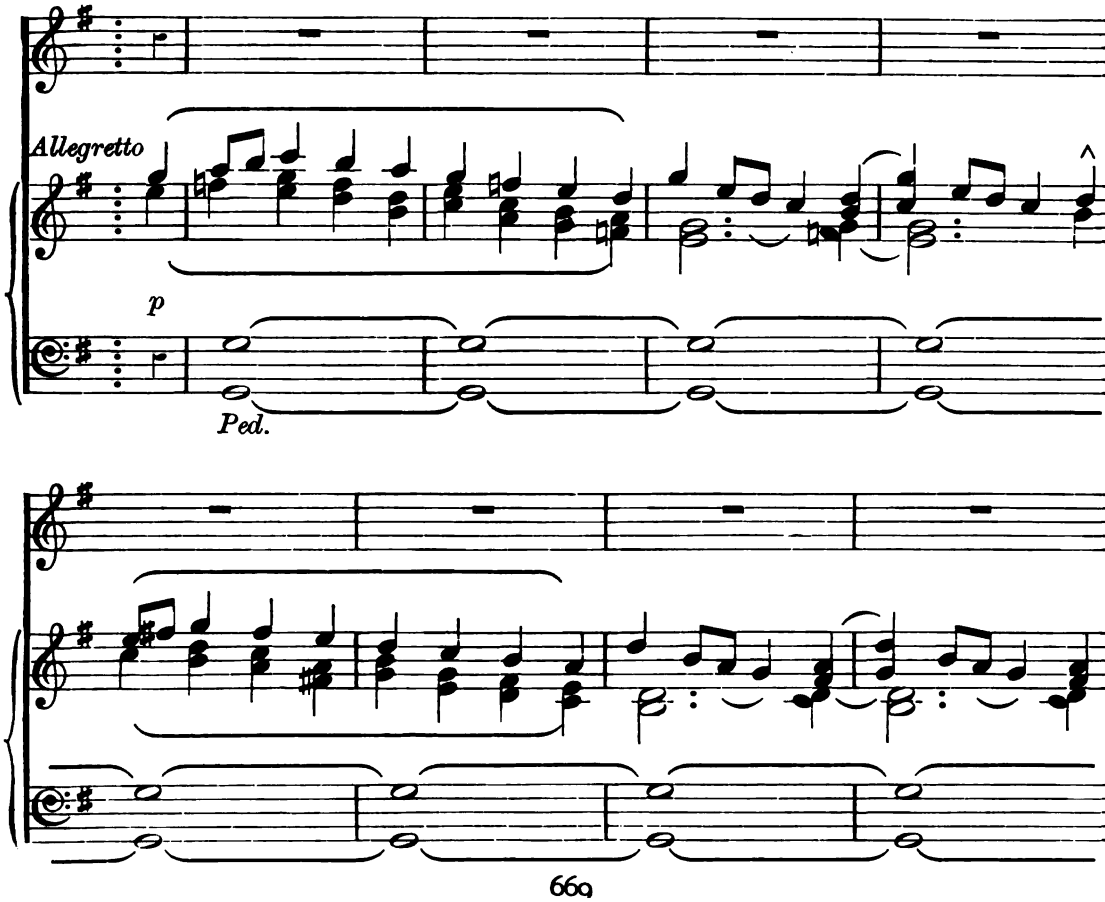
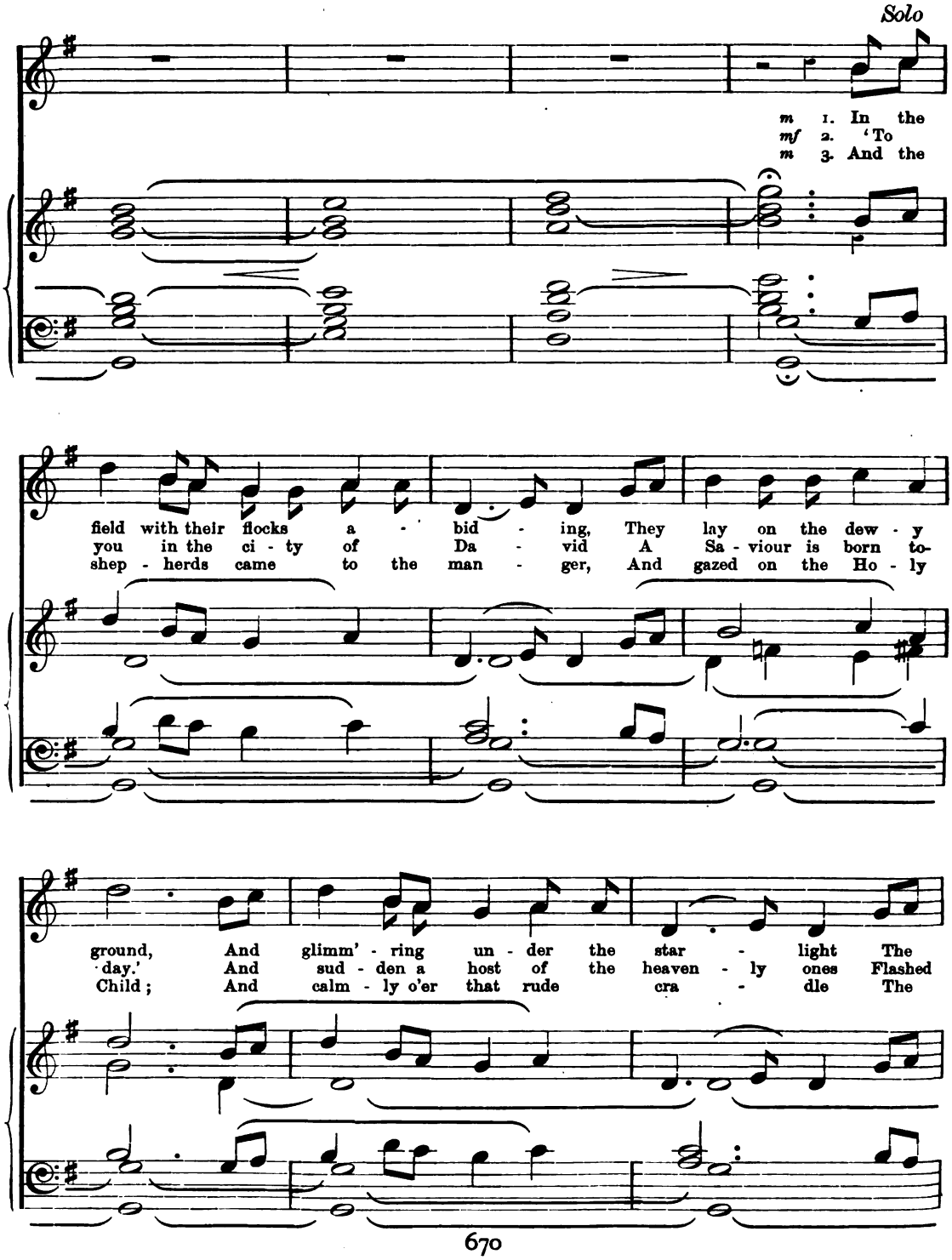
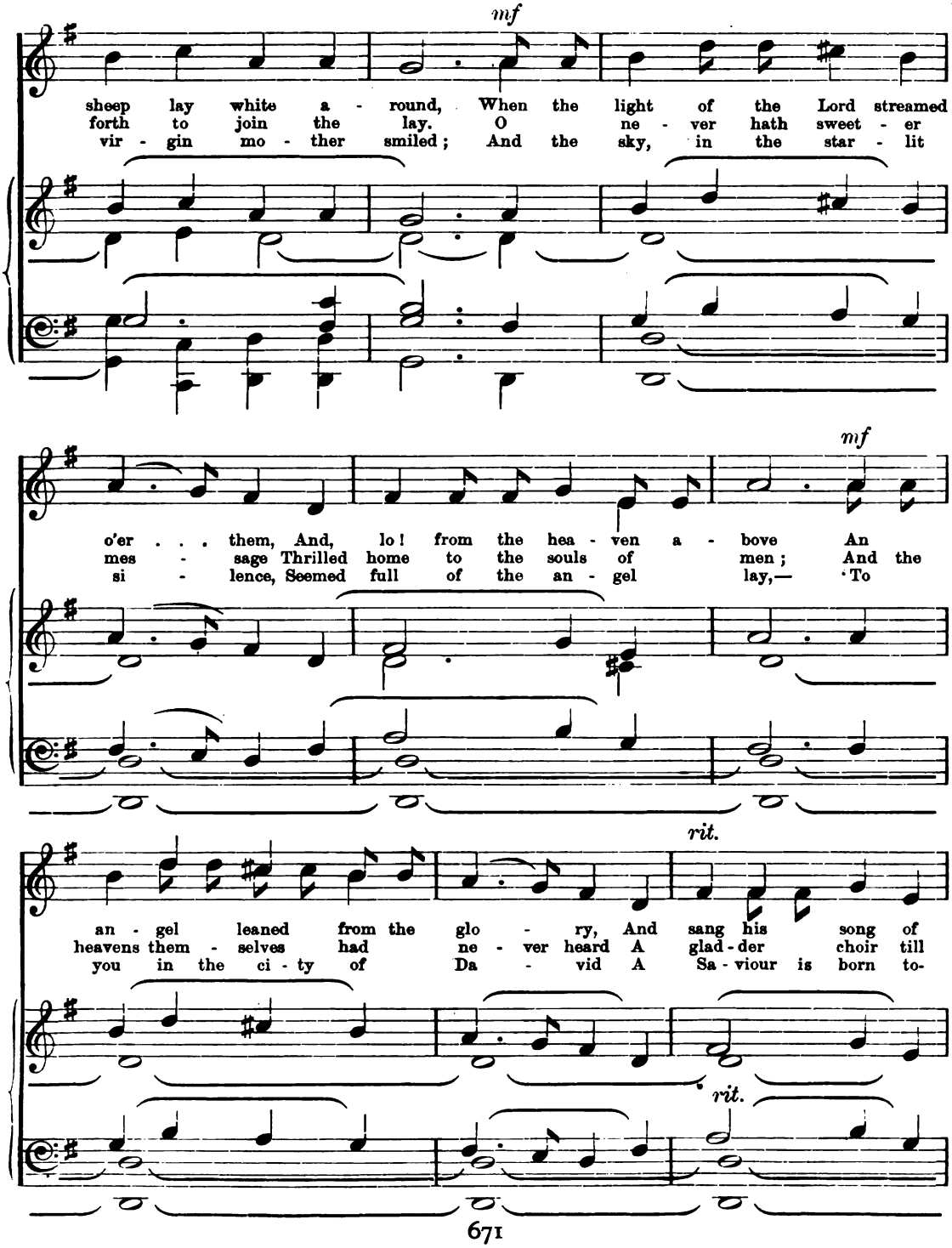
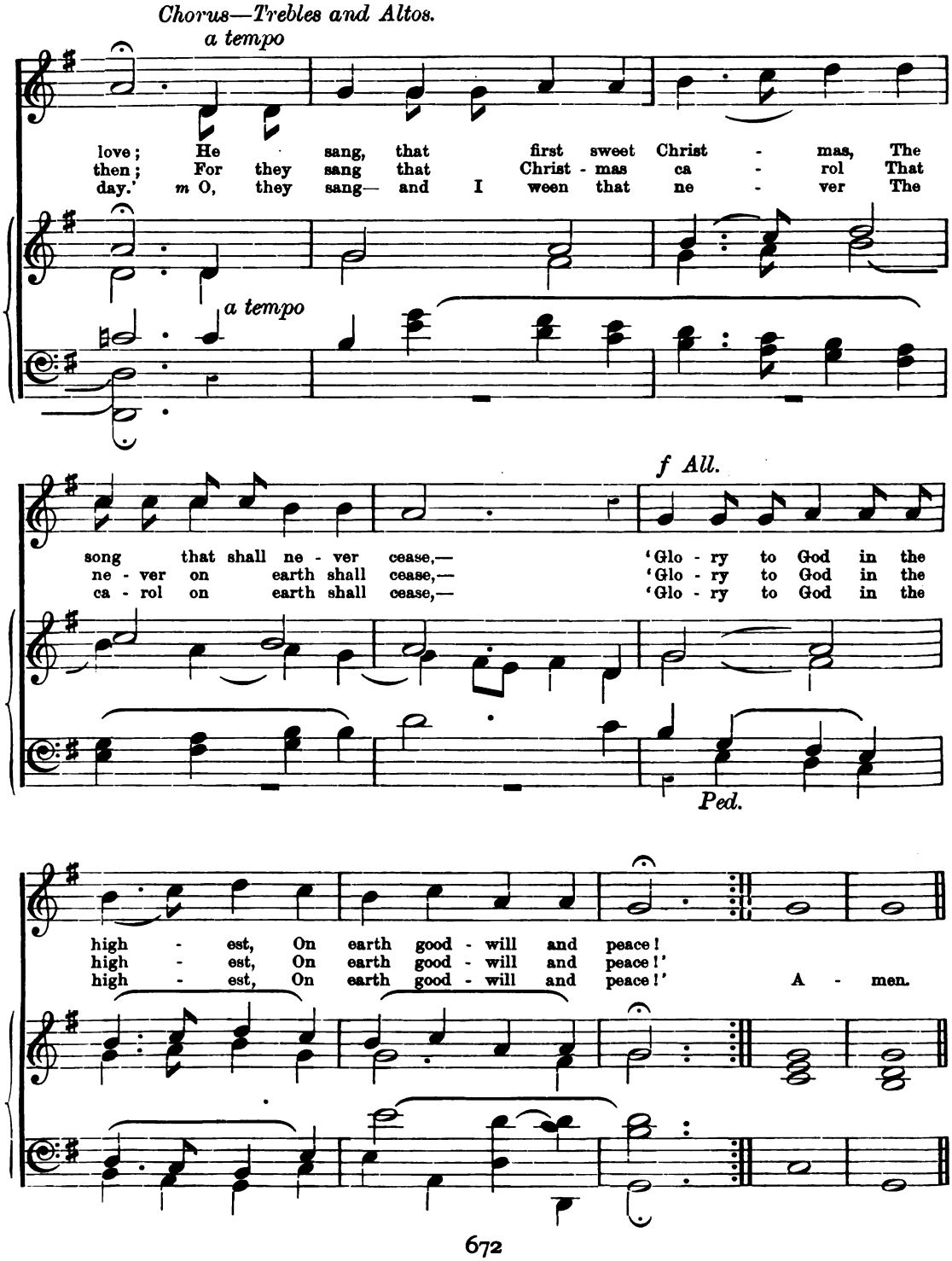
mp 5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

m 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.



529

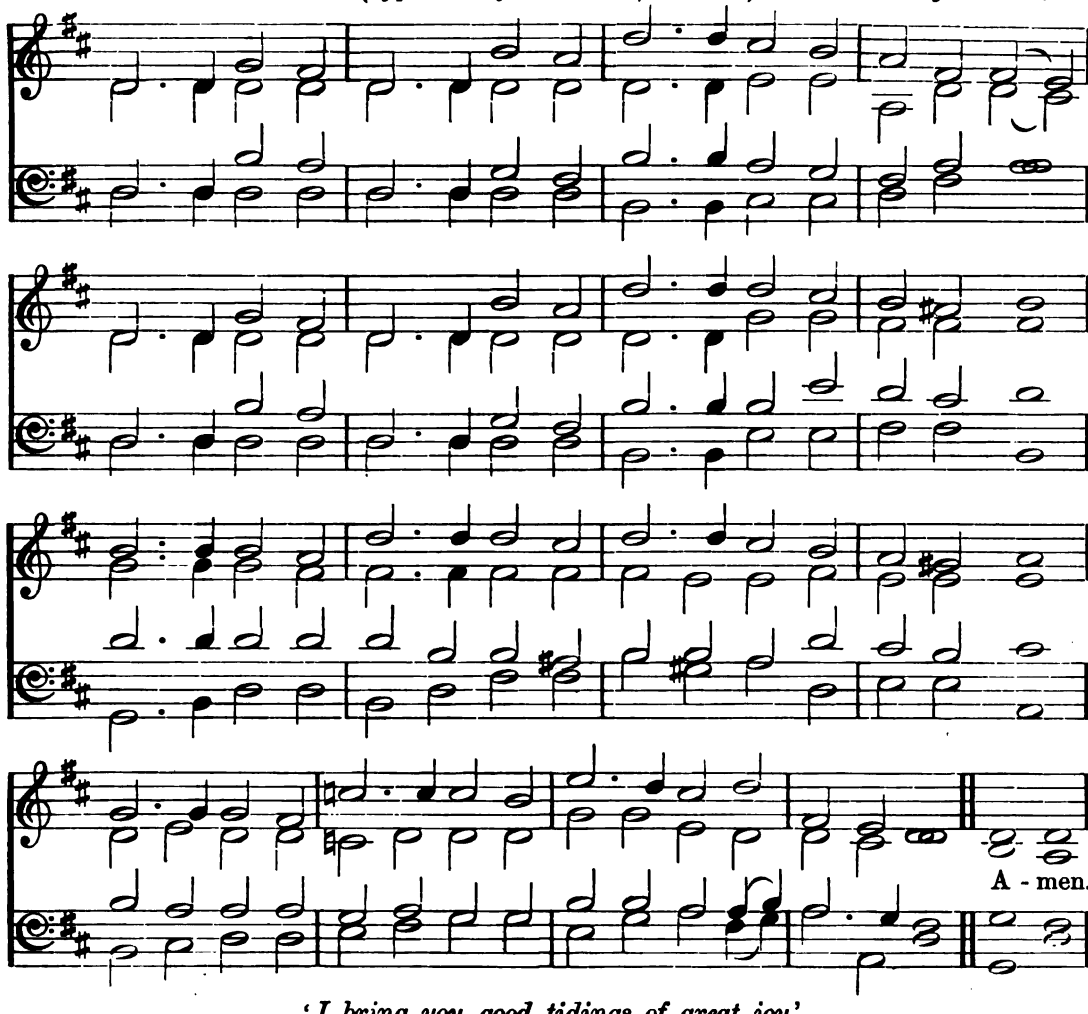
'Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

IN THE FIELD. J. FARMER.

Solo
m 1. In the
mf 2. 'To
m 3. And the
field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y
you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Sa - viour is born to-
shep - herds came to the man - ger, And gazed on the Ho - ly
ground, And glimm' - ring un - der the star - light The
day.' And sud - den a host of the heaven - ly ones Flashed
Child; And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The

mf
sheep lay white a - round, When the light of the Lord streamed
forth to join the lay. O ne - ver hath sweet - er
vir - gin mo - ther smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit
mf
o'er . . . them, And, lo! from the hea - ven a - bove An
mes - sage Thrilled home to the souls of men; And the
si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay,— 'To
rit.
an - gel leaned from the glo - ry, And sang his song of
heavens them - selves had ne - ver heard A glad - der choir till
you in the ci - ty of Da - vid A Sa - viour is born to-
rit.

Chorus—Trebles and Altos.
a tempo
love; He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The
then; For they sang that Christ - mas ca - rol That
day.' m O, they sang— and I ween that ne - ver The
a tempo
f All.
song that shall ne - ver cease,— 'Glo - ry to God in the
ne - ver on earth shall cease,— 'Glo - ry to God in the
ca - rol on earth shall cease,— 'Glo - ry to God in the
Ped.
high - est, On earth good - will and peace!
high - est, On earth good - will and peace!'
high - est, On earth good - will and peace!' A - men.

530

LITTLE CHILDREN.

(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)

G. J. ELVEY.

'I bring you good tidings of great joy.'

LITTLE children, wake and listen!
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.
Long ago, to lonely meadows
Angels brought the message down;
Still each year, through midnight shadows,
It is heard in every town.

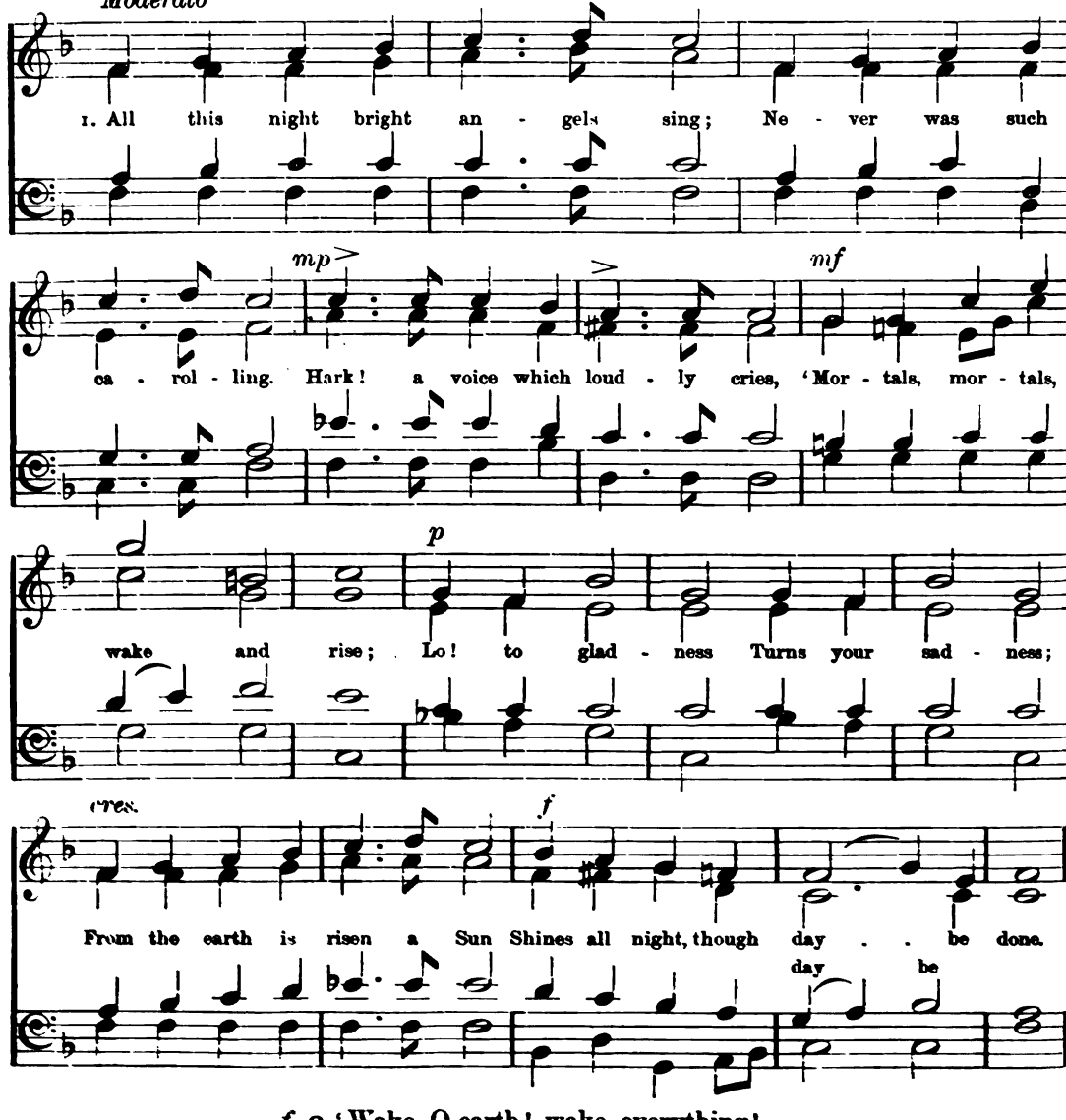
2 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street?
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?
m Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

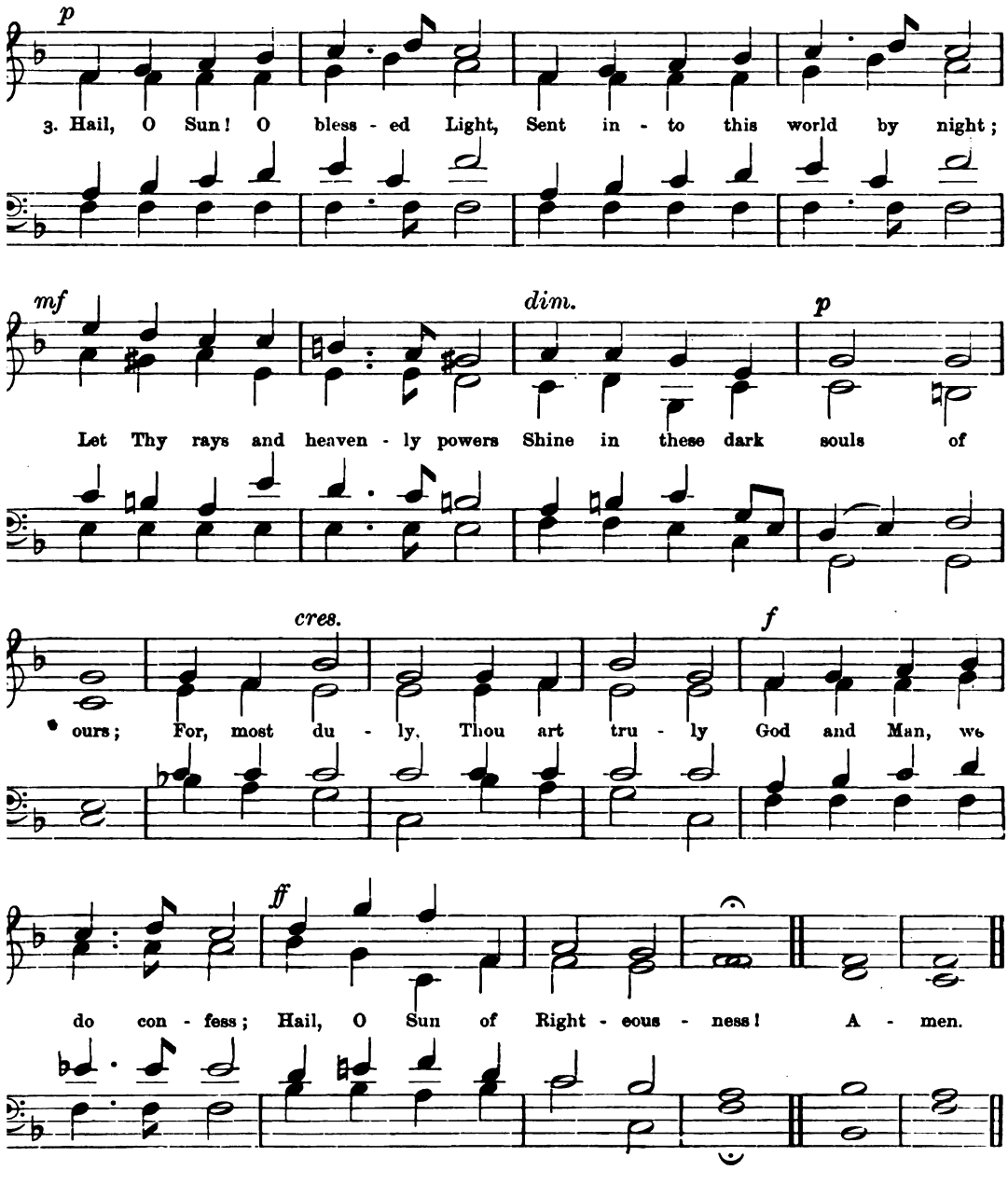
3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found;
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.
mf Little children, wake and listen!
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth.

531

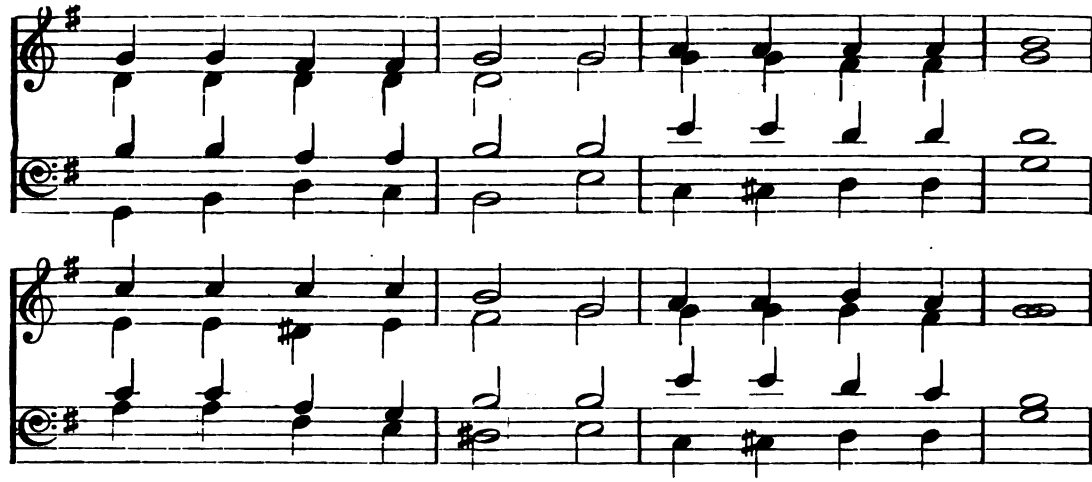
'The Dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness.'

ALL THIS NIGHT. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) A. S. SULLIVAN.

Moderato

1. All this night bright an - gels sing; Ne - ver was such
mp
ca - rol - ling. Hark! a voice which loud - ly cries, 'Mor - tals, mor - tals,
mf
p
wake and rise; Lo! to glad - ness Turns your sad - ness;
cres.
f
From the earth is risen a Sun Shines all night, though day . . be done.
day be

f 2 'Wake, O earth! wake, everything!
Wake and hear the joy I bring;
Wake and joy, for all this night
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing;
Angels, powers, and all that be,
Wake, and joy this Sun to see!'

p
3. Hail, O Sun! O bless - ed Light, Sent in - to this world by night;
mf
dim.
p
Let Thy rays and heaven - ly powers Shine in these dark souls of
cres.
f
ours; For, most du - ly, Thou art tru - ly God and Man, we
ff
do con - fess; Hail, O Sun of Right - eous - ness! A - men.

532

HAMERTON. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) S. C. HAMERTON.

'They saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and worshipped Him: and they presented unto Him gifts.'

mf WAKEN, Christian children!
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice, the praises
Of our new-born King.

2 Up! 't is meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
f Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

m 3 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to Me.'

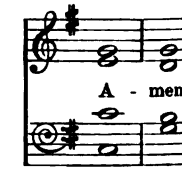
mp 4 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.

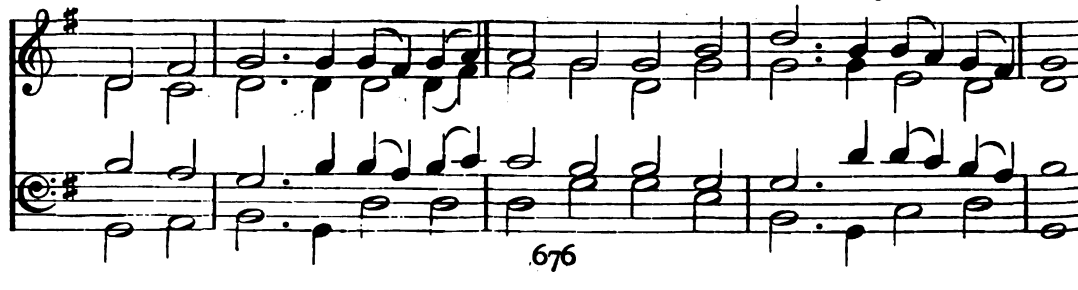
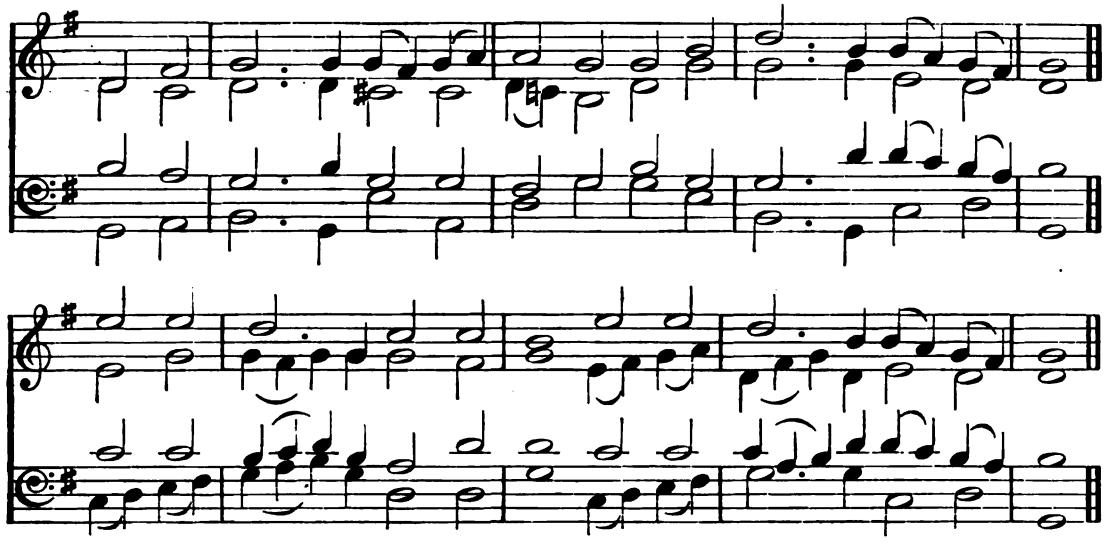
mf 5 Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

m 6 Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

7 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still;
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

8 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, He loveth
Infant purity.

mf 9 Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
f Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

533

IRBY. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

'Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.'

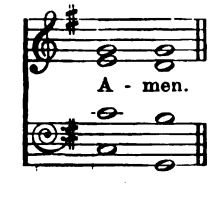
m ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

mp 2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

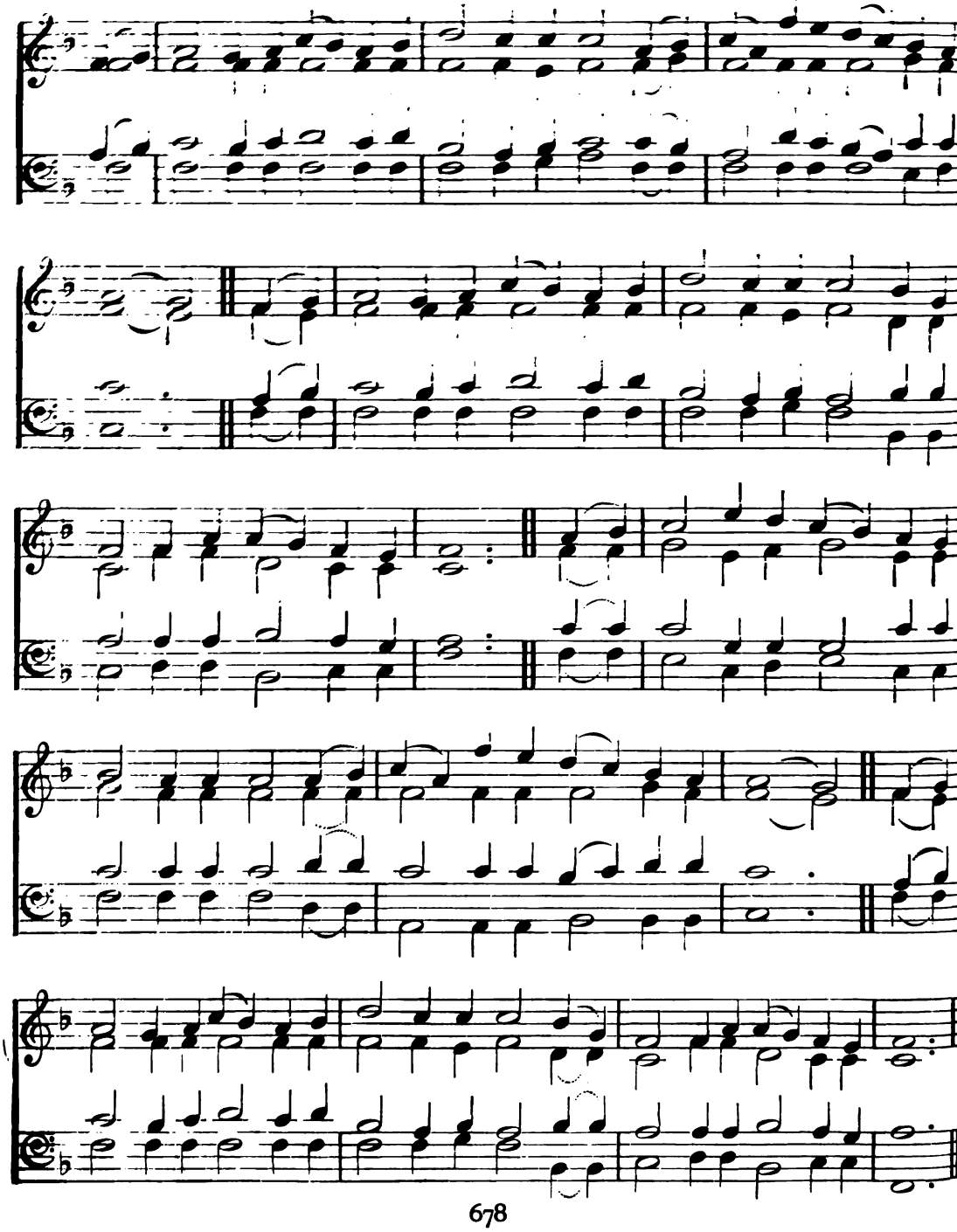
m 3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

mf 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

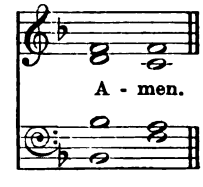
6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Also the following:
584 There came a little Child to earth.

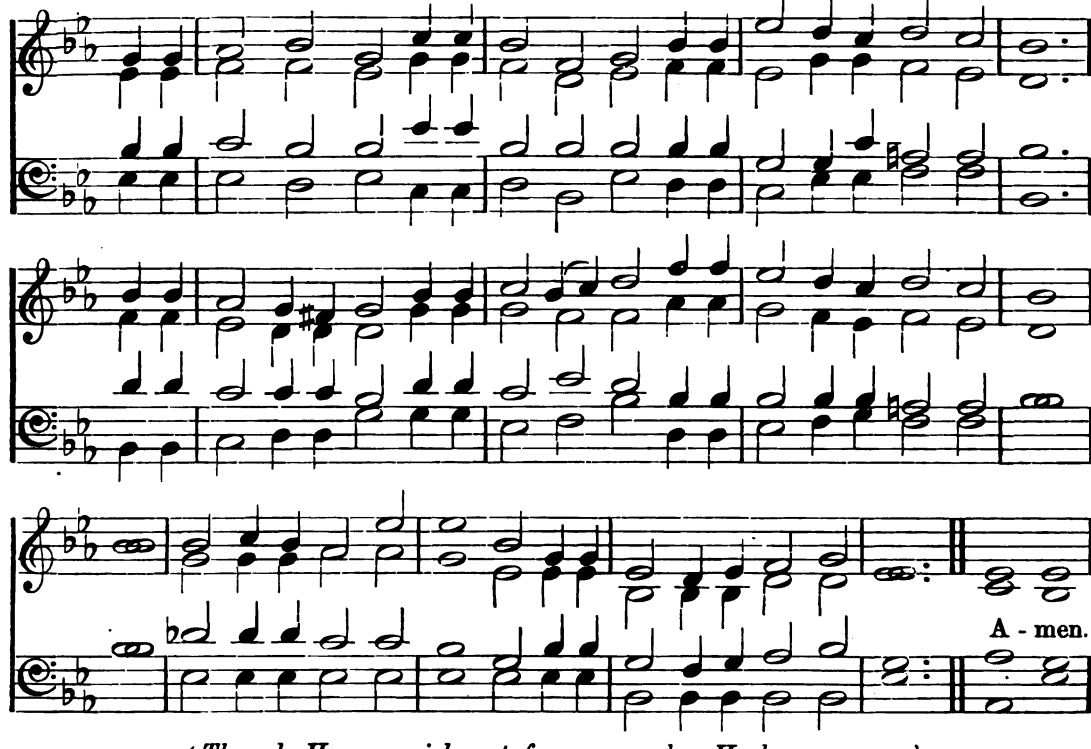
534

SALAMIS. GREEK AIR.

'*He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*'

m I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

mp 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
mf In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

mp 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
m I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
mf I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

535

VENI DOMINE JESU. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

'Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor.'

mp THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

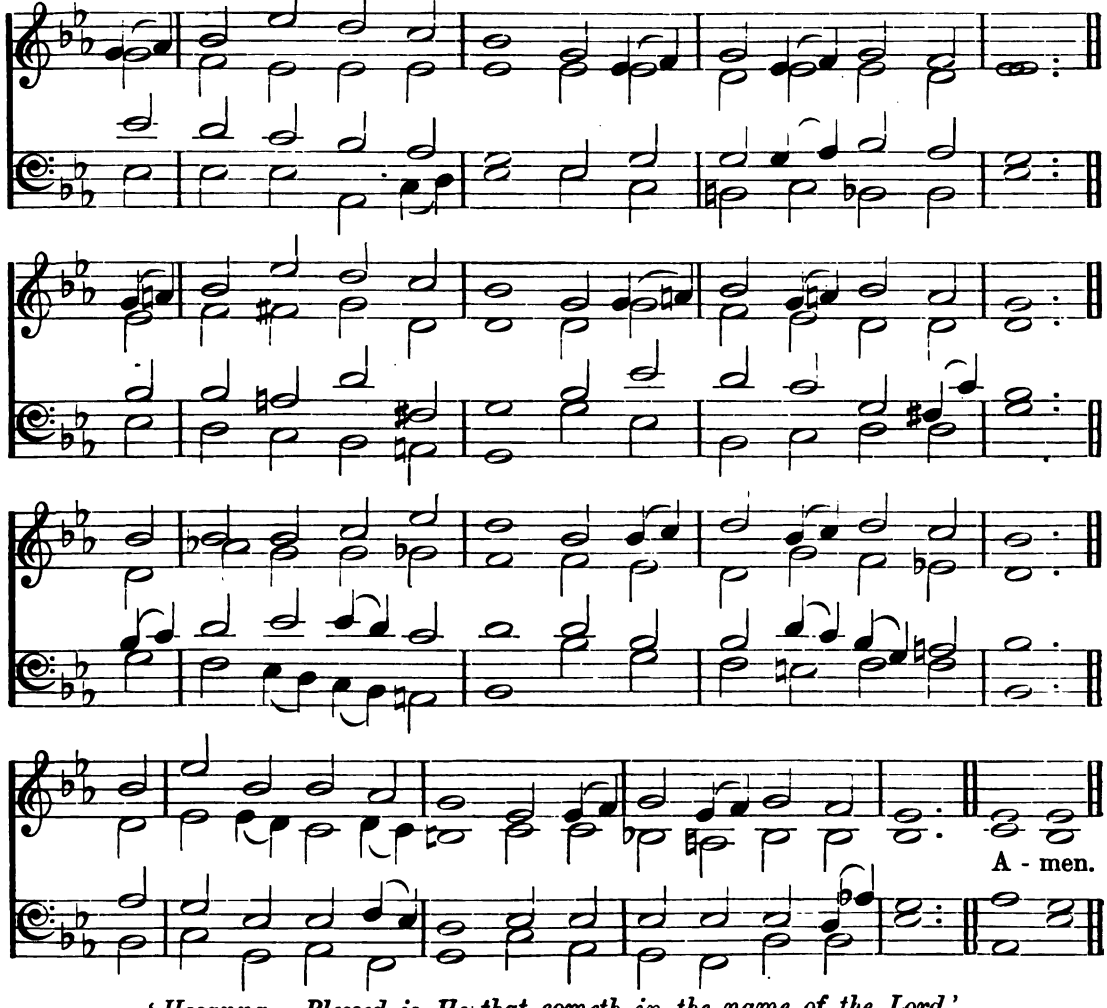
f 2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mp But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

m 3 The foxes found rest
And the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
mp But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
mf O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

m 4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
p But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
mp O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy cross is my only plea.

mf 5 When heaven's arches ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, 'Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

536

TOURS. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) B. TOURS.

'Hosanna; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'

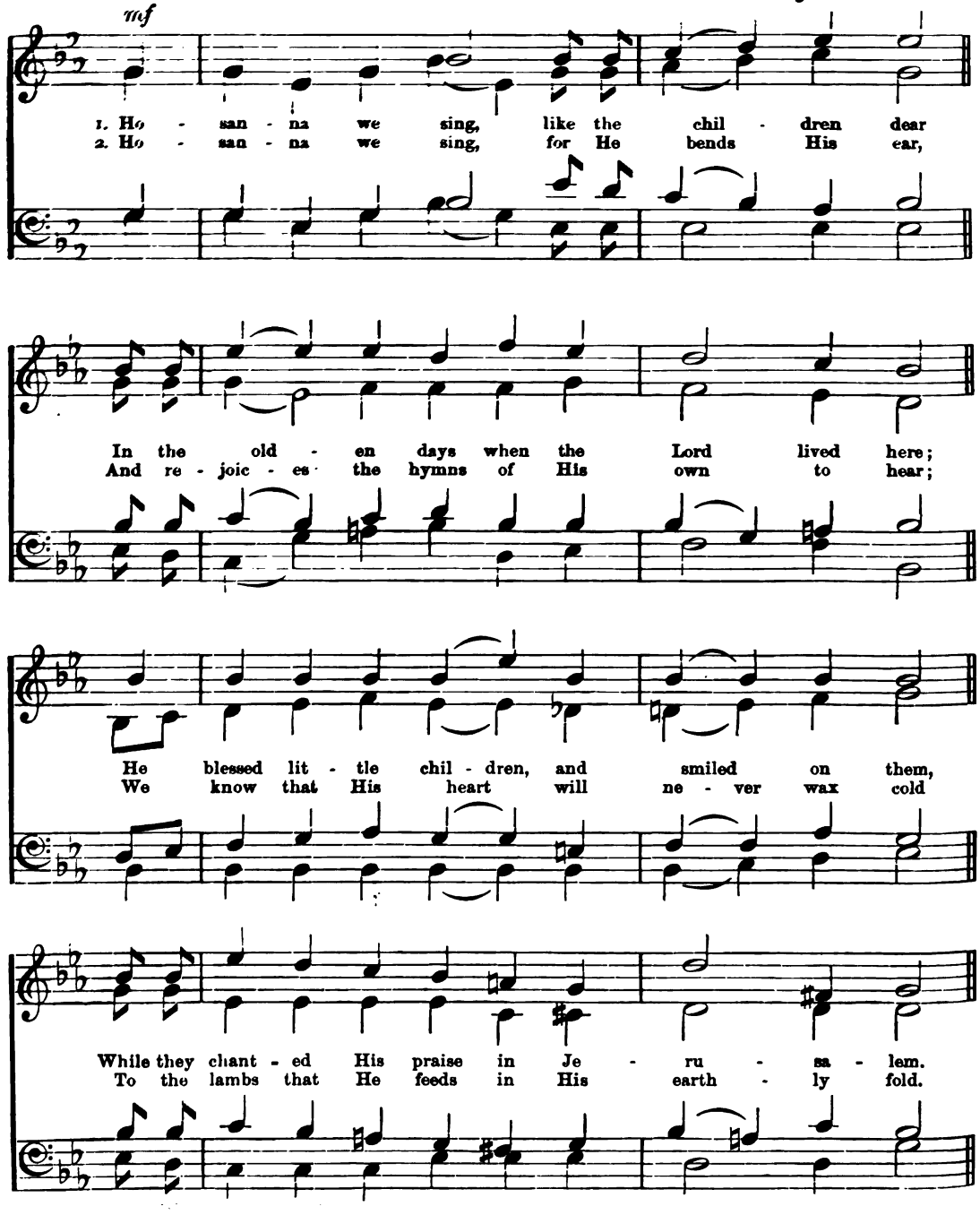
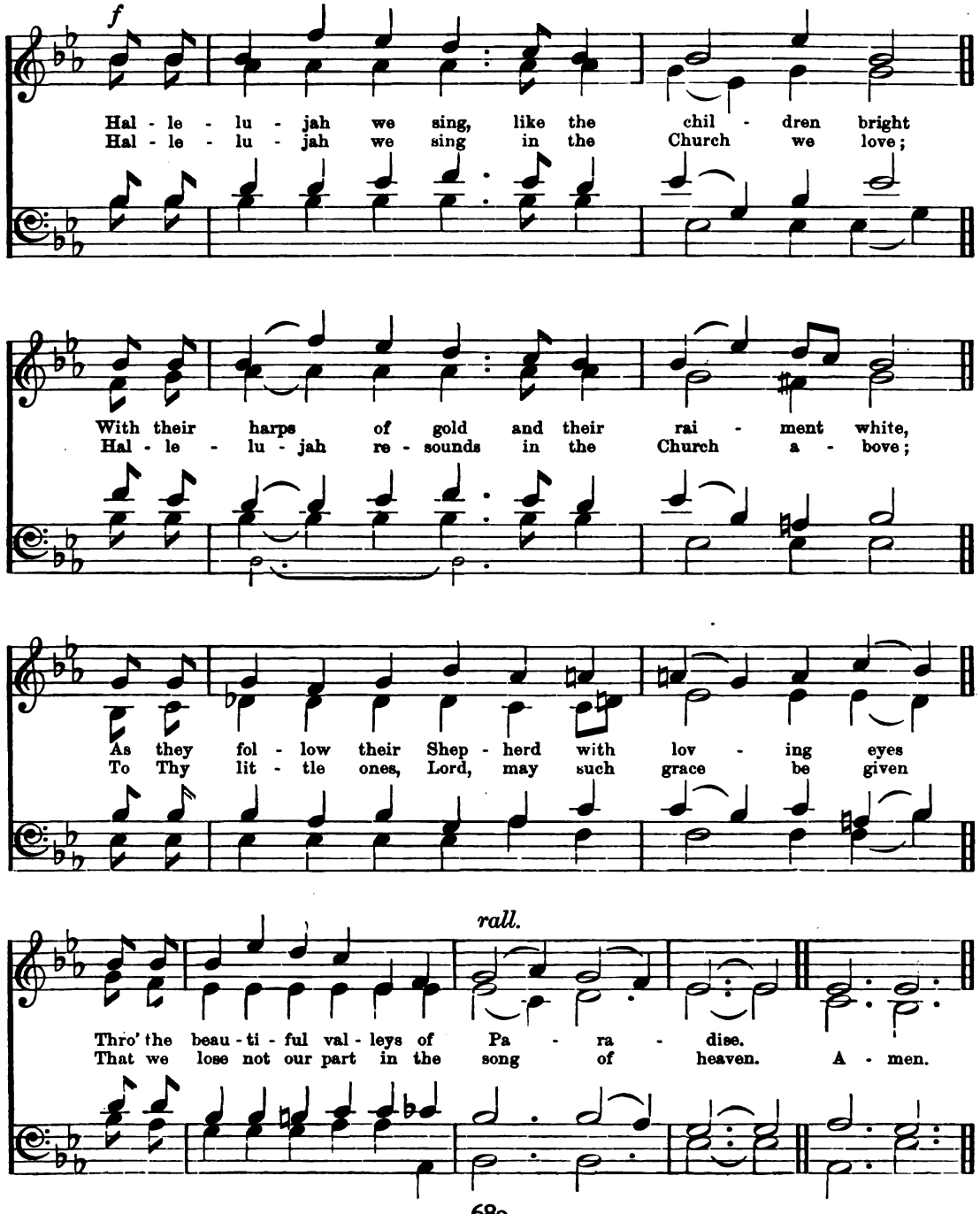
m WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along.
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
mf We 'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud, 'Hosanna
To David's royal Son!'

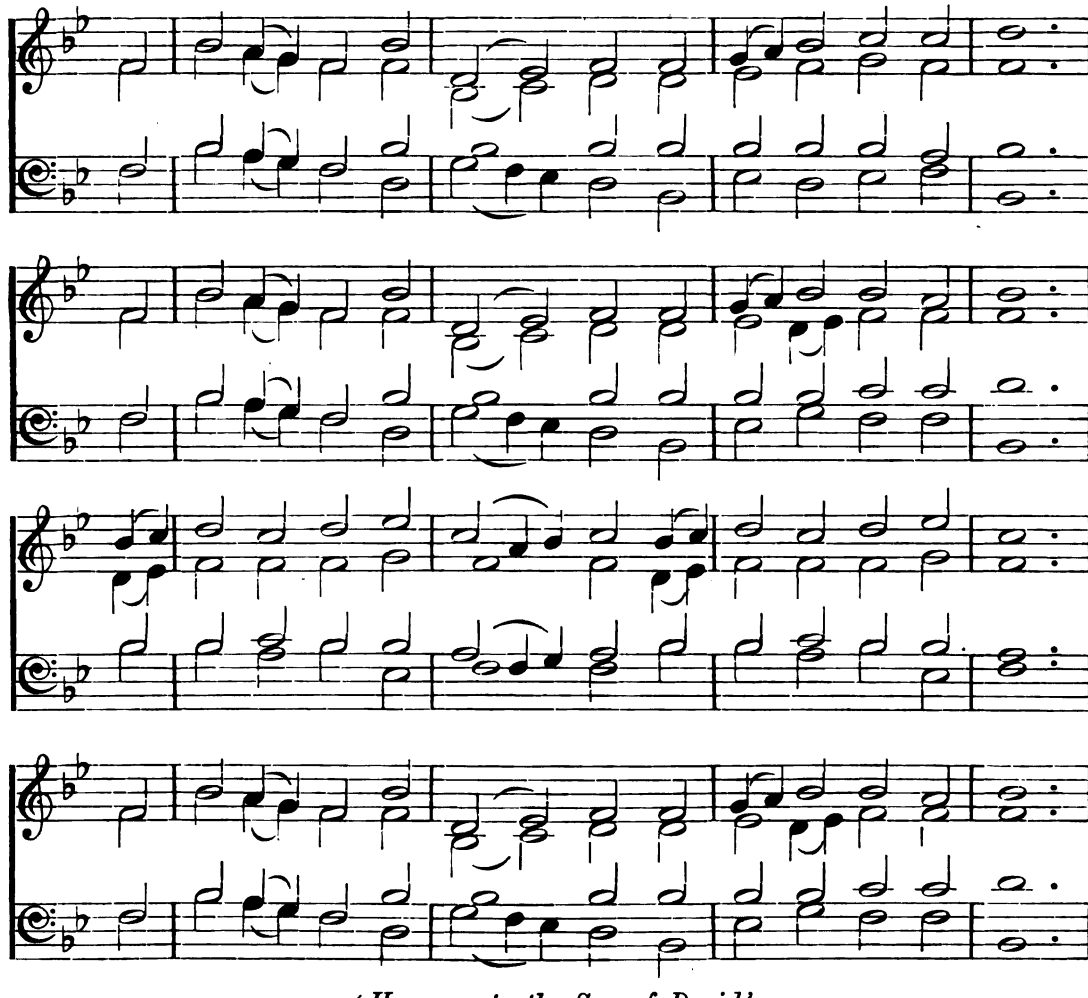
m 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
mf No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

537

'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.'

HOSANNA WE SING. J. B. DYKES.

mf
1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear,
In the old - en days when the Lord lived here;
And re - joic - es the hymns of His own to hear;
He blessed lit - tle chil - dren, and smiled on them,
We know that His heart will ne - ver wax cold
While they chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

f
Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, like the chil - dren bright
Hal - le - lu - jah we sing in the Church we love;
With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
Hal - le - lu - jah re - sounds in the Church a - bove;
As they fol - low their Shep - herd with lov - ing eyes
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given
rall.
Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Pa - ra - dise.
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A - men.

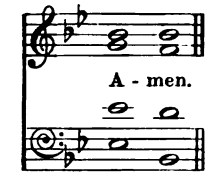
538

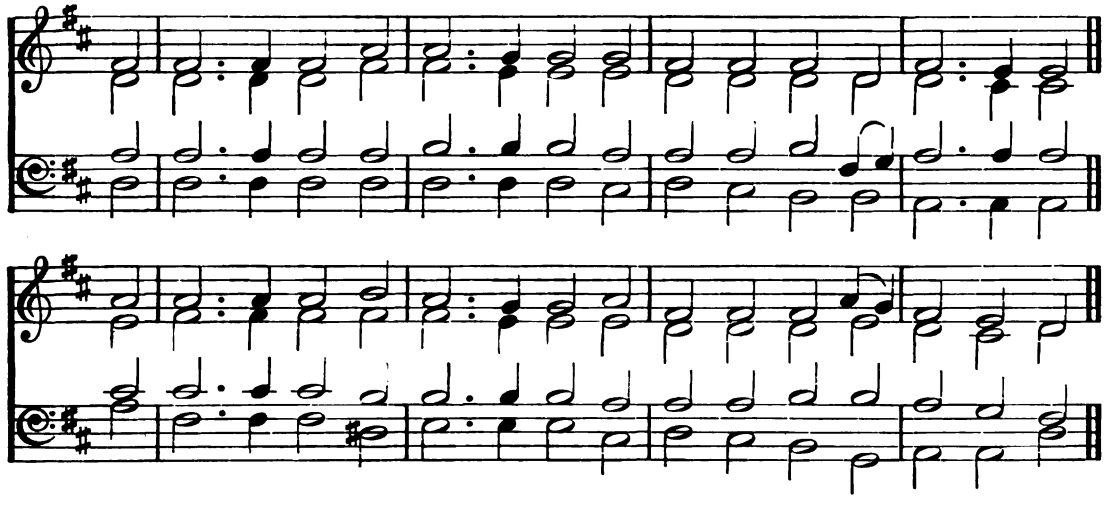
ELLACOMBE. KOCHER'S ZIONSHARFE, 1855.

'Hosanna to the Son of David.'

mf HOSANNA, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
f 'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

m 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strowed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

f 4 'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
mf O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

539

CRUX CRUDELIS. A. L. PEACE.

'When they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.'

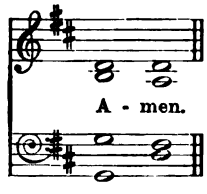
mp BEYOND the holy city wall
They set the cruel cross on high,
Where the dear Lord who saved us all
d Did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

mp 2 The hands that touched the blind to sight,
That gave the sick man strength anew,
That raised the dead to life and light,
p Were pierced and wounded through and through.

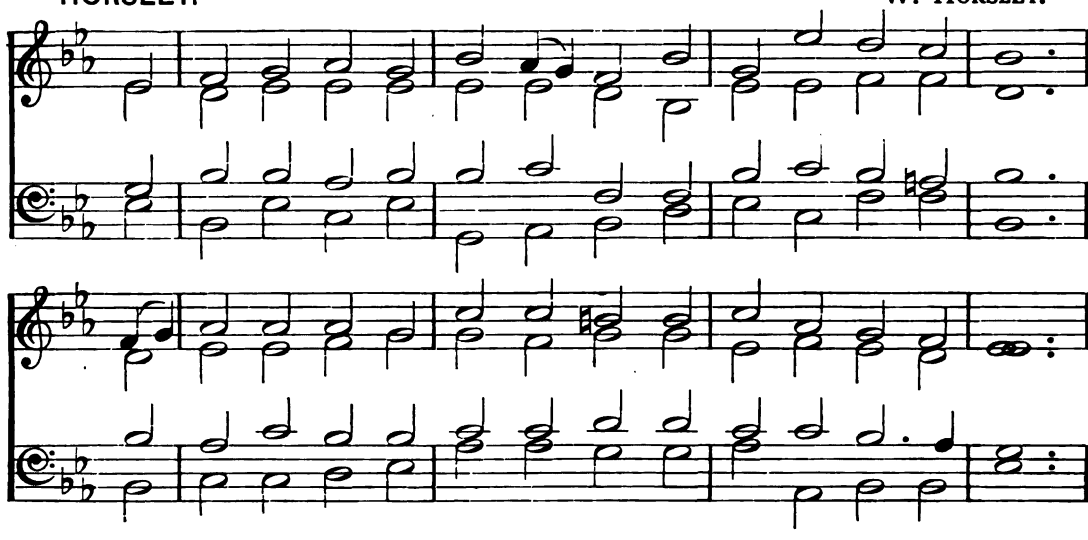
mp 3 The feet that walked the stormy sea,
That ever turned at sorrow's prayer,
pp By sharp nails fastened to the tree,
Hung torn and hurt and bleeding there.

mp 4 Since God's own Son must suffer thus
Our souls from Satan's grasp to win,
Since only He could ransom us,
p O what a fearful thing is sin!

mp 5 How can we yield to Satan's power,
And let our sinful passions reign,
When hearing of that awful hour,
And thinking of our Saviour's pain?

p 6 O, by Thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear Lord, and by Thy precious blood,
c Wash all our guilty stains away,
And make Thy sinful children good.

540

HORSLEY. **W. HORSLEY.**



'Neither is there salvation in any other.'

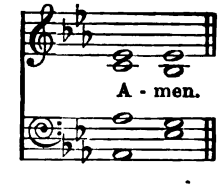
mp THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

p 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
mp But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

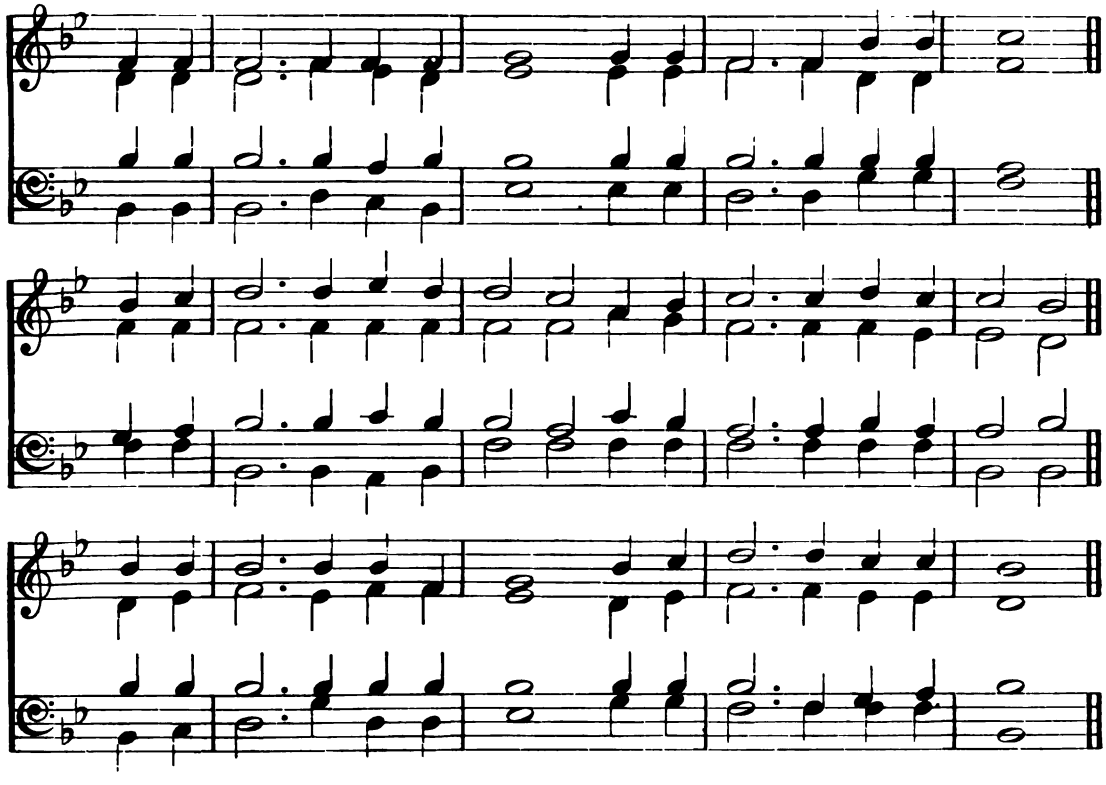
m 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

mf 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.



541

LOWLINESS. B. R. HANBY.

'*We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour.*'

mp WHO is He, in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
f *'T is the Lord! O wondrous story!*
'T is the Lord, the King of Glory!
m *At His feet we humbly fall;*
mf *Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.*

mp 2 Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

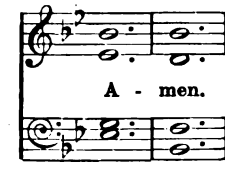
p 3 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

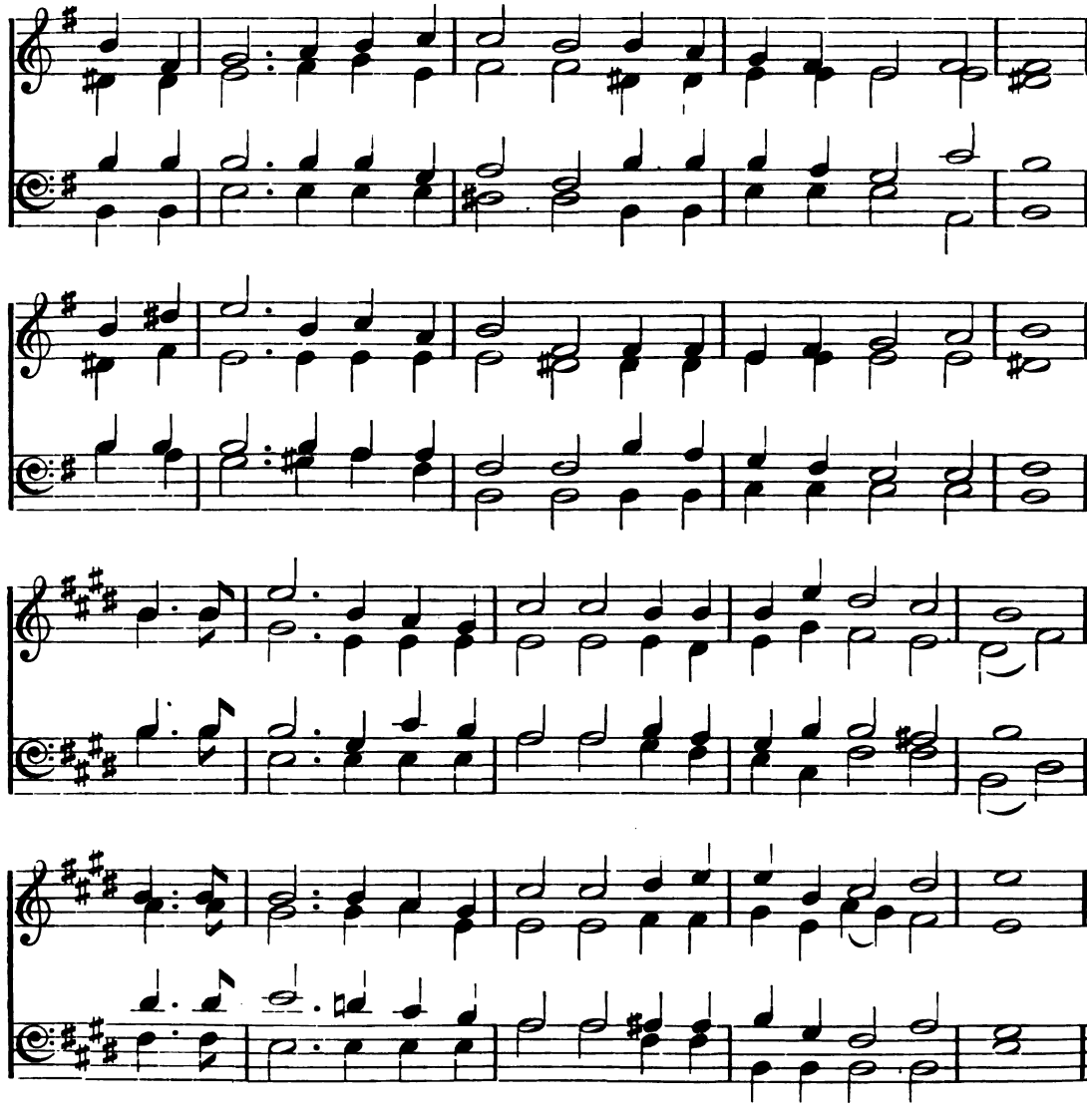
4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

pp 5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

p 6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

m 7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

mf 8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

542

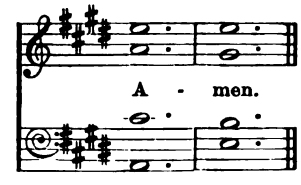
SCOPAS. C. HANCOCK.

'God was manifest in the flesh.'

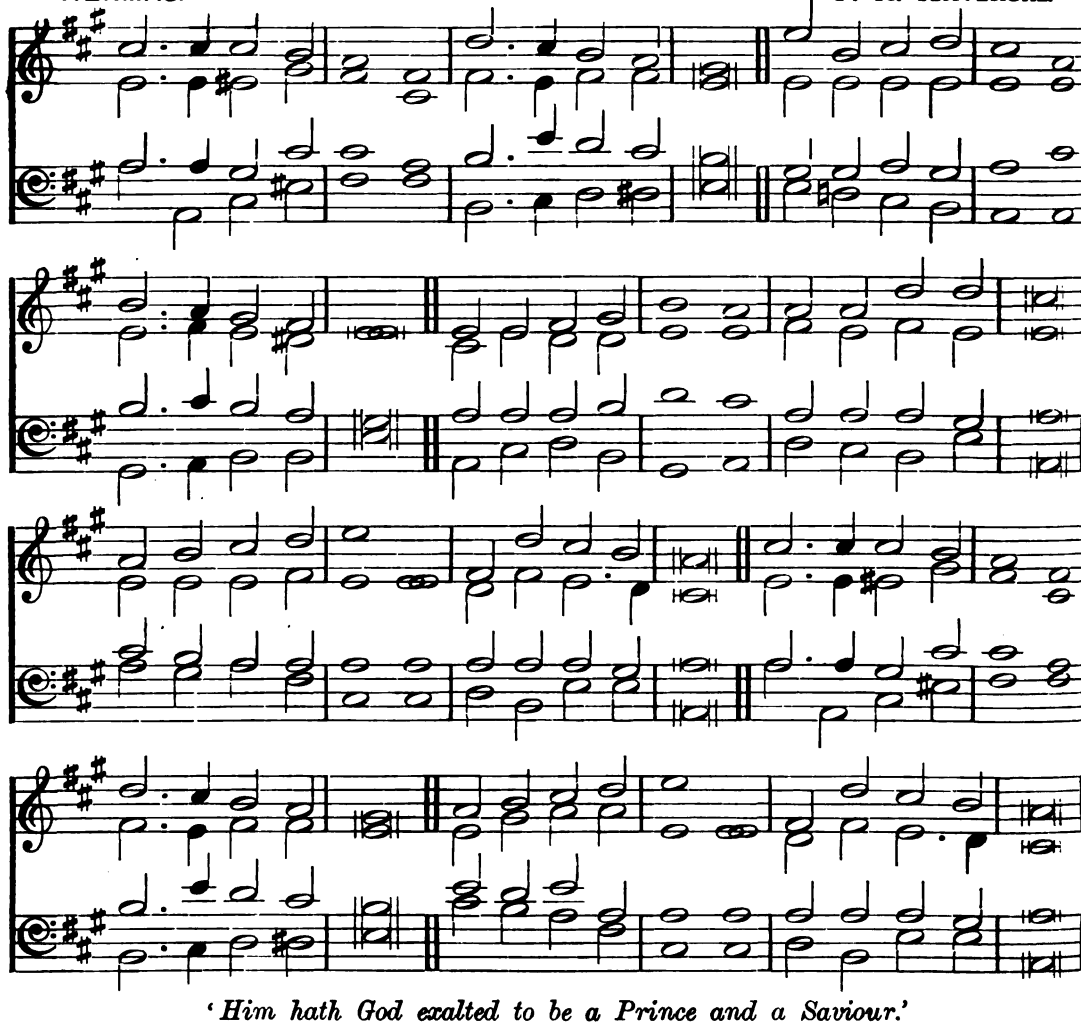
mp WHO is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?

mf 'T is the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

mp 2 Who is this, a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
mf 'T is our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

pp 3 Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
p Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
m 'T is our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

pp 4 Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
mf 'T is the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

543

HERMAS. F. R. HAVERGAL.

'Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.'

mf GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.

f Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

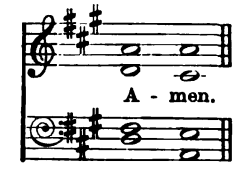
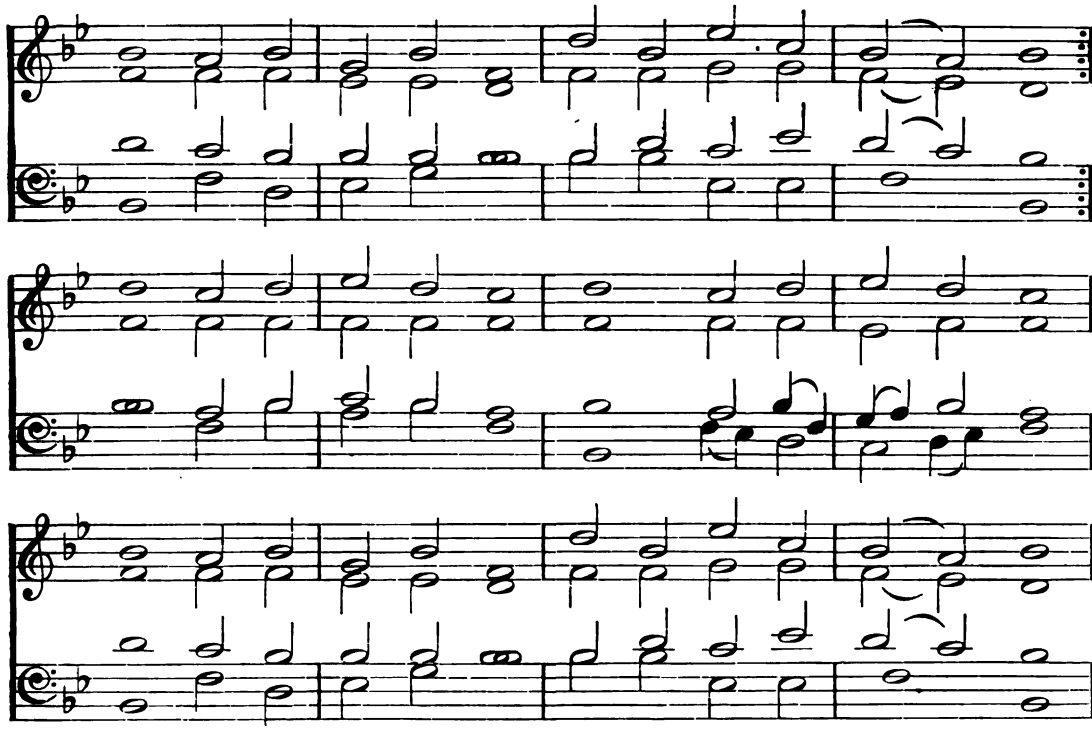
mf *'All His work is ended,'*
Joyfully we sing;

f *'Jesus hath ascended;*
Glory to our King!'

mp 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,

mf Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

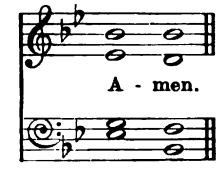
m 3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,

His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
mf Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

MADRID. **544**

'O come, let us sing unto the Lord.'

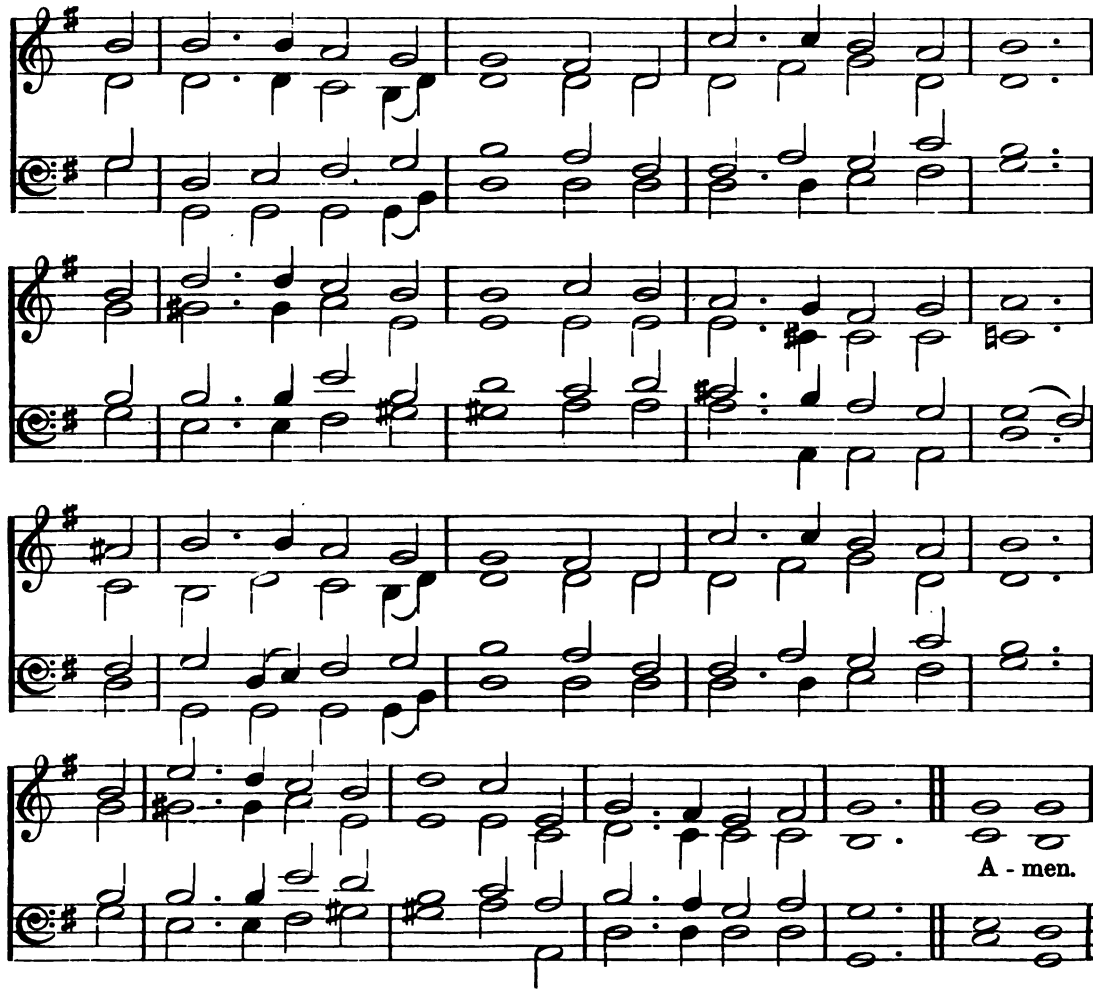
mf COME, children, join to sing—
Hallelujah! Amen!—
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His greatest choice:
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!
m He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He 'll condescend;
His love shall never end:
Hallelujah! Amen!

mf 3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah! Amen!
f On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we 'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
'Hallelujah! Amen!'



545

ANGELS' STORY. A. H. MANN.

'Because the Lord loved you . . hath the Lord redeemed you.'

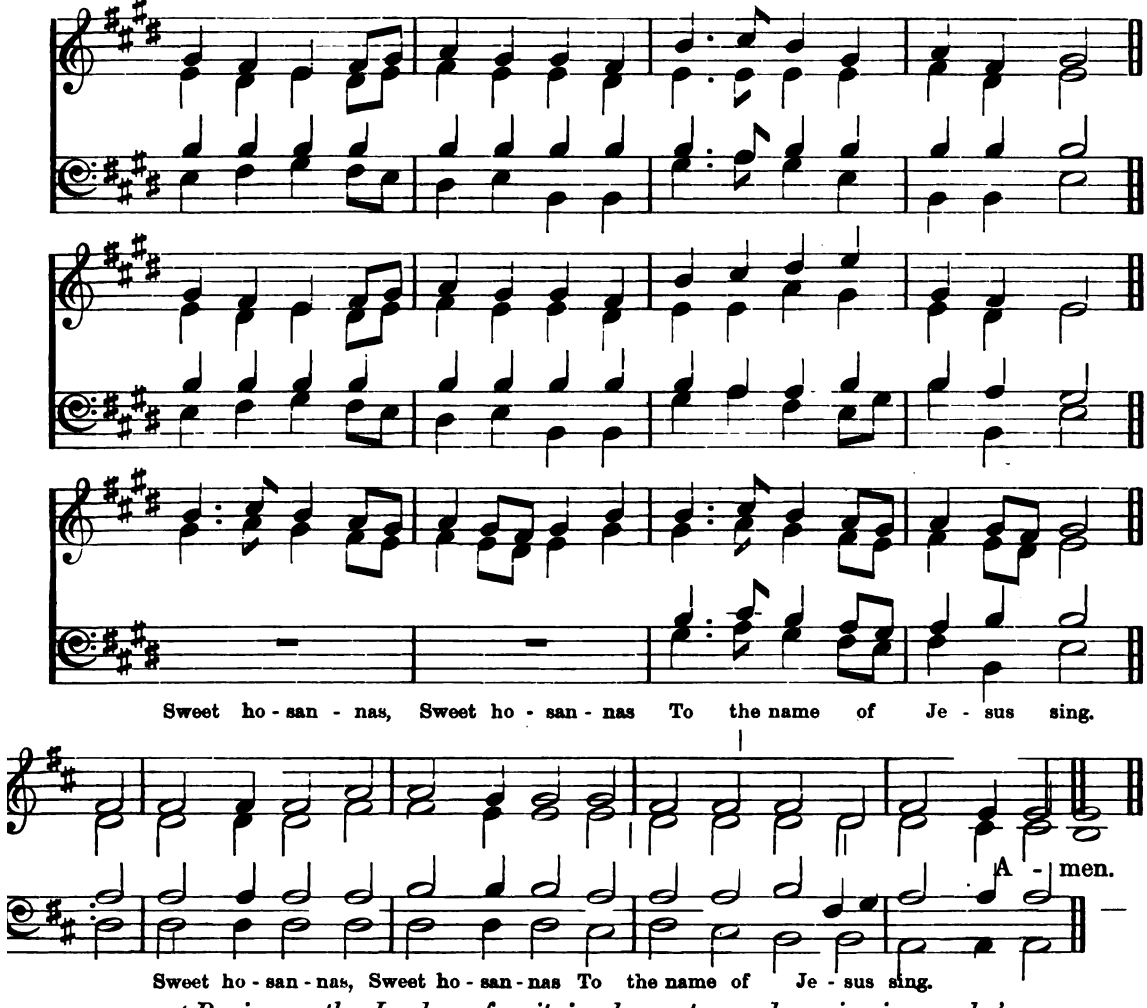
m I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

mp I am both weak and sinful;
c But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

m 2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

mf 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

546

SWEET HOSANNAS. Adapted from HANDEL.

'Praise ye the Lord . . for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.'

m LITTLE children, praise the Saviour;
He regards you from above;
Praise Him for His great salvation;
Praise Him for His precious love.

mf *Sweet hosannas*
To the name of Jesus sing.

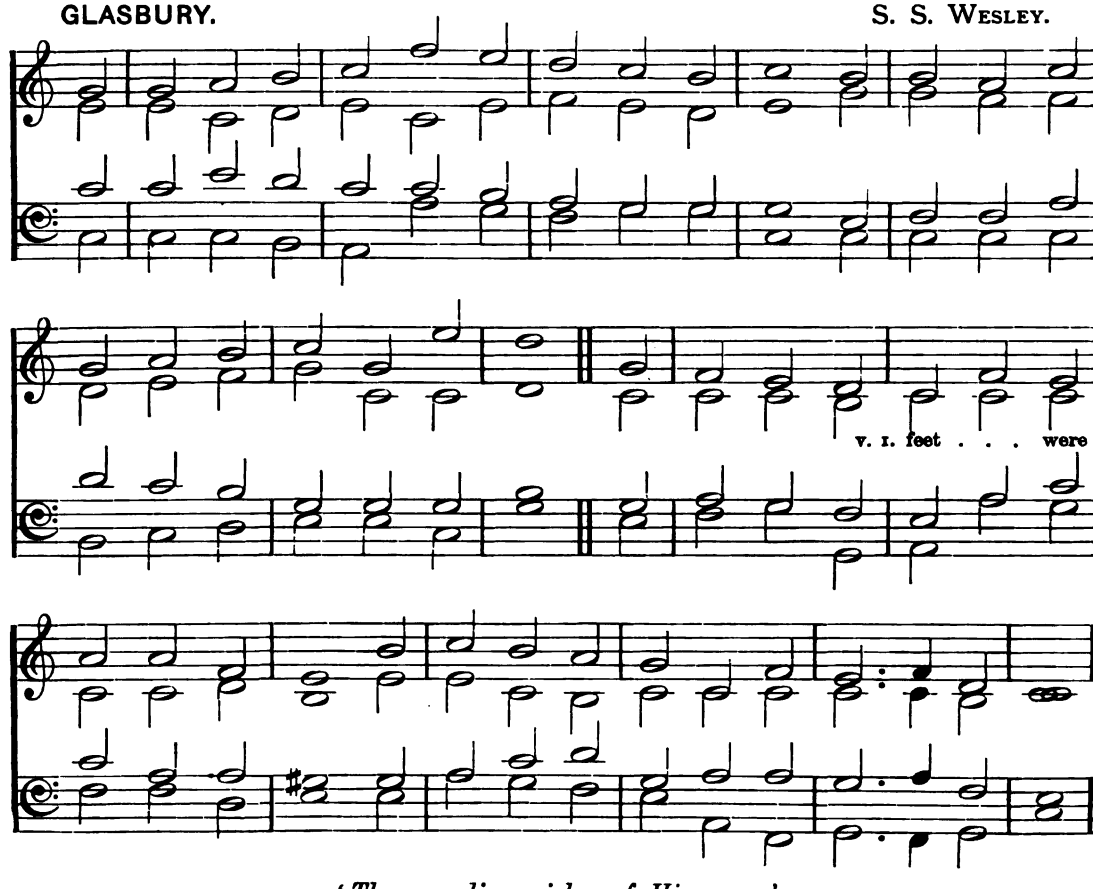
m 2 When He left His home in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.

3 When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.

mf 4 Up in yonder happy regions
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Send His praises through the sky.

m 5 Little children, praise the Saviour;
Praise Him, your undying Friend;
c Praise Him till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.

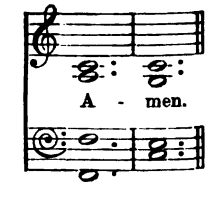
547

GLASBURY. **S. S. WESLEY.**

'The exceeding riches of His grace.'

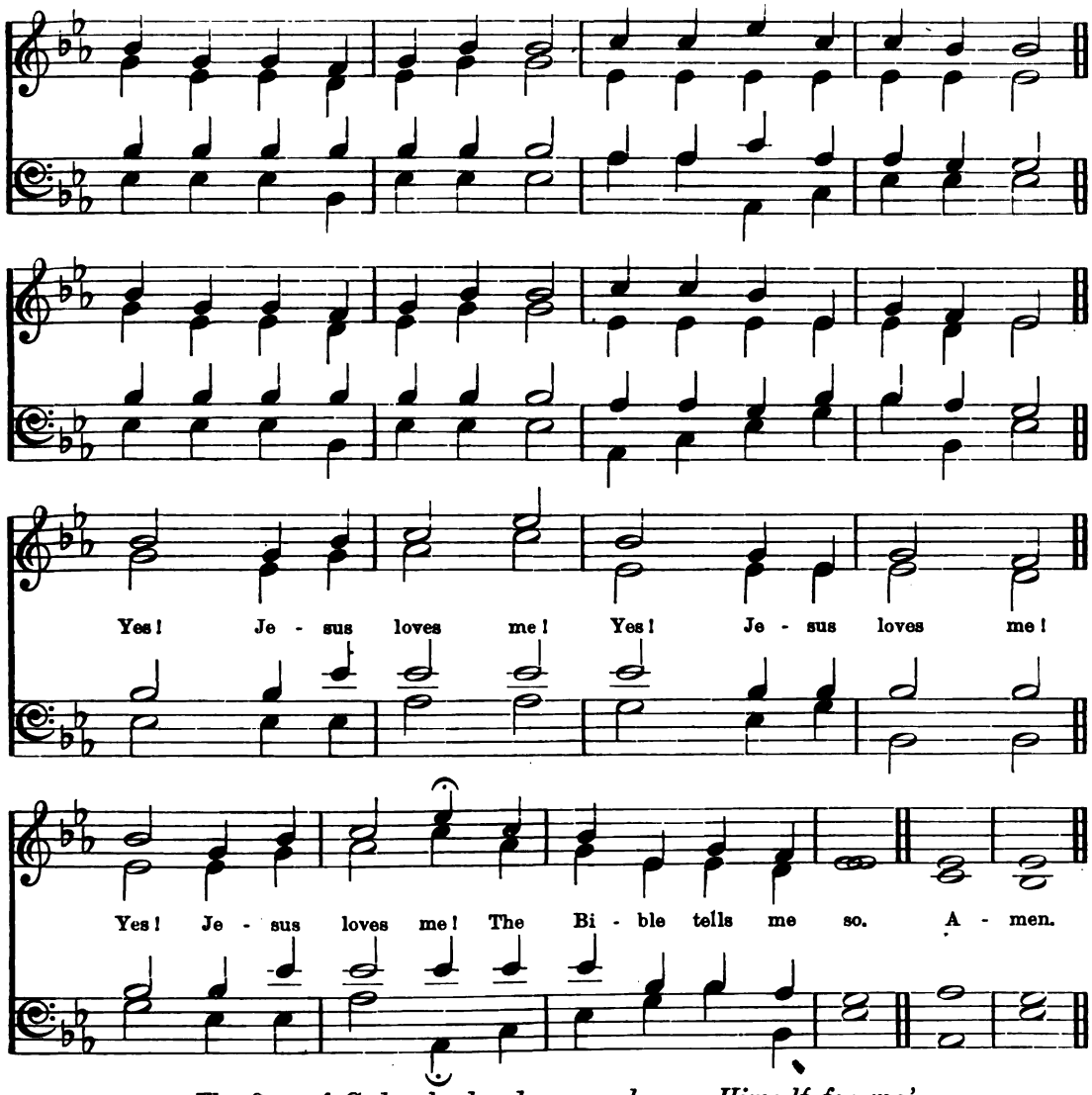
m HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
mp His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and for me.

mf 2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

m 4 O give, then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessèd who walk in His ways;
In life and in death He will still be your friend;
c For whom Jesus loves He loves to the end.

548

JESUS LOVES ME.

W. B. BRADBURY.

'The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'

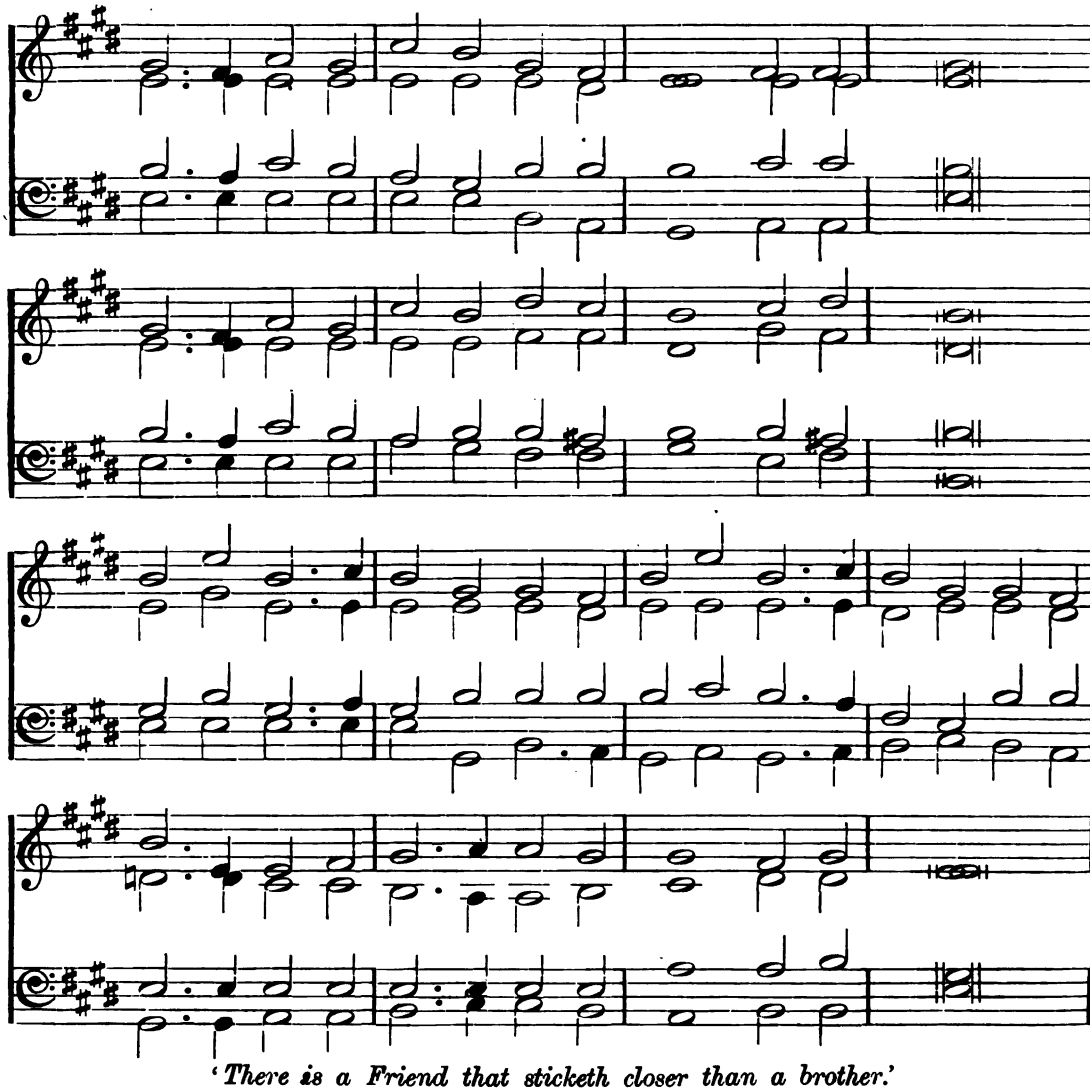
m JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

mf *Yes! Jesus loves me!*
The Bible tells me so.

mp 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

m 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
c Then His little child will take
Up to heaven, for His dear sake.

549

STEGGALL. FIRST TUNE. C. STEGGALL.

'There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'

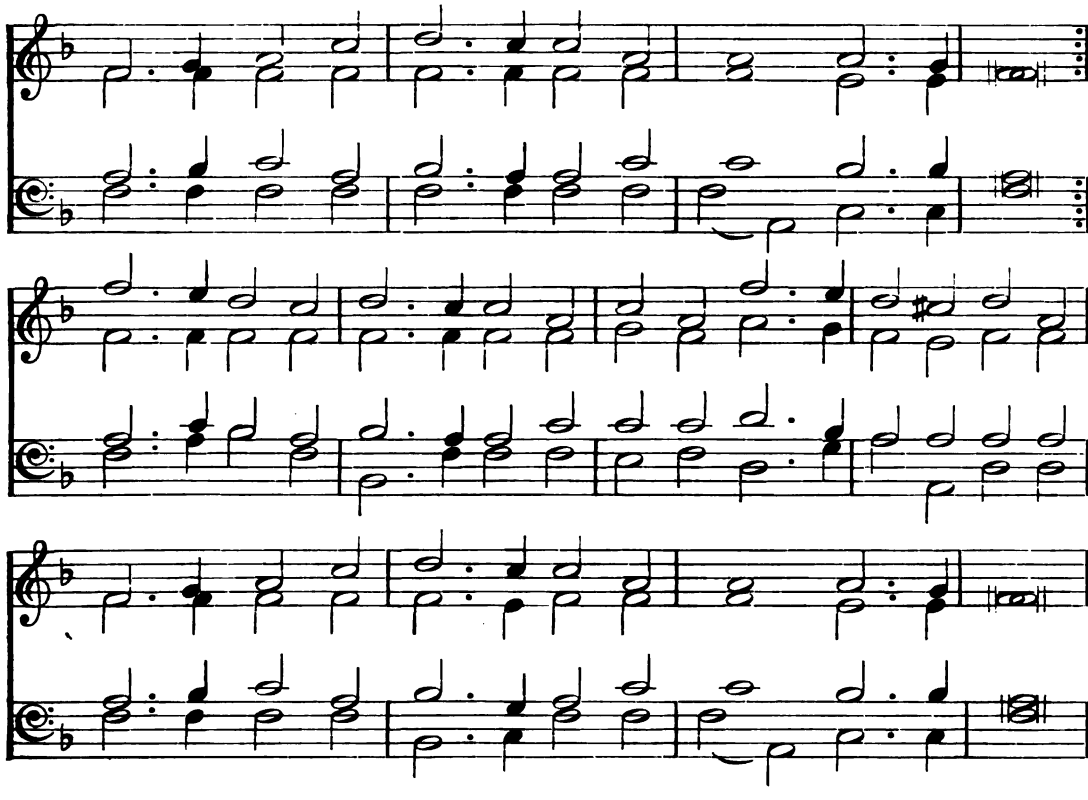
mf ONE is kind above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves!

mp Earthly friends may fail or leave thee,
One day kind, the next day grieve thee,

m But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee;
O how He loves!

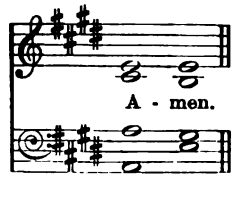
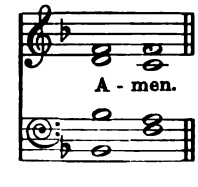
2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst thou know Him?
Give thine heart, thine all, unto Him;

549

TENDERNESS. SECOND TUNE. R. W. BEATY.

mp Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
m Jesus can from all release thee.

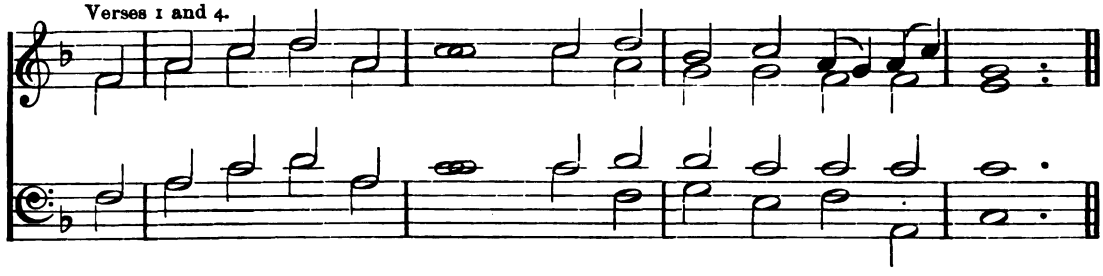
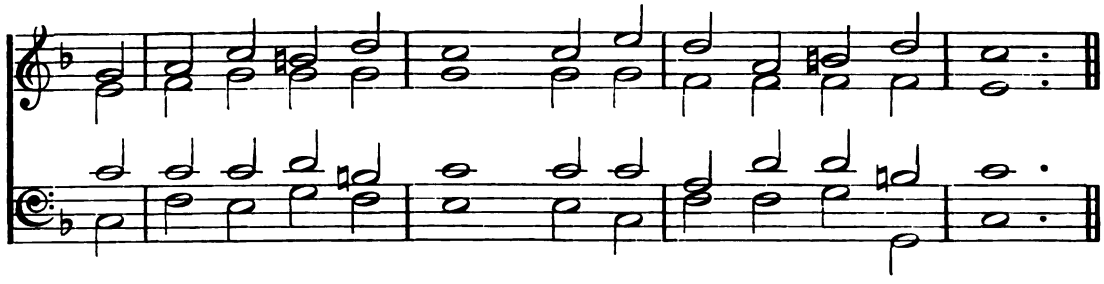
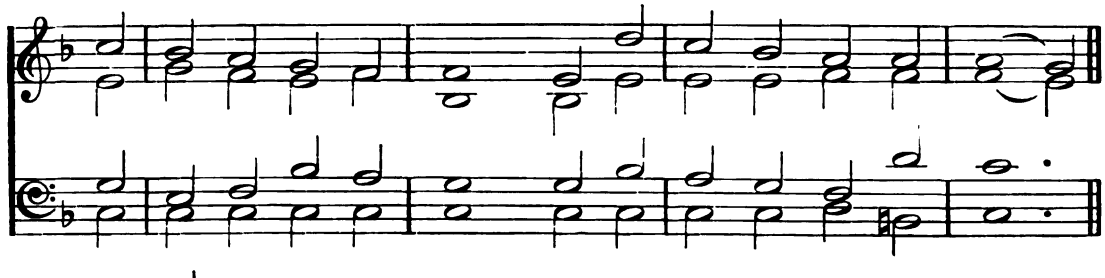
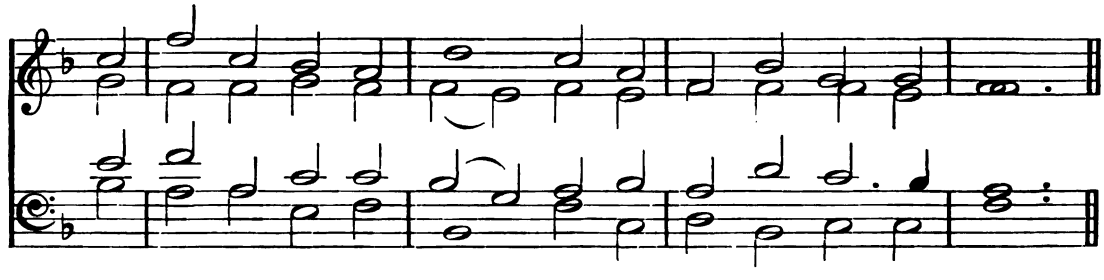
3 Love this Friend; He longs to save thee;
All through life He will not leave thee;
Think no more of friendships hollow;
Take His easy yoke and follow;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow.

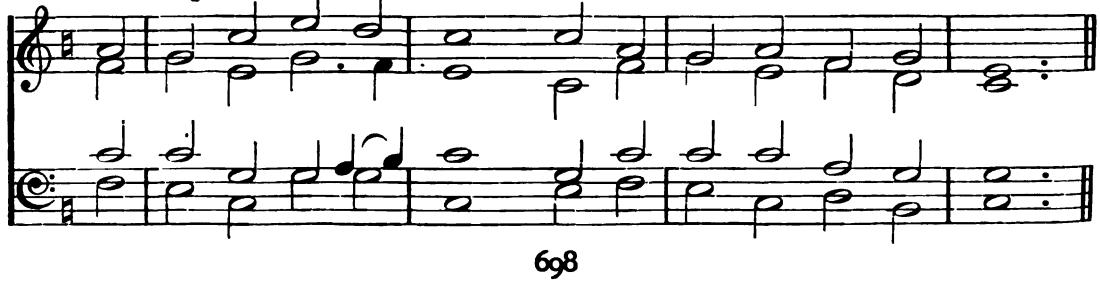
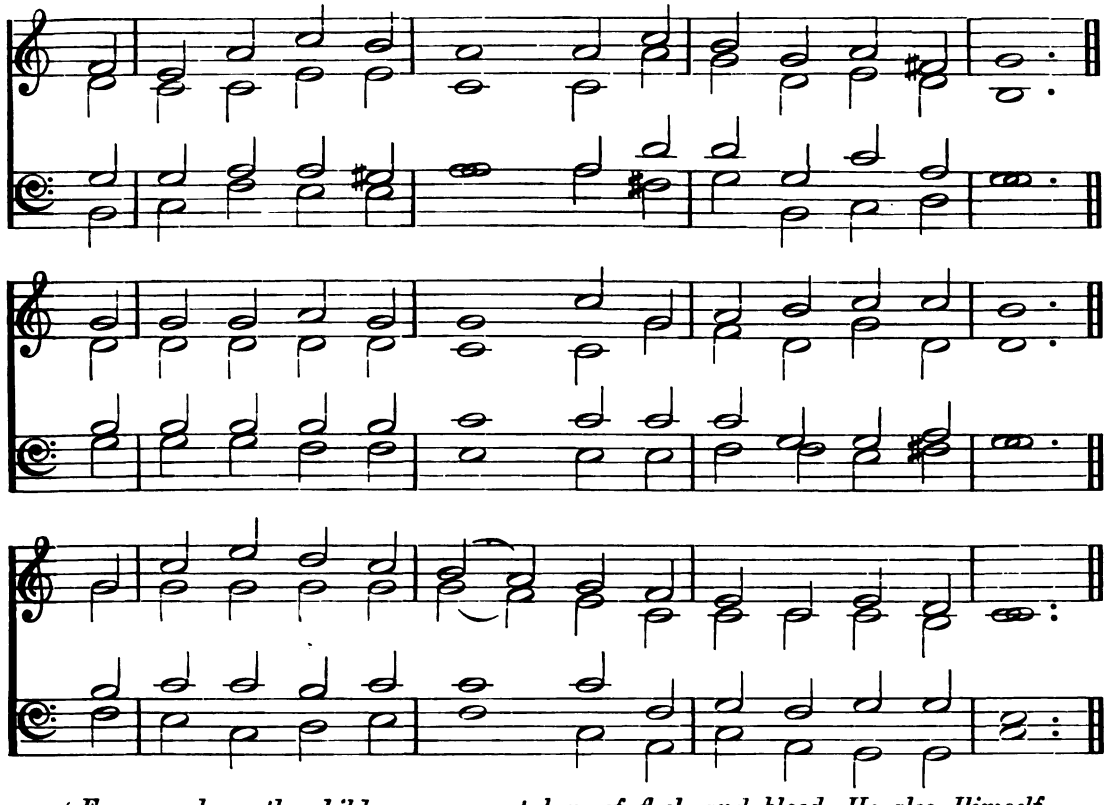
mf 4 All thy sins shall be forgiven;
Backward shall thy foes be driven;
f Best of blessings He 'll provide thee;
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee;
Safe to glory He will guide thee.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

550

LOCHBIE. **W. H. Monk.**

Verses 1 and 4.



Verses 2 and 3.

'*Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.*'

mf COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.
m He loved the little children,
And called them to His side;
His loving arms embraced them,
d And for their sake He died.

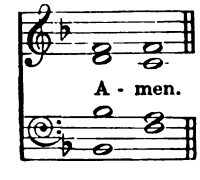
Boys only.

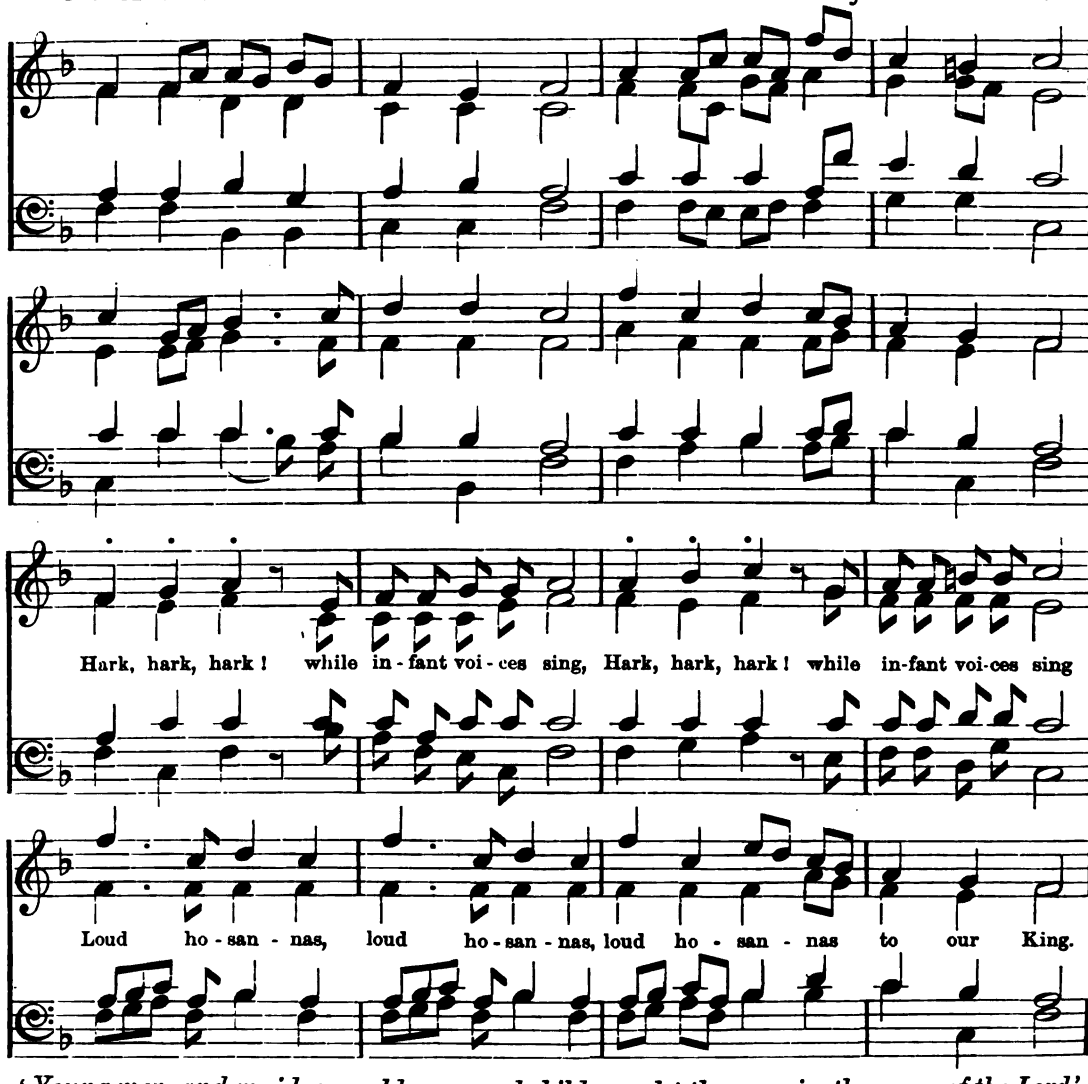
mf 2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
m Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

Girls only.

mf 3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
m O give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

All.

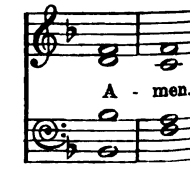
mf 4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise;
m Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
c We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

551

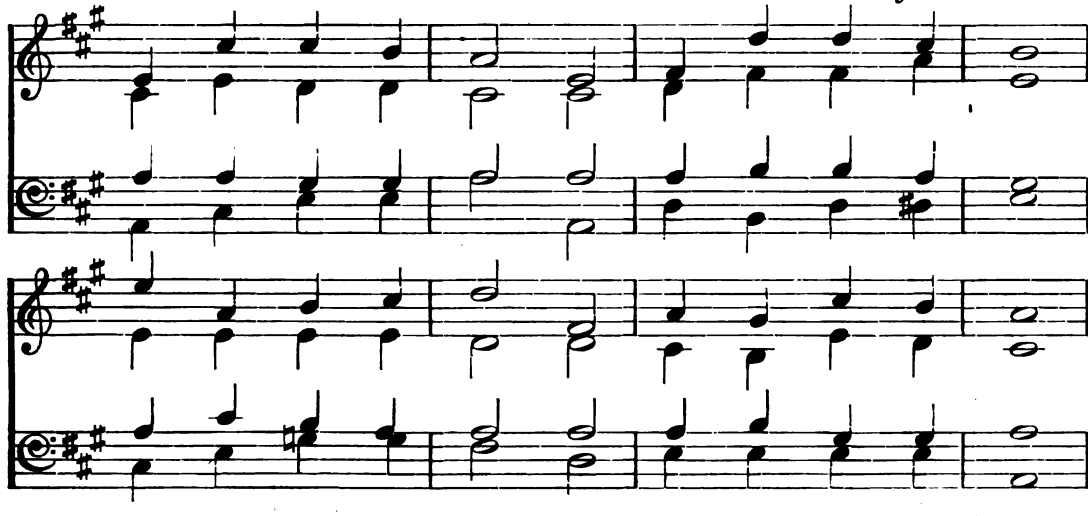
CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM. Har. by W. H. MONK.

Hark, hark, hark! while in-fant voi-ces sing, Hark, hark, hark! while in-fant voi-ces sing
Loud ho-san-nas, loud ho-san-nas, loud ho-san-nas to our King.

'Young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the name of the Lord.'

mf CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name:
Children, too, of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
f *Hark! while infant voices sing*
Loud hosannas to our King.

m 2 We are taught to love the Lord.
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
mf Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
c Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

552

ERNSTEIN. J. F. SWIFT.

'Led by the Spirit.'

mp HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

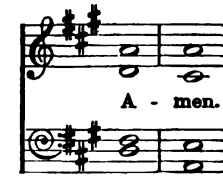
2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

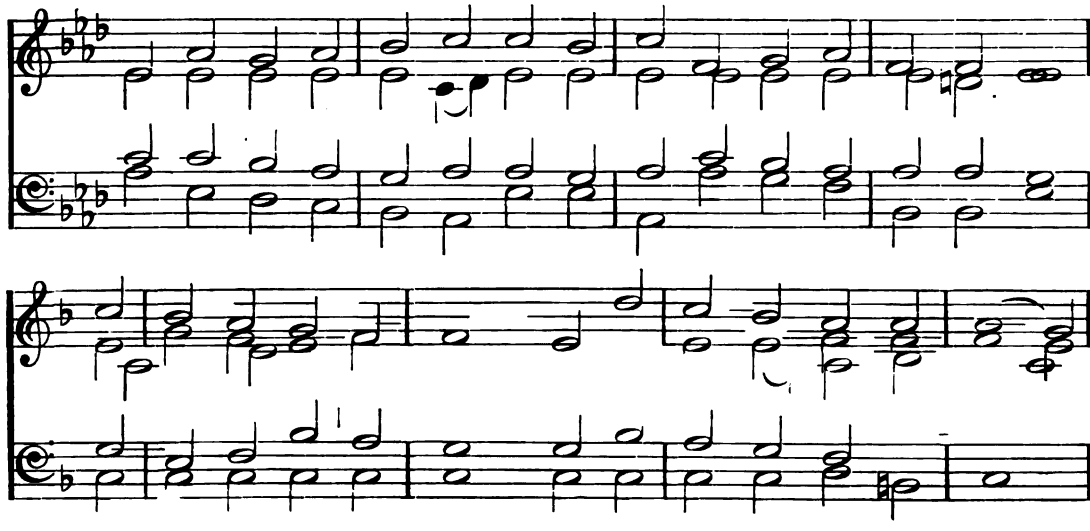
m 3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

mp 6 Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

m 7 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily, by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

553

ARUNDEL. J. B. DYKES.

'Ye are not your own.'

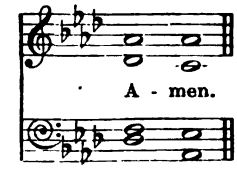
m SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love Divine.

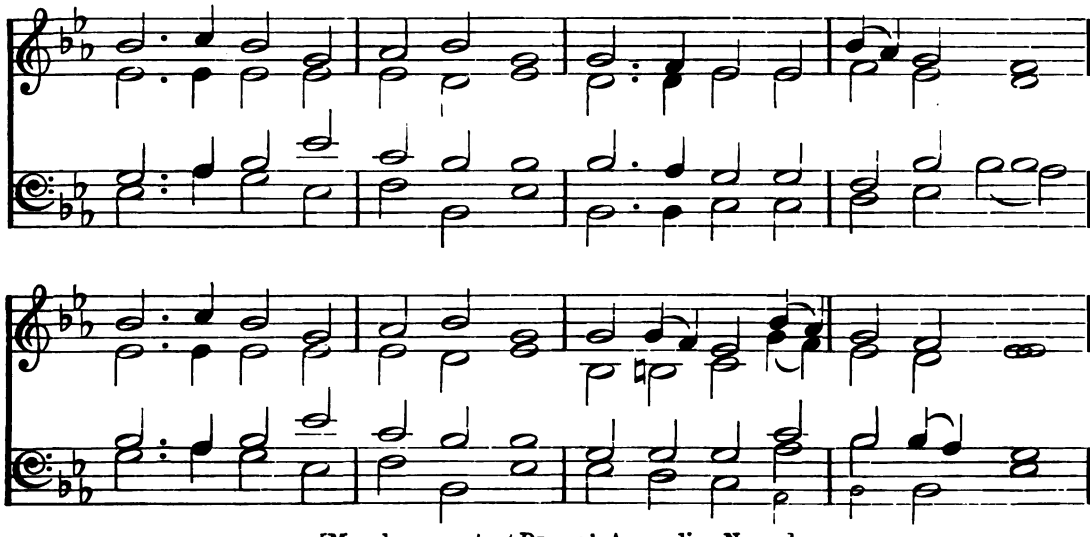
3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it;
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it
I that life to Thee resign.

mf 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.



554

SIMPLICITY. J. STAINER.

[May be sung to 'DIJON,' Appendix, No. 4.]

'The meekness and gentleness of Christ.'

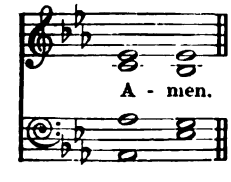
mp GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

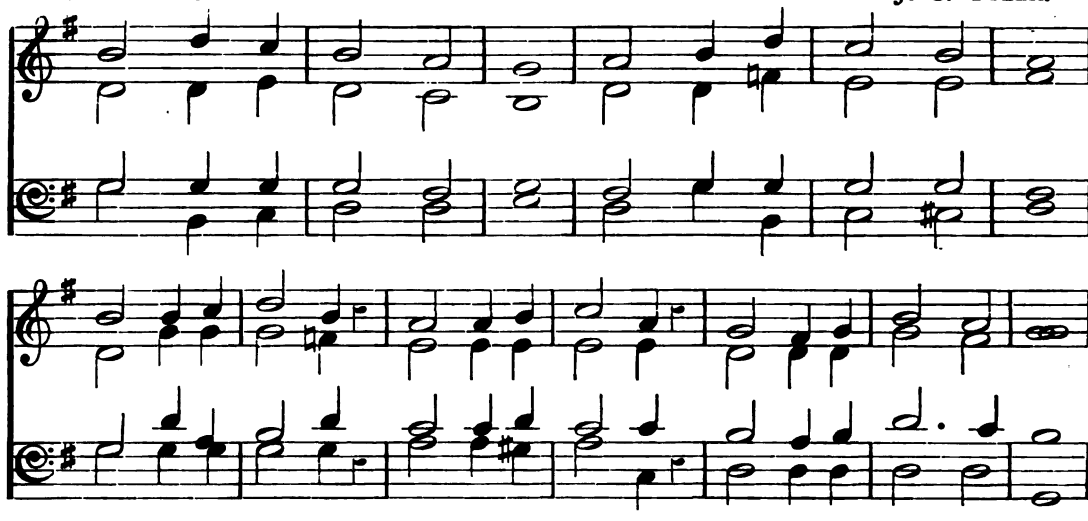
2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

m 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

mp 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

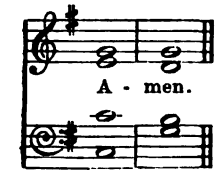
mf 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

555

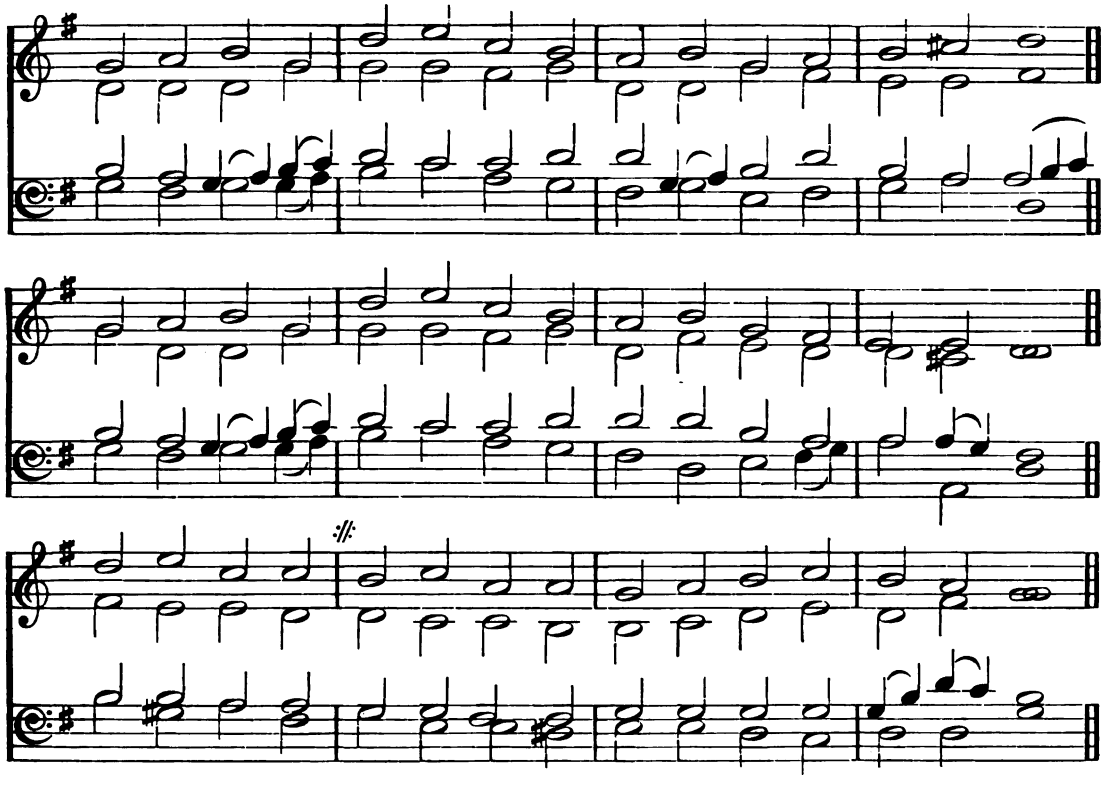
CITY BRIGHT. J. S. TYLER.

'There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth .. but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.'

m THERE is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

mp 2 Saviour, I come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

m 3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee,—

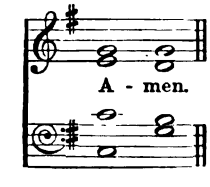
mf 4 Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

556

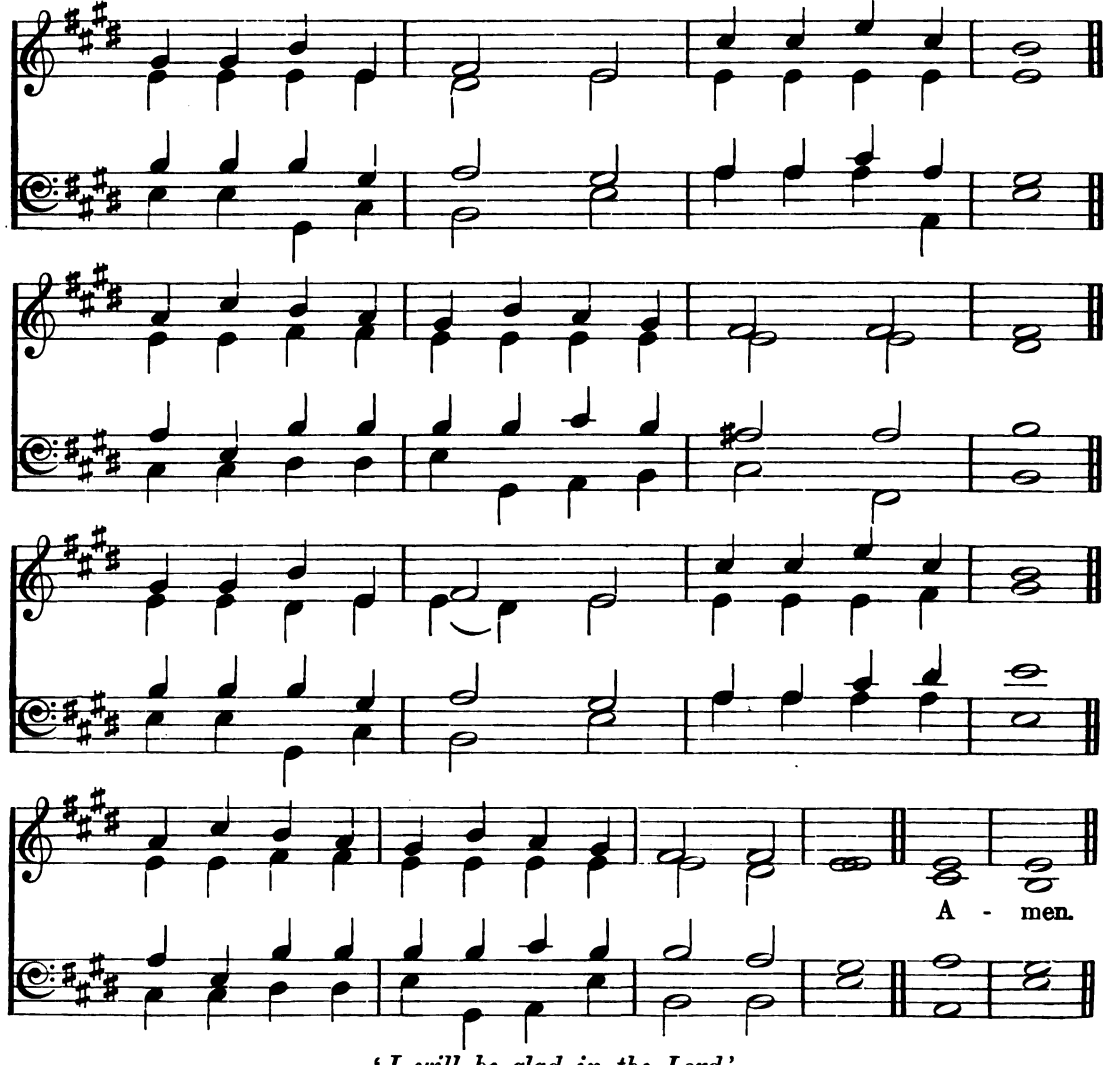
ST. SEBALD. C. H. DRETZEL.

'For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.'

m SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
mf Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

m 2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep from ill; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear us children when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
mf Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
c Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

557

WOODBROOK. J. ADCOCK.

'I will be glad in the Lord.'

m IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.

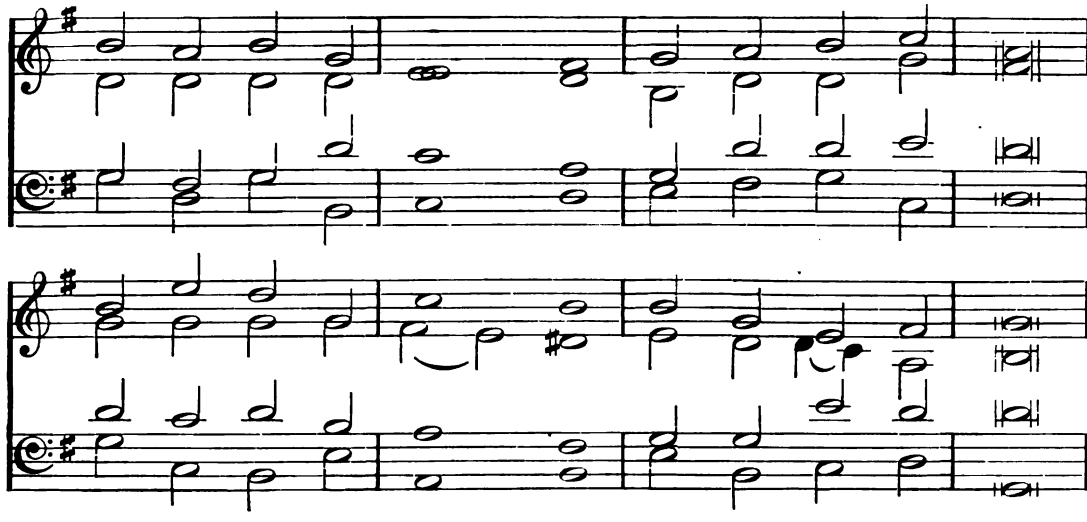
mf *If I come to Jesus,*
Happy shall I be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

m 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly;
He my sins did bear.

mf 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

558

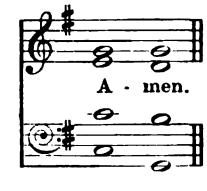
ST. MARTIN. C. STEGGALL.

'Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.'

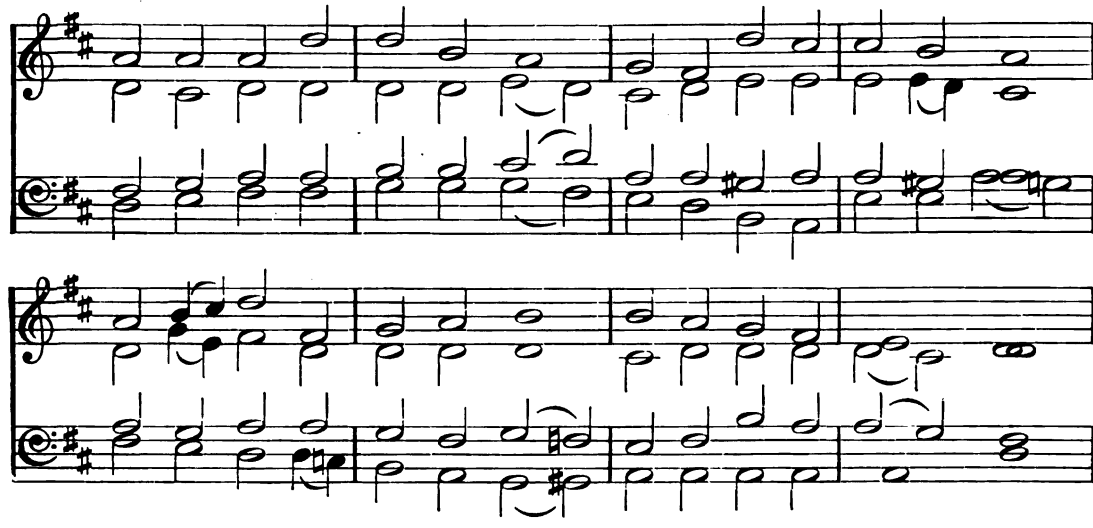
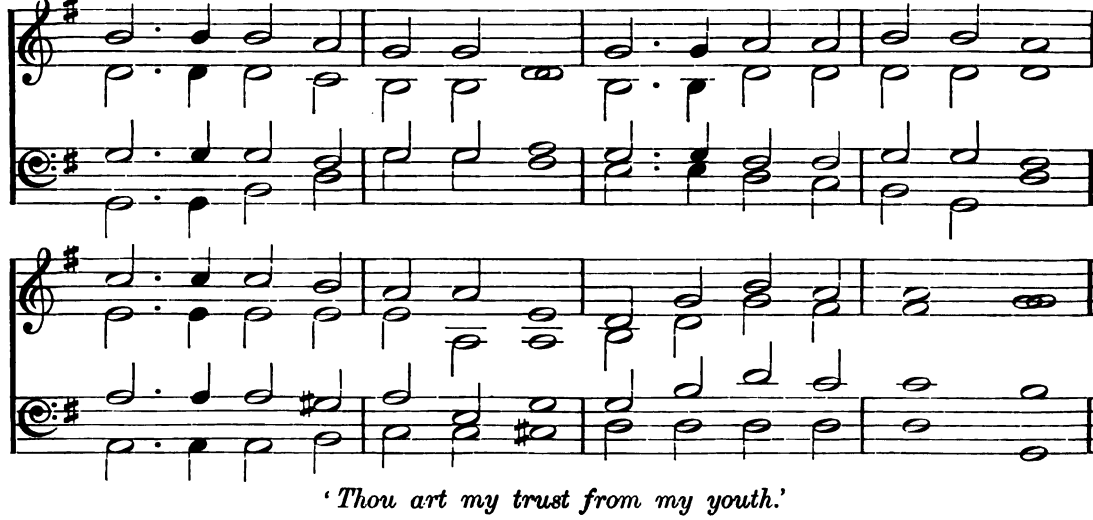
m JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

mp 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

mf 5 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come.'

559

HAMPDEN. FIRST TUNE. W. FREESTONE.

LEBBÆUS. SECOND TUNE. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Thou art my trust from my youth.'

mp JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf 2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well;
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little deeds of love may shine;
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

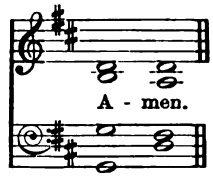
m 5 Fold us to Thy loving breast;
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

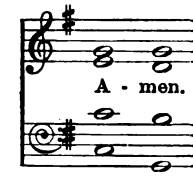
6 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 May our thoughts be undefiled;
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

p 8 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

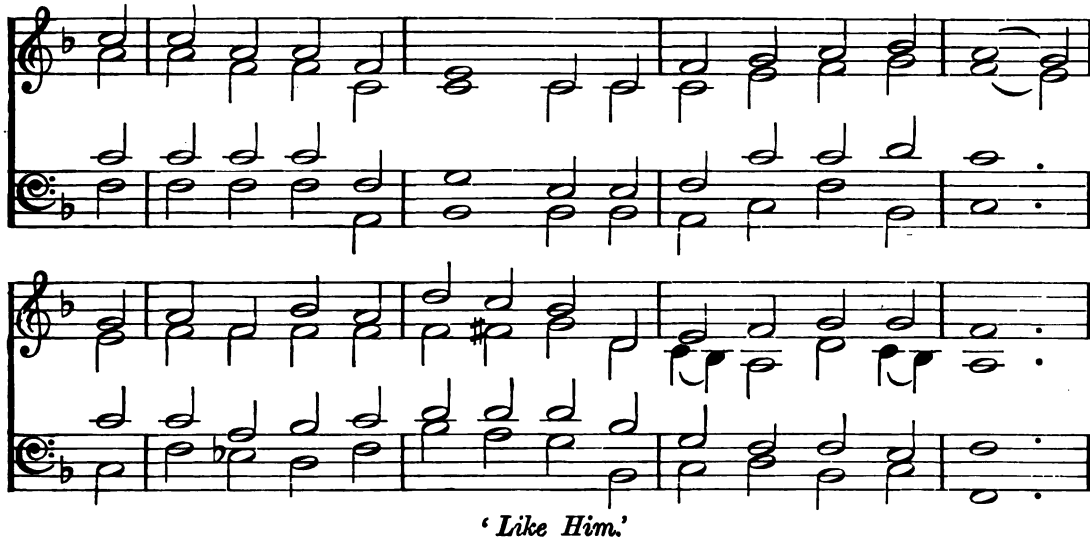
mp 9 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.



560

ASPIRATION. A. L. PEACE.



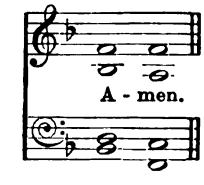
'Like Him.'

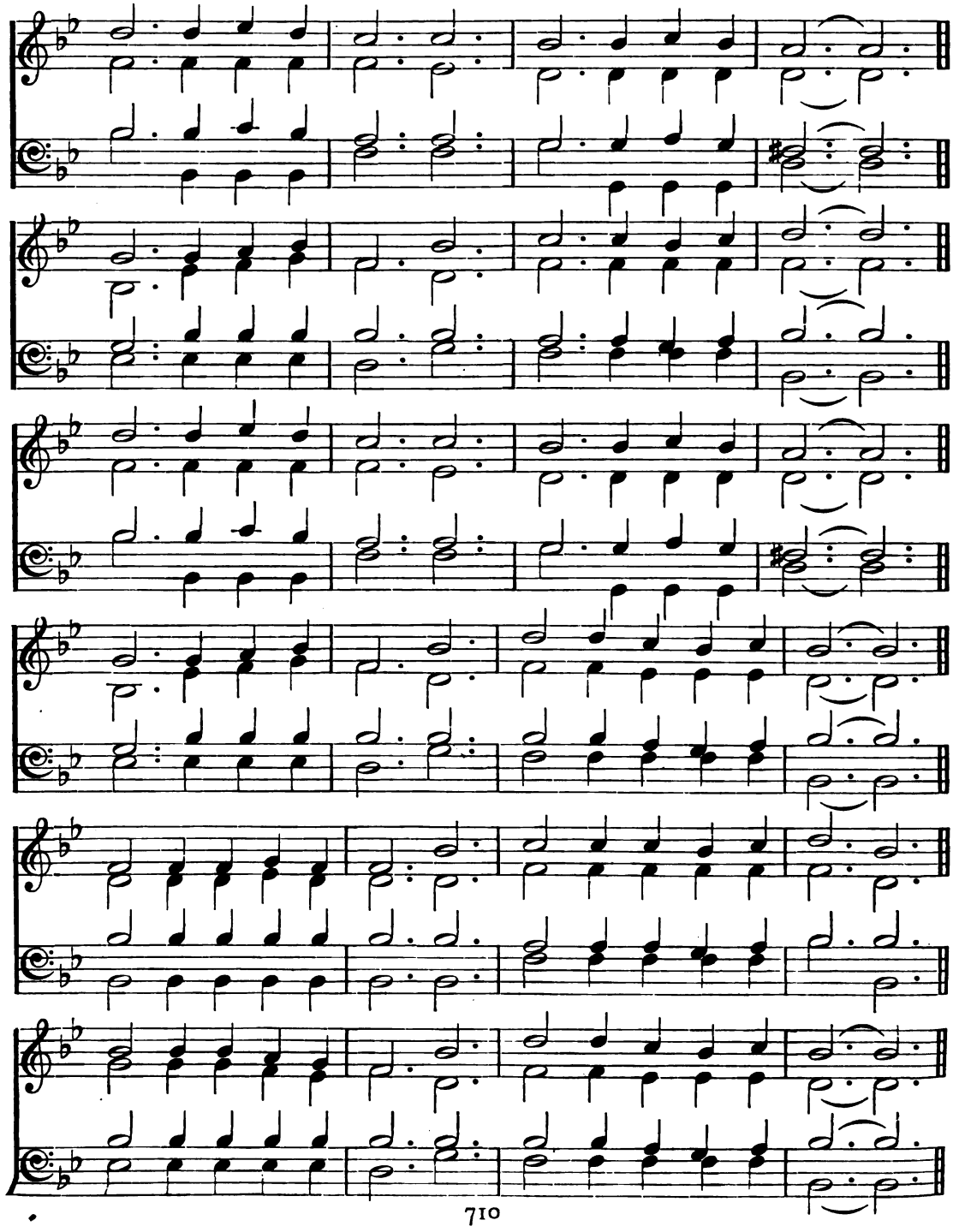
m I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
'She hath done what she could.'

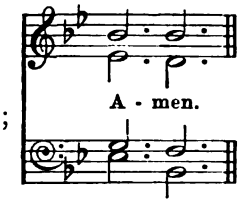
mp 5 But O I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
mf Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

561

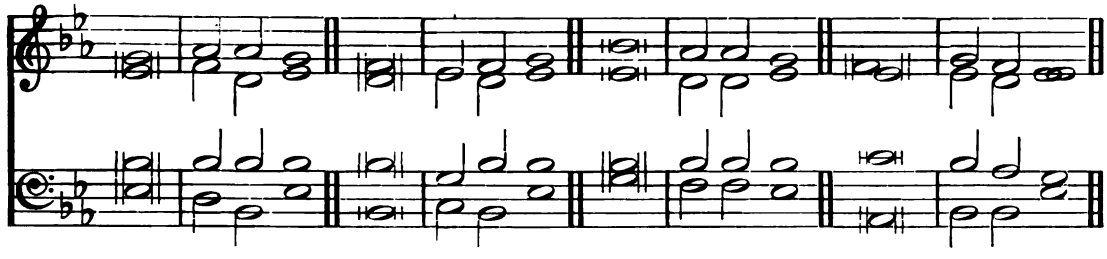
FORTITUDE. H. R. PALMER.

'The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.'

mf YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

m *Ask the Saviour to help you,*
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
mf *He is willing to aid you;*
He will carry you through.

m 2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

mf 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

562

E. W. BULLINGER.

'O our God, hear the prayer of Thy servant, and his supplications . . for the Lord's sake.'

mp ALL our sinful words and ways,
All our wasted hours and days,
All our pride and love of praise,
Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

2 Every time from truth we've erred,
Every bad or idle word
Which Thy holy ears have heard,
Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

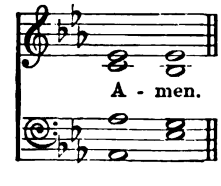
3 All the mischief we have wrought,
All forbidden things we've sought,
All the sin to others taught,
Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

4 All our sloth and vanity,
All our sinful levity,
All forgetfulness of Thee,
Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

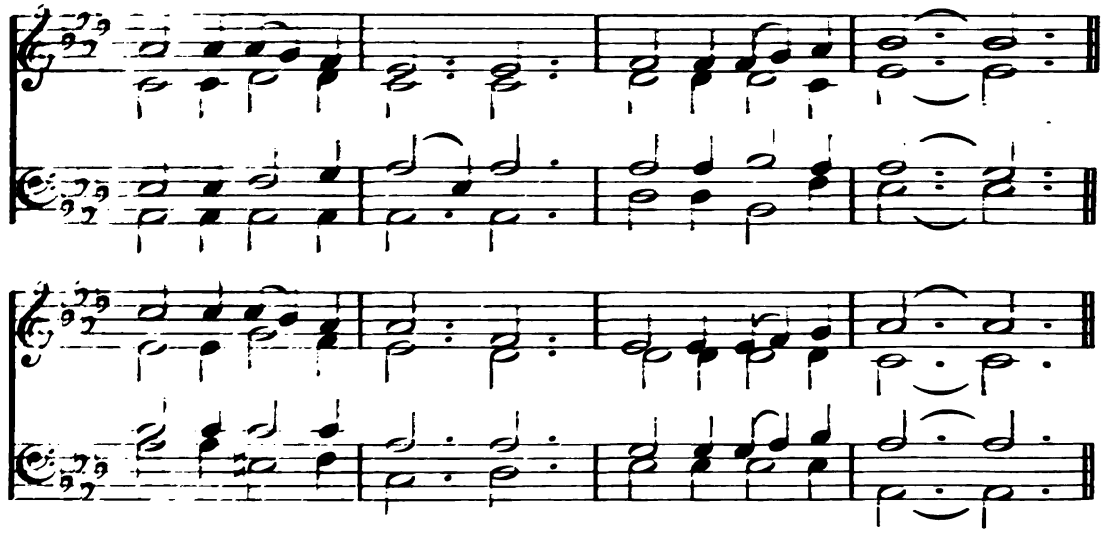
m 5 All the help we need each day,
That we may not fall away
Or from Jesus go astray,
O give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.

6 Faith, to see Thee ever near,
Hope, to check each foolish fear,
Constant strength to persevere,
O give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.

7 Every needful gift of grace,
Till we reach the holy place
Where we shall behold Thy face,
O give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.



563

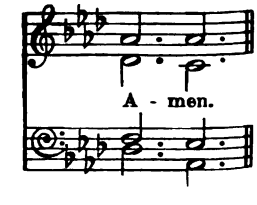
WARFARE. L. J. Hutton.

'My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not.'

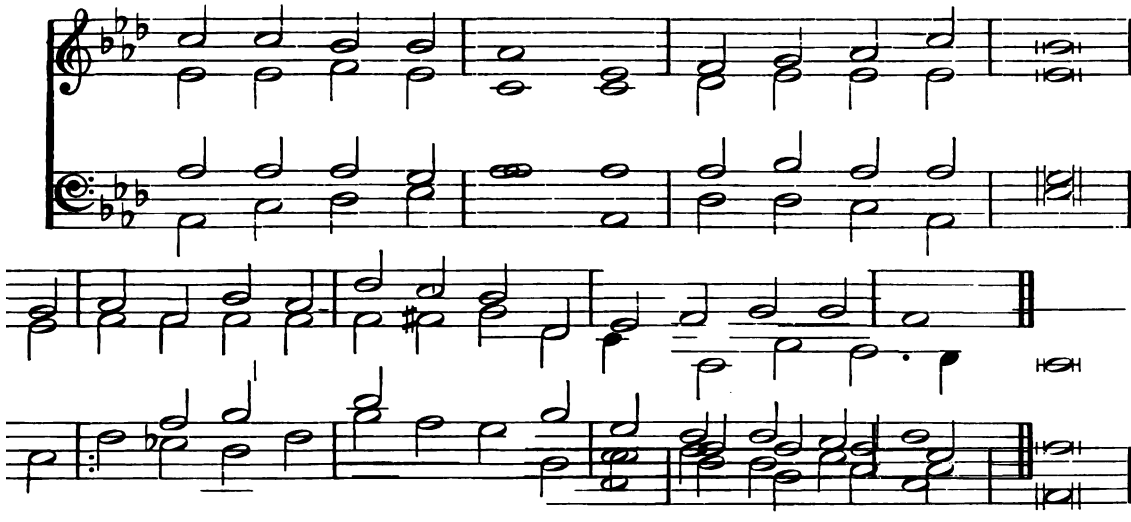
m DO no sinful action;
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

mp 3 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

m 4 But ye must not hear him,
Though 't is hard for you
To resist the evil
And the good to do.

mf 5 Christ is your own Master;
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

564

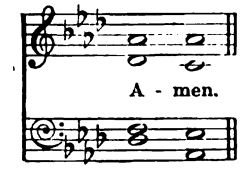
RABENLEI. J. C. H. RINK.

'Thou good servant . . faithful in a very little.'

m LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

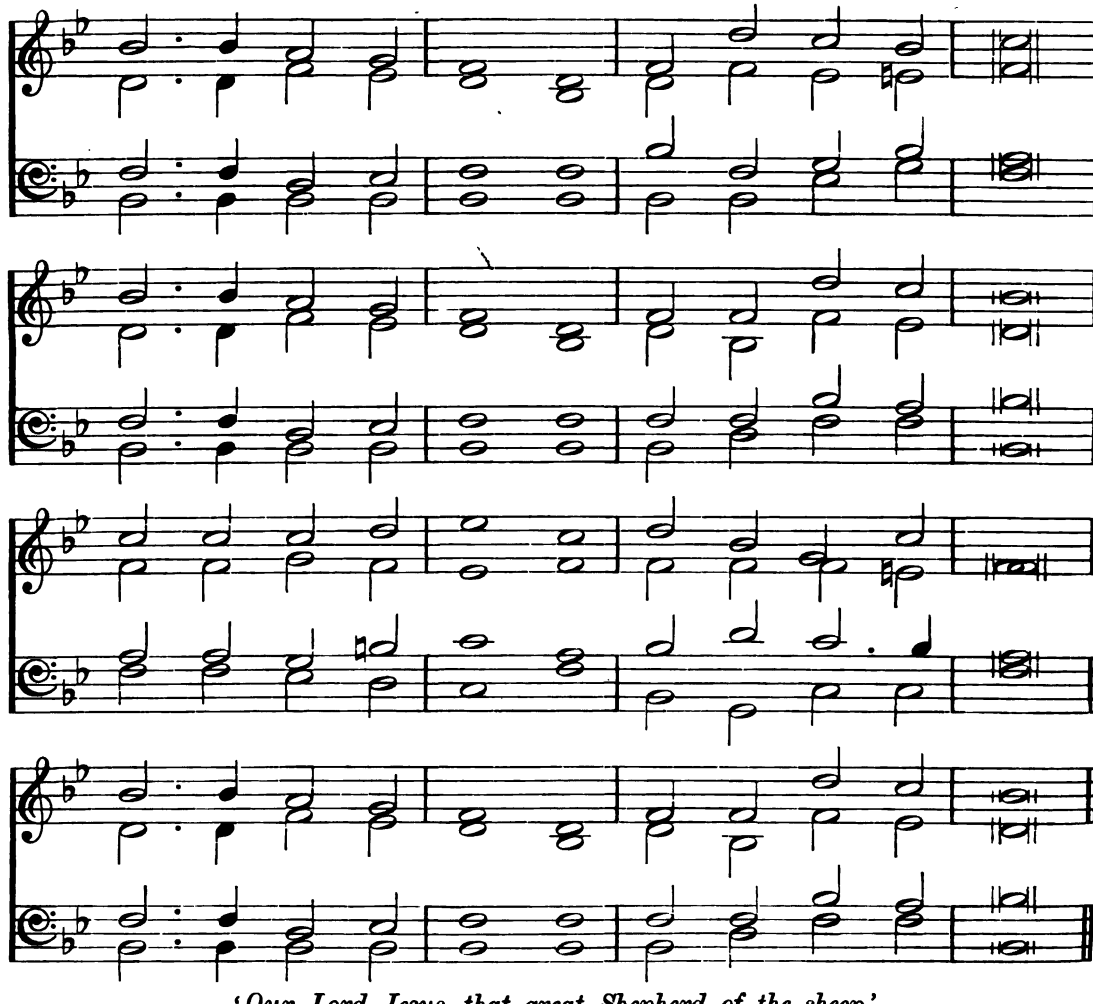
2 So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
c Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above.



565

GOSHEN.

'Our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep.'

m JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,—
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!

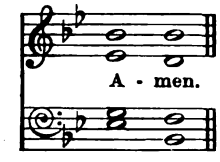
mp Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;

m None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

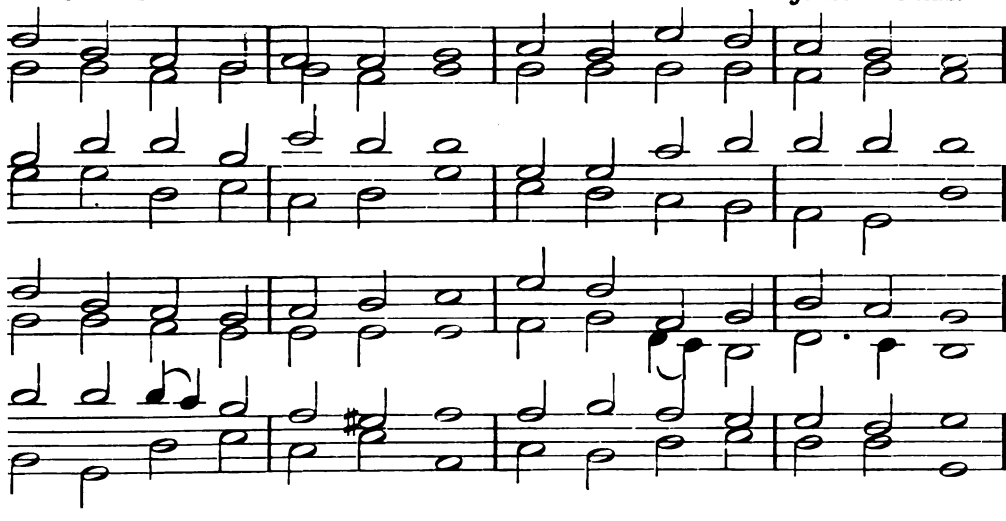
mp 3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;

m Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign:
'They that have My Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

mf 4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
mp When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
m We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.



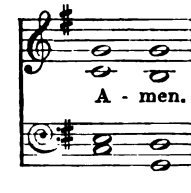
566

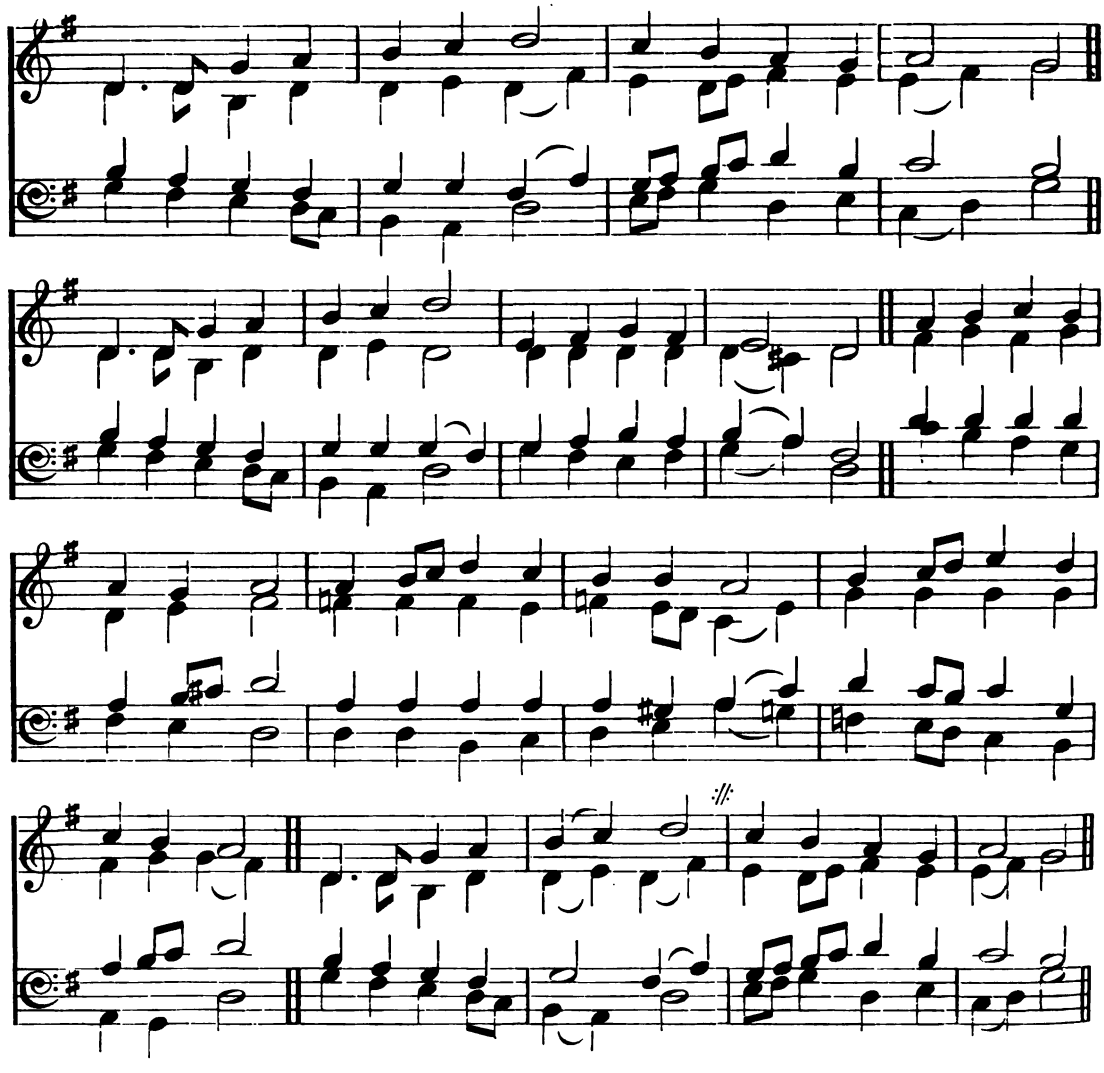
TTISHILL. J. BATTISHILL.

'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.'

m LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

mp 2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
m May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my feet to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

4 Where Thou leadest may I go,
Walking in Thy steps below;
mf Then, before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

567

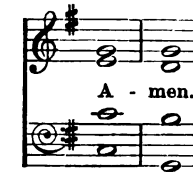
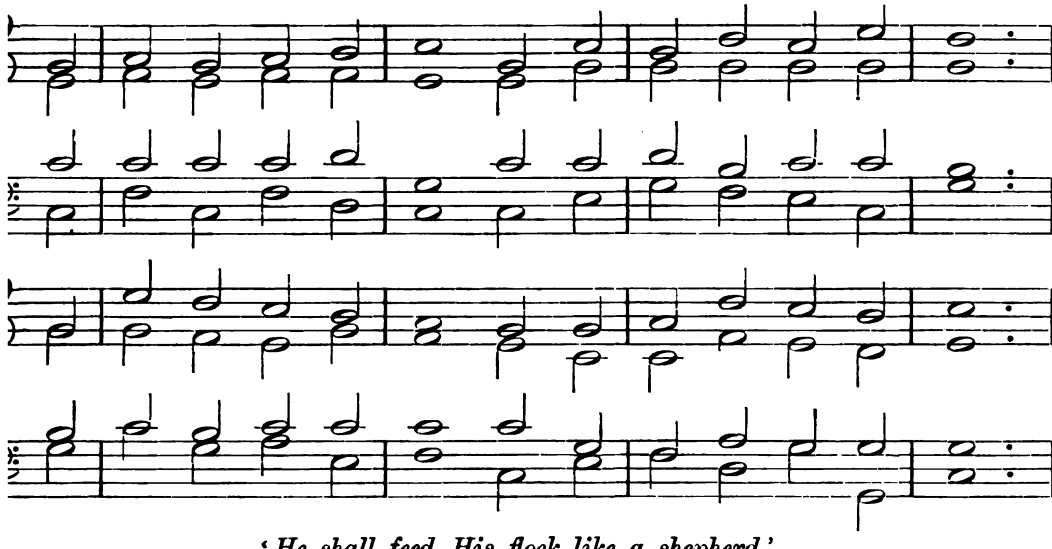
FOLLOW ME. **A. SOMERVELL.**

'Come, follow Me.'

mp 'FOLLOW Me,' the Master said;'
m We will follow Jesus:
By His word and Spirit led,
We will follow Jesus.
Still for us He lives to plead,
At the throne doth intercede,
Offers help in time of need:
We will follow Jesus.

2 Should the world and sin oppose,
We will follow Jesus:
mf He is greater than our foes;
We will follow Jesus.
On His promise we depend;
He will succour and defend,
Help and keep us to the end:
We will follow Jesus.

z 3 Though the way may dark appear,
We will follow Jesus:
He will make our pathway clear;
We will follow Jesus.

In our daily round of care,
As we plead with God in prayer,
With the cross which we must bear,
We will follow Jesus.

4 Ever keep the end in view;
We will follow Jesus:
All His promises are true;
We will follow Jesus.
mf When this earthly course is run,
And the Master says, 'Well done!'
Life eternal we have won:
We will follow Jesus.

MAMRE. **568** F. K. L. SCHOLINUS.

'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.'

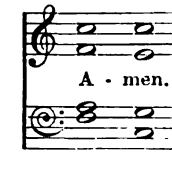
LEAD, holy Shepherd, lead us,
Thy feeble flock, we pray;
Thou King of little pilgrims,
Safe lead us all the way.

2 In Thy blest footprints guide us
Along the heavenward road;
Thine age fills all the ages,
Undying Word of God.

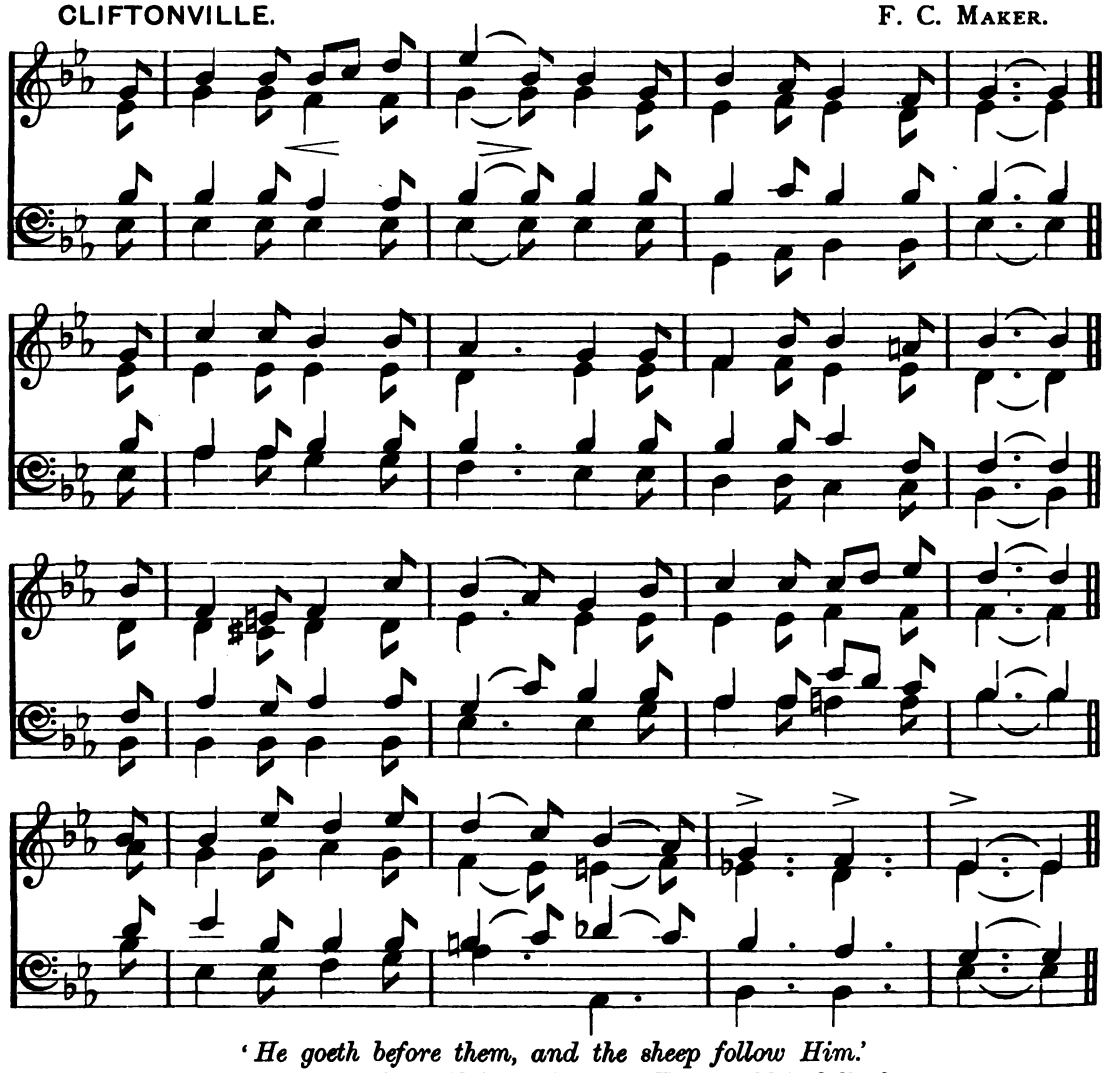
3 That life, O Christ, is noblest
Which praises God the best,—
A life celestial, nourished
At wisdom's holy breast.

m 4 By her good nurture let us,
Thy little ones, be fed,
And by her guidance gentle
Our wandering steps be led.

5 O fill us with Thy Spirit,
Like morning dew shed down,
c And with our praises loyal
King Jesus we shall crown.
mf 6 O be our lives our tribute,
The meed of praise we bring,
When thus we join to honour
Our Teacher and our King.



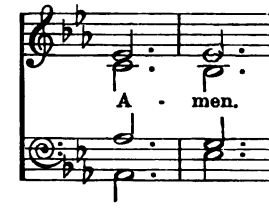
569

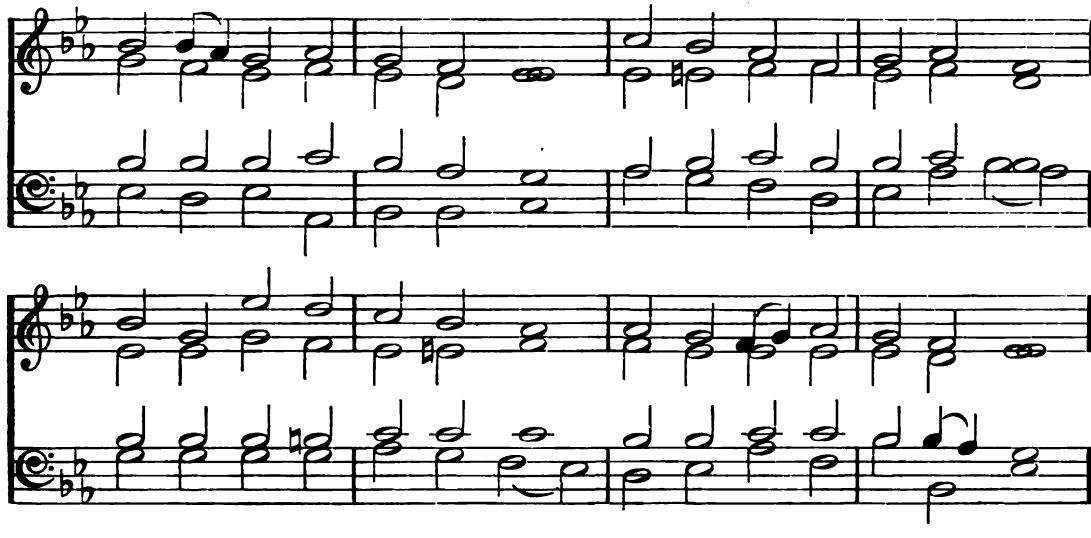
CLIFTONVILLE. F. C. MAKER.

'He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him.'

mf THE world looks very beautiful
And full of joy to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus
All the way.

m 2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey 's just begun;
mp They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey 's done;
'The world is full of sorrow
And suffering,' they say,
mf But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

m 3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I 'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet.
mf He 'll comfort me in trouble;
He 'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I 'll follow Jesus
All the way.

m 4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear,
For when I 'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near.
mp Not even death can harm me;
When death I meet one day,
mf To heaven I 'll follow Jesus
All the way.

570

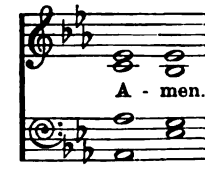
ST. BENEDICT. J. STAINER.

'We love Him, because He first loved us.'

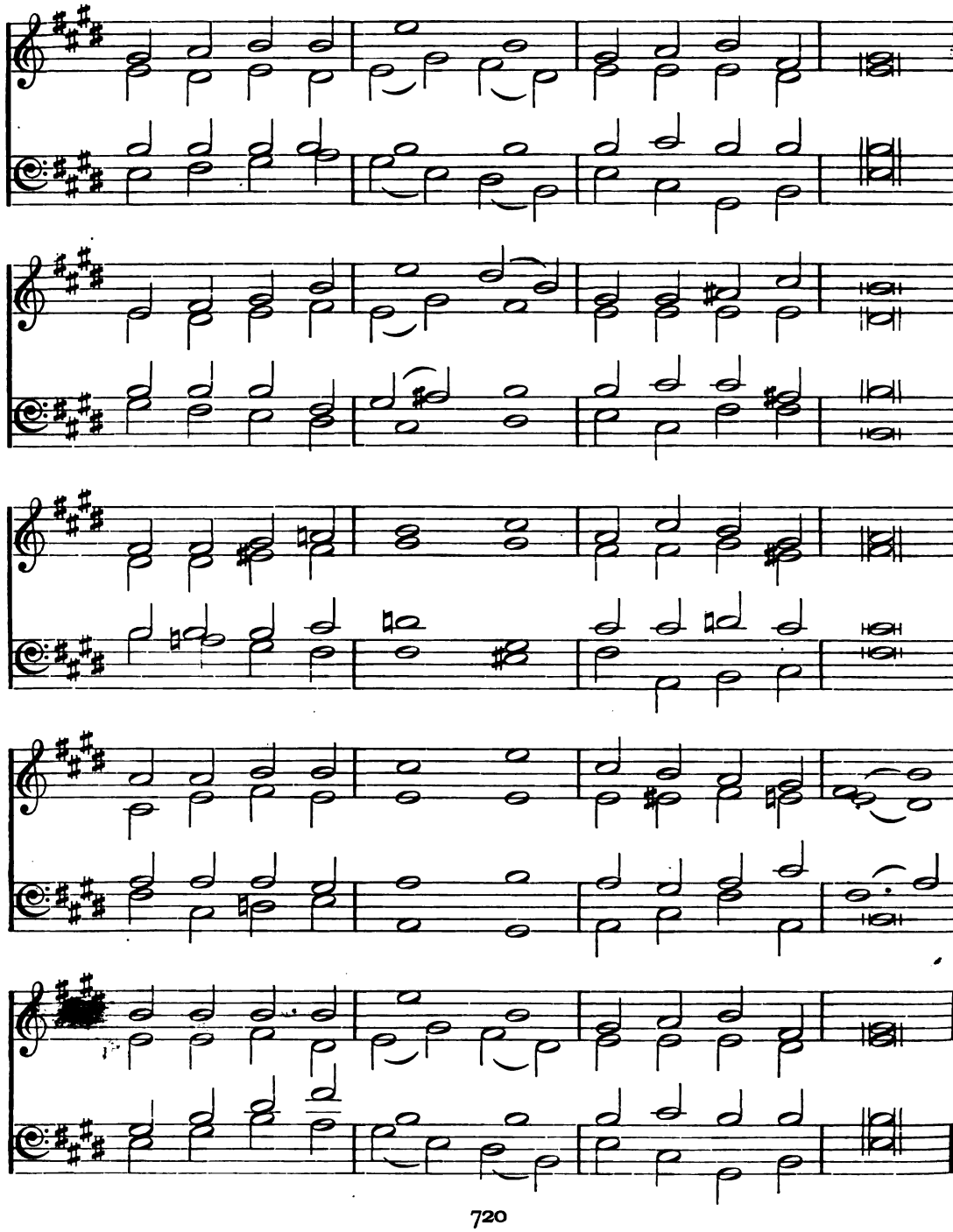
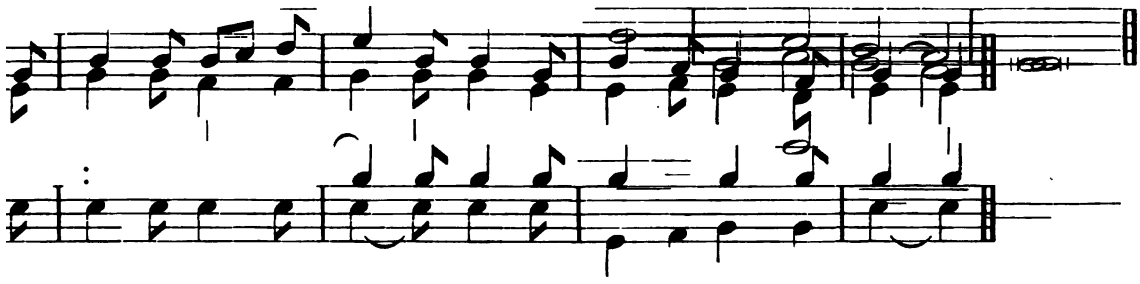
m SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson,—to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

mf 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

m 5 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek,—
f Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

571

VEXILLUM. H. SMART.

'I have given Him for . . a leader and commander.'

mf BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way.

f *Brightly gleams our banner,*
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

mf 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.

mp Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;

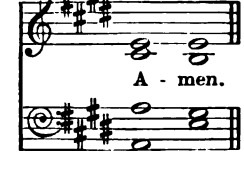
m Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

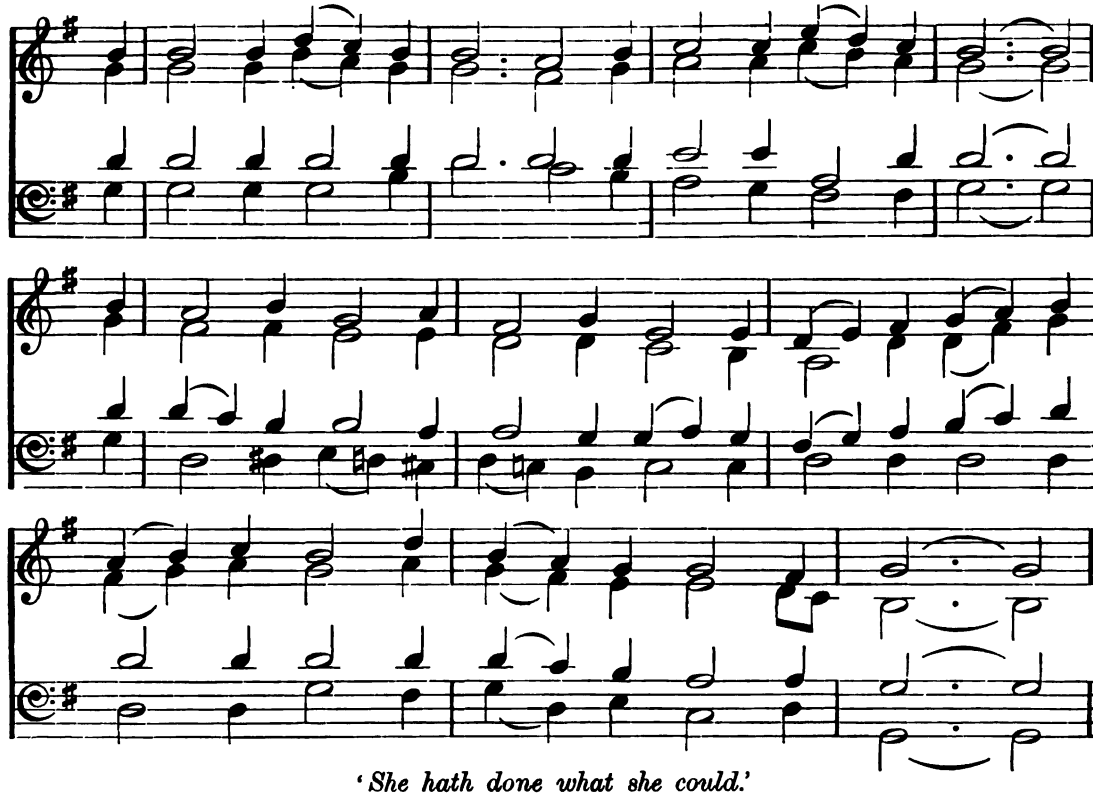
4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;

d Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

mf 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.



572

CHILD SERVICE. H. E. BUTTON.

'She hath done what she could.'

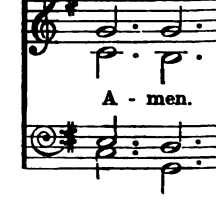
m

O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given.

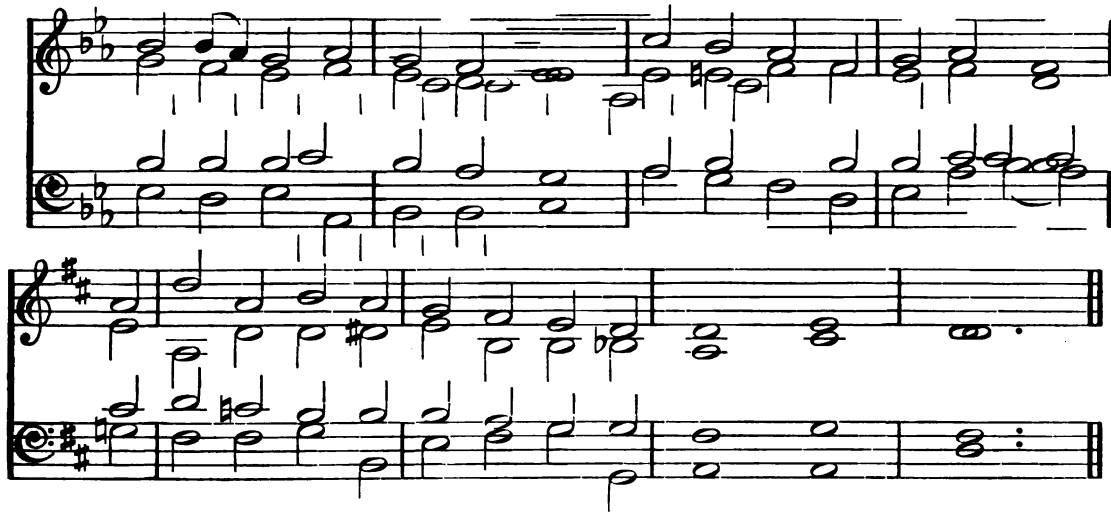
2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.



573

ST. JOSEPH. **J. B. CALKIN.**

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

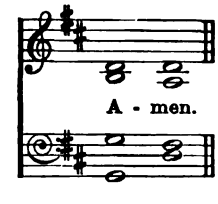
m DEAR Master, what can children do?
The angels came from heaven above
To comfort Thee; may children too
Give Thee their love?

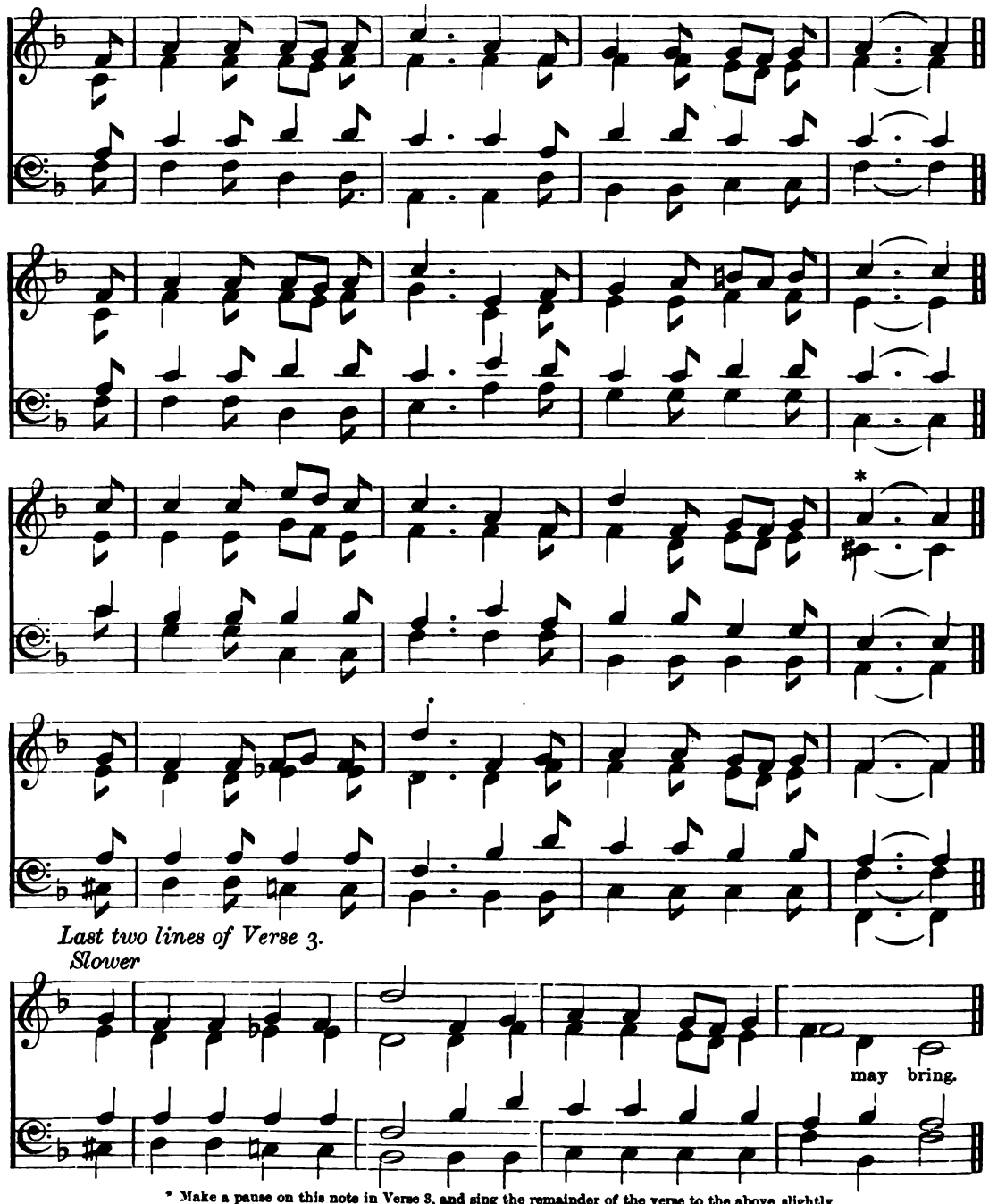
mp 2 No more, as on that night of shame,
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
Where worshipping, an angel came
To strengthen Thee.

m 3 But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
Still present in the crowded street,
In every lonely, suffering heart
That there we meet.

4 And not one simple, loving deed,
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
Or answers some unspoken need,
Is done in vain,—

5 Since every passing joy we make
For men and women that we see,
If it is offered for Thy sake,
Is given to Thee.

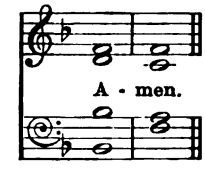
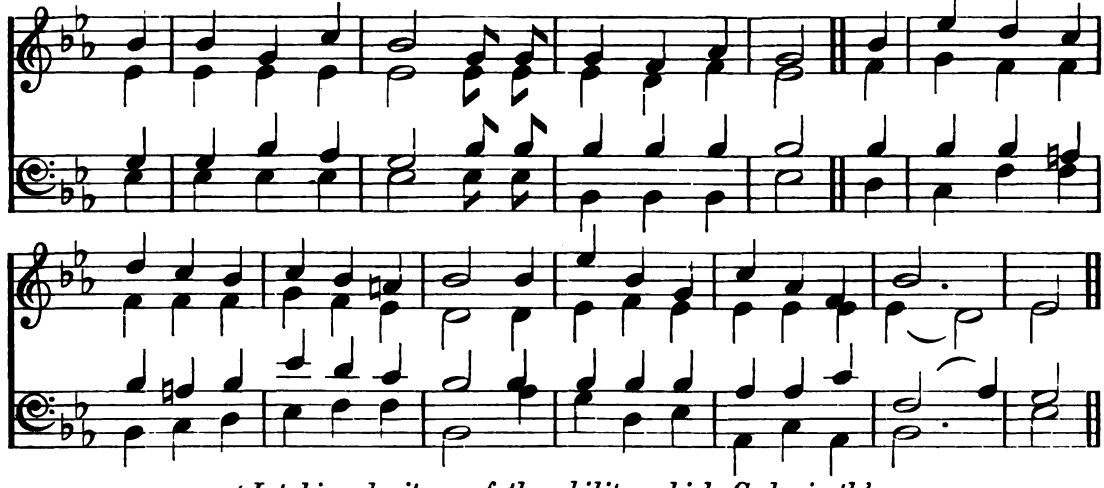
mf 6 O God, our Master, help us then
To bless the weary and the sad,
c And, comforting our fellow-men,
To make Thee glad.

574

CHRISTMAS MORN. E. J. HOPKINS.

* Make a pause on this note in Verse 3, and sing the remainder of the verse to the above slightly altered version of the close of the tune.

'To obey is better than sacrifice.'

m THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning:
What shall we children bring?

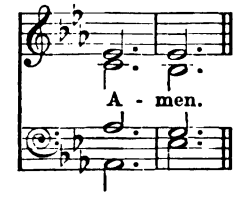
2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
mf And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

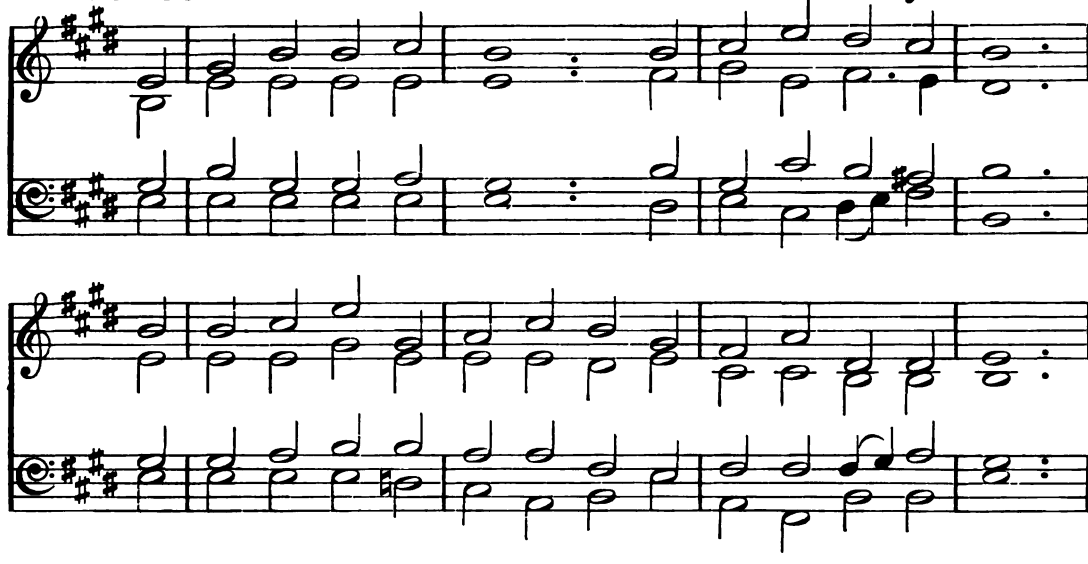
m 3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
mf And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

INVERMAY. **575** J. LAMB.

'Let him do it as of the ability which God giveth.'

m THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the offerings we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest,—

4 Until by and by,
As the years pass, at length
mf We too may be reapers
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

576.

HOLYROOD. **J. WATSON.**

'The firstfruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God.'

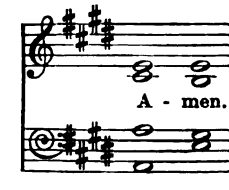
m FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

mf 2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

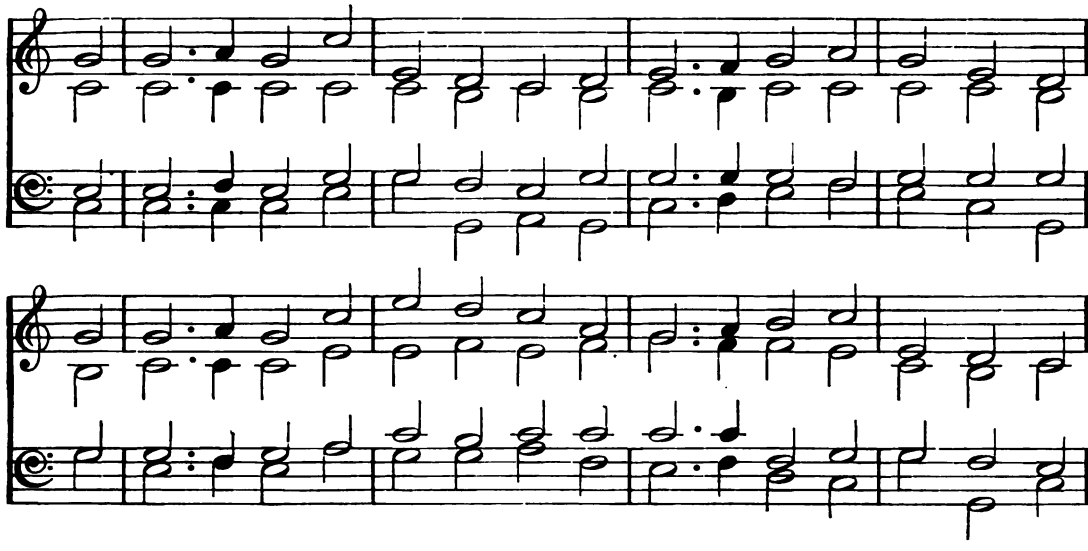
m 3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

mf 6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
c That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

577

ALSTONE. C. E. WILLING.



'Even a child is known by his doings.'

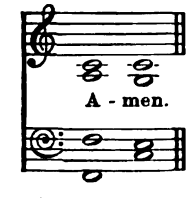
m WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

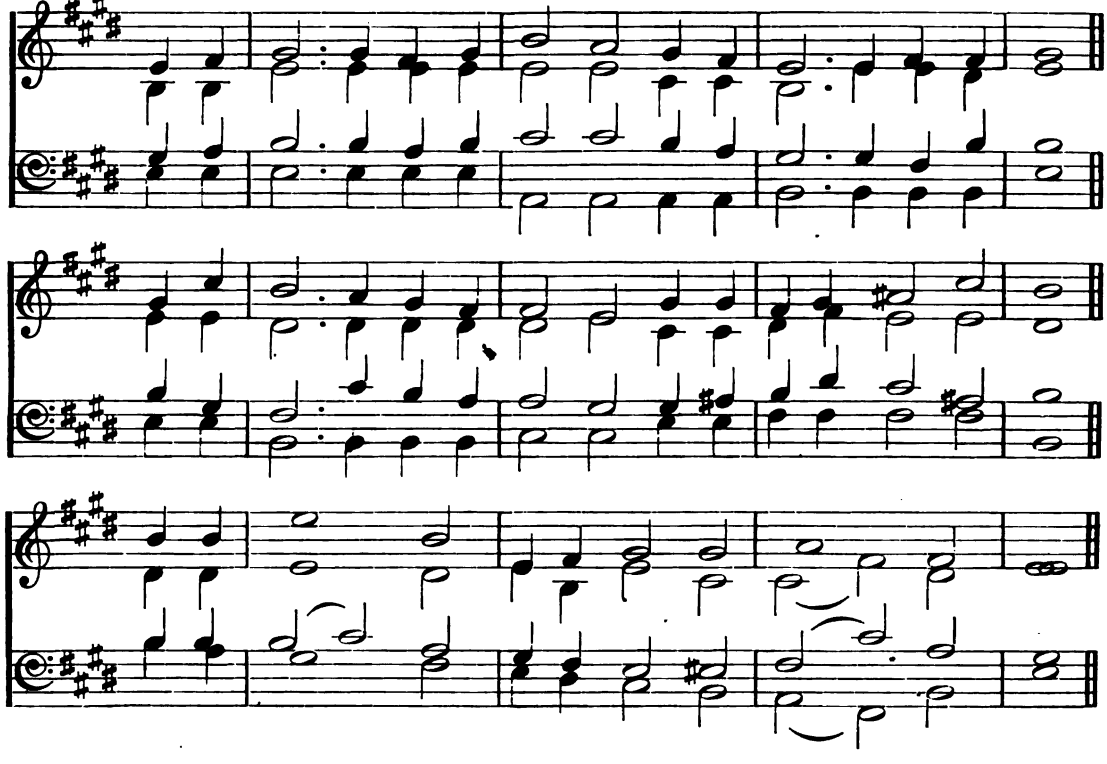
2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,—
mp A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,

m 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

mf 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

m 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

578

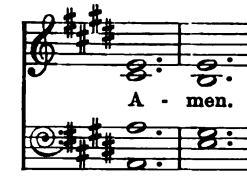
WILDERSMOUTH. **E. J. Hopkins.**

'Your little ones . . will I bring in.'

m WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched, a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them
Journeyed to the promised land,
Little children
Trod the desert's trackless sand.

2 Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore;
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more;
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

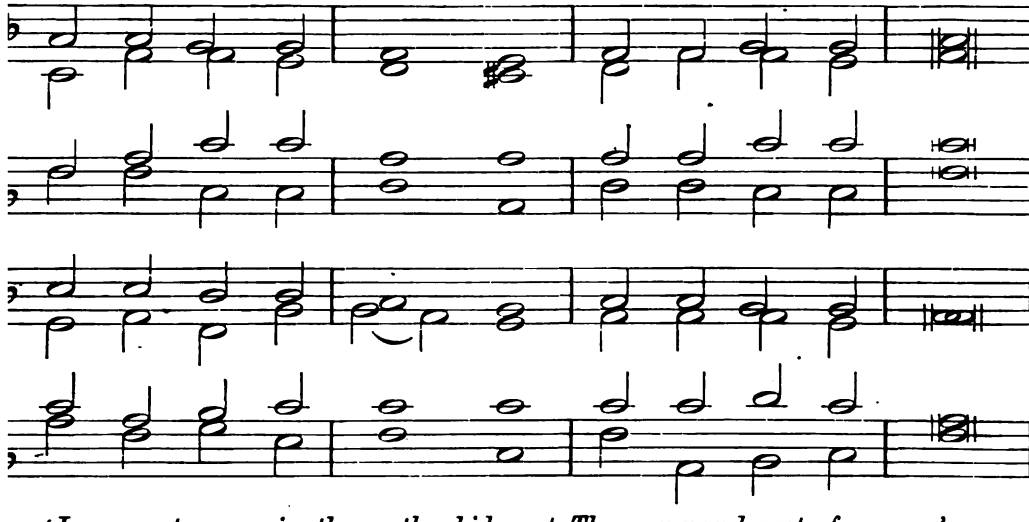
3 Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be;
From the chains of sin and Satan
Thou hast died to set us free;
We would traverse
All the wilderness with Thee.

mp 4 Guide our feeble, erring footsteps;
Shade us from the heat by day;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall
Till the darkness pass away;
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers of the way.

p 5 When we reach the cold, dark river,
mp Bid us tremble not nor fear;
Be Thou with us in the waters—
m We are safe if Thou art near;
Through the billows
Let the emerald bow appear.
mf 6 Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree,—
f Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee.

FILITZ.

579

F. FILITZ.



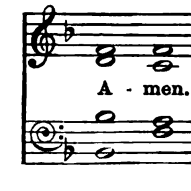
'I am a stranger in the earth: hide not Thy commandments from me.'

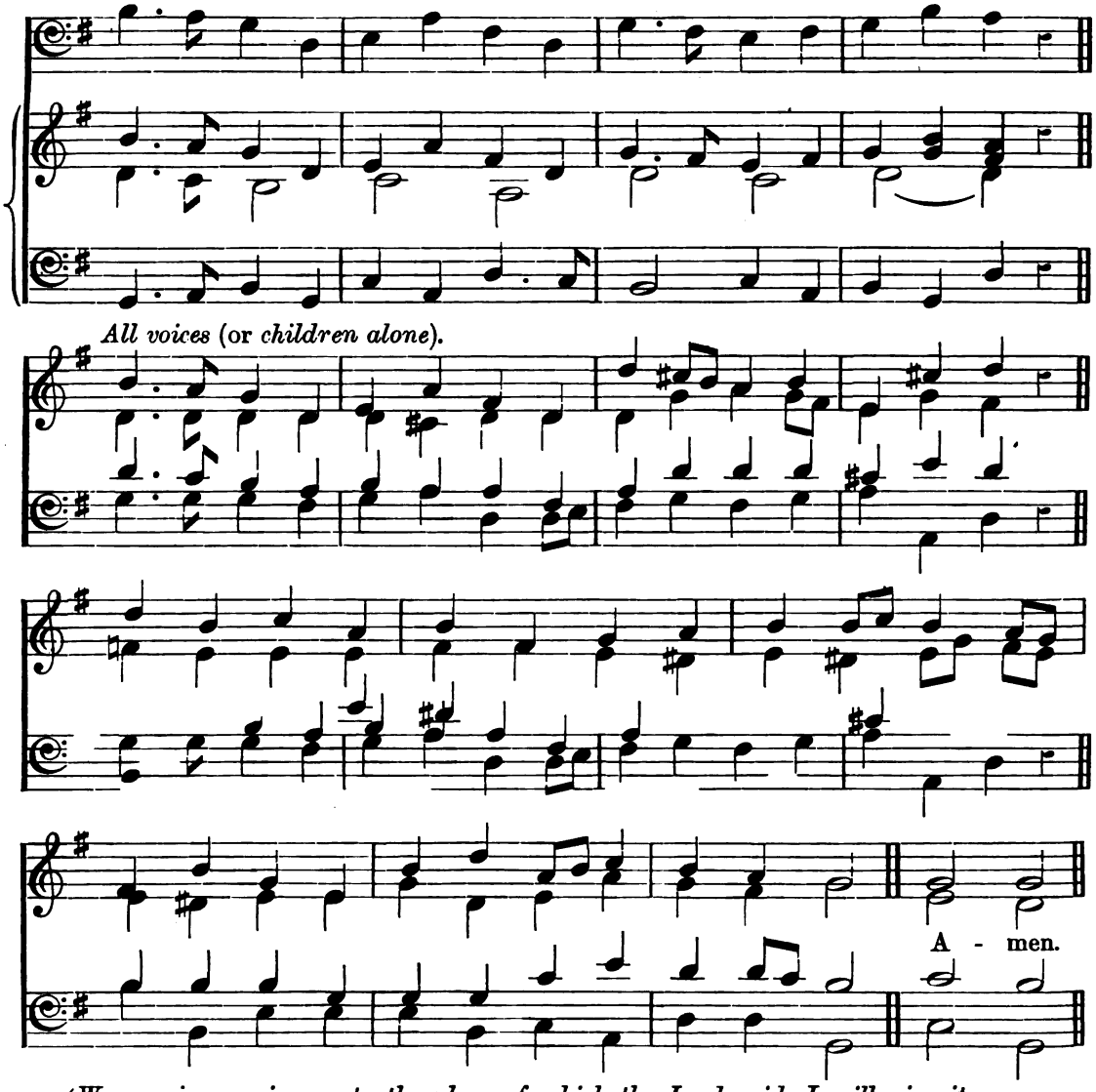
I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

mf 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

m 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

mp 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me;
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

m 5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
mf But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

PILGRIM BAND. **580**

Tenors and Basses. J. STAINER.

'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us.'

m WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
mf We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

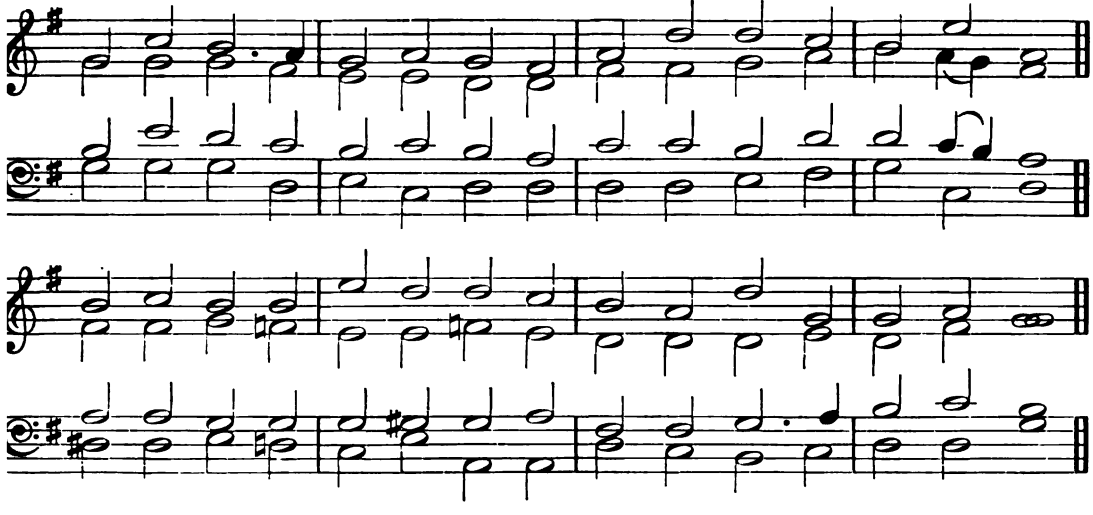
p 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little, feeble band?
f No; for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand;
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us;
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

m 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
f Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand;
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

m 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
mf Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright and better land.

581

CRAIGENDARROCH. FIRST TUNE. F. A. J. HERVEY.

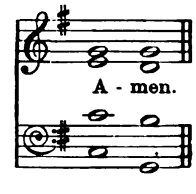


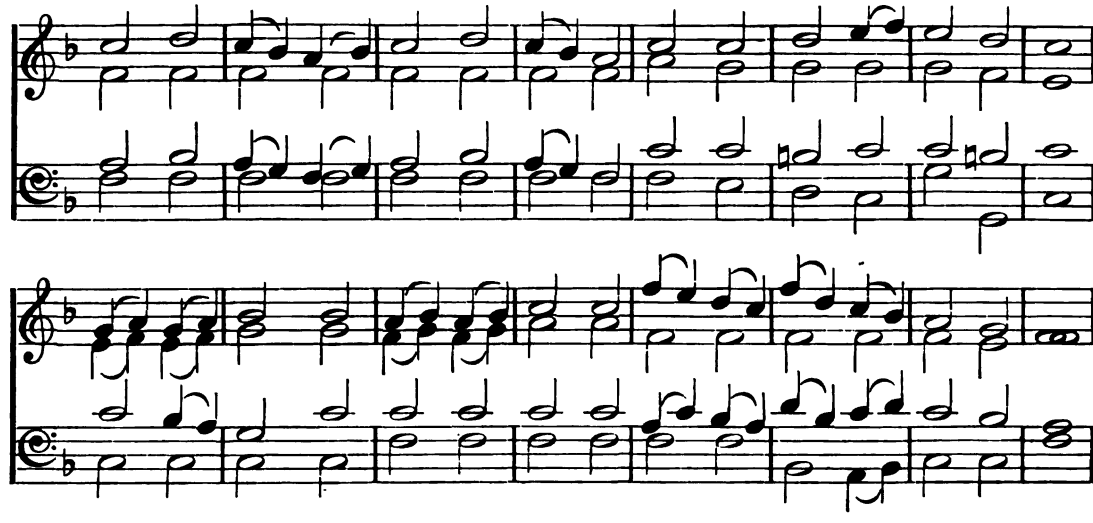
'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'

CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us;
Soon our school-days will be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

mp 2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

m 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
'Little children, follow Me!'
mp Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

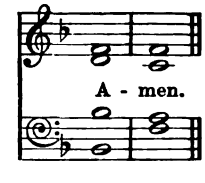
p 4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
mf O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

581

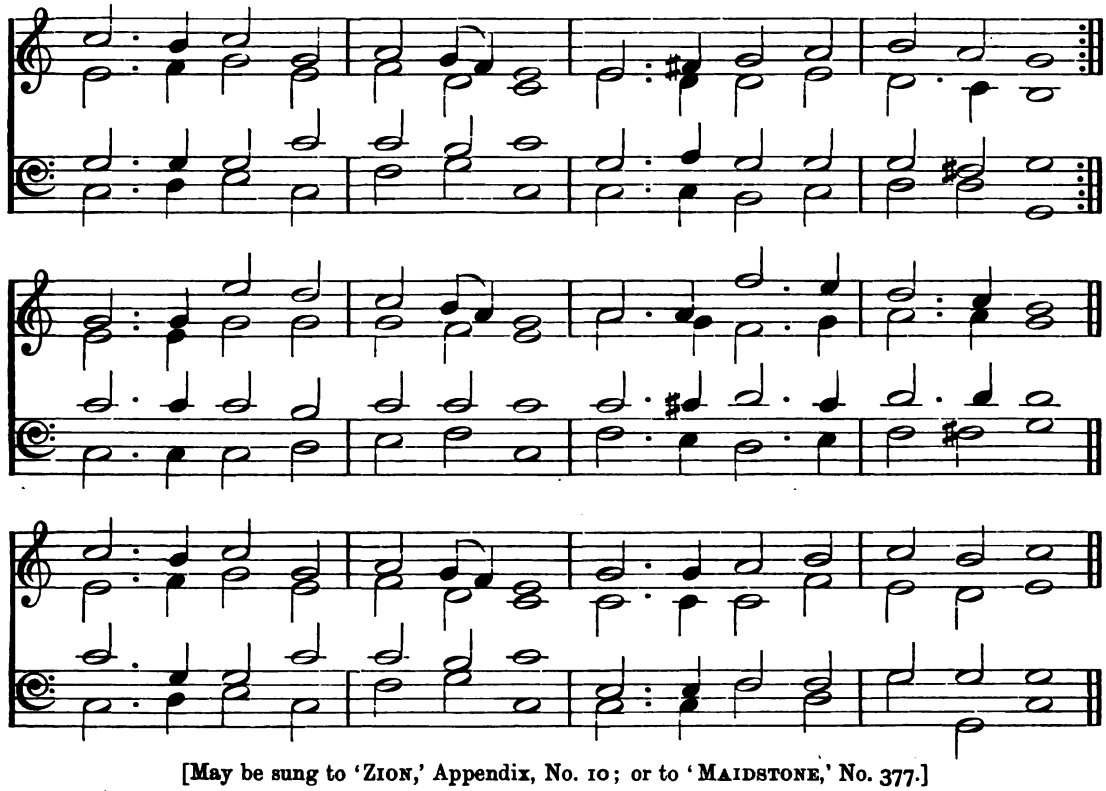
MARINERS. SECOND TUNE. SICILIAN MELODY.

'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'

mp CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us;
Soon our school-days will be done;
p Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

mp 2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

m 3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
'Little children, follow Me!'
mp Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

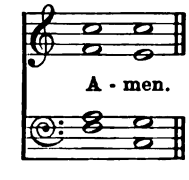
p 4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
mf O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

582

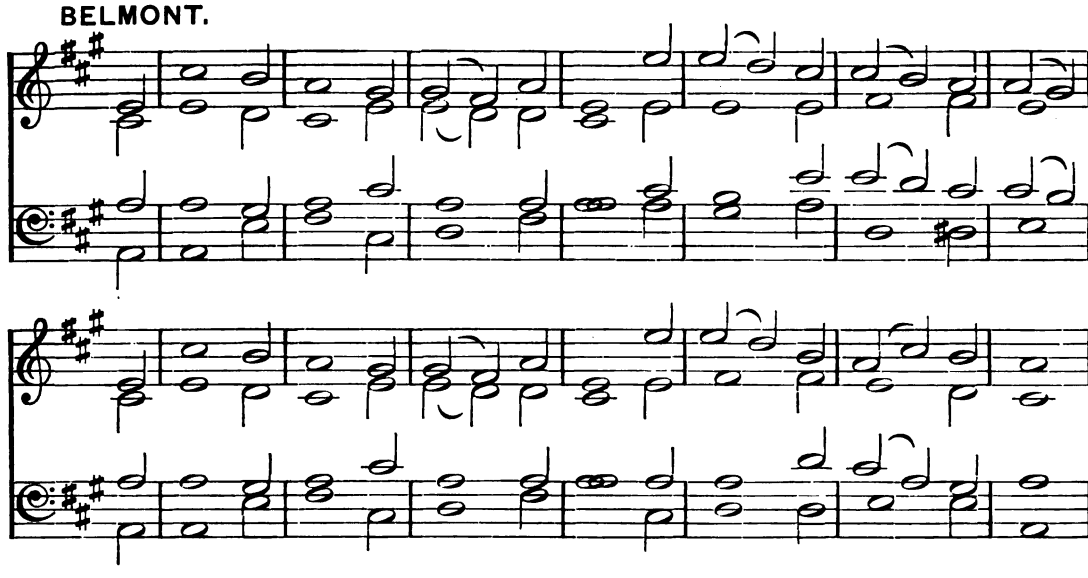
THANKSGIVING. W. B. GILBERT.

[May be sung to 'ZION,' Appendix, No. 10; or to 'MAIDSTONE,' No. 377.]

'Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every . . people and nation.'

m LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
mf There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win:
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

m 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing earth's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
'I from Greenland's frozen land;'
'I from India's burning plain;'
'I from Afric's desert sand;'
'I from islands of the main.'

mf 3 All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky,—
Each the welcome, 'Come,' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

583

BELMONT.

'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

m BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

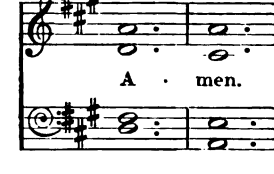
2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

mp 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

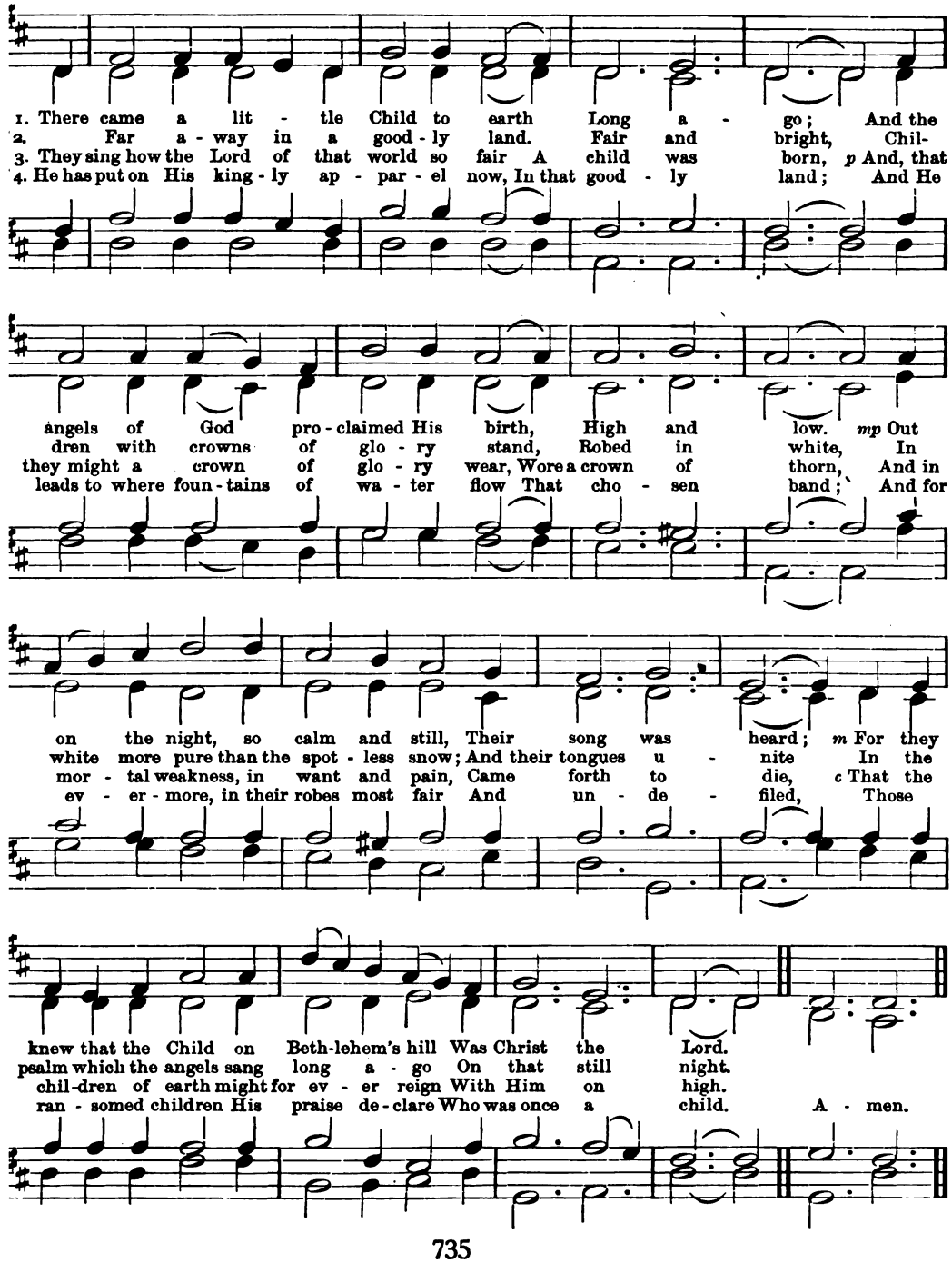
m 5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine,

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still Thine own.



584

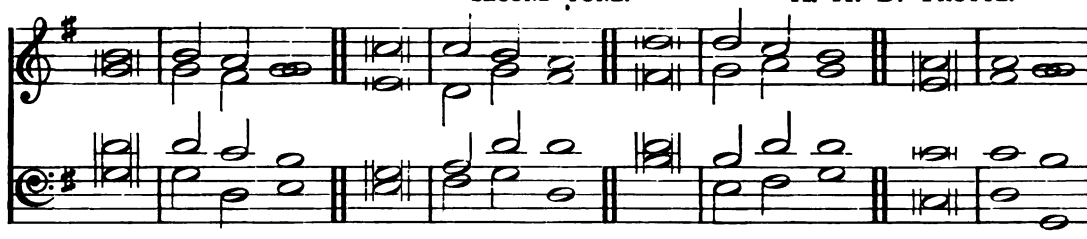
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

CHILDREN'S SONG. FIRST TUNE. H. WALTON.

1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go; And the
2. Far a - way in a good - ly land. Fair and bright, Chil-
3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A child was born, p And, that
4. He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land; And He
angels of God pro - claimed His birth, High and low. mp Out
dren with crowns of glo - ry stand, Robed in white, In
they might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn, And in
leads to where foun - tains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band; And for
on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard; m For they
white more pure than the spot - less snow; And their tongues u - nite In the
mor - tal weakness, in want and pain, Came forth to die, c That the
ev - er - more, in their robes most fair And un - de - filed, Those
knew that the Child on Beth-lehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
psalm which the angels sang long a - go On that still night.
chil-dren of earth might for ev - er reign With Him on high.
ran - somed children His praise de - clare Who was once a child. A - men.

584

SECOND TUNE.

Adapted from HAYES by A. H. D. TROYTE.



'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

m THERE came a little | Child to earth
Long | — ago;
And the angels of God pro- | claimed His birth,
High | and low.

mp Out on the night, so | calm and still,
Their | song was heard;
m For they knew that the Child on | Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ | the Lord.

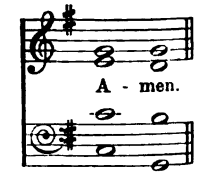
mf 2 Far away in a | goodly land,
Fair | — and bright,
Children with crowns of | glory stand,
Robed | in white,

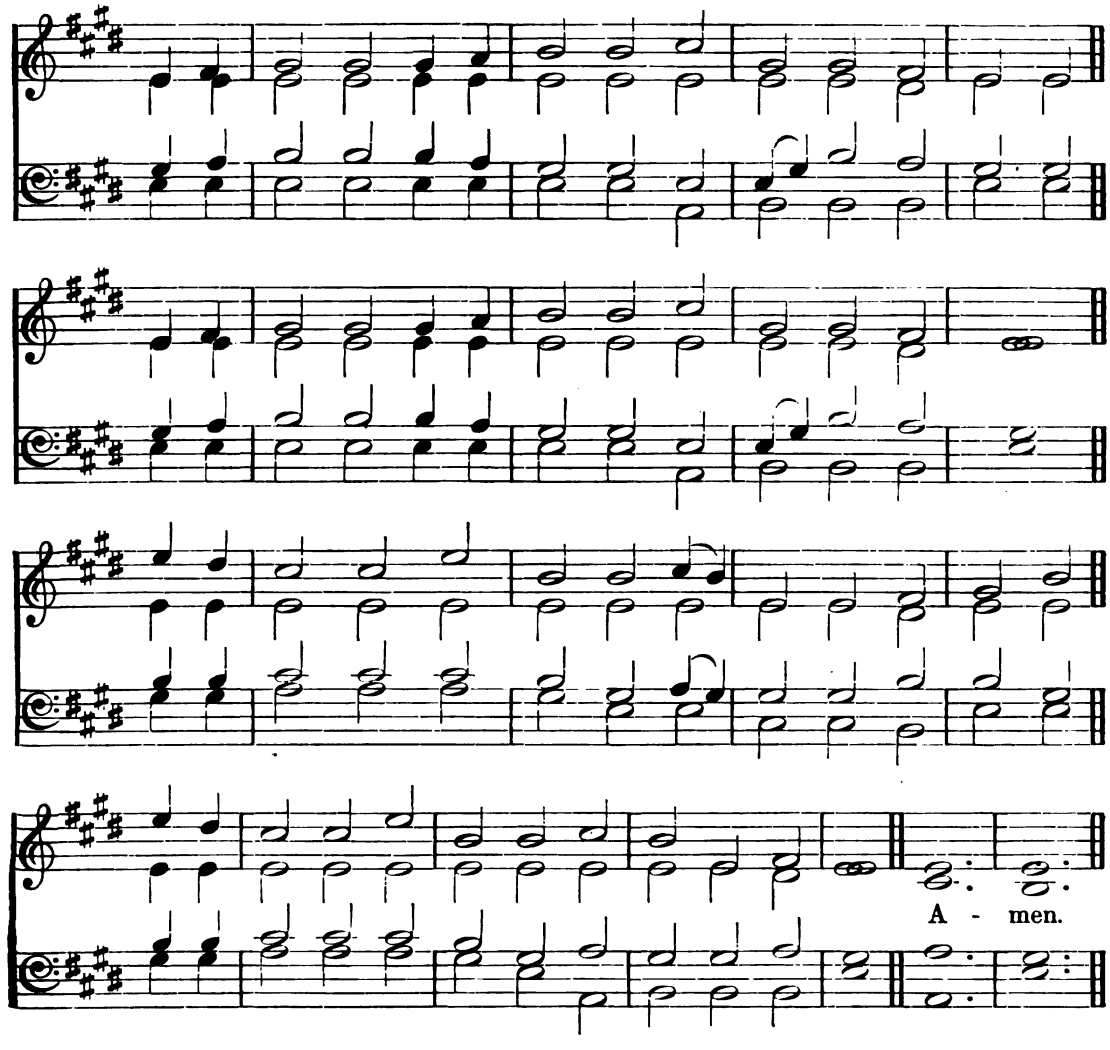
In white more pure than the | spotless snow;
And their | tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang | long ago
On that | still night.

m 3 They sing how the Lord of that | world so fair
A | child was born,
p And, that they might a crown of | glory wear,
Wore a crown | of thorn,

And in mortal weakness, in | want and pain,
Came | forth to die.
c That the children of earth might for | ever reign
With Him | on high.

mf 4 He has put on His kingly ap- | parel now,
In that | goodly land;
And He leads to where fountains of | water flow
That cho- | sen band;

And for evermore, in their | robes most fair
And | undefiled,
Those ransomed children His | praise declare
Who was once | a child.

585

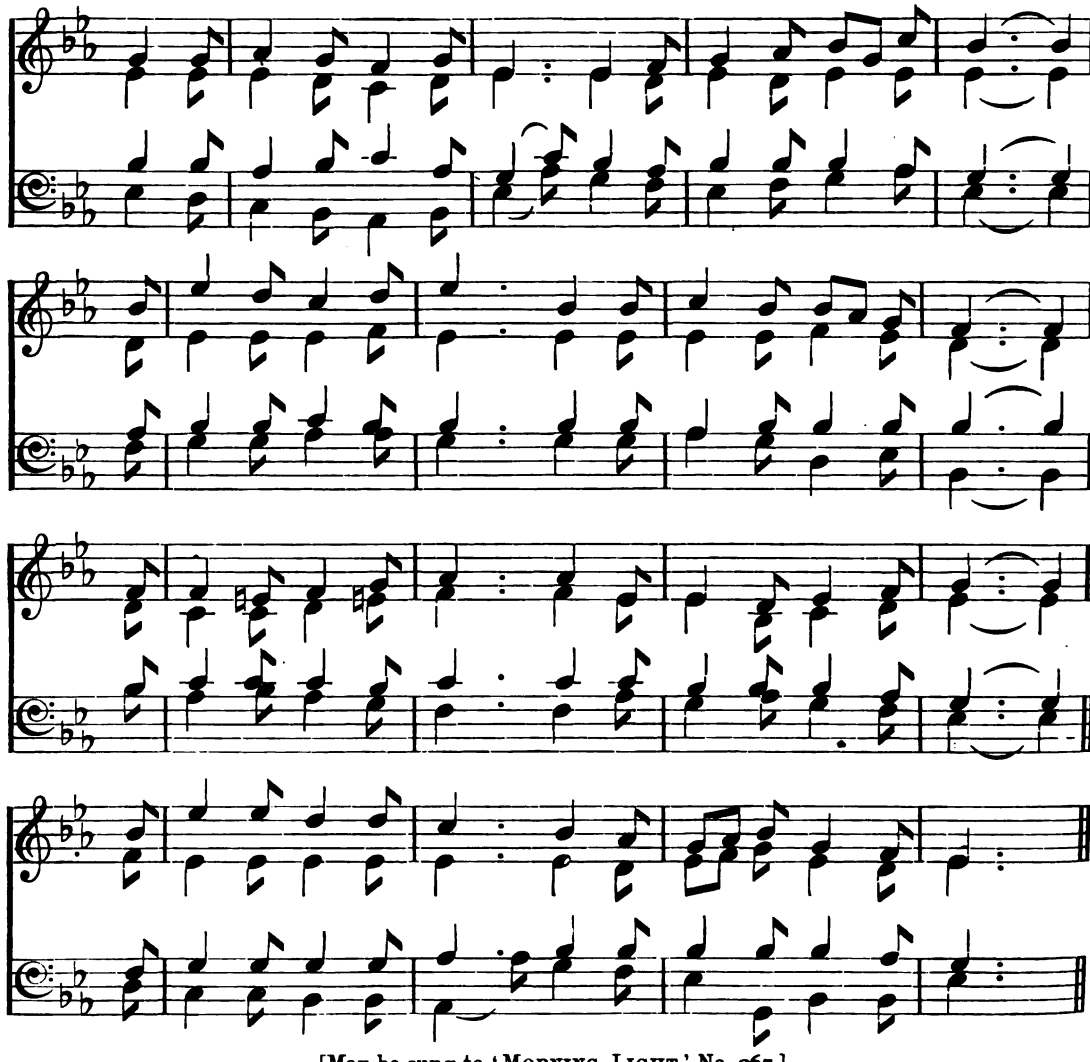
WHEN HE COMETH. G. F. Root.

'They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels.'

m WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,
mf *Like the stars of the morning,*
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

m 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

586

IN MEMORIAM. J. STAINER.

[May be sung to 'MORNING LIGHT,' No. 267.]

'The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

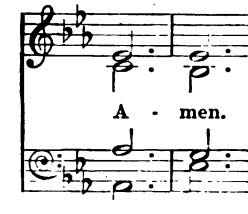
mf THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

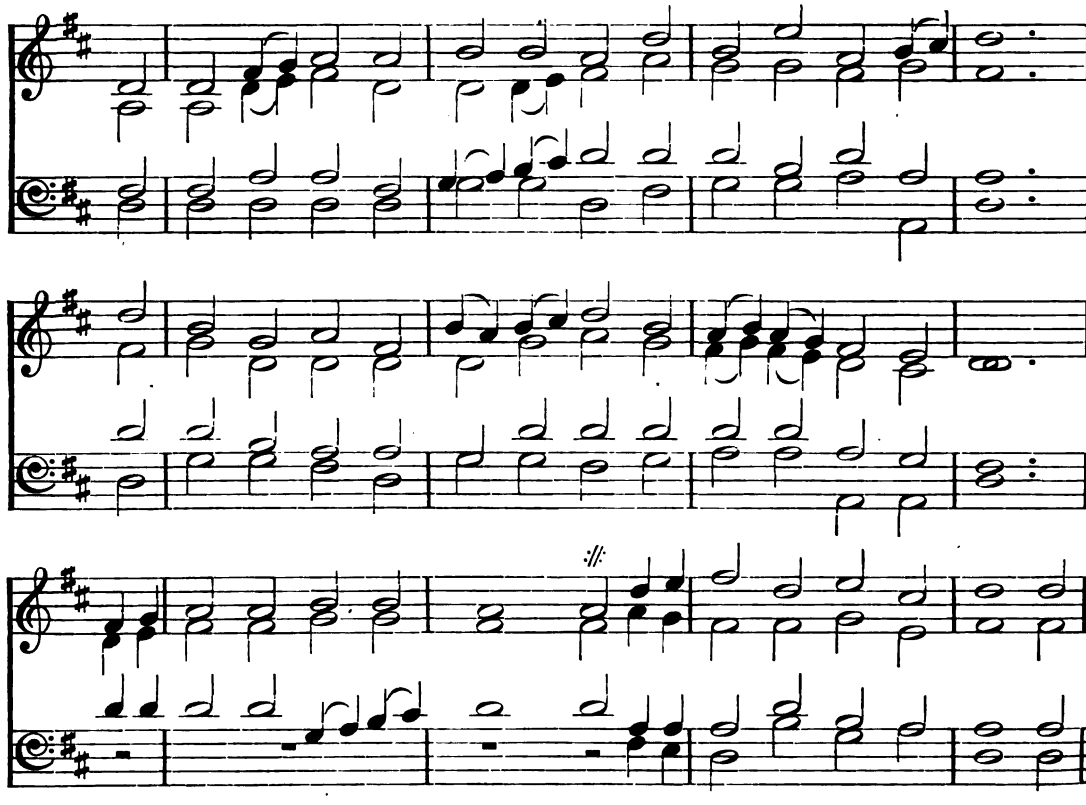
m 2 There 's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to the Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf 3 There 's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There 's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by,—
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who 've found His favour
And loved His name below.

5 There 's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary
Though sung continually,
m A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

mf 6 There 's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

587

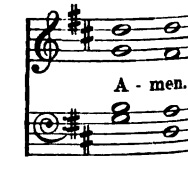
GLORY. CURWEN'S TUNE BOOK, 1842.

'They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

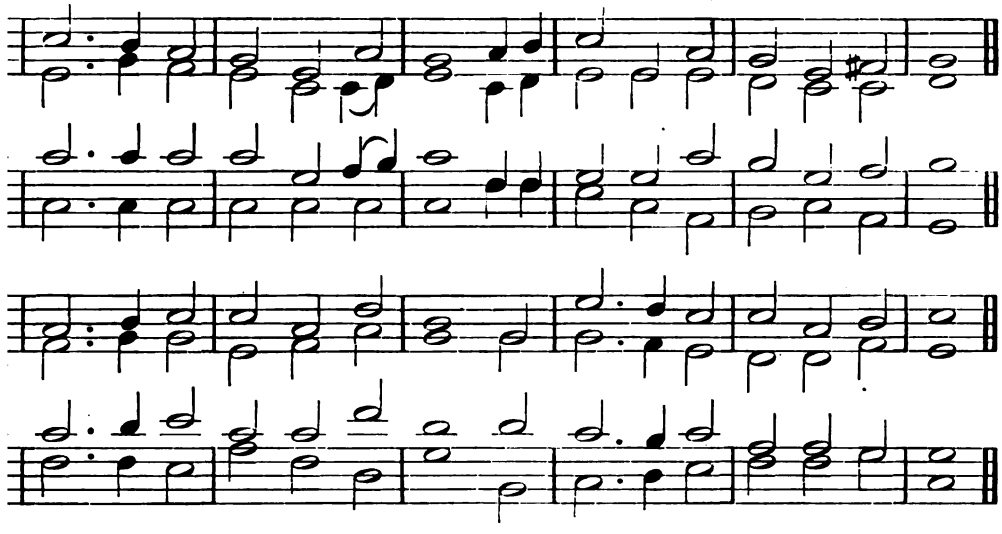
mf AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

mp 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory'?

m 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
mf So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

588

IOR. C. STEGGALL.

'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.'

m WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
mf But what must it be to be there!

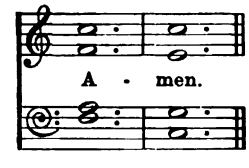
m 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
mf But what must it be to be there!

mp 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
mf But what must it be to be there!

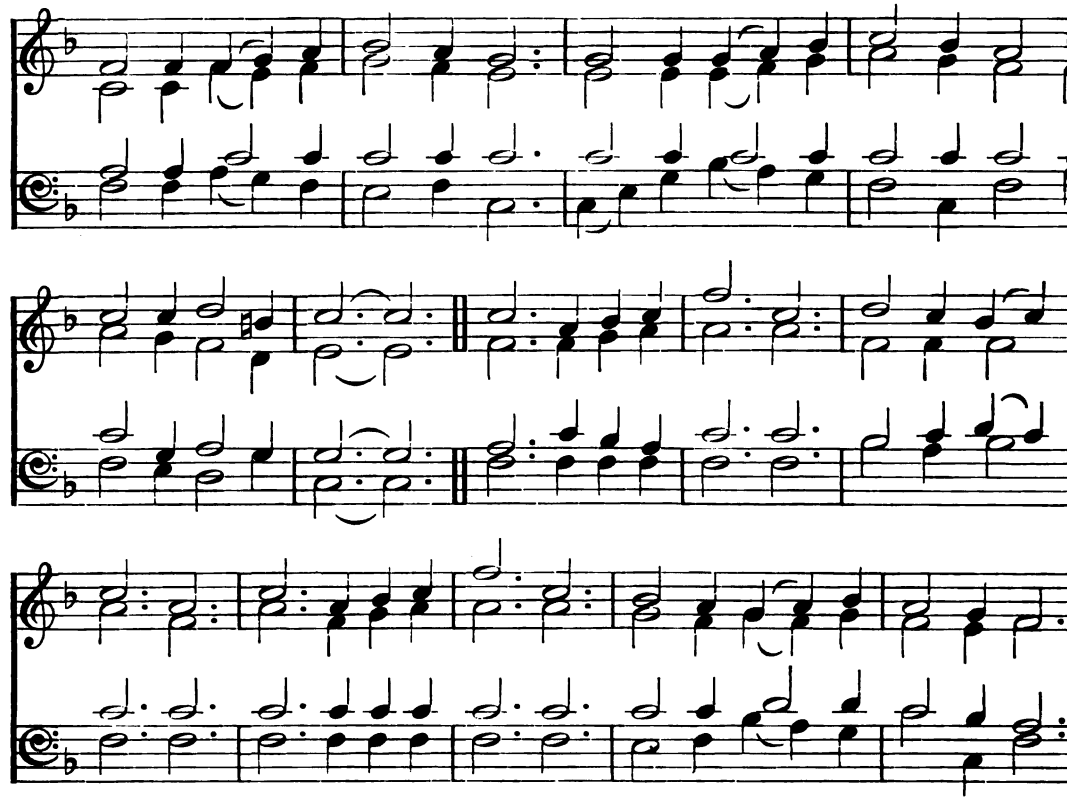
m 4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
mf But what must it be to be there!

m 5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first-born above;
mf But what must it be to be there!

m 6 Then let us, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
c And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.



589

JOYFUL. T. BILBY.

'The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.'

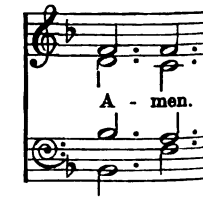
mp HERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
m In heaven we part no more.
f *O that will be joyful,*
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

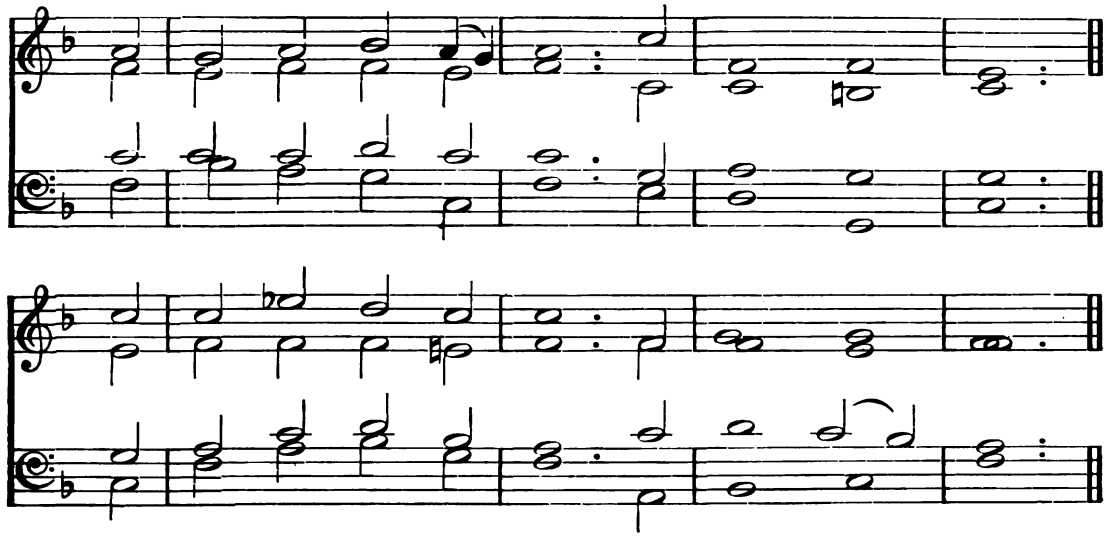
m 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every Sabbath school.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

mf 5 O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne!

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

590

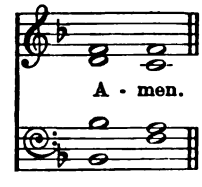
FIDELIS. A. SOMERVELL.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

mf A CROWN of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.

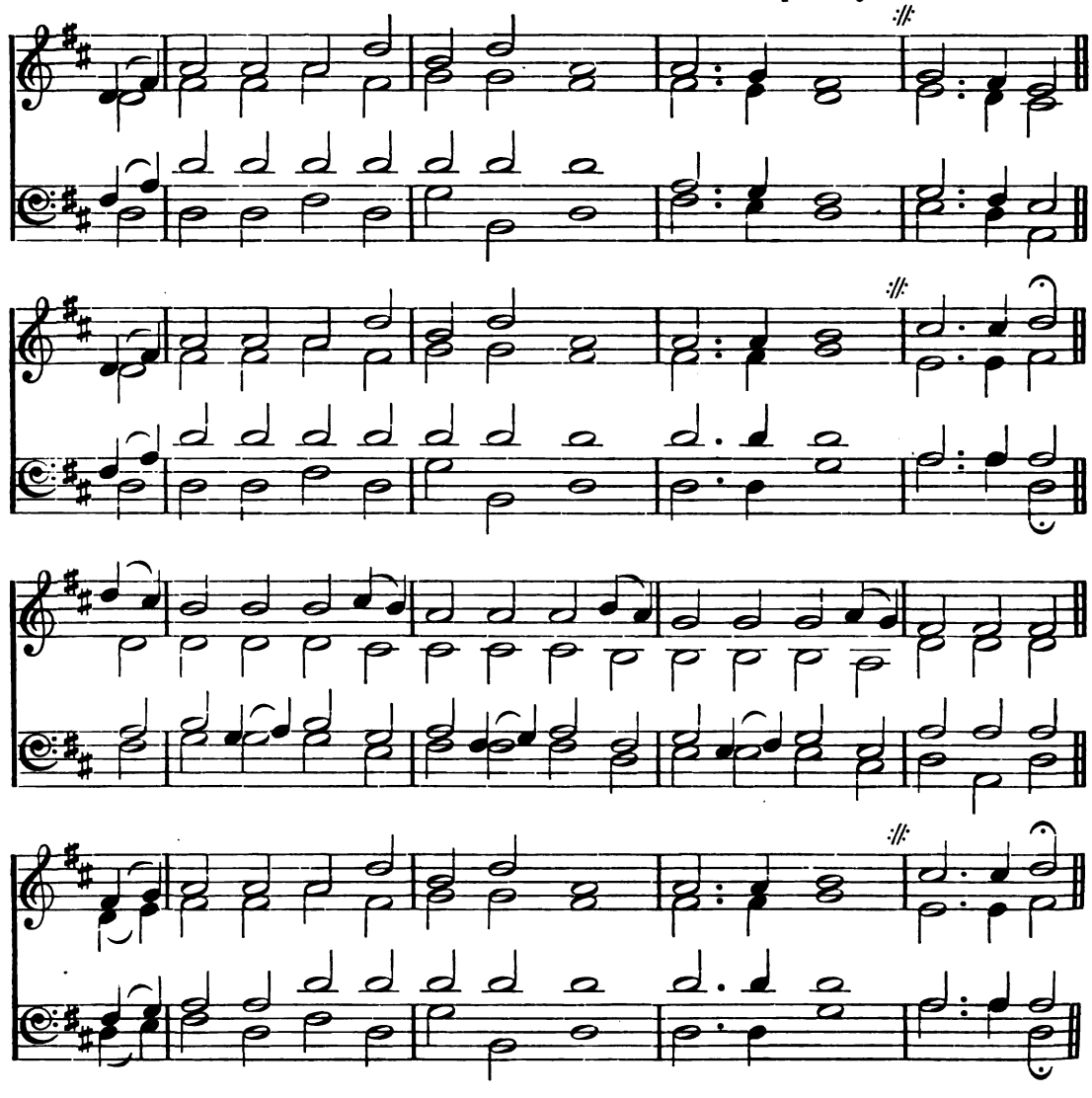
m 2 O may I faithful prove,
Keep it in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide;
My steps attend;
O keep me near Thy side;
Be Thou my friend.

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My constant guard,
c And, when my work is done,
My great reward.



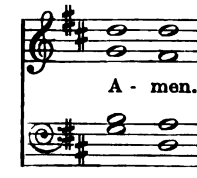
591

BETTER WORLD. Adapted by H. P. MAIN.

'The Lamb is the light thereof.'

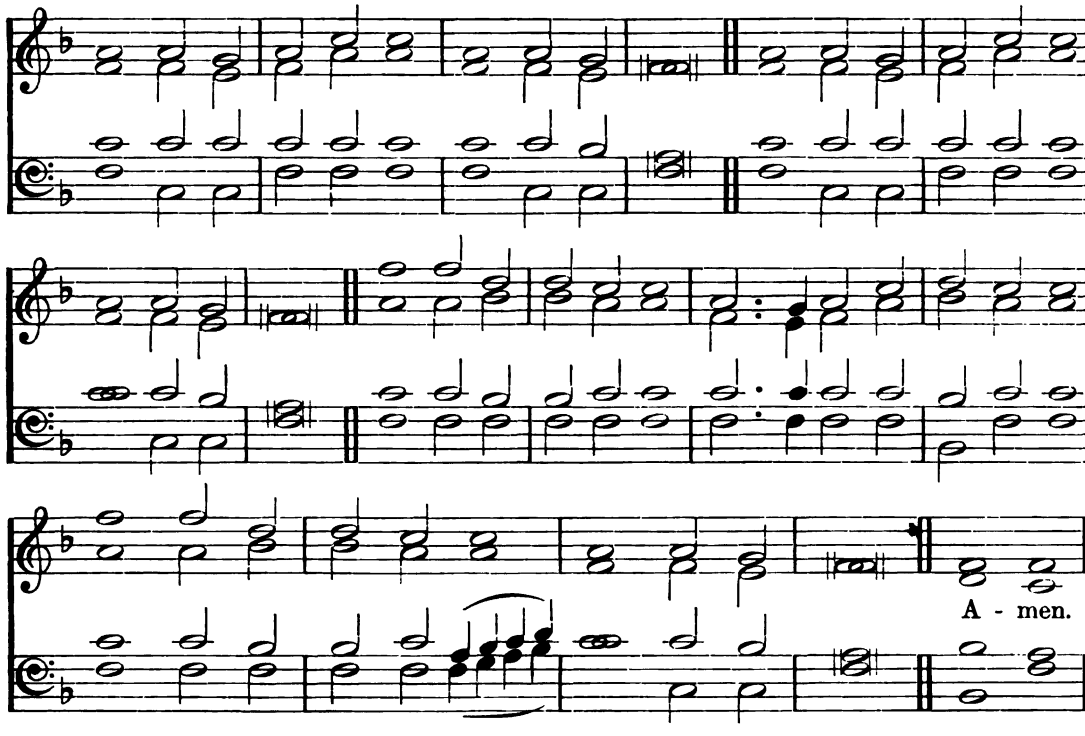
m THERE is a better world, they say,
O so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright!
mf And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair:
O so bright!

m 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
mp No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land!
m They drink the living streams of grace,
c And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place.
Happy land!

mp 3 Though we are sinners every one—
Jesus died!—
And though our crown of peace is gone—
Jesus died!—
m We may be cleansed from every stain,
mf We may be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of bliss may reign.
m Jesus died!



592

HAPPY LAND.

'The land . . is an exceeding good land.'

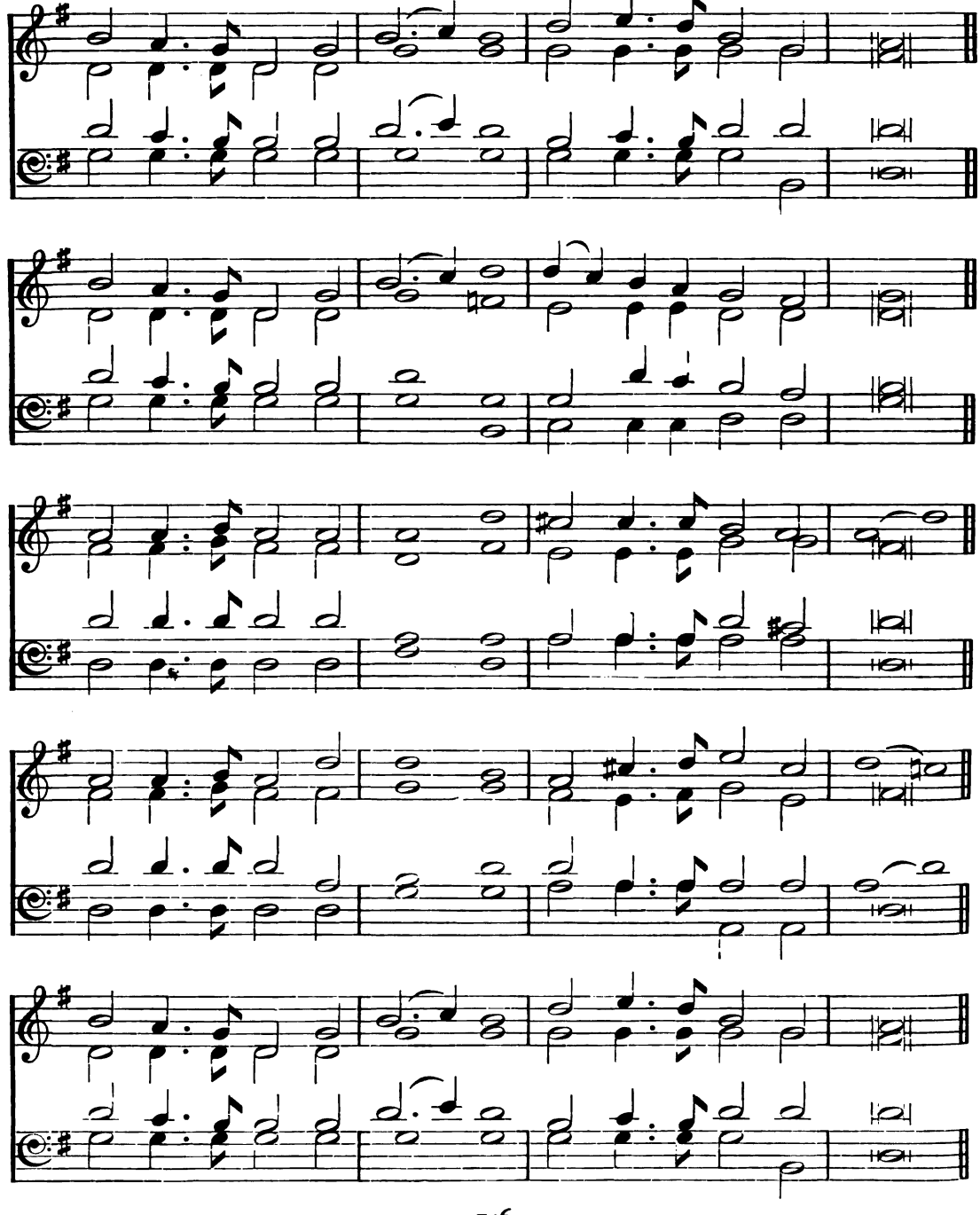
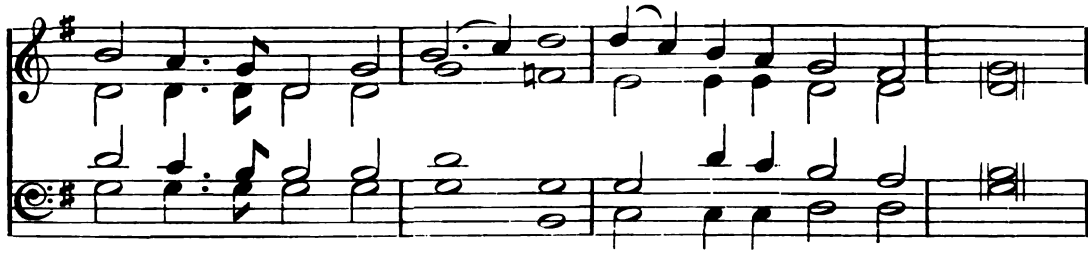
m THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
c O how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our Saviour King!'
f Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

m 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?

mf O we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

m 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
mf On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

593

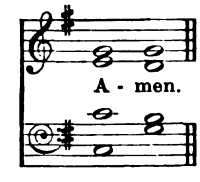
ARMS OF JESUS. W. H. DOANE.



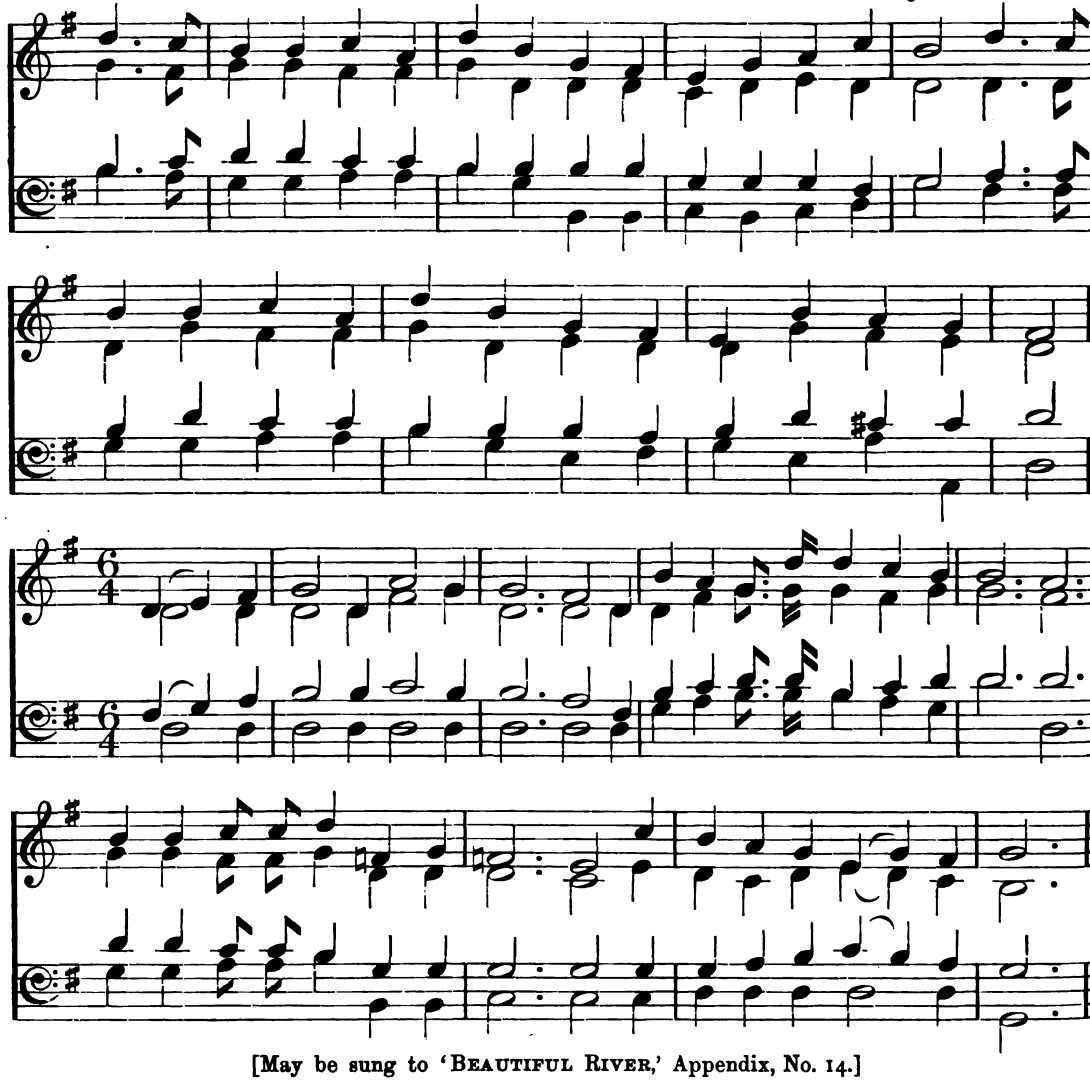
'He will save . . He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.'

mp SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 't is the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea!

mp *Safe in the arms of Jesus,*
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

m 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there,—
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

mf 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
mp Here let me wait with patience,
c Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

594

RIVER OF LIFE. J. STAINER.

[May be sung to 'BEAUTIFUL RIVER,' Appendix, No. 14.]

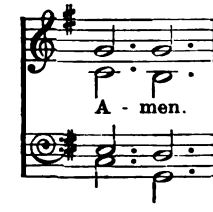
'He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.'

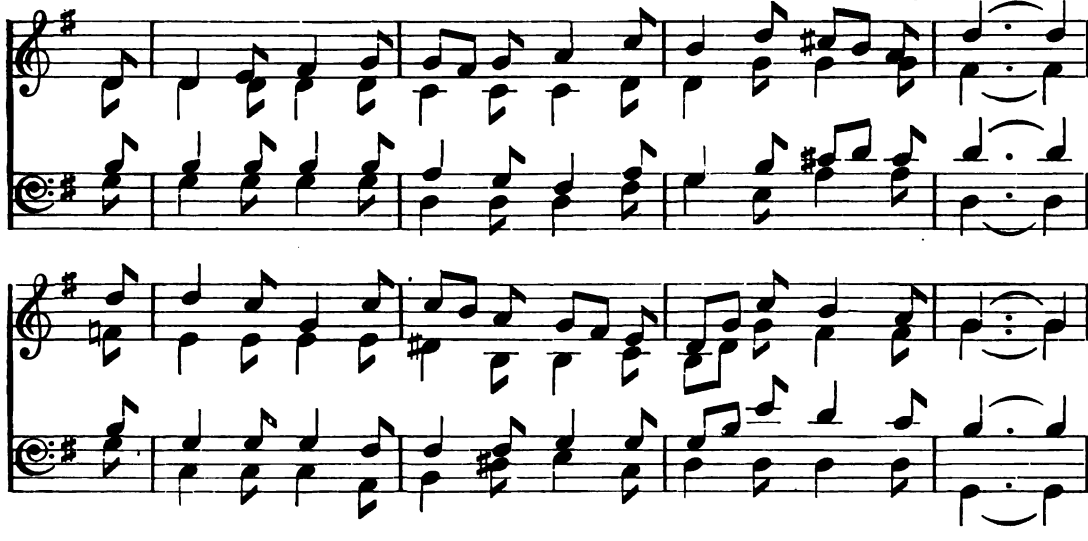
m SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing from the throne of God?

mf *Yes, we'll gather at the river,*
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of God.

m 2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

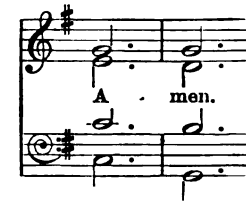
3 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

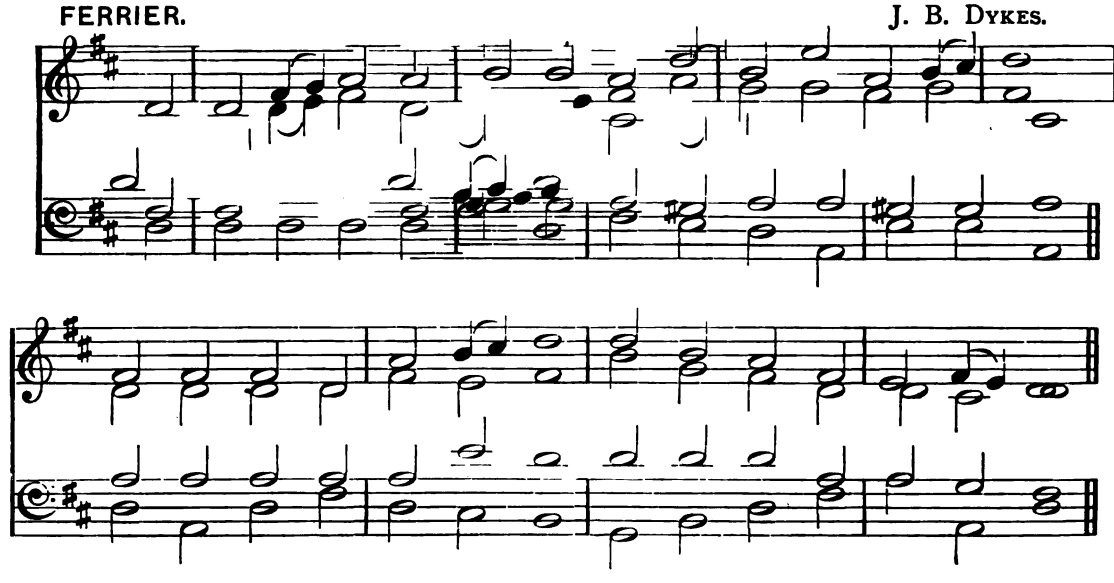
mf 4 Soon we 'll reach the shining river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

595

SPRINGTIDE HOUR. J. BARNBY.

'I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.'

m THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

mp 2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide,
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
m Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

596

FERRIER. J. B. DYKES.

'Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.'

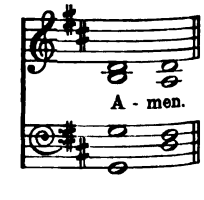
mp JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child.
m Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night;

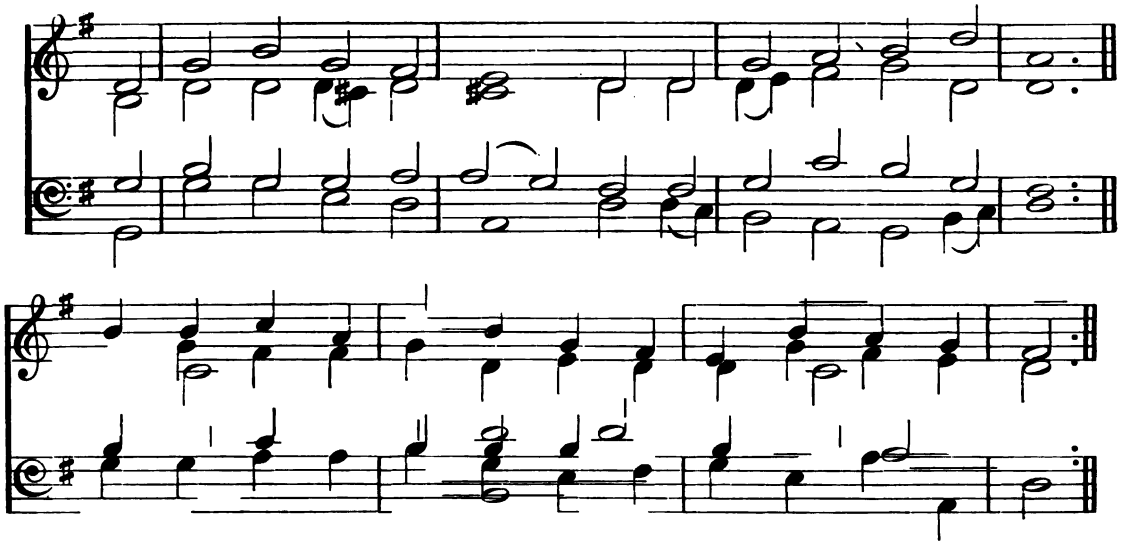
2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
mf And, when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

597

ST. VICTOR. R. REDHEAD.

'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.'

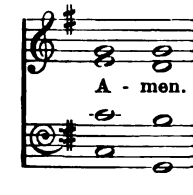
mf THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright;
c Praise be to Christ, who keepeth
His children safe at night!

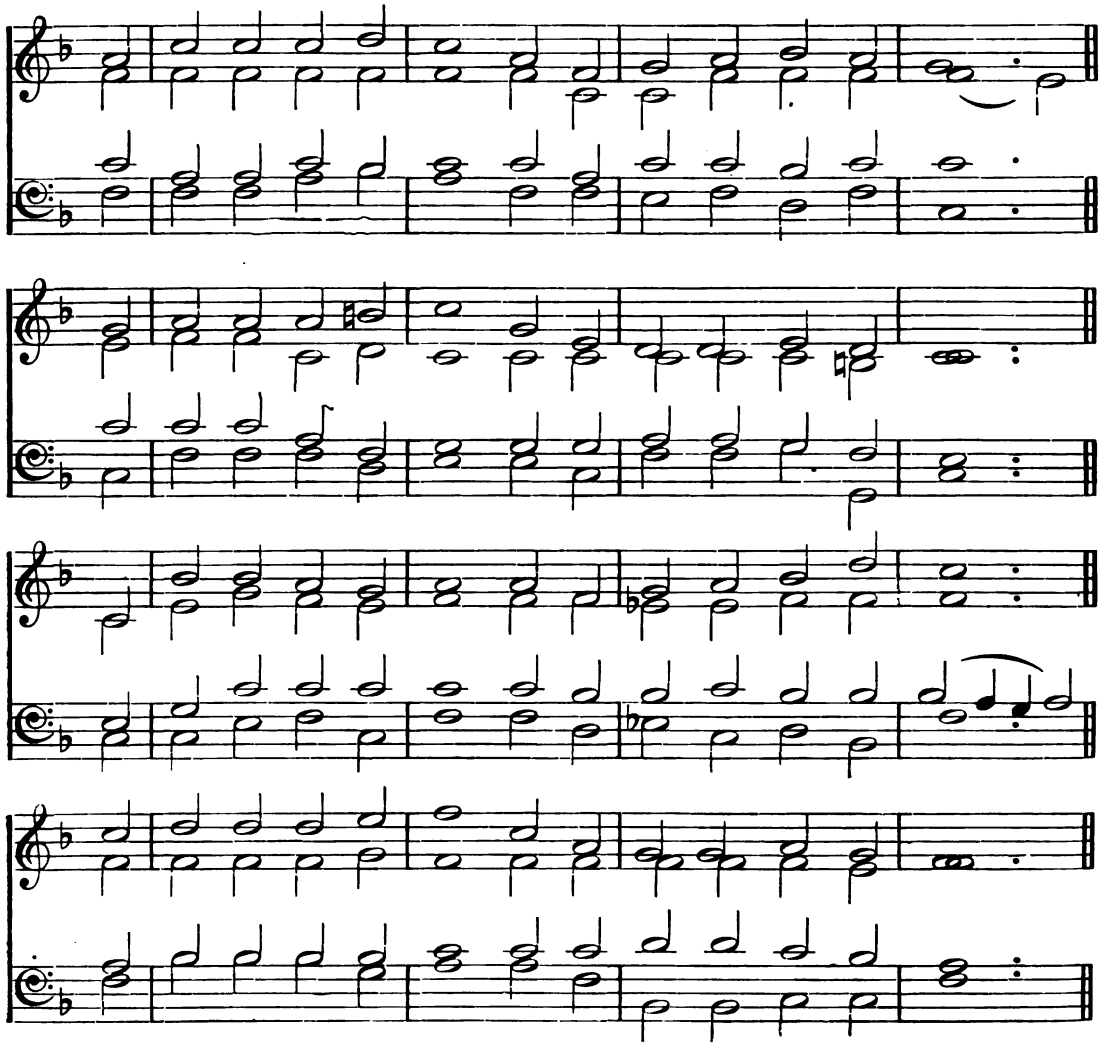
m 2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
mp What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way;

mf 3 But this we know most surely,
That, through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.

m 4 Then, Jesus, let the angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Be all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright;

5 And help us to remember,
In thought and deed and word,
That we are heirs of heaven
And children of the Lord.

mp 6 Then, when the evening cometh,
We 'll kneel again to pray,
mf And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.

598

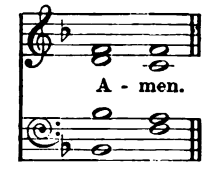
NORTON. H. PARR.

'To shew forth . . Thy faithfulness every night.'

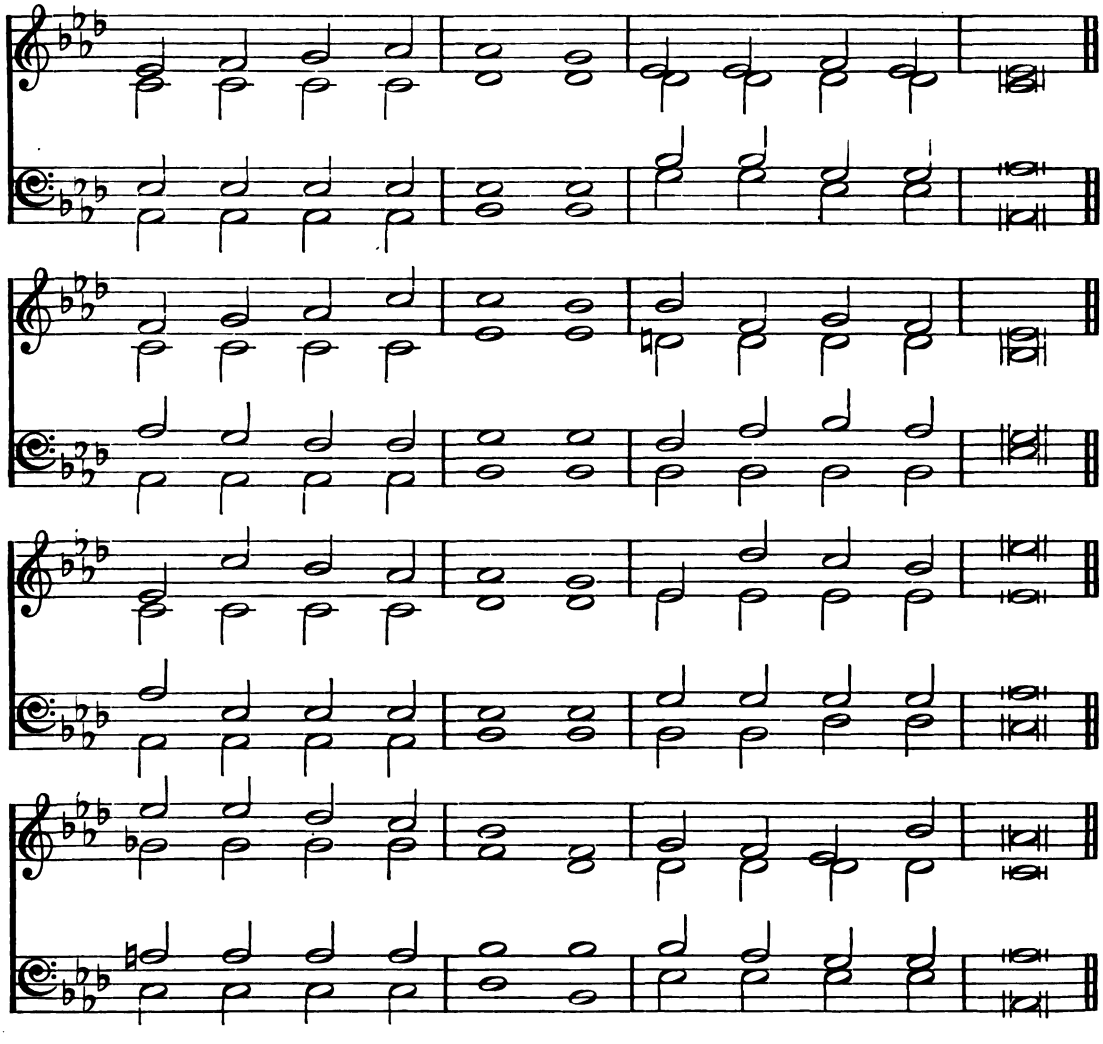
m THE hours of day are over;
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
mf For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

2 For life, and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play,
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

m 3 But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art:
Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin;
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

mf 4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this we thank Thee most,—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost,
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

mp 5 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past,
With all our dear ones round us,
c In that eternal home
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come.

599

LYNDHURST. FIRST TUNE.

'Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.'

m NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

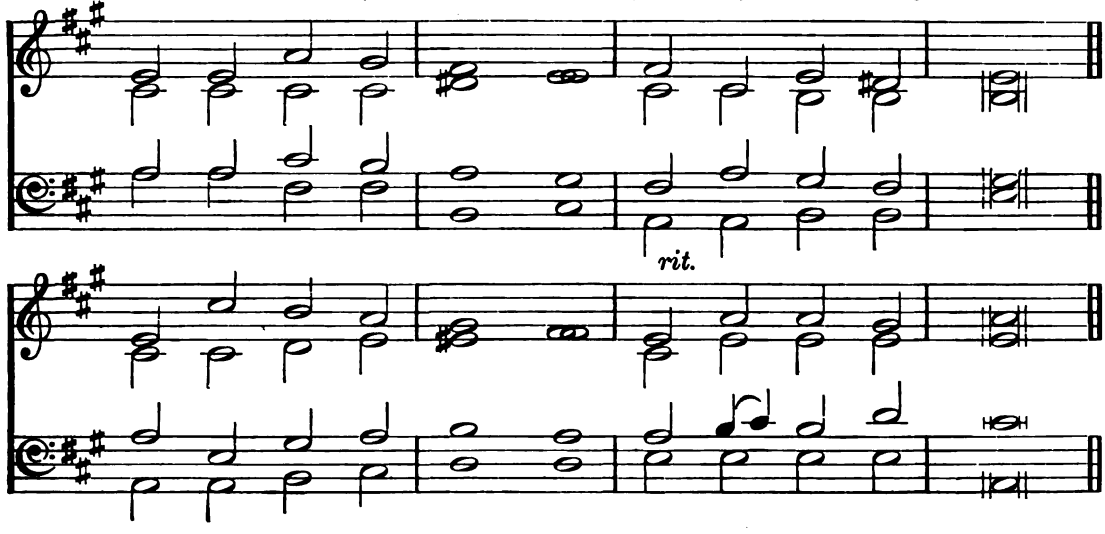
2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

mp 3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

m 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

599

SECOND TUNE.

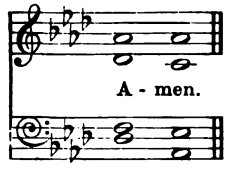
SANDOWN. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. BARNBY.

mp 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

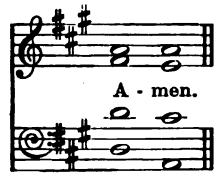
6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

mf 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

f 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

FIRST TUNE.



SECOND TUNE.

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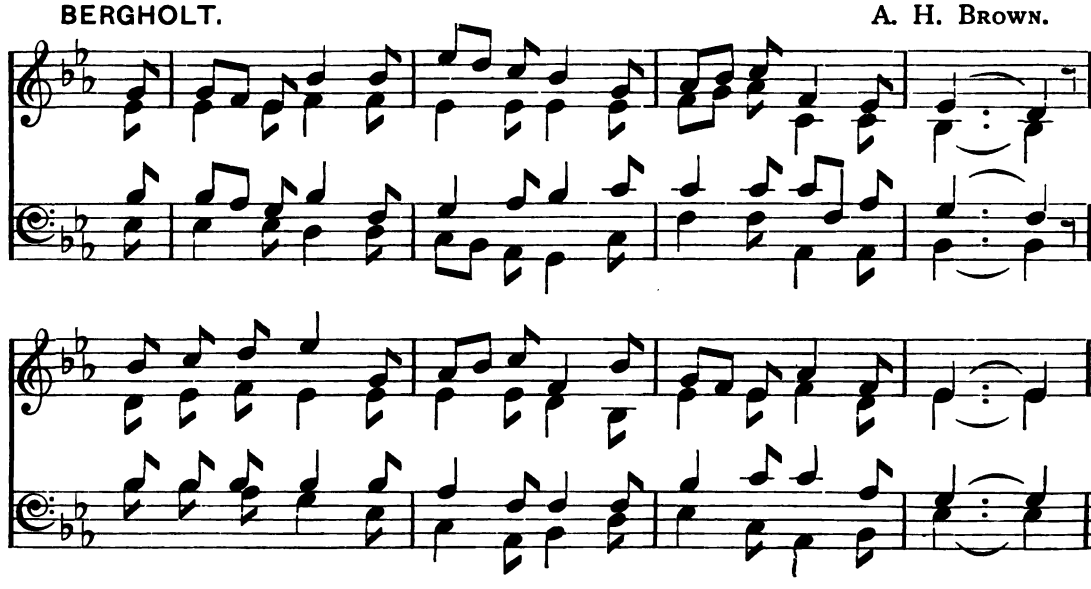
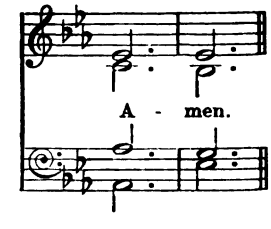
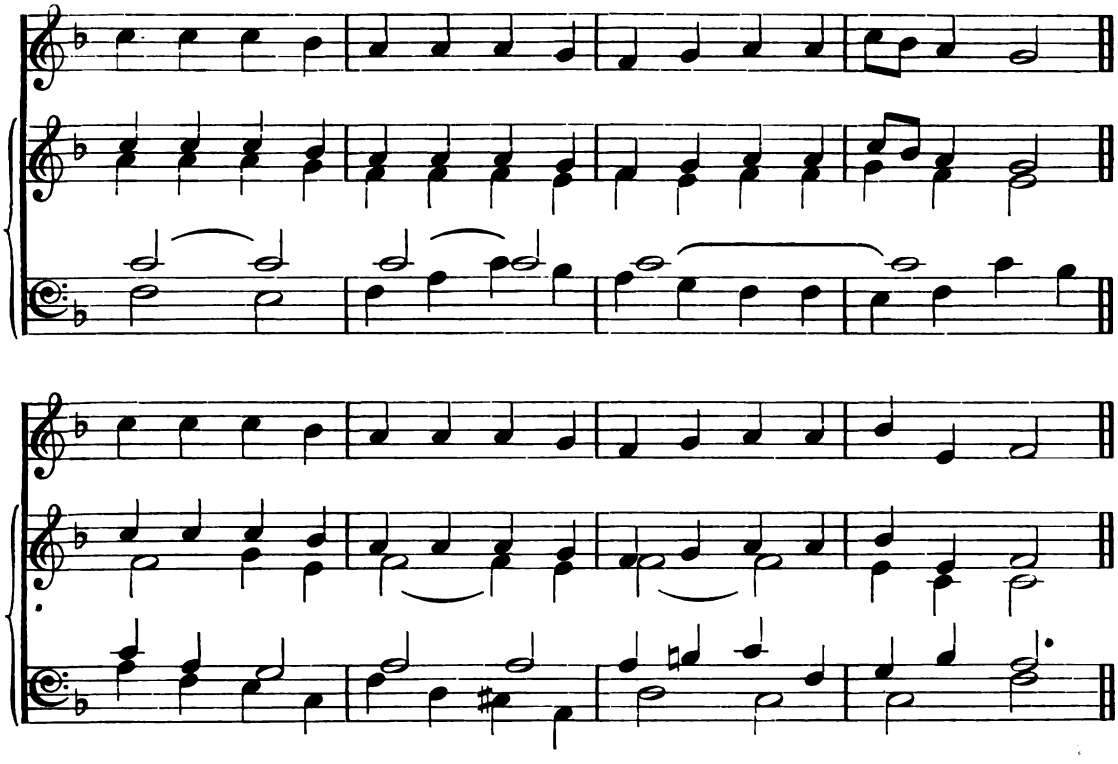
BERGHOLT. A. H. BROWN.

'Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.'

mp THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
m Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

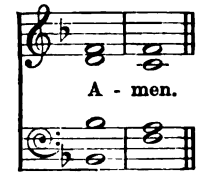
2 While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour,
Blest Jesus; still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

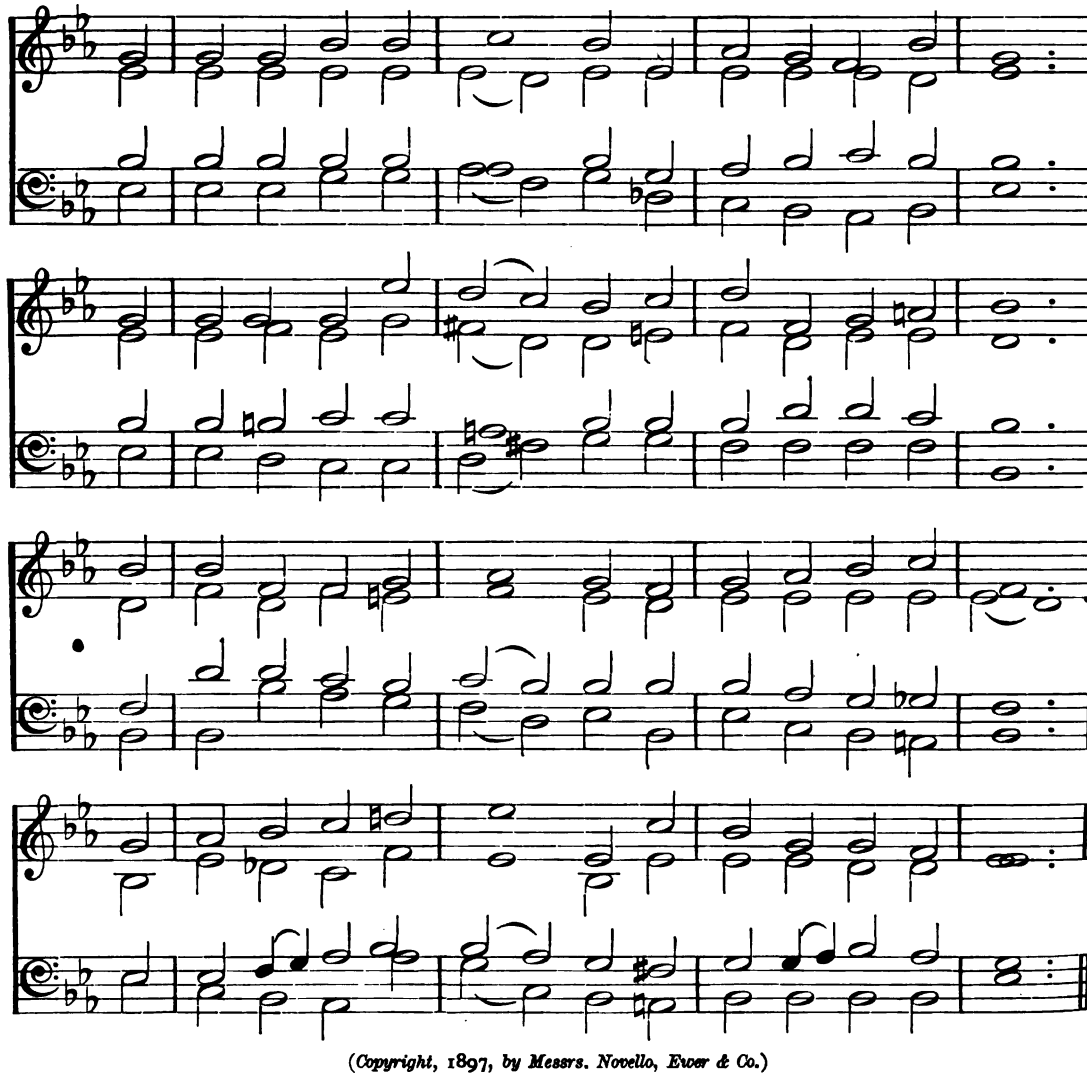
p c 3 Subdue my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart,
Spirit Divine;
m O make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

601

EVENING PRAYER. **J. STAINER.**

'I will make them to lie down safely.'

mp JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

m **2** All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

mp **3** Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
m Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

602

IN SABBATO. **W. H. Monk.**

(*Copyright, 1897, by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*)

'O Lord, be not far from me.'

mp MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.

m With Thee there is no darkness;
The light it shineth still;

c My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill.

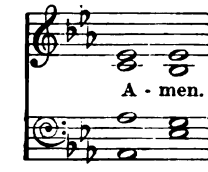
mp 2 My Saviour, be Thou near me
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.

p When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,

c My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

My Saviour, be Thou near me
In sickness and in pain,
To teach my spirit patience,
To make my suffering gain.

pp When heart and flesh are failing,
Receive my parting breath;
c My Saviour, be Thou near me
To comfort me in death.

m 4 And then, for ever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises
And saints behold Thy face,
mf My joy shall be Thy presence;
Yes! this my heaven will be—
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity.

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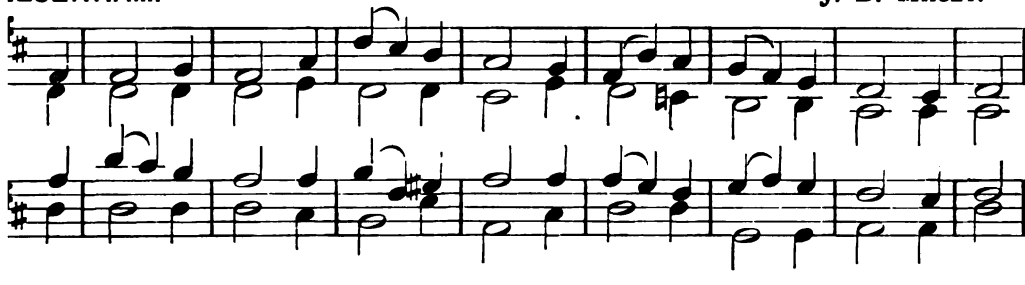
ELSENHAM. J. D. MACEY.

'The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.'

mp THE day is done: O God the Son,
Look down upon Thy little one.

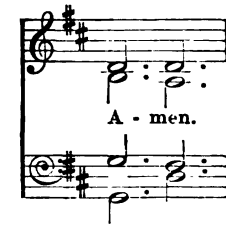
m 2 O Light of light, keep me this night,
And shed round me Thy presence bright.

3 I need not fear if Thou art near;
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

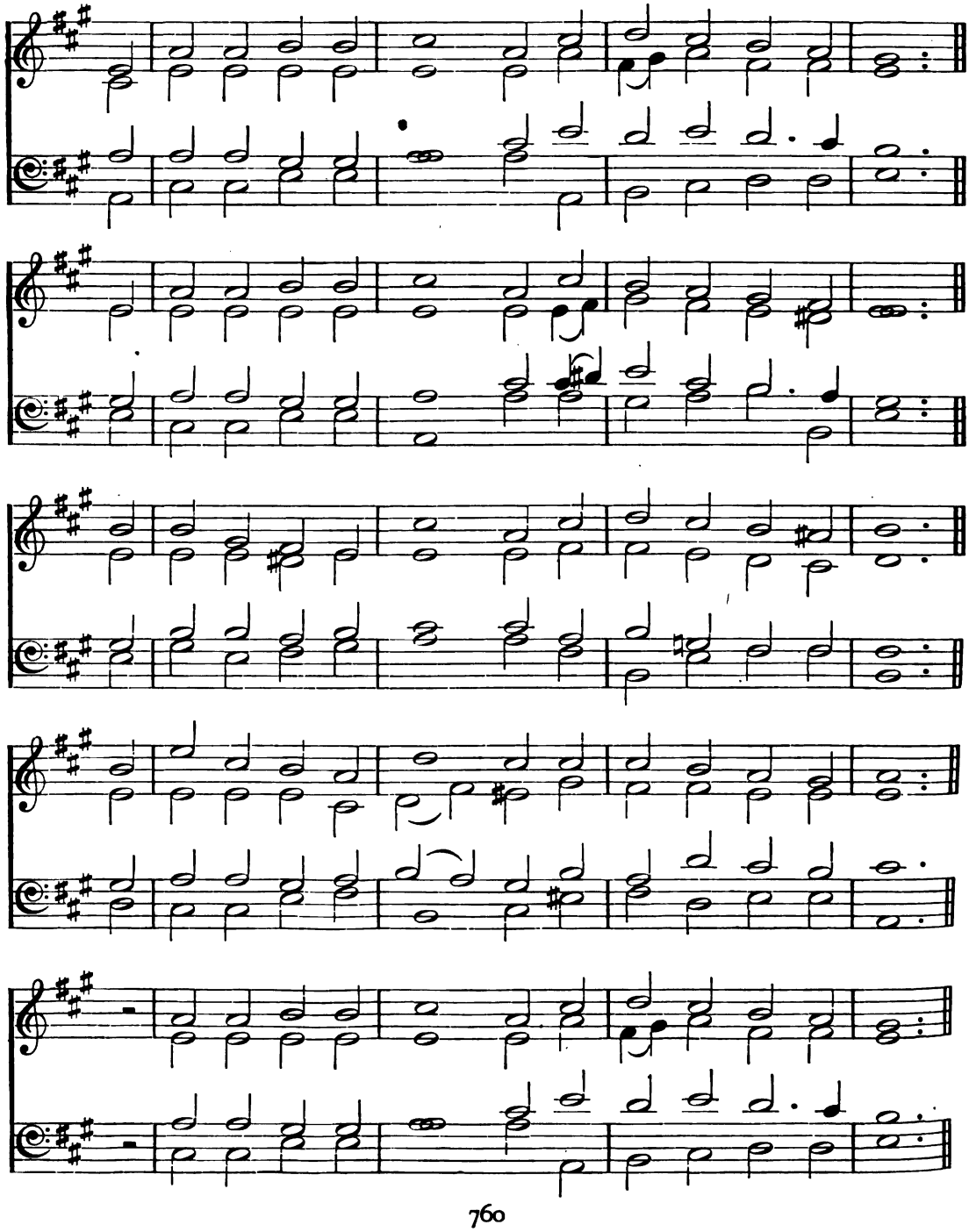
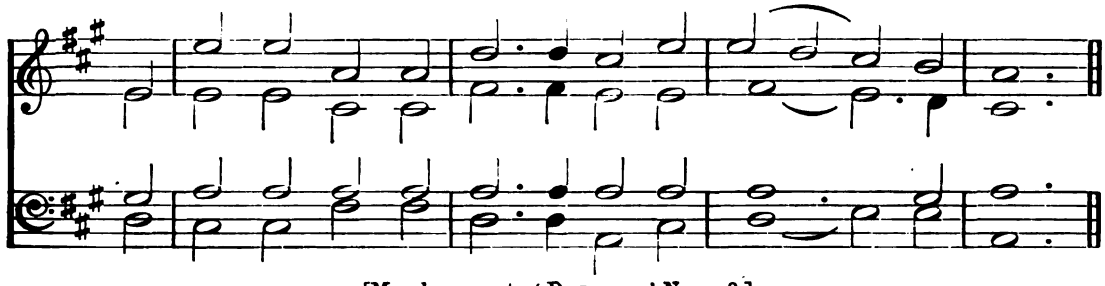
4 Thy gentle eye is ever nigh;
It watches me when none is by.

5 Thy loving ear is ever near
Thy little children's prayers to hear.

6 So happily and peacefully
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

mf 7 To Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
In heaven and earth all praise be done.

Also the following:
607 Blessèd Jesus, high in glory.

604

CLEETHORPES. **T. R. MATTHEWS.**



[May be sung to 'DRESDEN,' No. 498.]

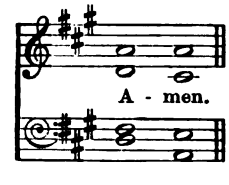
'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.'

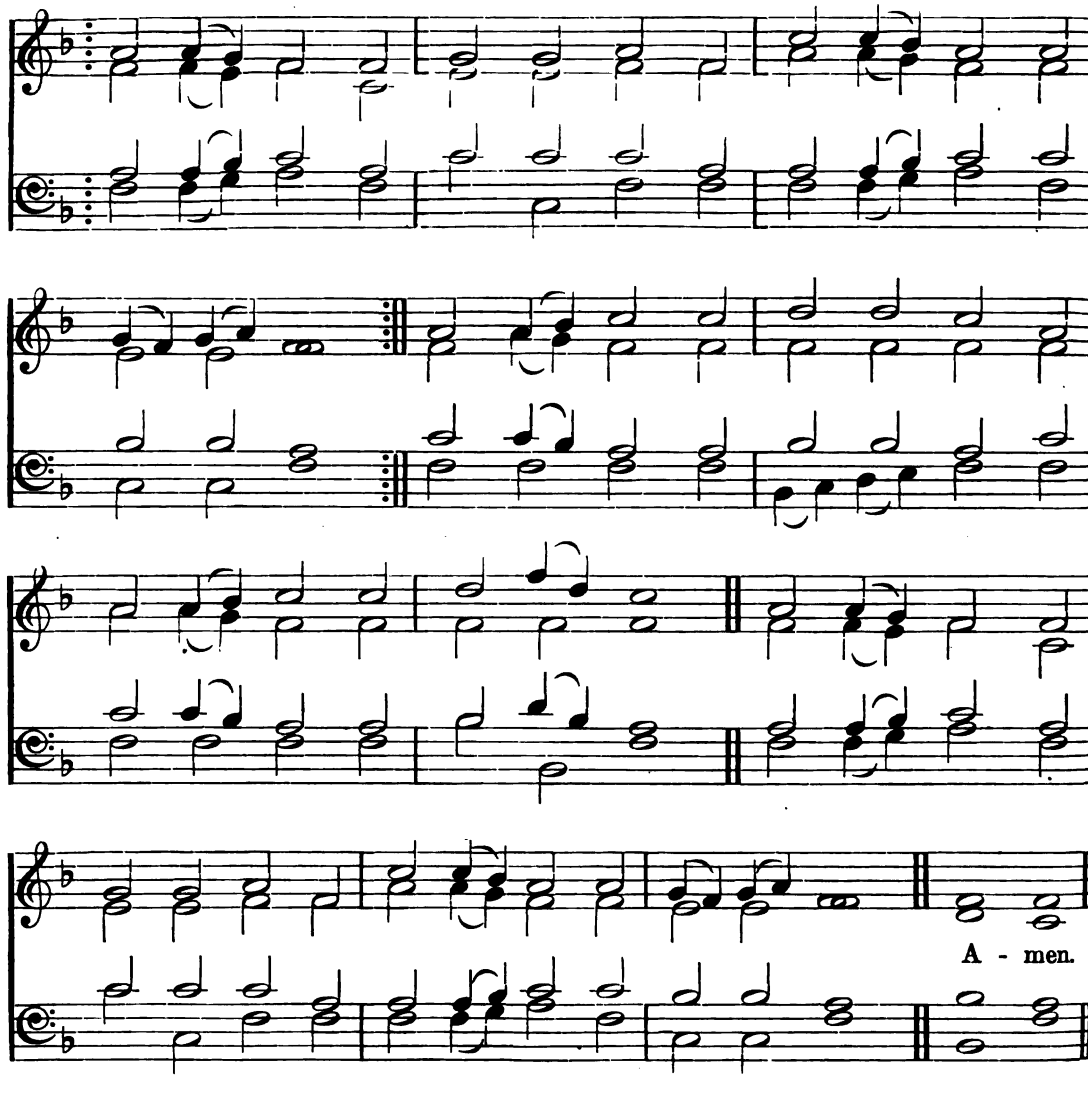
mf AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here,
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near:
m The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.
f *'Glory be to Jesus!'*
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

m 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
mf Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

m 3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

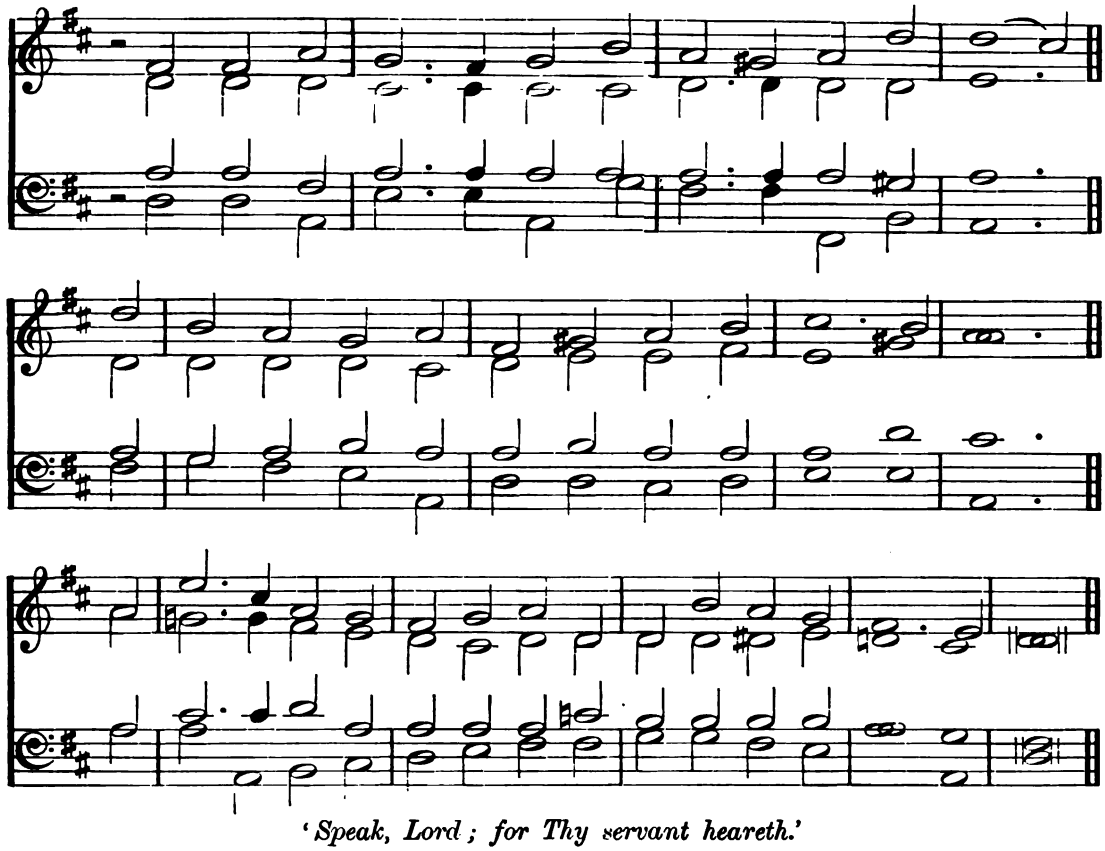
mf 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.
f *'Glory be to Jesus!'*
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

605

ROUSSEAU. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

'Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly.'

mp LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great and high and holy;
O how solemn we should be!
m Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

2 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
mp Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
c Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

606

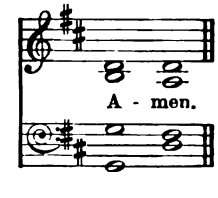
SAMUEL. A. S. SULLIVAN.

'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.'

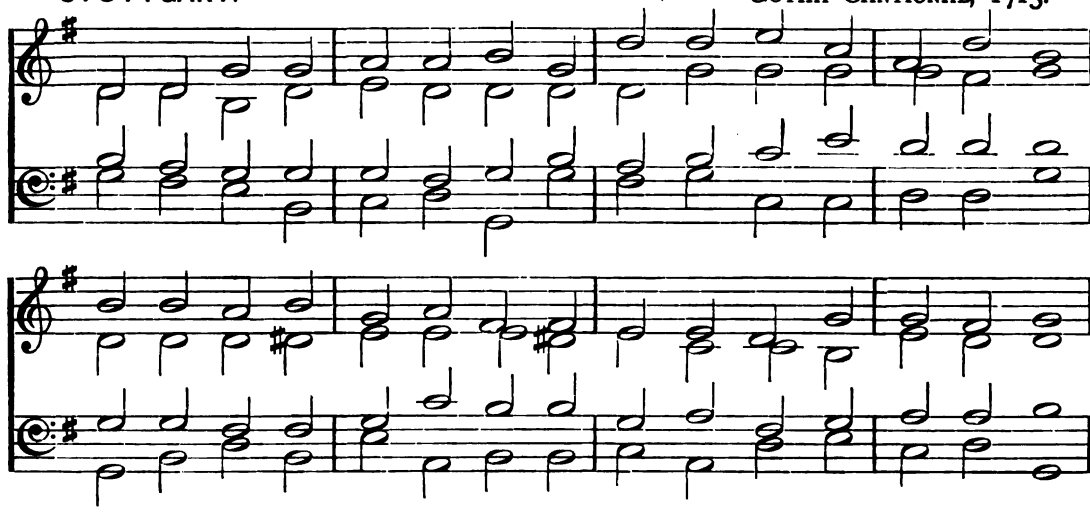
mp HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
m When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

mp 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
m And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

607

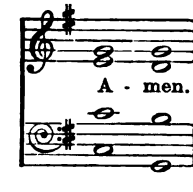
STUTTGART. GOTHA CANTIONAL, 1715.

'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.'

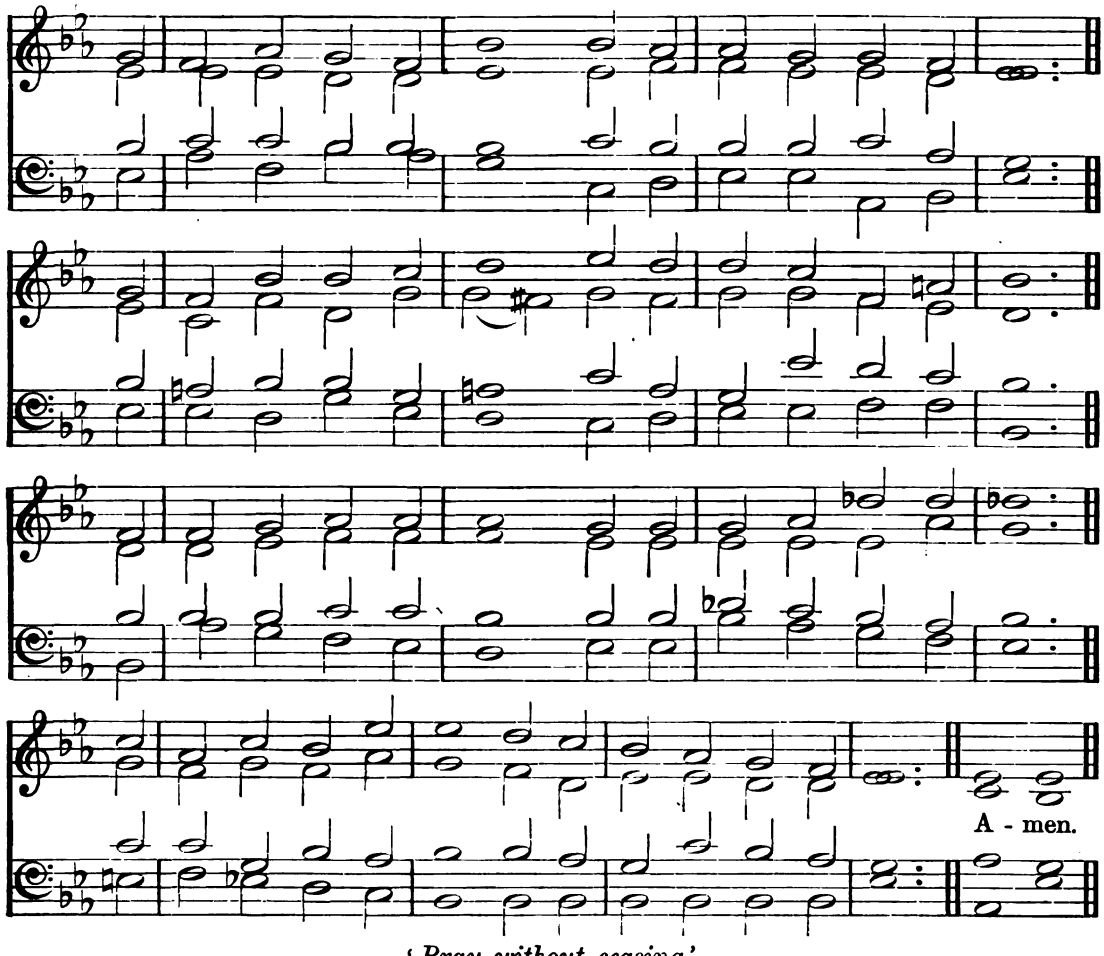
mf BLESSÈD Jesus, high in glory,
Seen of saints and angels fair,
mp Children's voices now adore Thee;
Listen to Thy children's prayer.

m 2 While this solemn eve we gather,
Meekly to receive Thy word,
Be Thou near us, Holy Father,
Bring us near Thee, loving Lord.

3 Gentle Jesus, Thou dost love us,
Thou hast died upon the tree,
And Thou reignest now above us,
That we too might reign with Thee.

4 Give us grace to trust Thee wholly;
Give us each a childlike heart;
Make us meek and pure and holy,
Meet to see Thee as Thou art.

mf 5 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Bless us all our life below,
Till we each that heaven inherit
Which the childlike only know.

608

CRATHIE. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. F. BRIDGE.

'Pray without ceasing.'

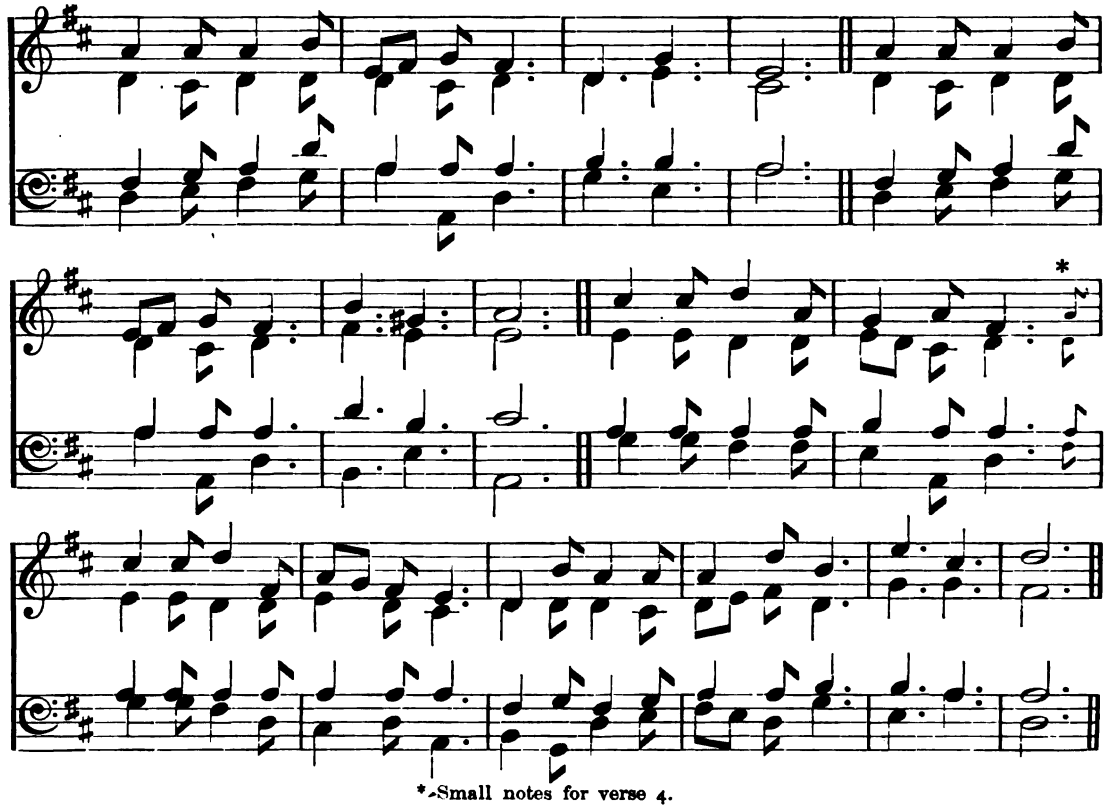
m GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber, kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach His throne of glory
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Also the following:
562 All our sinful words and ways.

609

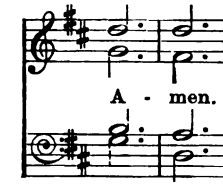
LIMPSFIELD. J. Booth.

* Small notes for verse 4.

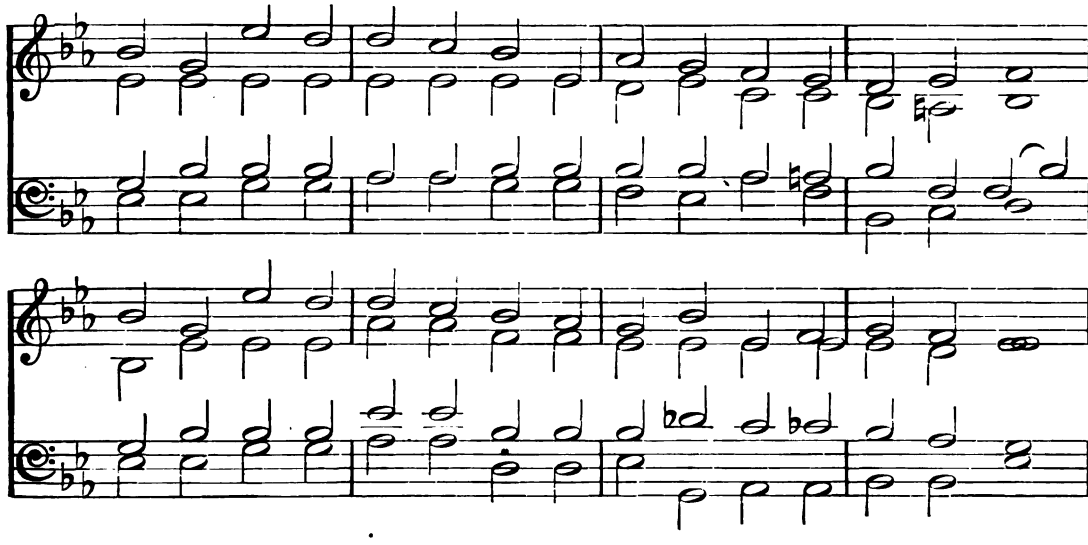
'Shew forth His salvation . . declare His glory among the heathen.'

mf WE have heard a joyful sound,—
'Jesus saves!'
Spread the gladness all around:
'Jesus saves!'
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward! 't is our Lord's command:
Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
'Jesus saves!'
Tell to sinners far and wide,
'Jesus saves!'
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves!

m 3 Sing above the battle's strife,
'Jesus saves!'
By His death and endless life
Jesus saves!
mp Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
mf Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
'Jesus saves!'

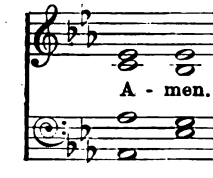
4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
'Jesus saves!'
Let the nations now rejoice:
Jesus saves!
f Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves,—
This our song of victory,
'Jesus saves!'

610

SEFTON. H. A. CROSBIE.

'O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.'

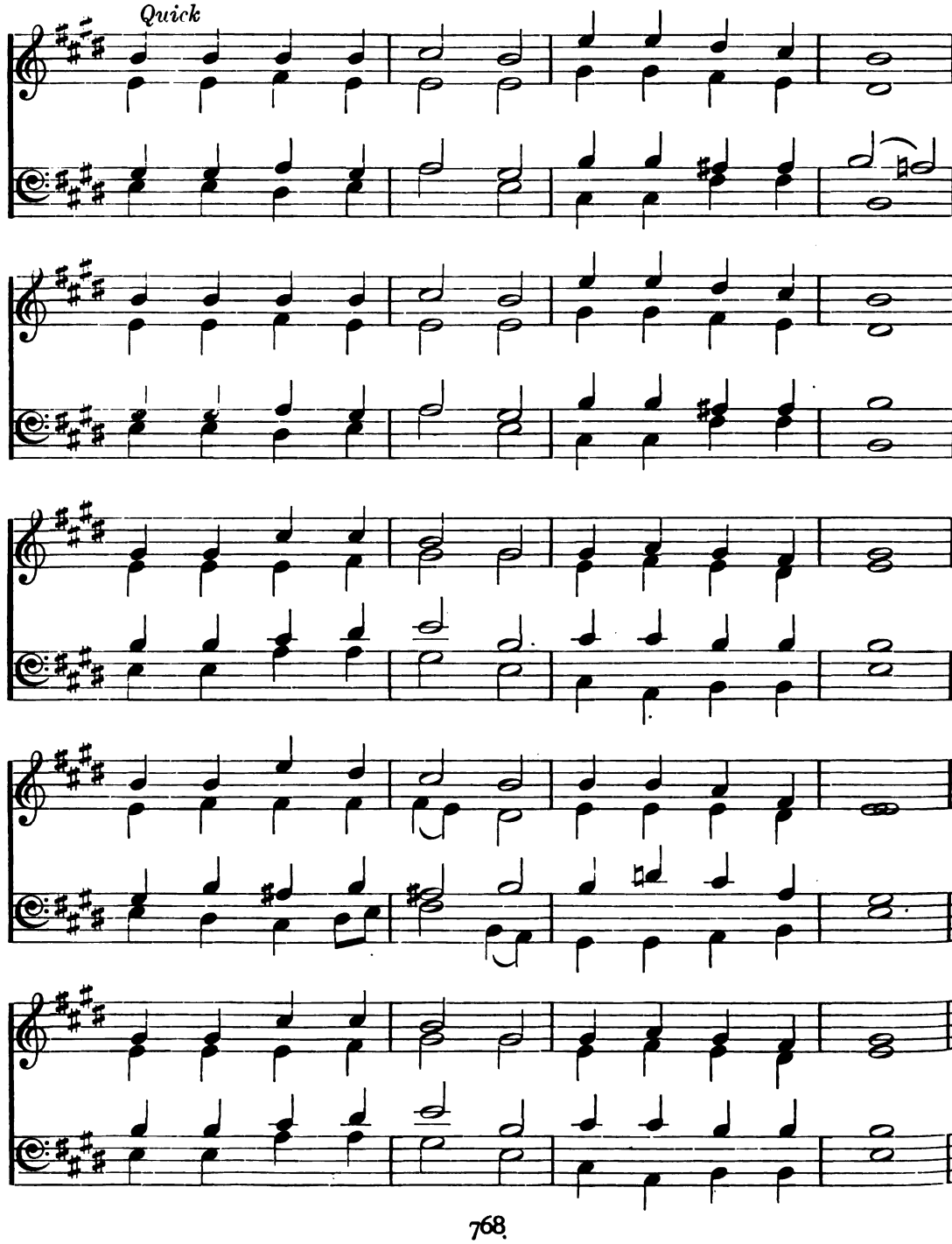
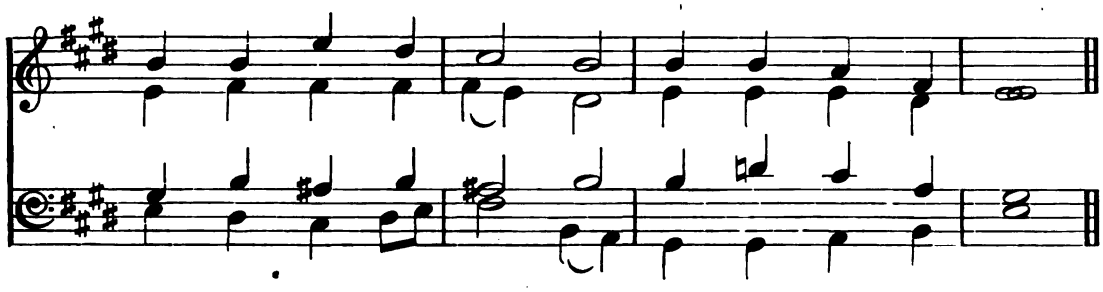
mp GOD of heaven, hear our singing;
Only little ones are we,
Yet, a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

m 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone,
mf For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own.

611

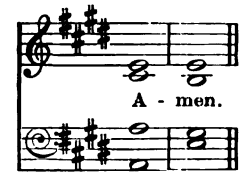
BOHEMIA. GERMAN MELODY.

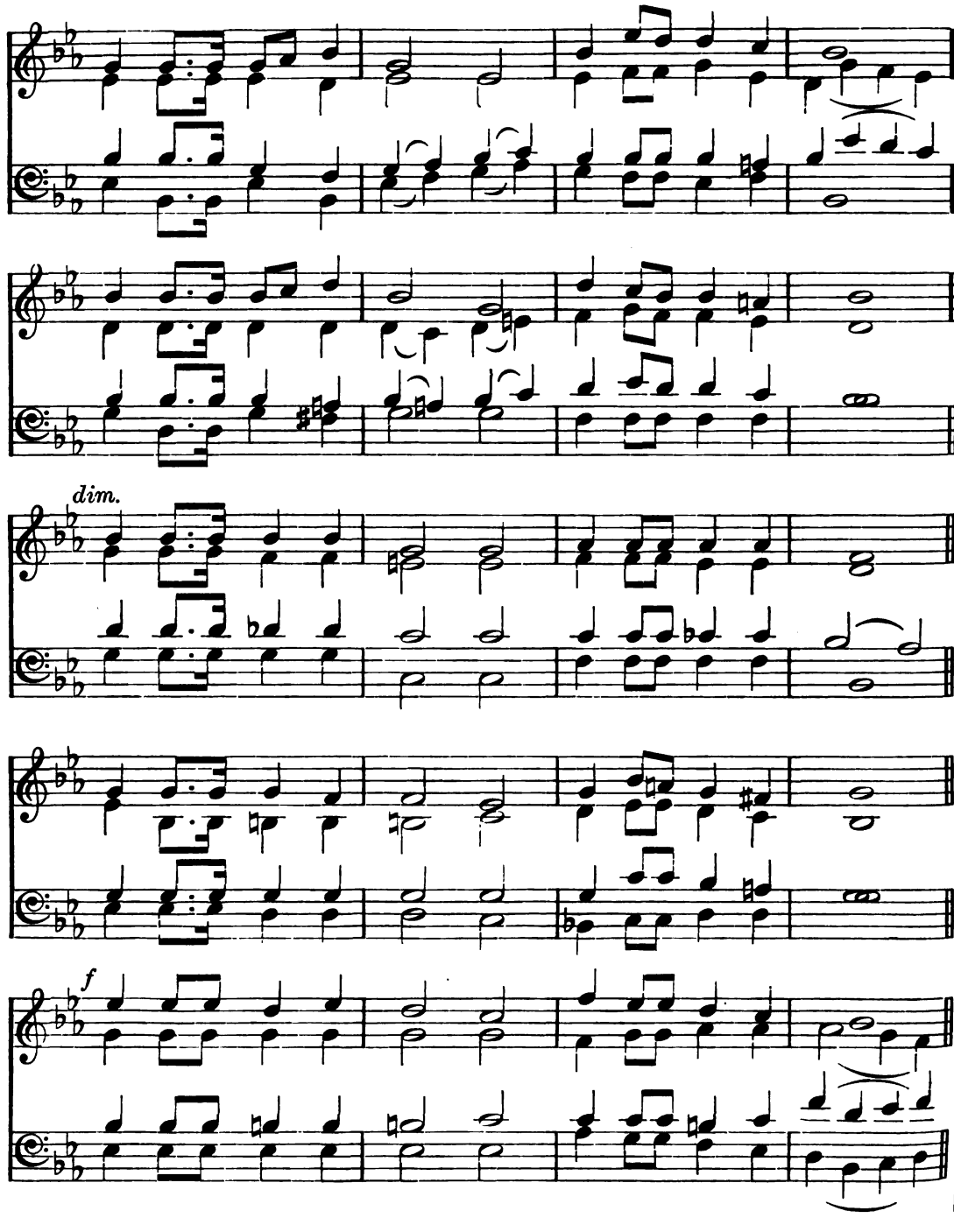
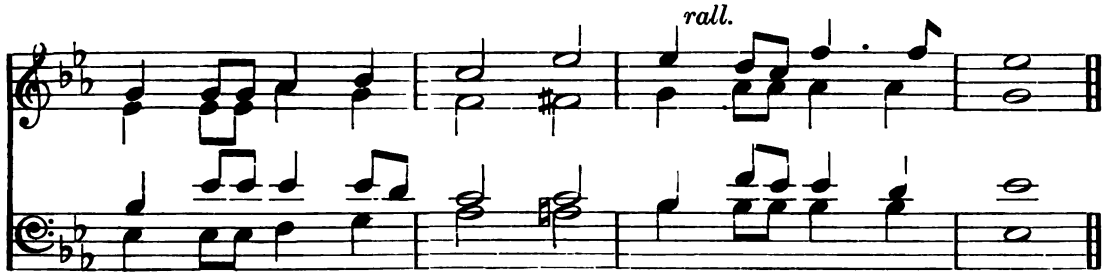
Quick

'Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.'

mf JESUS, blessèd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
O how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
O how many blessings
Every day has seen!
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

mp 2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell.
All our sins—so many!—
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear;
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

m 3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us
As we onward go;
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the better land.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near;
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

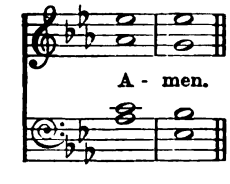
mp 4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone;
Let each day, each moment
Of this glad new year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
f Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.

612

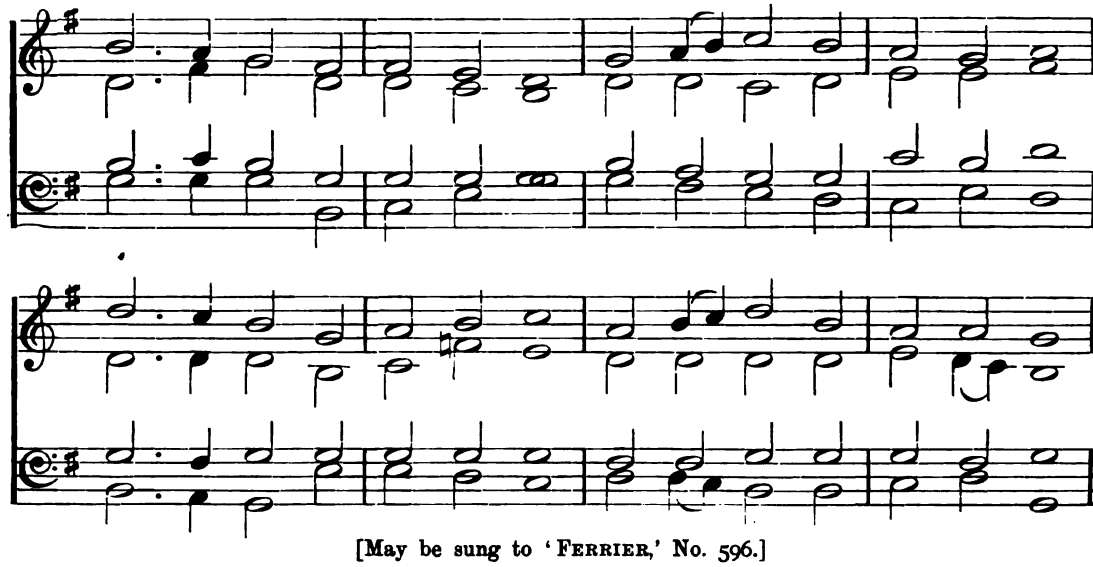
JOY BELLS. **J. STAINER.**

'Trust ye in the Lord for ever.'

mf JOY bells are sounding sweetly,
Waking the new-born year,
O that some heavenly music,
Listening, my heart may hear!
mp Hark! 't is the voice of Jesus,
Over my life's dark sea,
m 'Be not afraid, belovèd,
Trust the New Year to Me;
mf *Trust in My love for ever;*
Trust till life's day is o'er;
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore.'

m 2 Saviour, with Thee communing,
Life has no fears for me;
Brightly this New Year's morning
Dawns on my spirit free;
Months as they pass may bring me
Trials unknown to-day;
Still shall the echo linger,
Sweetly I hear Thee say,
'Trust in My love,' etc.

mf 3 More of Thy love, my Saviour,
More of Thy peace within,
More of Thy perfect beauty,
My heart more free from sin!
This be Thy New Year's blessing,
Better than finest gold,
While on Thy word of greeting
Faith can keep fast her hold:
'Trust in My love,' etc.

4 Onward with step more steadfast,
Upward with stronger flight,
Upward to love's own country,
Heavenward to God's own light!
m Jesus, in Thee abiding,
Years cannot fly too fast,
Death cannot touch my spirit,
Hearing Thy voice at last:
'Trust in My love,' etc.

613

NEW CALABAR. **J. DOWNING FARRER.**

[May be sung to 'FERRIER,' No. 596.]

'Enter into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.'

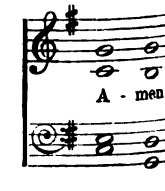
mf LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

m 2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

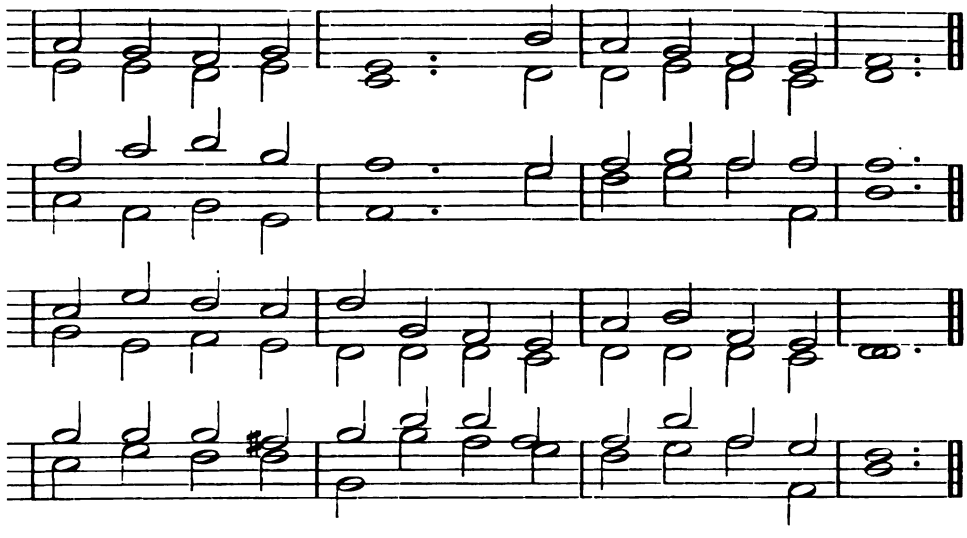
3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day,
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
mf Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.



614

UL'S. J. STAINER.

'The Lord will give grace and glory.'

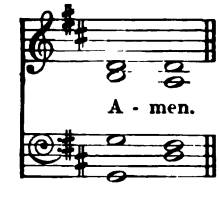
m LORD Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day,
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

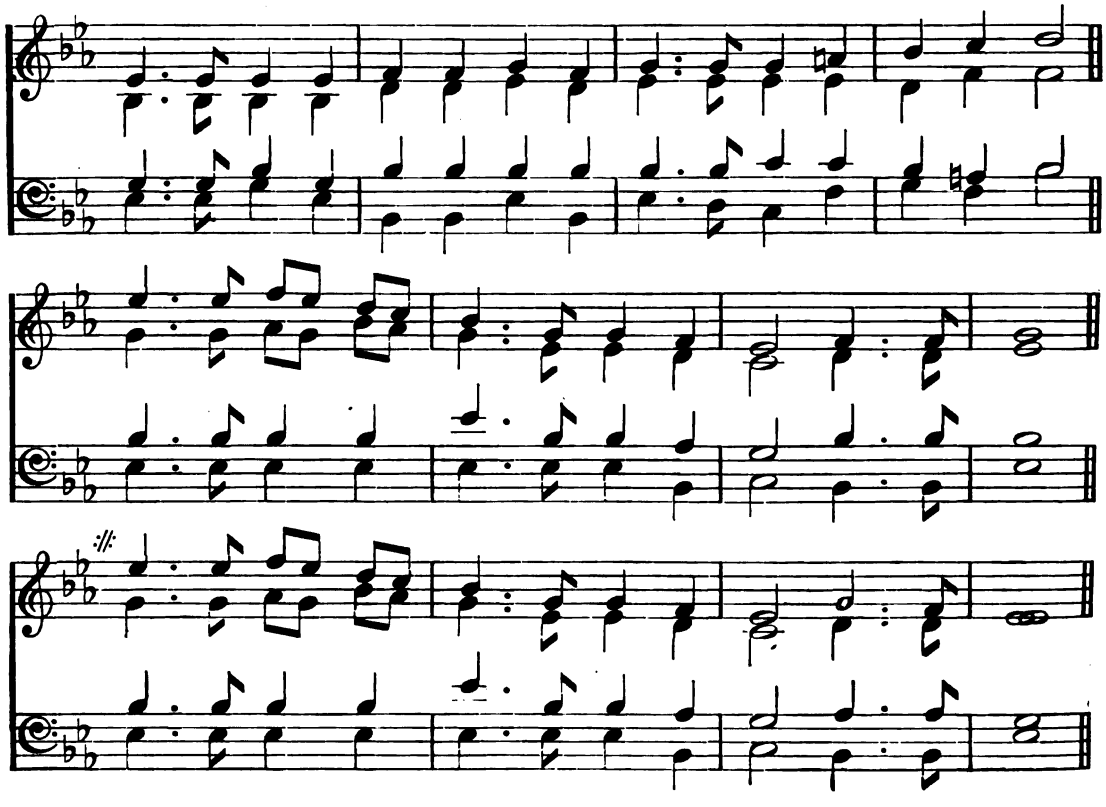
mp 2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessèd saints.

m 4 On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

mf 5 O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally!

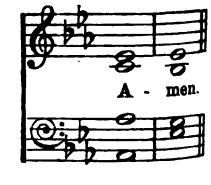
f 6 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father one
And Spirit evermore.

615

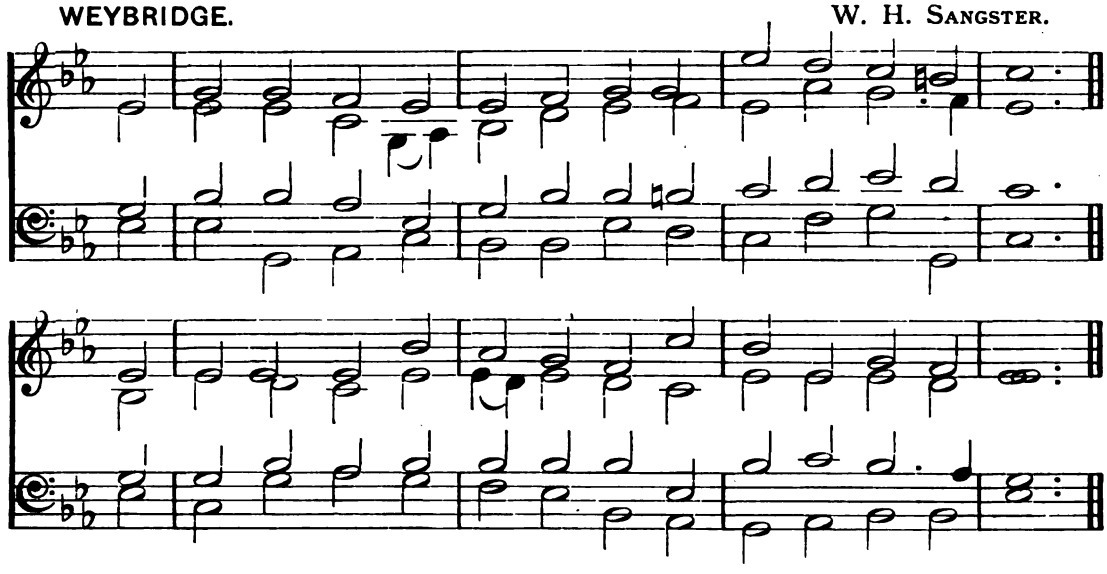
STAR OF PEACE. **L. MASON.**

'I am the bright and morning Star.'

mp STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

m 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

616

WEYBRIDGE. W. H. SANGSTER.

'Blessed be Thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise.'

mp AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

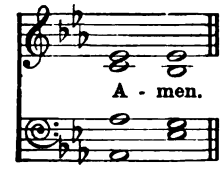
m 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

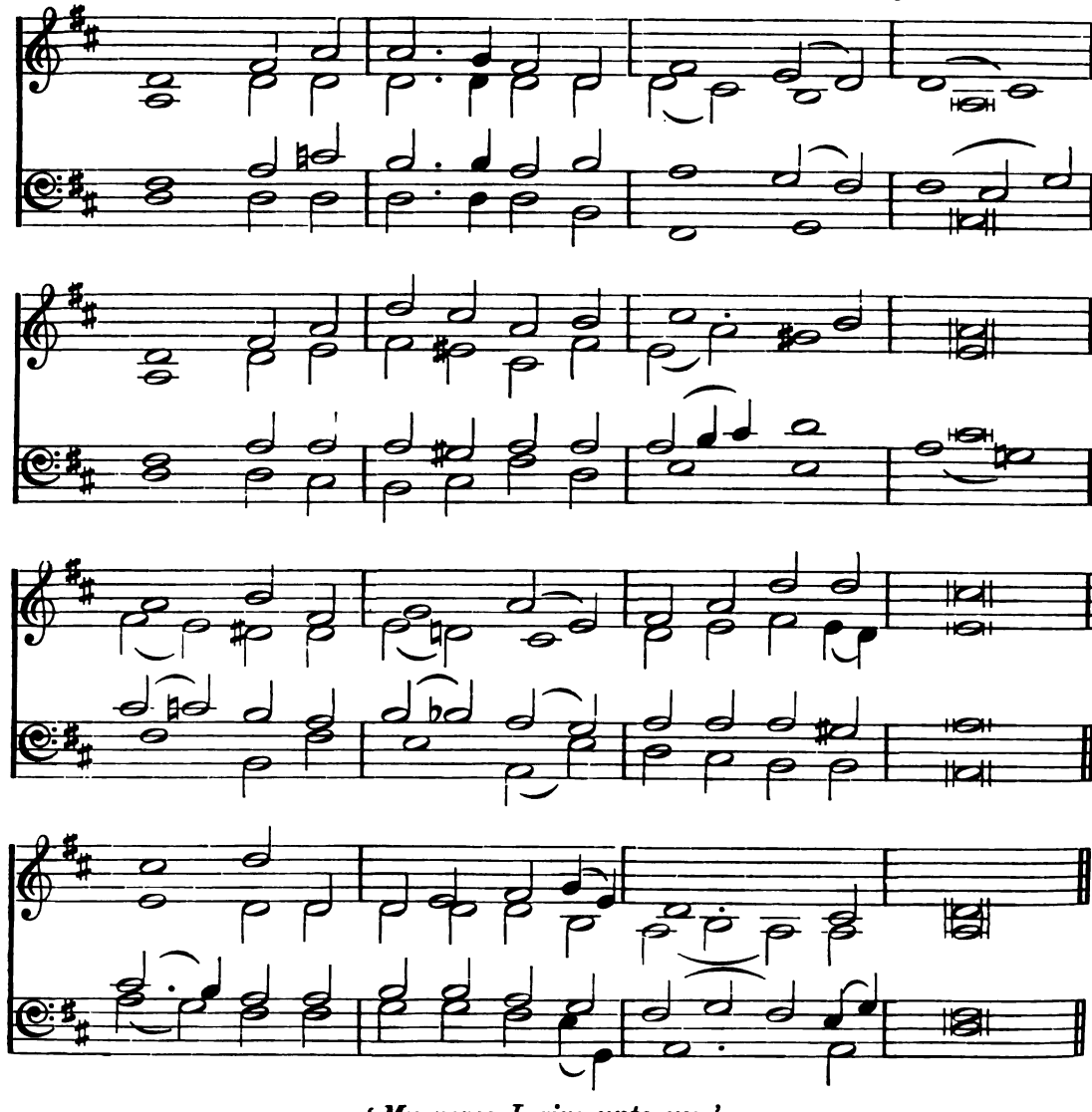
mf 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence Divine,
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

m 5 O Thou above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6 For, when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
mf We say, 'A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.'



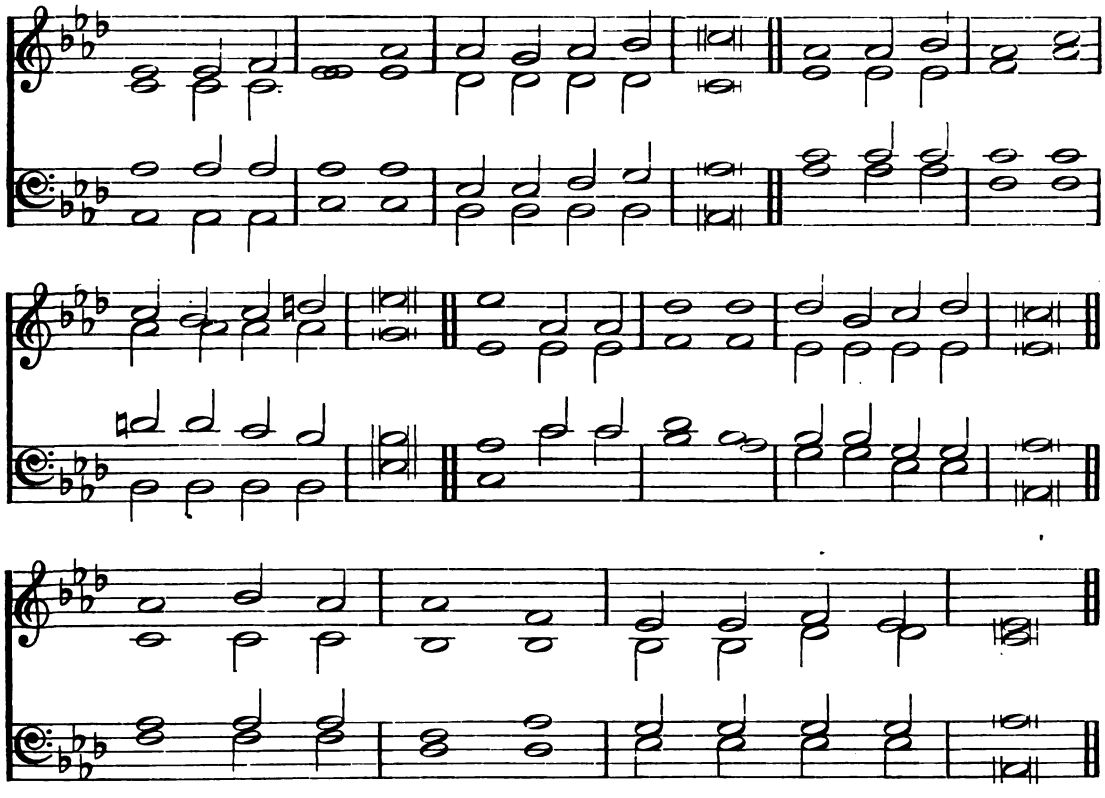
617

PAX DEI. FIRST TUNE. J. B. DYKES.

'My peace I give unto you.'

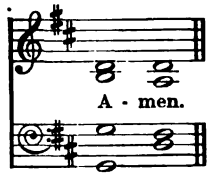
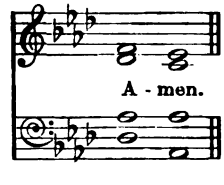
mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
d Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

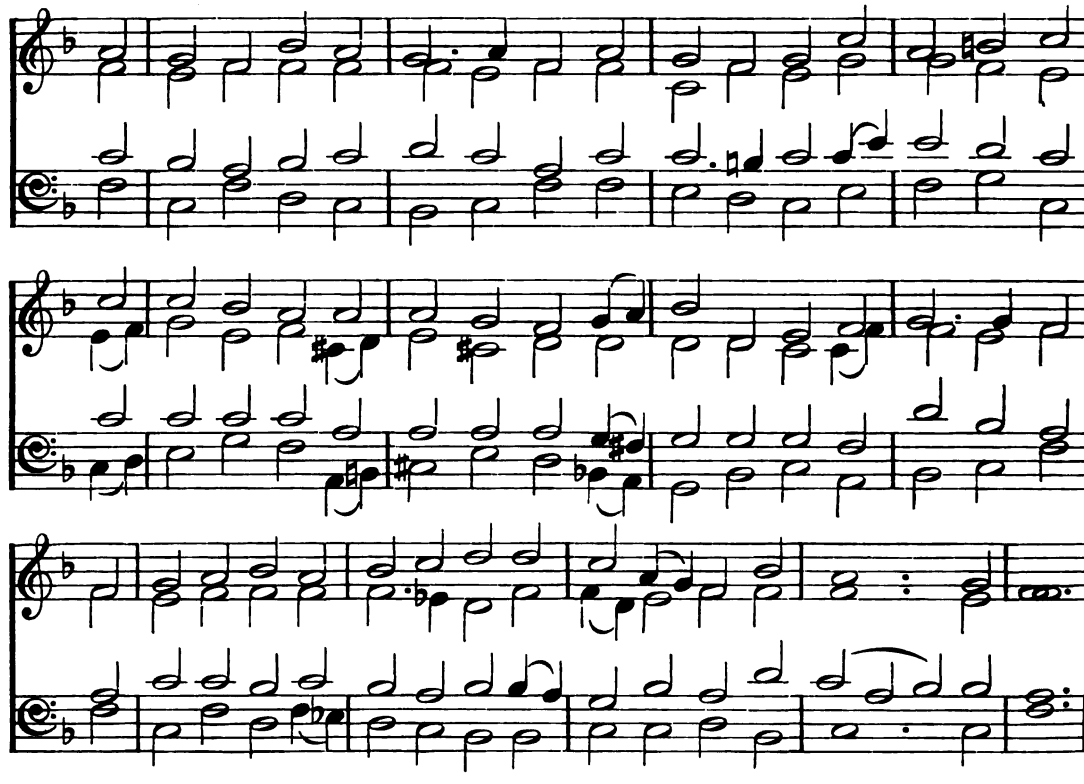
mp 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

617

ELLERS. SECOND TUNE. E. J. HOPKINS.

m 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

mp 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
m Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

618

ST. MATTHIAS. FIRST TUNE. **W. H. MONK.**

'The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.'

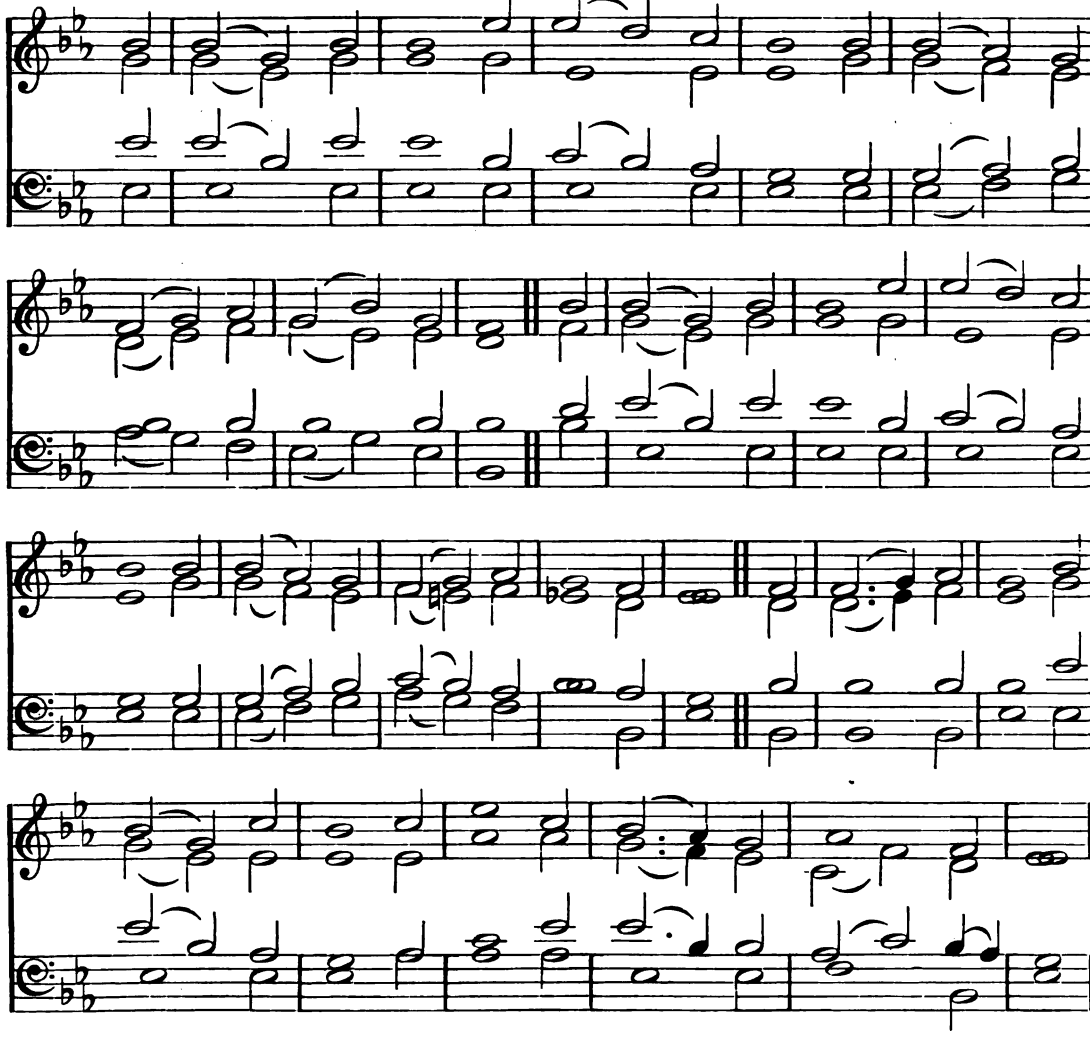
m O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
d *Through life's long day and death's dark night,*
c *O gentle Jesus, be our light!*

mp 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

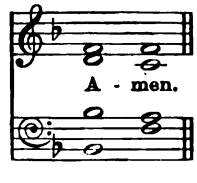
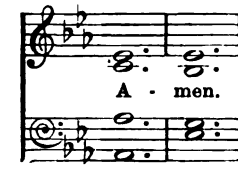
m 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

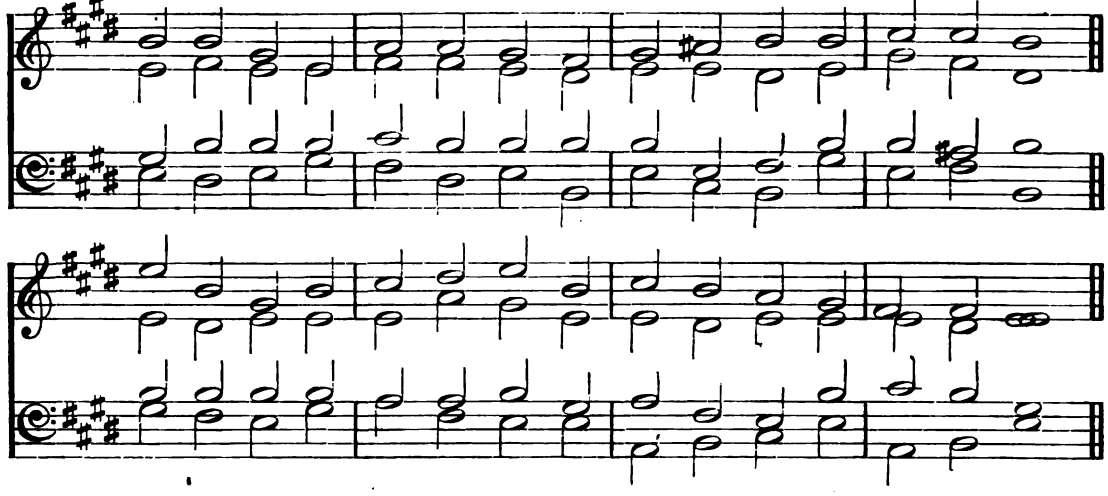
618

STELLA. SECOND TUNE. EASY HYMN TUNES, 1851.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
c O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.

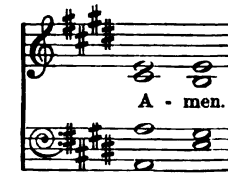
FIRST TUNE.

SECOND TUNE.

619

GOTHA. H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

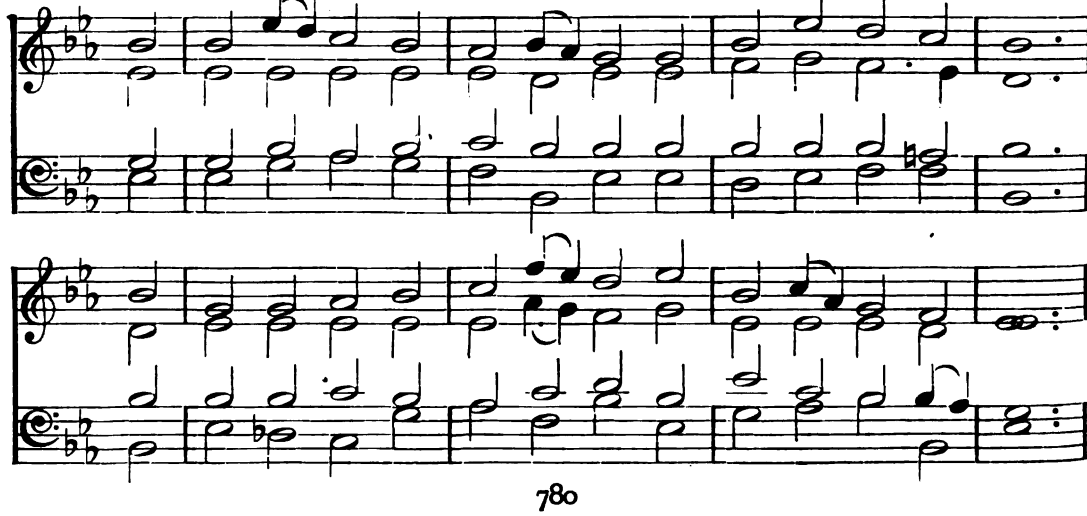


'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.'

m MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

mf 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

620

JACKSON. T. JACKSON.

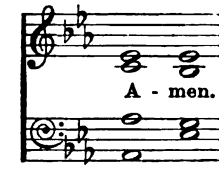


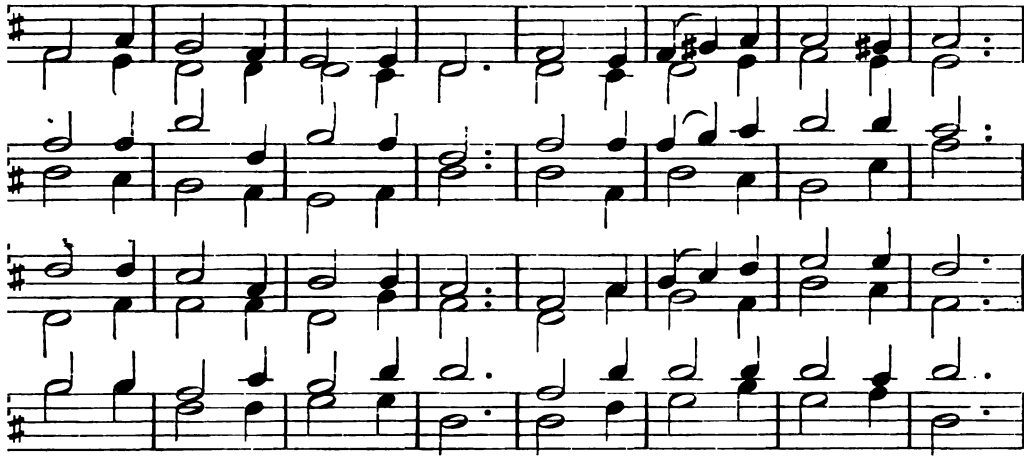
ese are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty, and some an hundred.'

LMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
ow let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

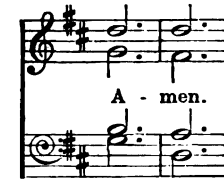
3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

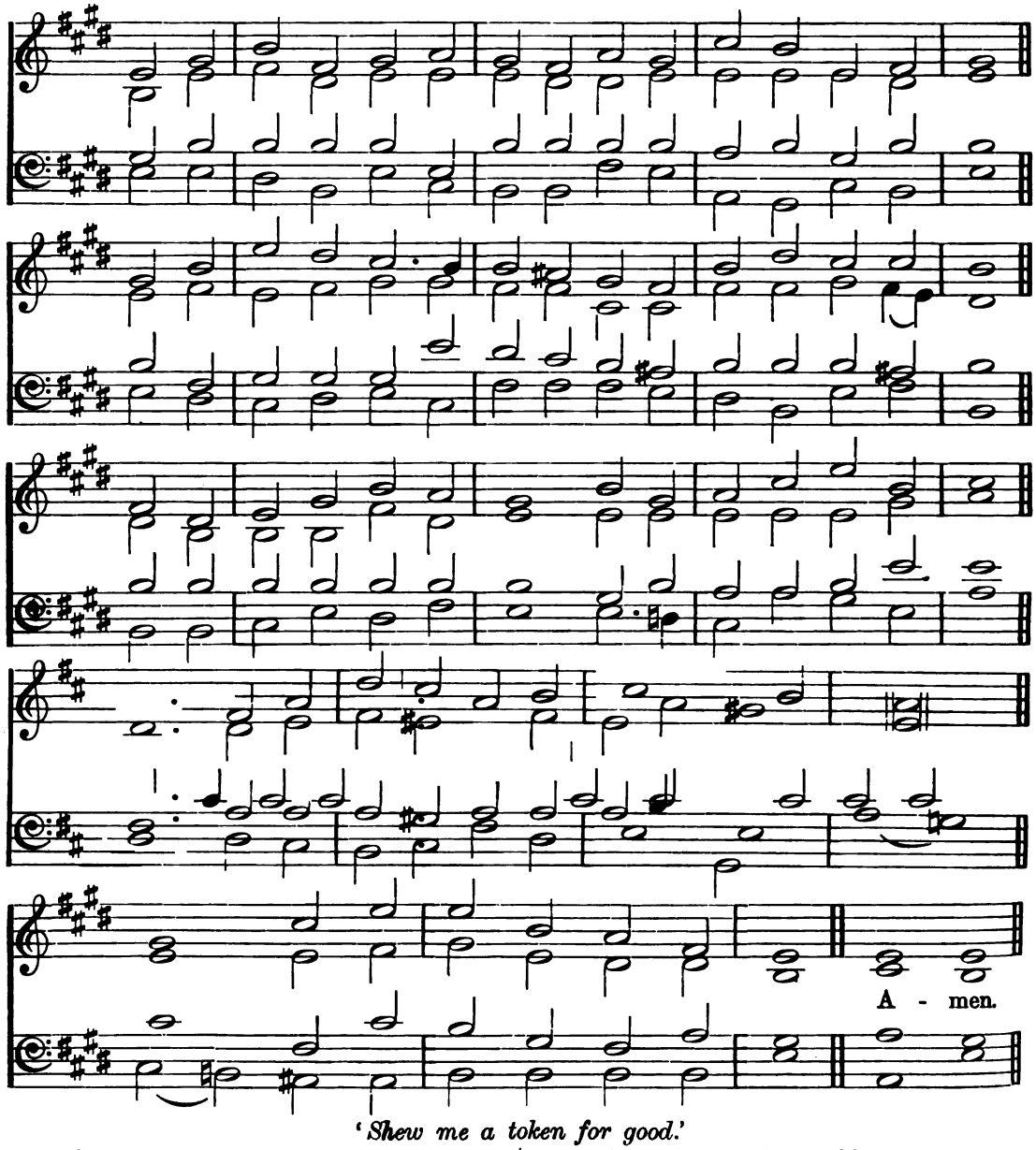
4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
mf That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

621

)EUS PACIS. G. JOSEPH.

'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.'

m NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

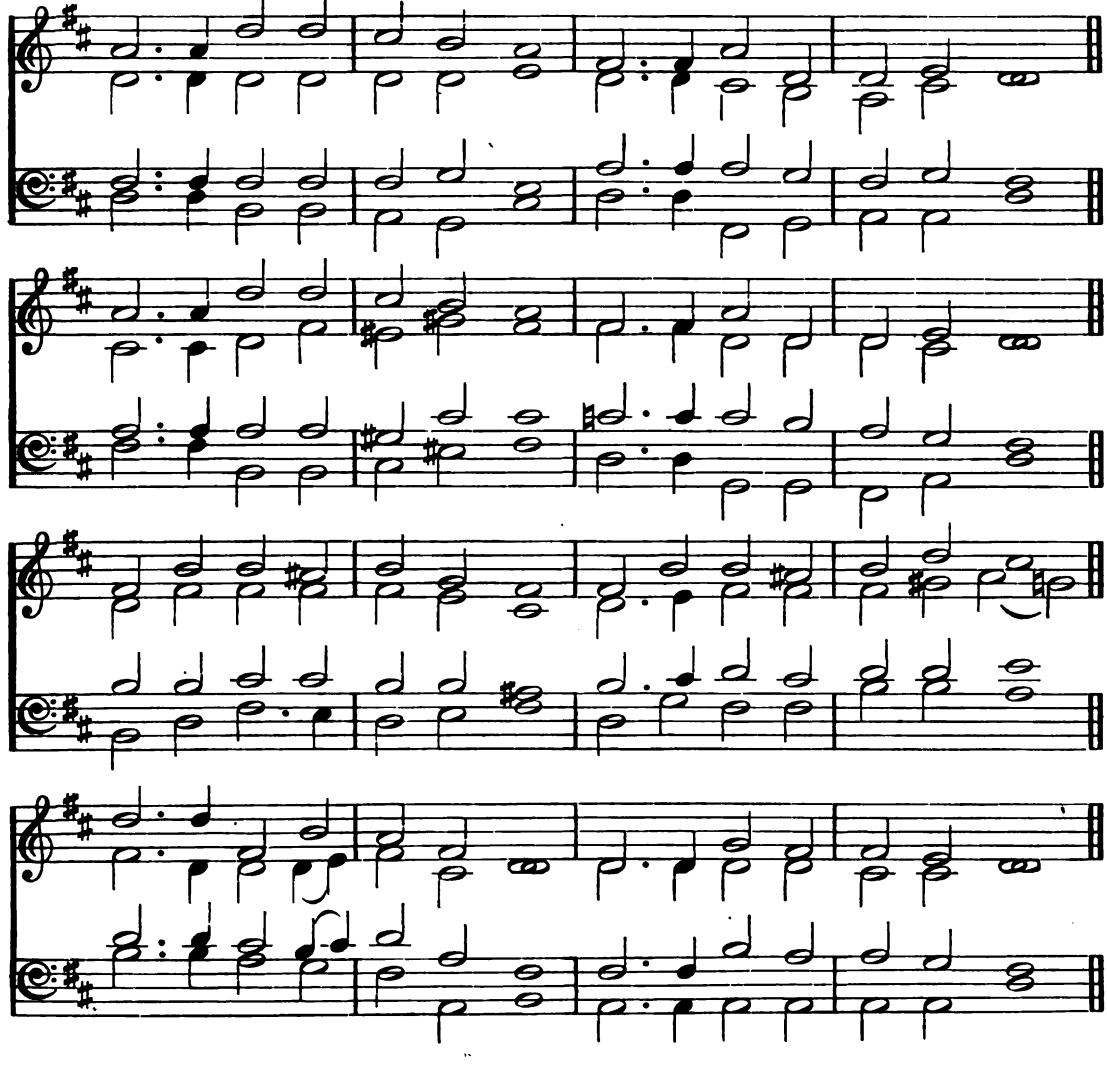
mf 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
f Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

622

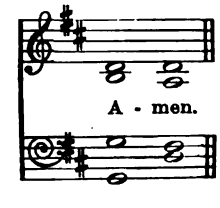
BETHESDA. H. SMART.

'Shew me a token for good.'

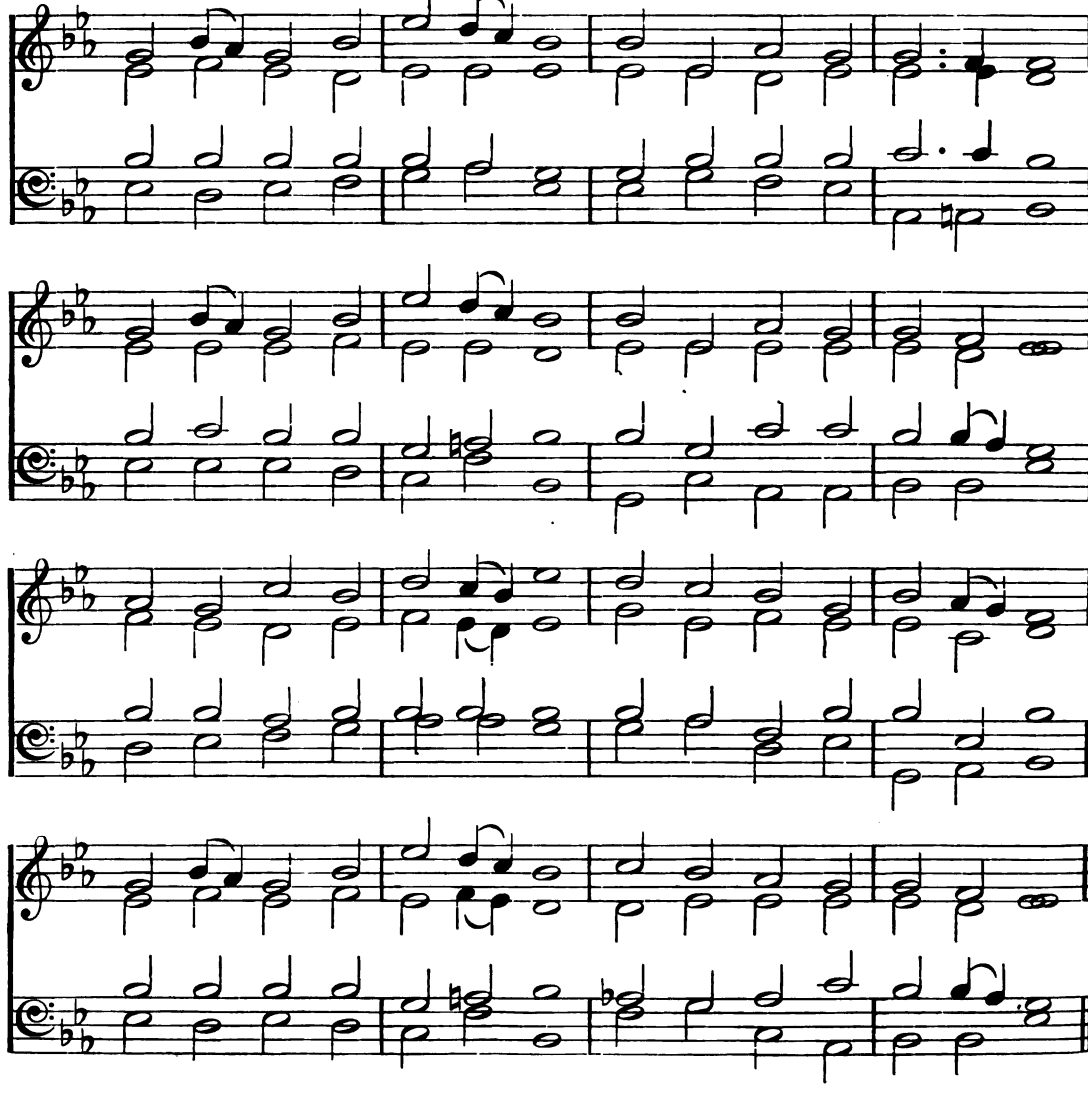
m OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow.

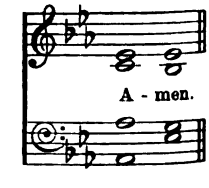
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain;
c O direct us,
And protect us,
mf Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

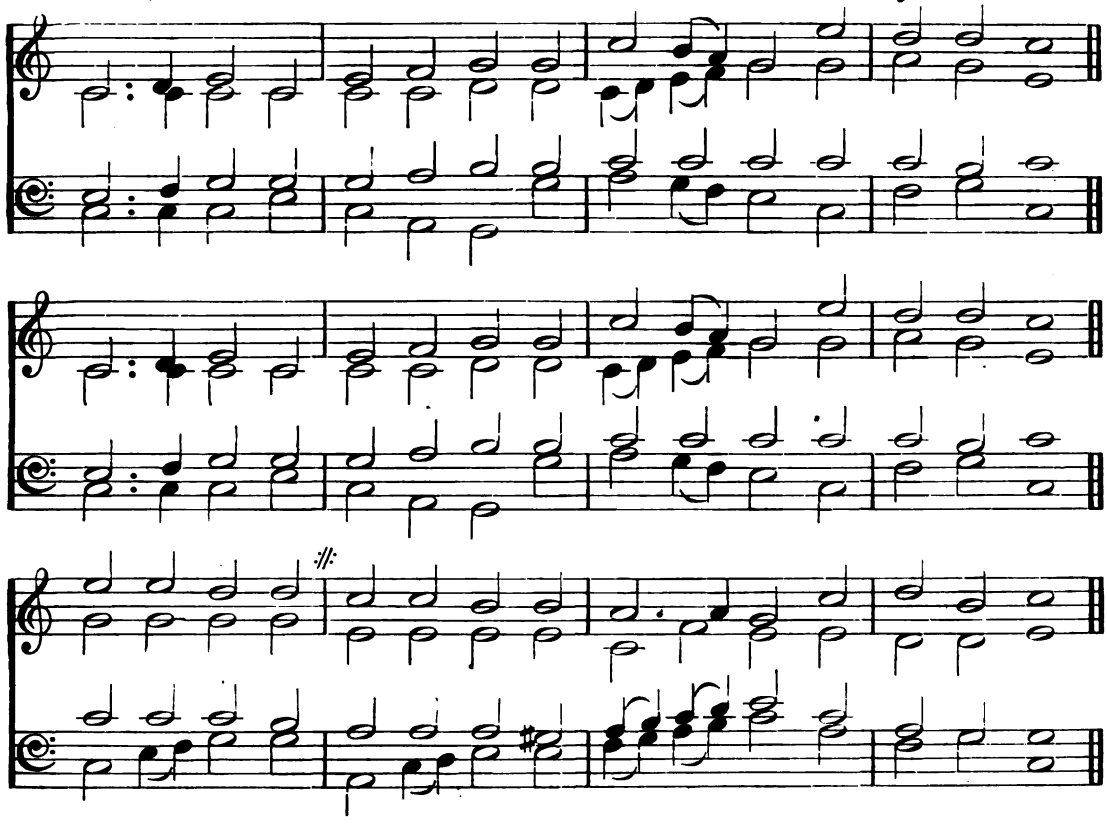
623

RAMOTH. FIRST TUNE. J. B. CALKIN.

'Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus.'

mp PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace: Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him.
Part in peace: Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

623

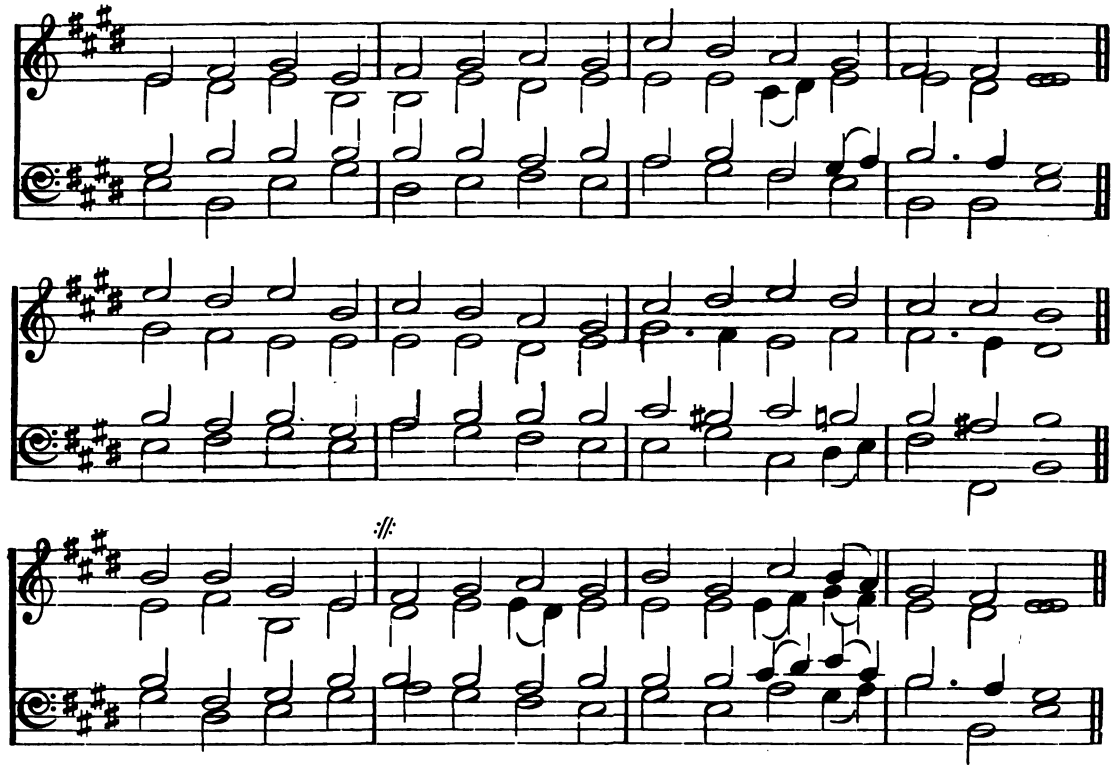
TICHFIELD. SECOND TUNE. J. RICHARDSON.

'Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus.'

mp PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace: Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him.
Part in peace: Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

624

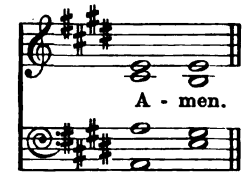
NEANDER. J. NEANDER.

'Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.'

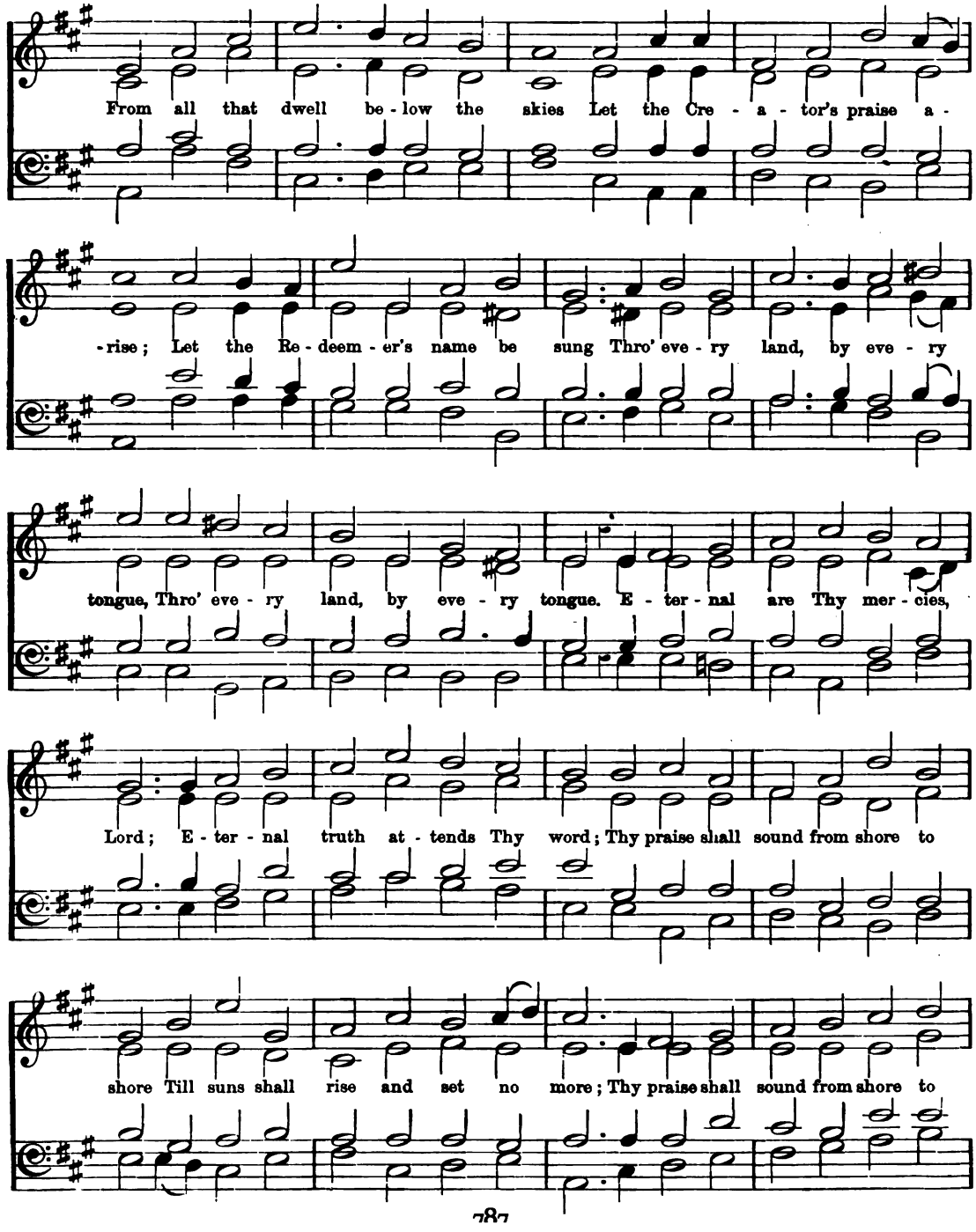
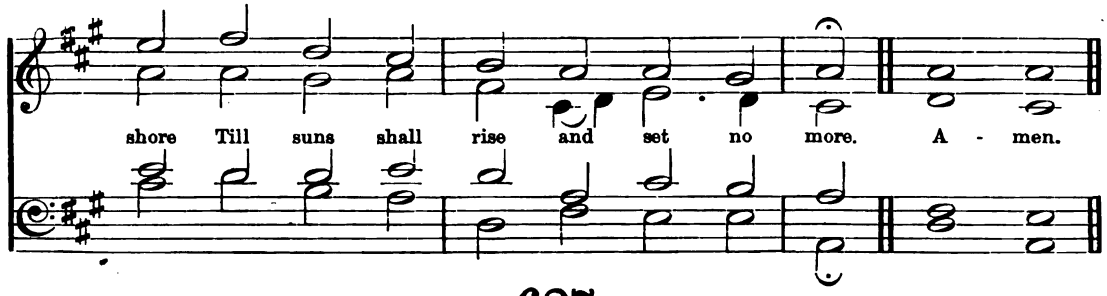
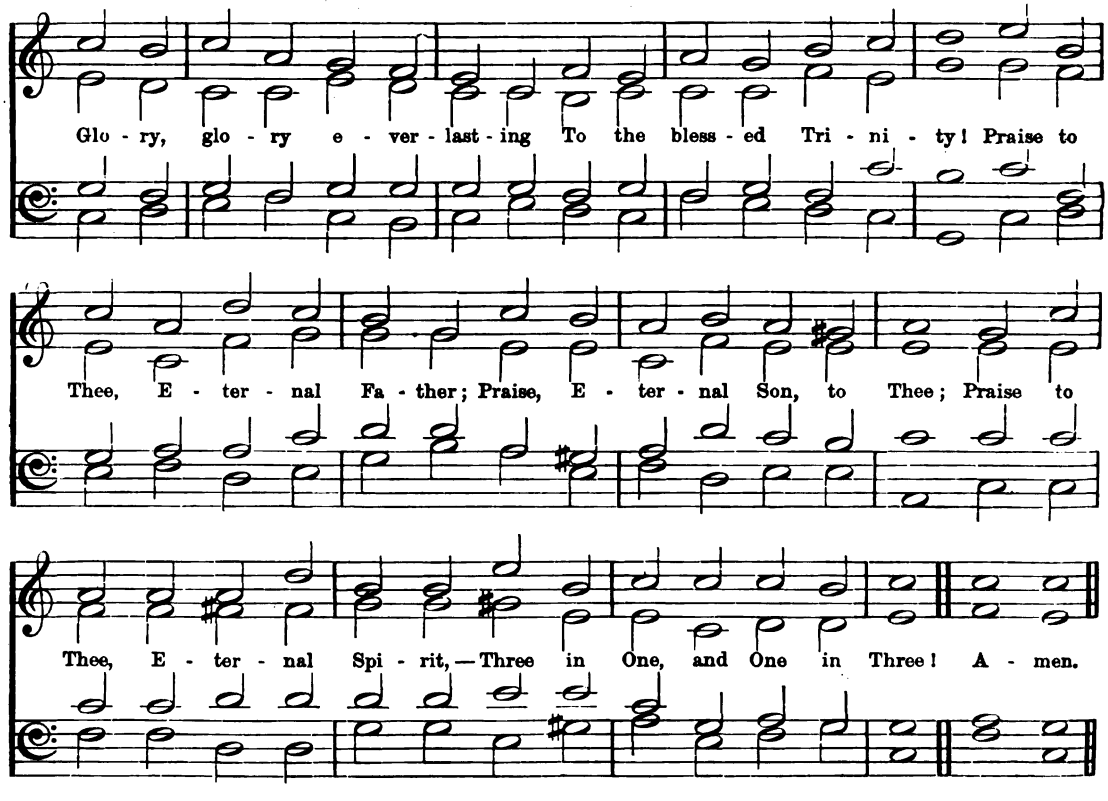
m LORD, let mercy now attend us
As we leave Thy holy place,
And from evil still defend us
While we run our heavenward race—
mf Hallelujah!—
Till in bliss we see Thy face.

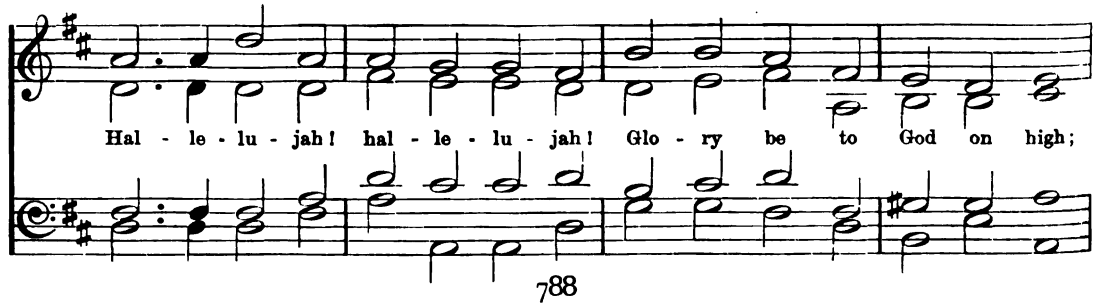
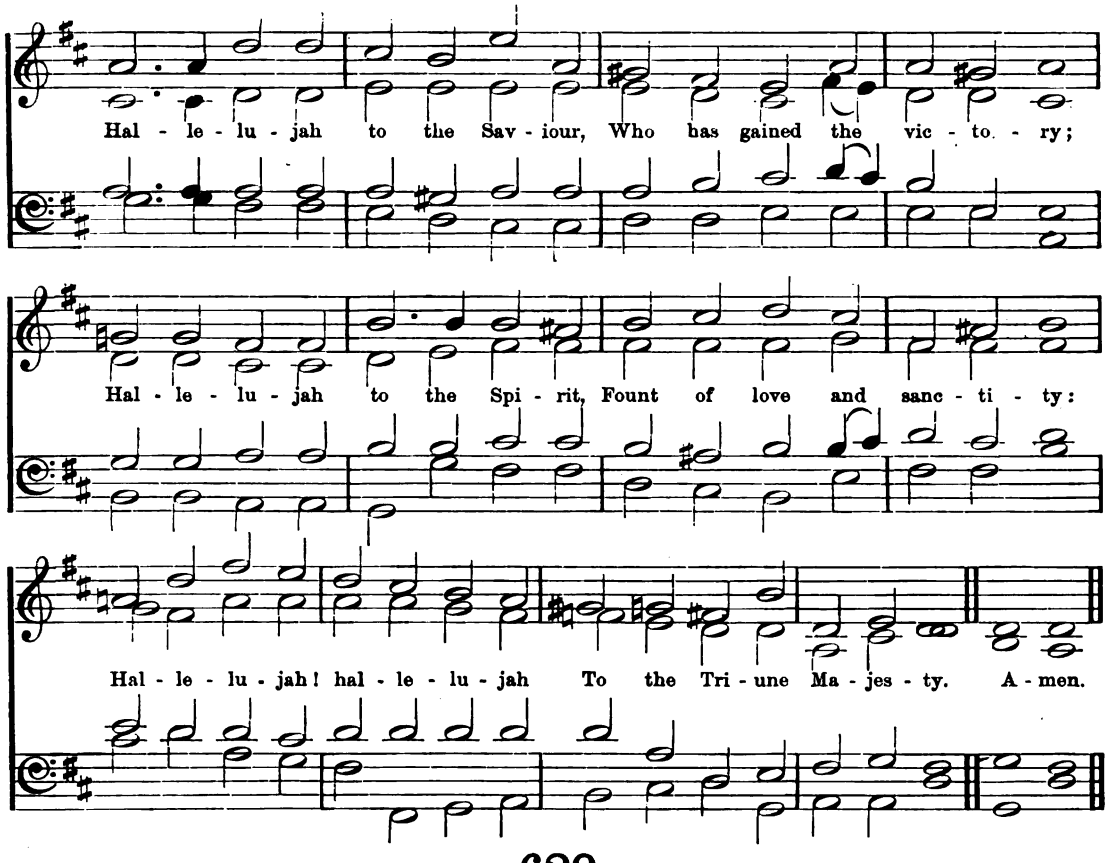
625

HOLYWOOD.

'Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.'

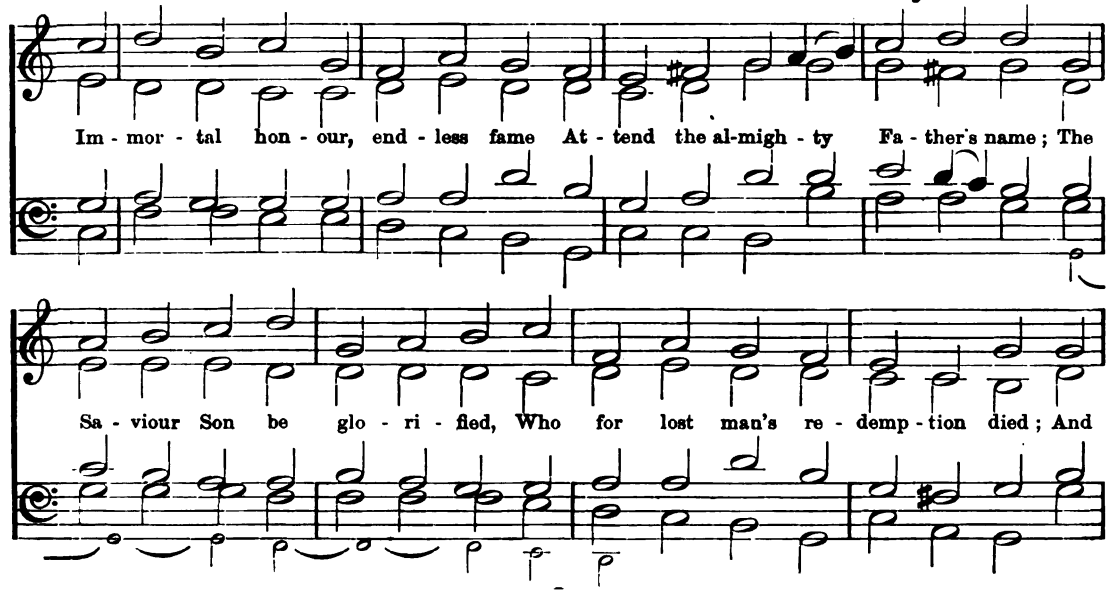
m LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

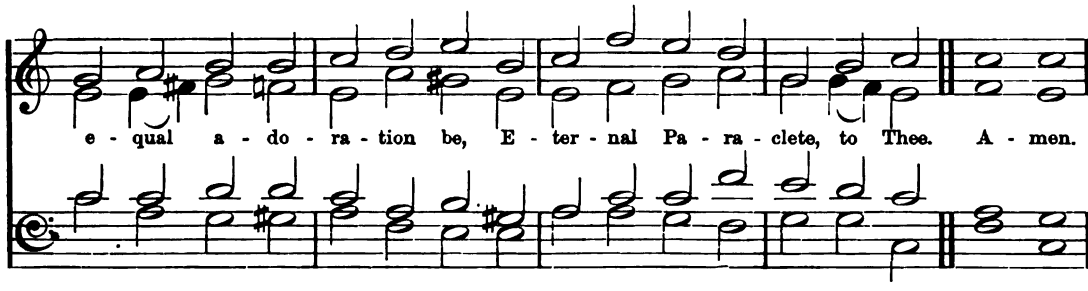
mf 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

626

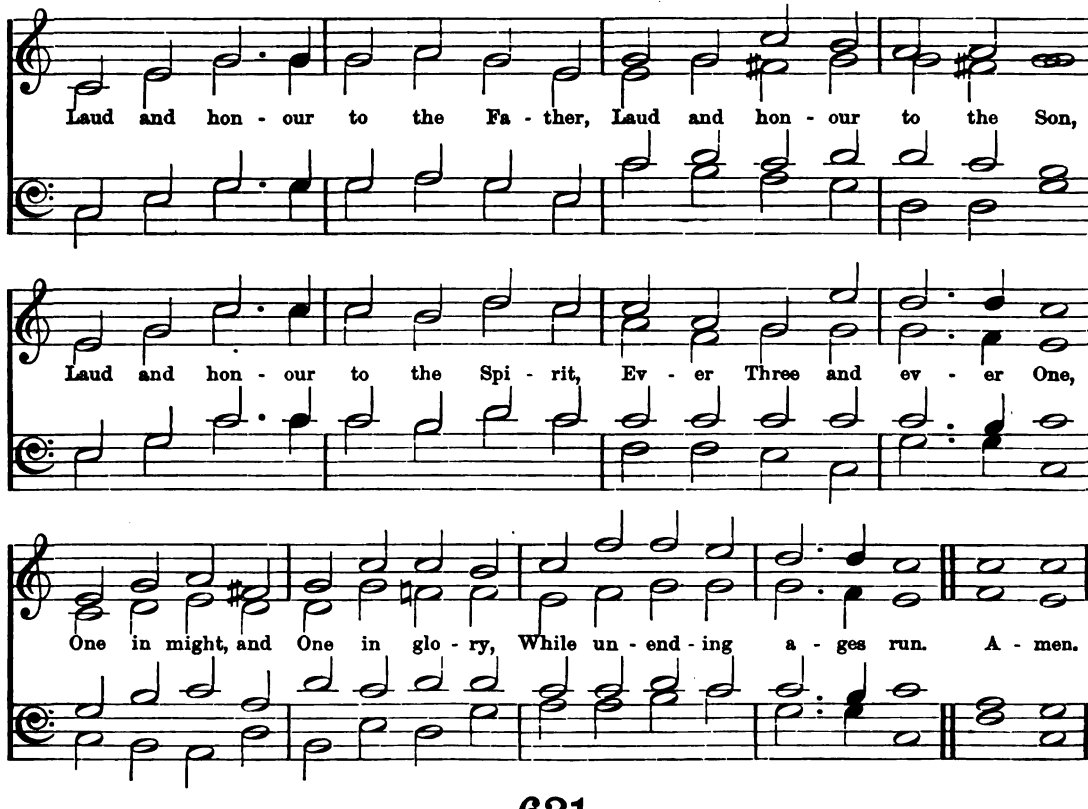
JUBILATE. H. SMART.

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a -
-rise; Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry
tongue, Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies,
Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore Till suns shall rise and set no more; Thy praise shall sound from shore to

HAVILAH. **627** W. H. HAVERGAL.

Glo - ry, glo - ry e - ver - last - ing To the bless - ed Tri - ni - ty! Praise to
Thee, E - ter - nal Fa - ther; Praise, E - ter - nal Son, to Thee; Praise to
Thee, E - ter - nal Spi - rit, — Three in One, and One in Three! A - men.

LUX EOI. **628** A. S. SULLIVAN.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Sav - iour, Who has gained the vic - to. - ry;
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Spi - rit, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty:
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah To the Tri - une Ma - jes - ty. A - men.

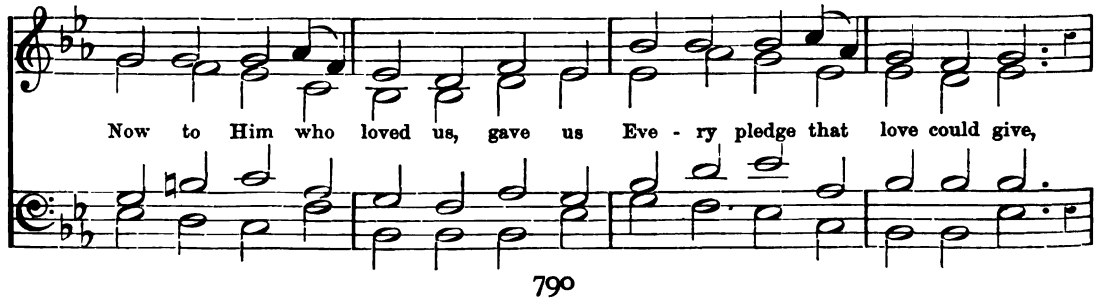
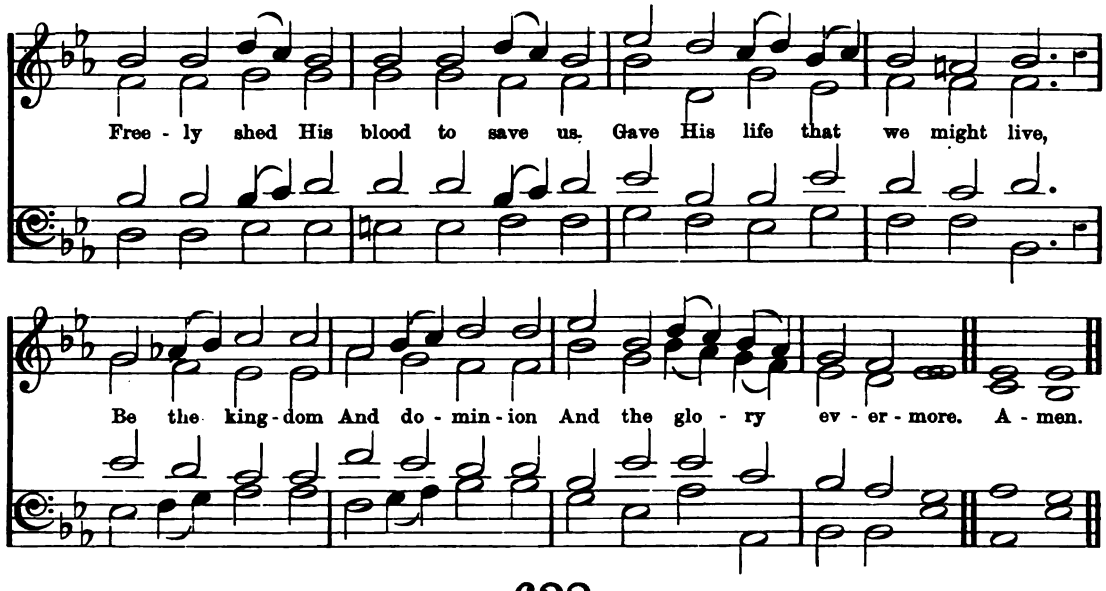
CREATOR SPIRITUS. **629** J. STAINER.


Im - mor - tal hon - our, end - less fame At - tend the al-migh - ty Fa - ther's name; The
Sa - viour Son be glo - ri - fied, Who for lost man's re - demp - tion died; And

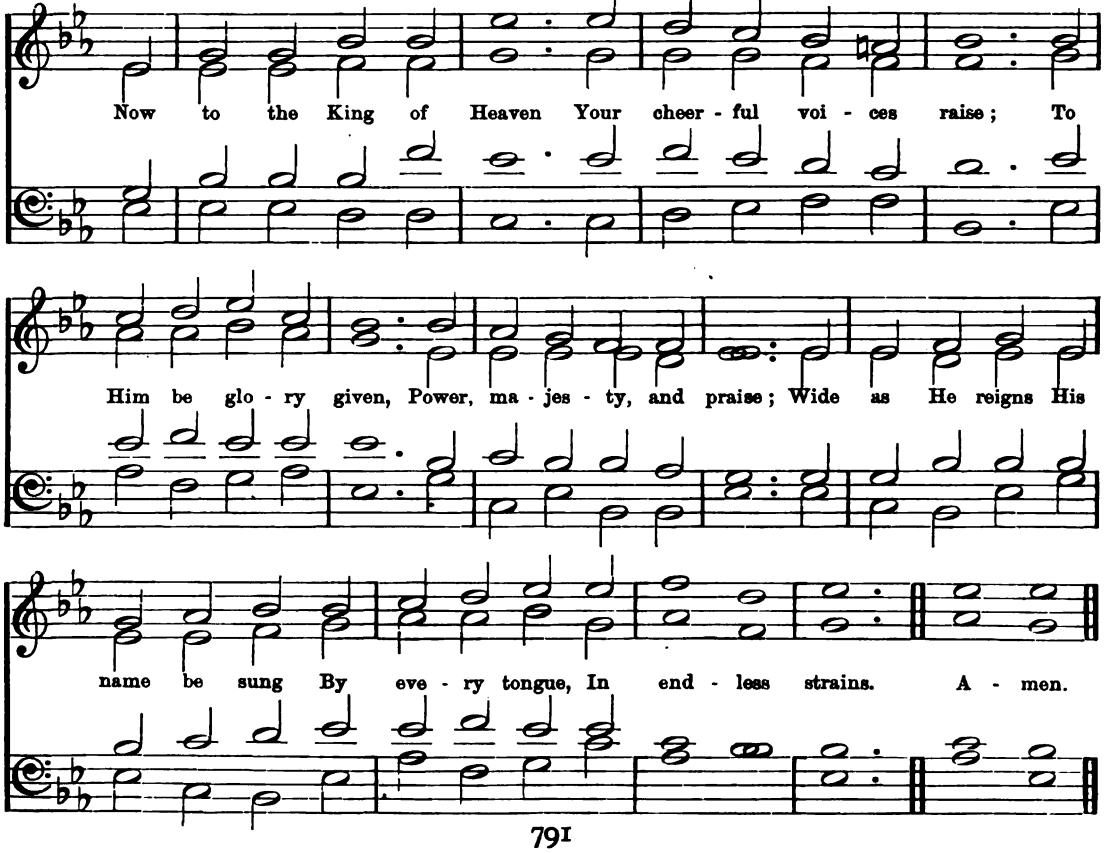


TRIUMPH. **630** H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Laud and hon - our to the Fa - ther, Laud and hon - our to the Son,
Laud and hon - our to the Spi - rit, Ev - er Three and ev - er One,
One in might, and One in glo - ry, While un - end - ing a - ges run. A - men.

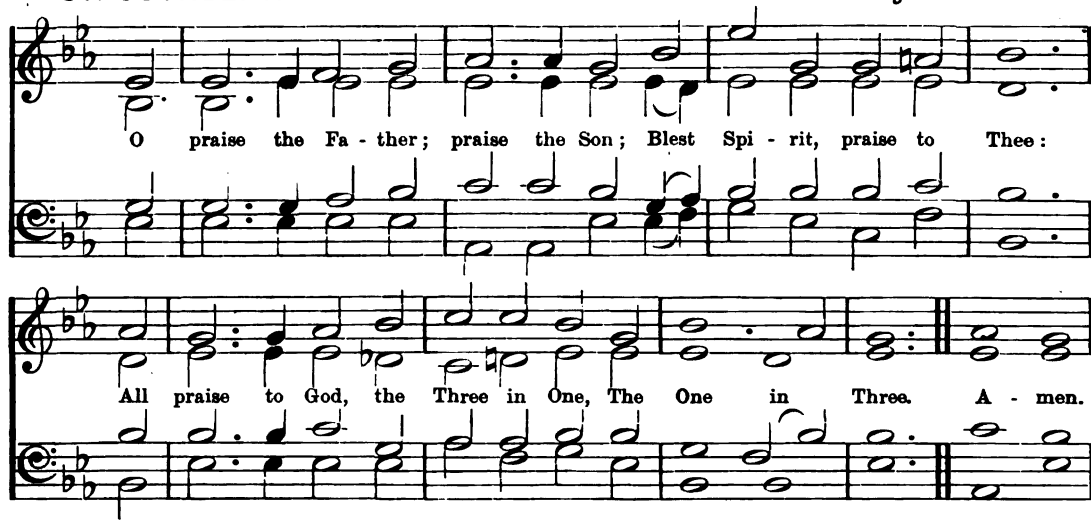
631

REDEMPTION. *(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.)* C. GOUNOD.



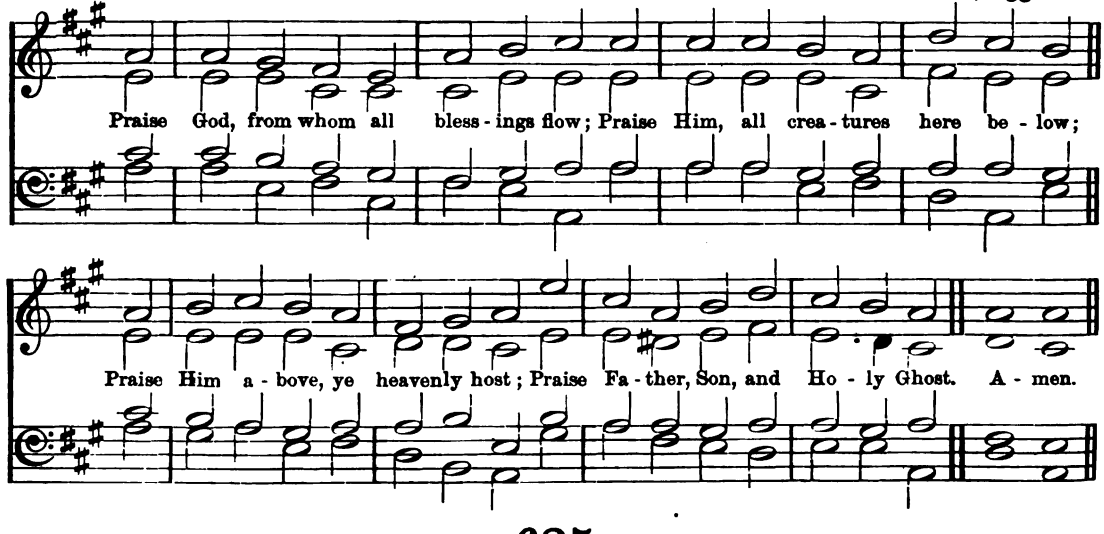
632

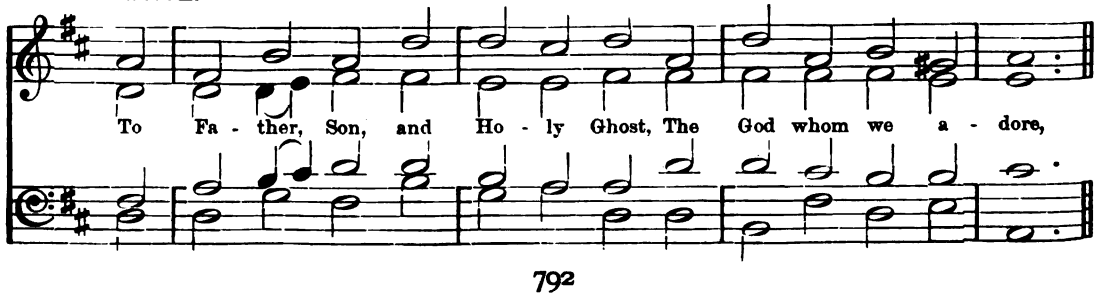
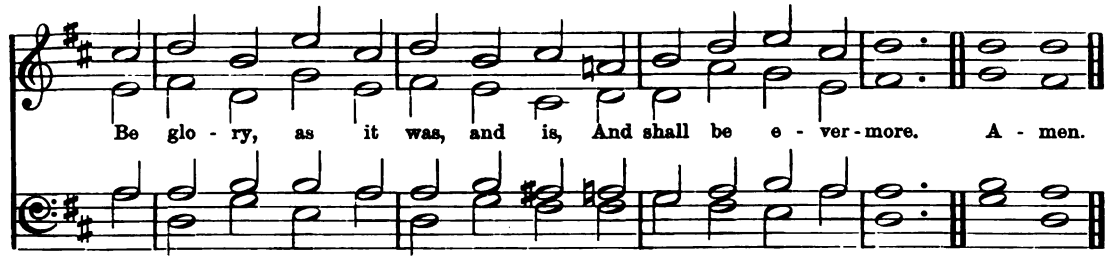
ST. JOHN. PARISH CHOIR, 1851.

Now to the King of Heaven Your cheer - ful voi - ces raise; To
Him be glo - ry given, Power, ma - jes - ty, and praise; Wide as He reigns His
name be sung By eve - ry tongue, In end - less strains. A - men.

ST. CUTHBERT. **633** J. B. DYKES.



OLD 100TH. **634** GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

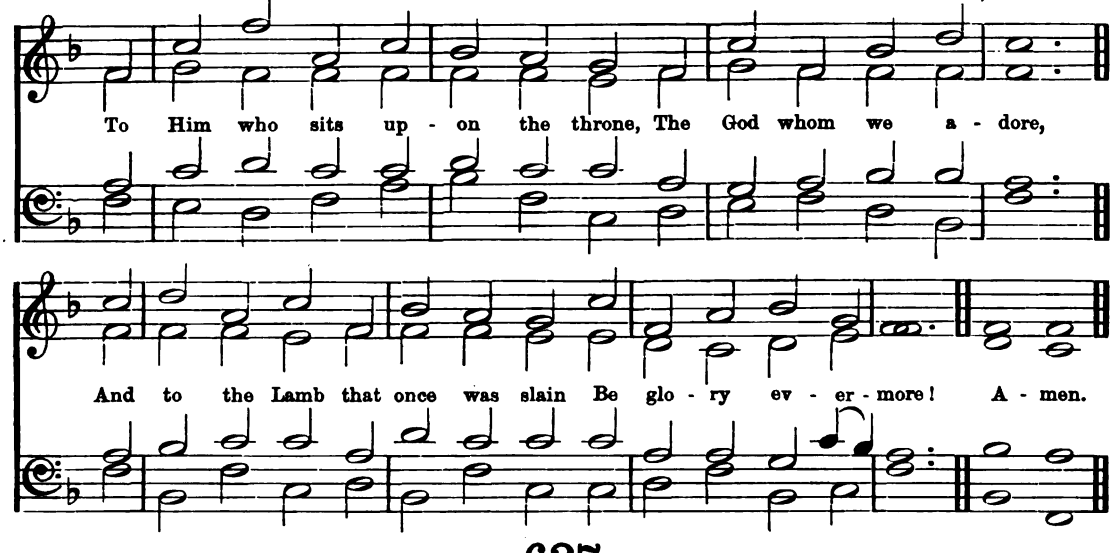

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

ST. ANNE. **635** W. CROFT.



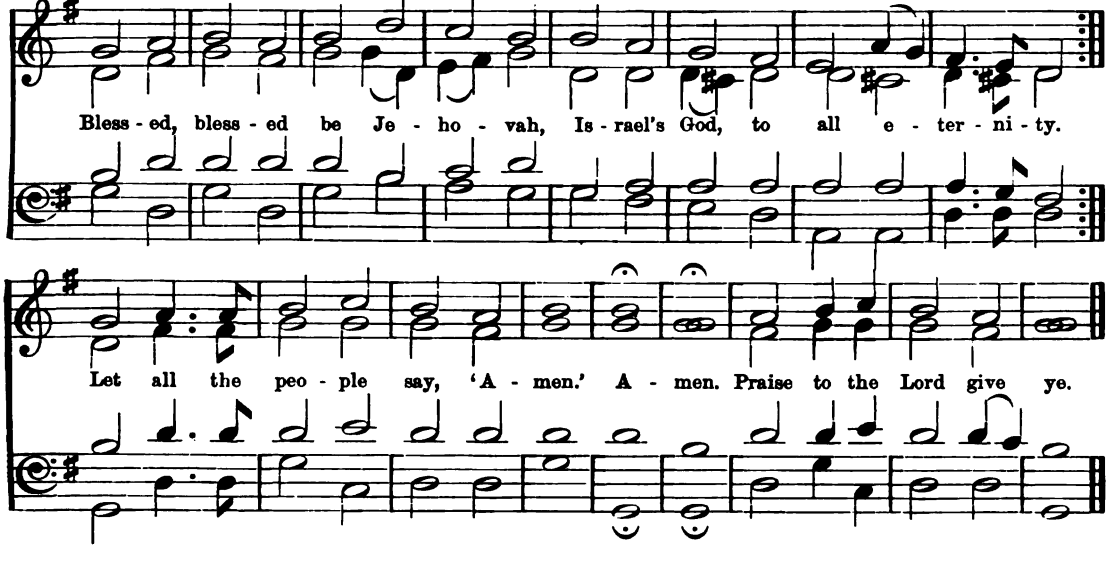
ST. DAVID.

636

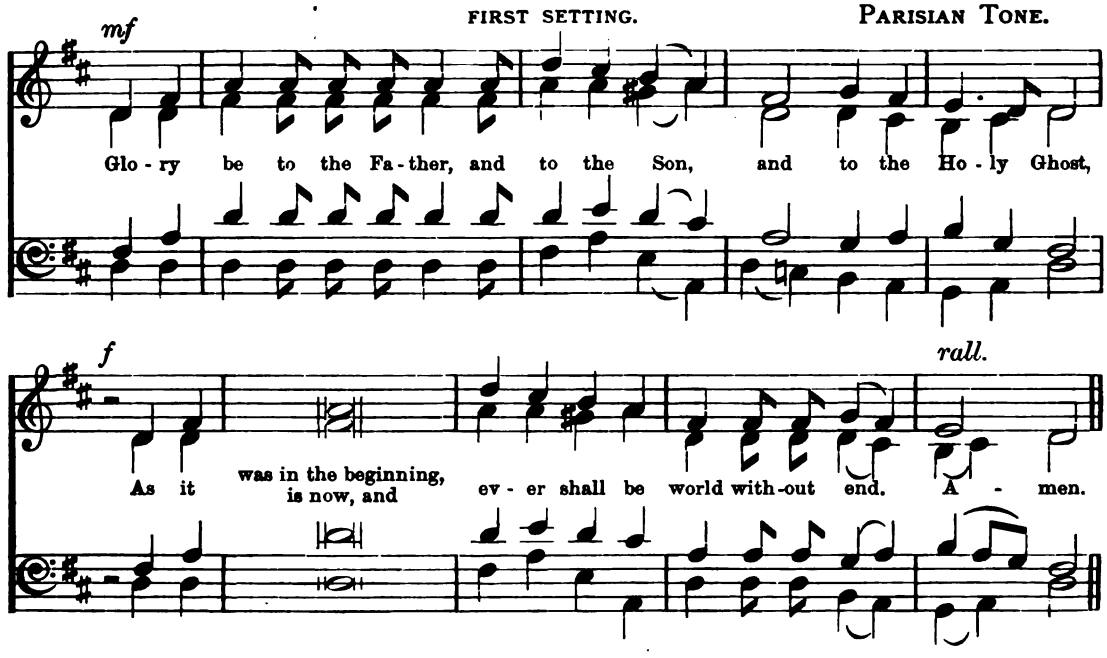
RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



637

WEBBE'S COLLECTION, 1792.

638

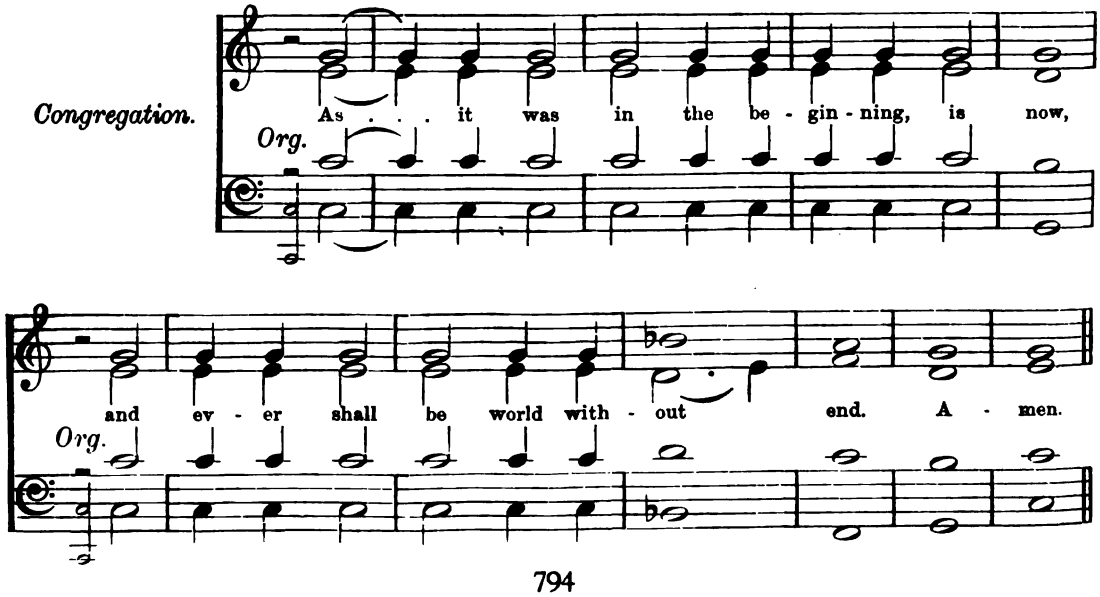
FIRST SETTING. PARISIAN TONE.


mf
Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
f
rall.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be world with-out end. A - men.

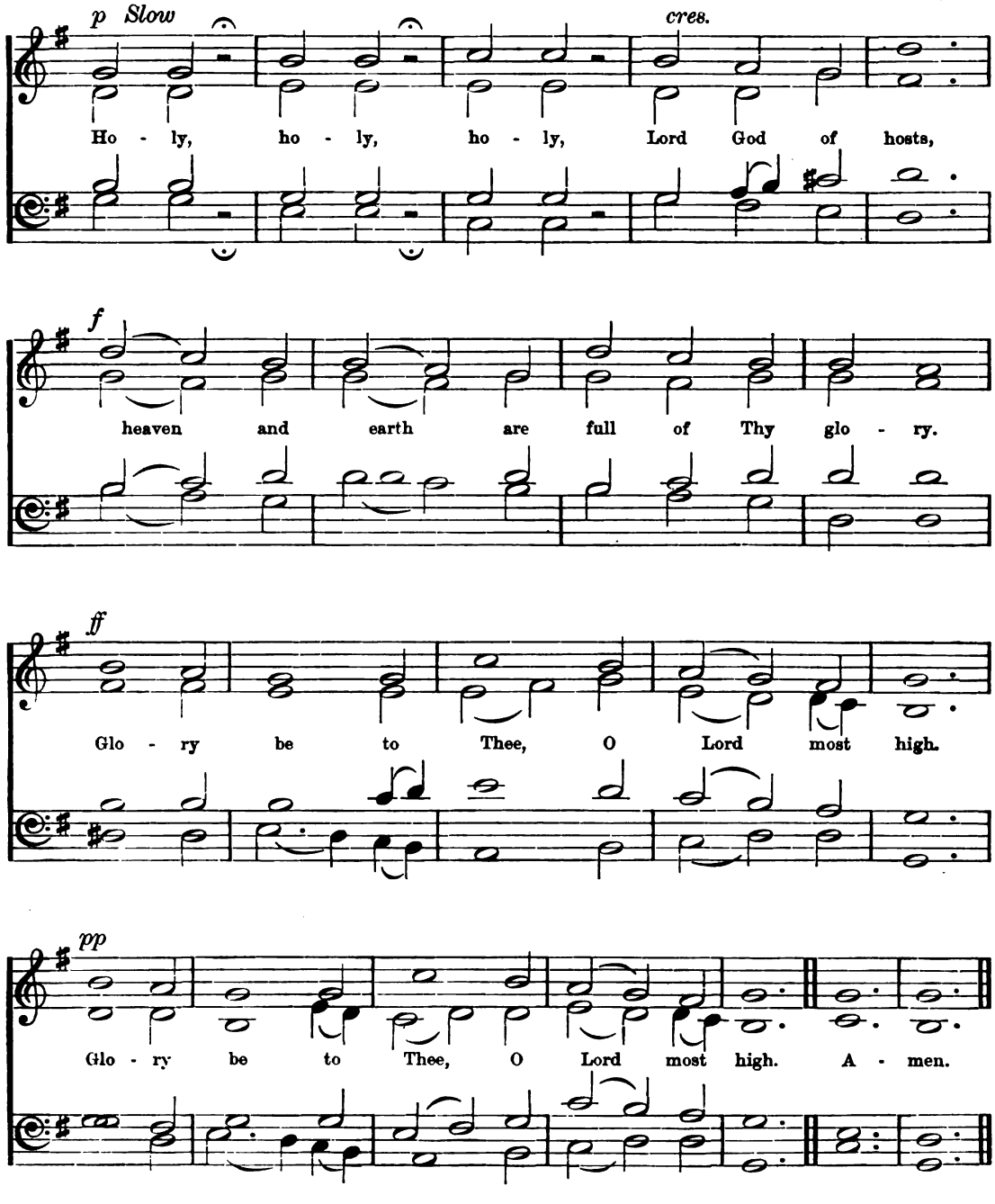
SECOND SETTING (RESPONSIVE).

Minister. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,

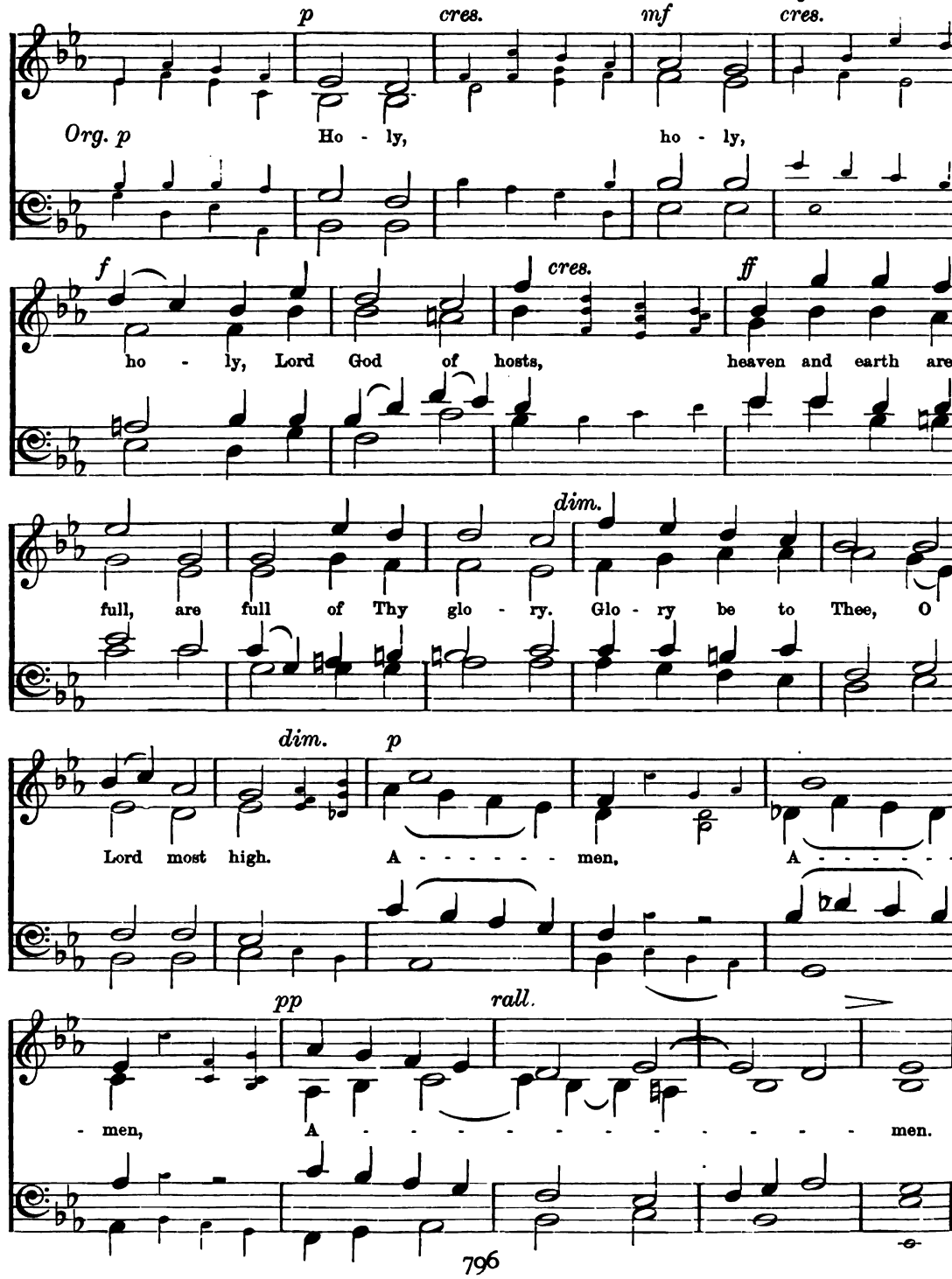
T. TALLIS.



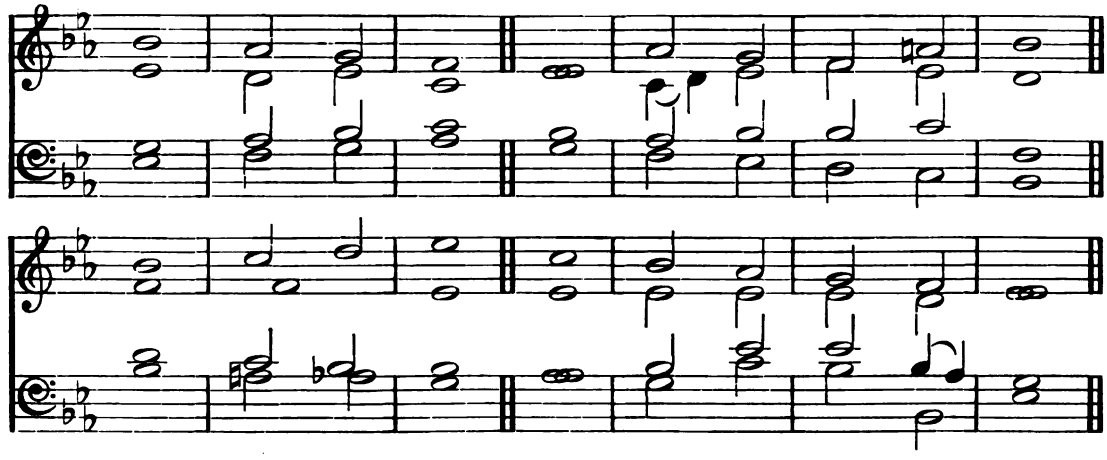
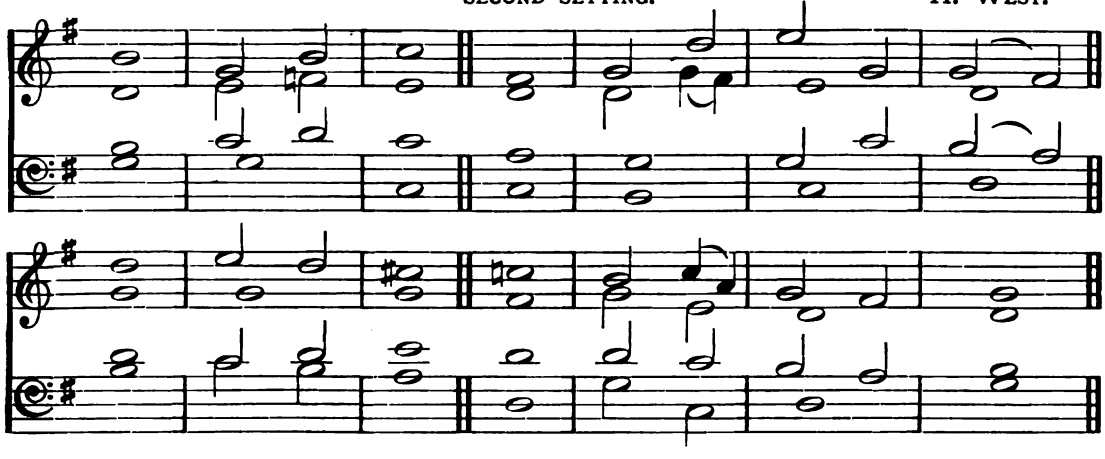
639

FIRST SETTING. S. ELVEY.

p Slow
cres.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts,
f
heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry.
ff
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most high.
pp
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

639

SECOND SETTING. J. STAINER.

p
cres.
mf
cres.
Org. p
Ho - ly, ho - ly,
f
cres.
ff
ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are
dim.
full, are full of Thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to Thee, O
dim.
p
Lord most high. A - - - - - - men, A - - - - - -
pp
rall.
- men, A - - - - - - - - - - - men.

640

FIRST SETTING. W. PATTEN.

SECOND SETTING. H. WEST.

MY soul doth mágni- | -fy the | Lord : and my spirit háth re- | -joiced . in | God my | Saviour.

2 Fór He | hath re- | -garded : the lów es- | -tate of | His hand- | -maiden;

3 Fór, be- | -hold, from | henceforth : áll gener- | -ations . shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is mighty hath dóne to | me great | things : ánd | holy | is His | name.

5 And His mércy is on | them that | fear Him : from géner- | -ation . to | gener- | -ation.

6 He hath shewed strength | with His | arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imágin- | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the míghty | from their | seats : and exálted | them of | low de- | -gree.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good | things : and the rích He hath | sent | empty . a- | -way.

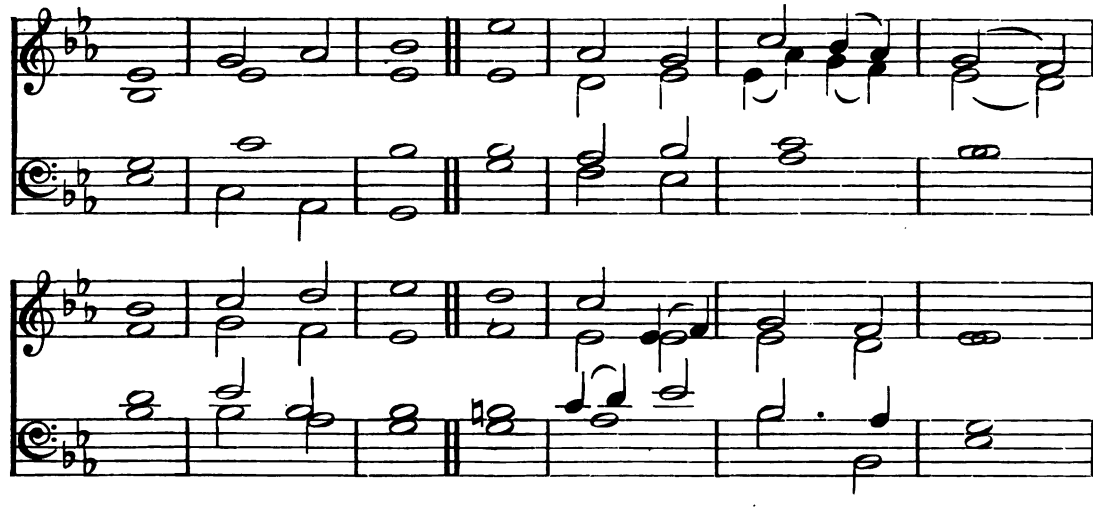
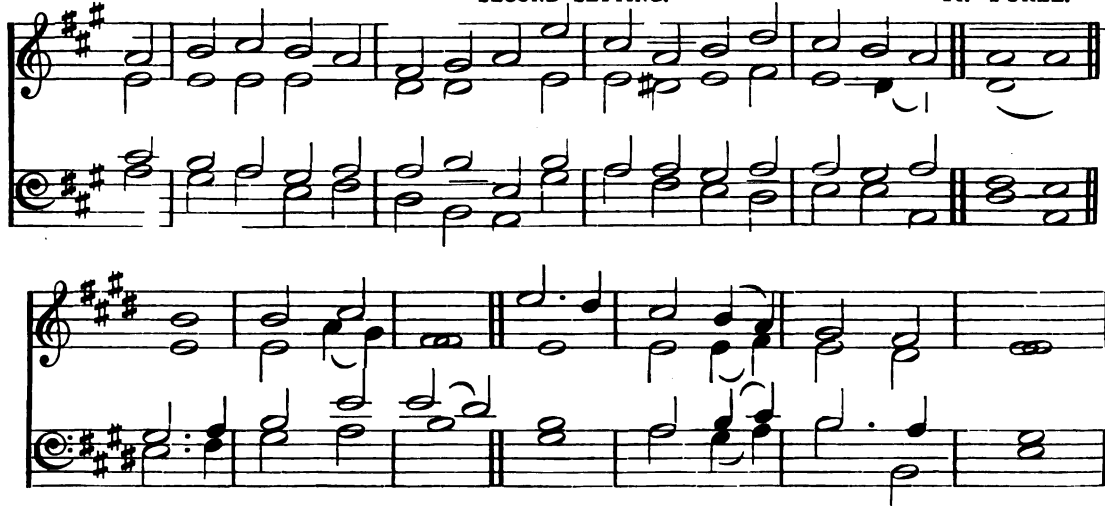
9 He hath hólpen His | servant | Israel : ín re- | -membrance | of His | mercy;

10 As He spáke | to our | fathers : to Ábraham | and . to his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the Fáther | and . to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. | A- | -men.

641

FIRST SETTING. J. Goss.

SECOND SETTING. R. Turle.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel : for He hath vísited | and re- | -deemed . His | people,

2 And hath raised up an hórn of sal- | -vation | for us : in the hóuse | of His | servant | David ;

3 As He spake by the móuth of His | holy | prophets : which have béen | since the | world be- | -gan ;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies : and frŏm the | hand of | all that | hate us;

5 To perform the mercy prómised | to our | fathers : ánd to re- | -member . His | holy | covenant ;

6 The oath which He swáre to our | father | Abraham : that Hé would | grant | unto | us,

7 That we being delivered out of the hând | of our | enemies : might sérve | Him with- | out | fear,

8 In holiness and ríghteous- | -ness be- | -fore Him : âll the | days | of our | life.

9 And thou, child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest : for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre- | -pare His | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvâtion | unto . His | people : bý the re- | -mission | of their | sins,

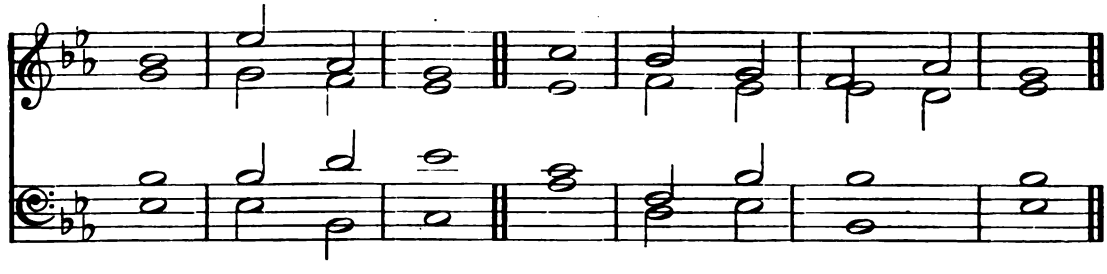
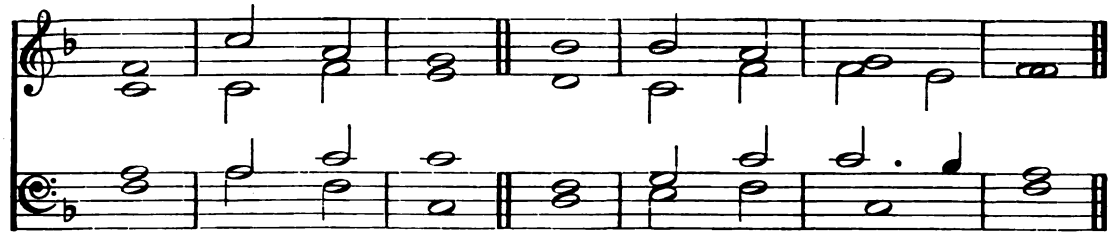
11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God : whereby the dayspring frôm on | high hath | visited | us,

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and în the | shadow . of | death : to guide our fêet | into . the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fâther | and . to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. | A- | -men.

642

FIRST SETTING. E. AYRTON.

SECOND SETTING. W. LEE.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- | -part in | peace : âc- | -cording | to Thy | word;

2 Fôr mine | eyes have | seen : Thý | — sal- | -va- | -tion,

3 Whích Thou | hast pre- | -pared : befôre the | face of | all | people;

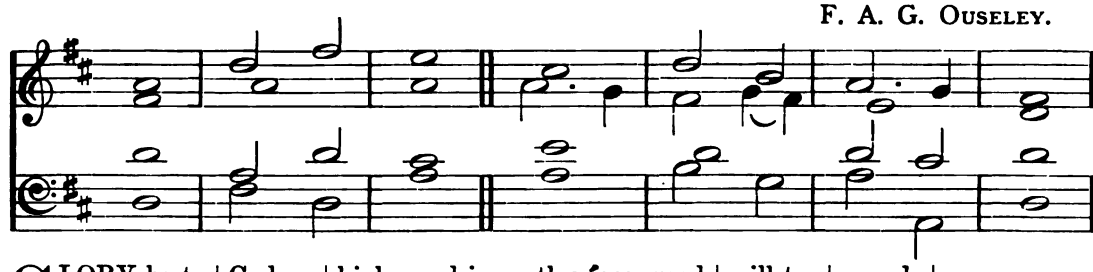
4 A líght to | lighten . the | Gentiles : and the glôry | of Thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Fâther | and . to the | Son : ând | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is nôw, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end. | A- | -men.

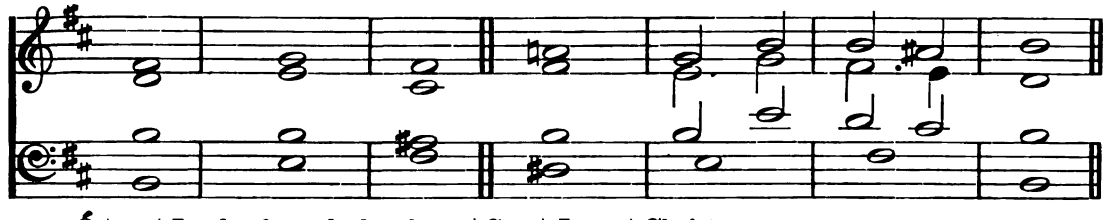
643

F. A. G. Ouseley.



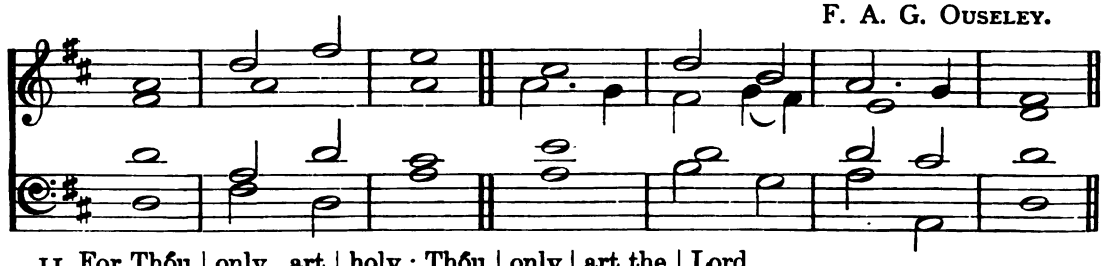
GLORY be to | God on | high : and in earth péace, good | will to- | -wards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thée, we | worship | Thee : we | glori- | -fy | Thee,
3 Wé give | thanks to | Thee : fór | Thy | great | glory,
4 O Lord Gód | heavenly | King : Gód the | Father | Al- | -mighty.

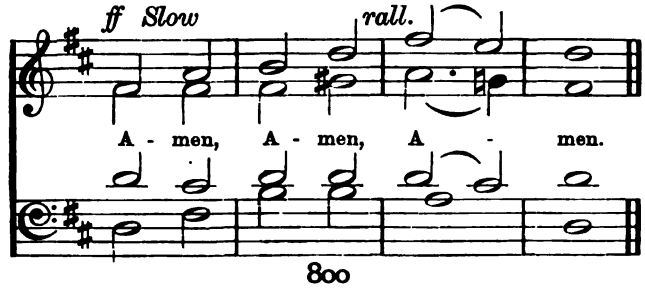
J. Stainer.



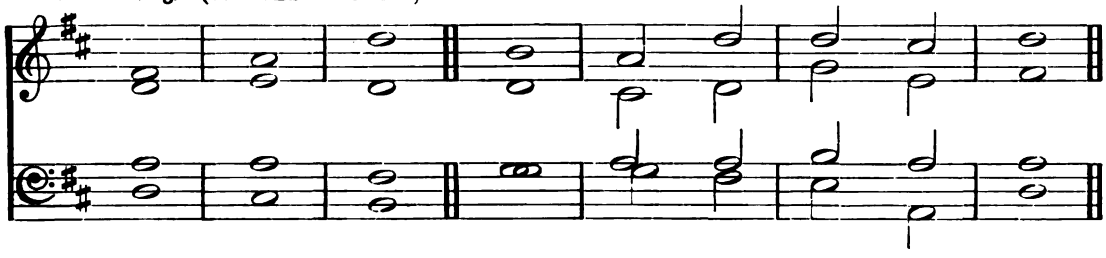
5 Ó | — | Lord : the only begótten | Son | Jesus | Christ;
6 O Lord Gód | Lamb of | God : Són | of the | Fa- | -ther,
7 That takest awáy the | sins . of the | world : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
8 Thou that takest awáy the | sins . of the | world : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
9 Thou that takest awáy the | sins . of the | world : ré- | -ceive | our | prayer.
10 Thou that sittest at the right hánd of | God the | Father : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us,

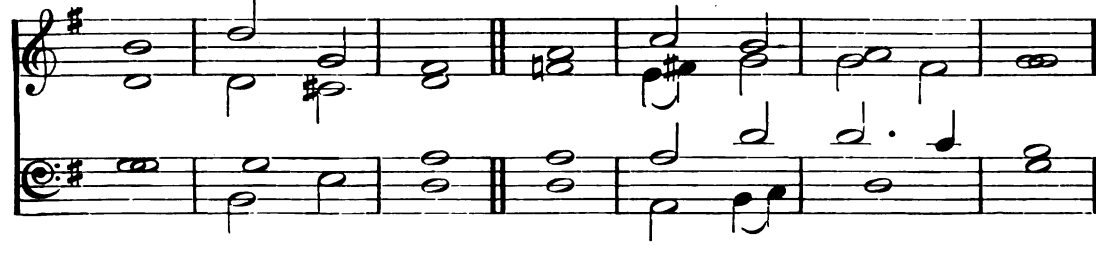
F. A. G. Ouseley.



11 For Thóu | only . art | holy : Thóu | only | art the | Lord.
12 Thou only, O Chríst, with the | Holy | Ghost : art most high in the glóry of | God the | Fa- | -ther.

644

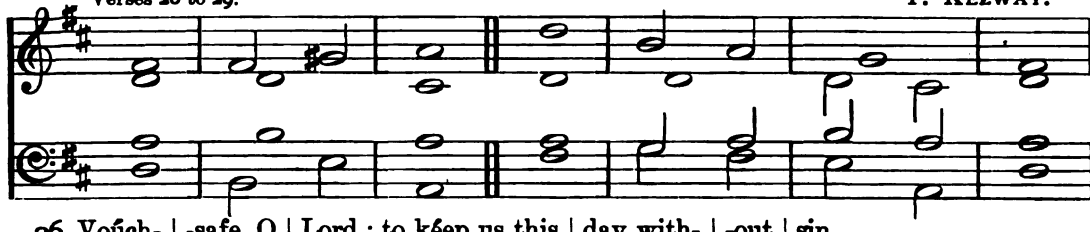
FIRST SET OF CHANTS.

Verses 1 to 13. (vv. 1 and 2 *in Unison.*) F. A. G. OUSELEY.

WE práise | Thee, O | God : we acknówledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the eárth doth | worship | Thee : thé | Father | ever- | -lasting.
3 To Thee all ángels | cry a- | -loud : the héavens, and | all the | powers there- | -in.
4 To Thee chérubin and | seraph- | -in : con- | -tinual- | -ly do | cry,
5 'Holy | holy | holy : Lórd | God of | Saba- | -oth;
6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | majes- | -ty : óf | Thy | glo- | -ry.'
7 The glorious cómpany | of . the a- | -postles : práise | — | — | Thee.
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | prophets : práise | — | — | Thee.
9 The nóble | army . of | martyrs : práise | — | — | Thee.
10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world : doth ac- | -know- | -ledge | Thee;
11 Thé | Fa- | -ther : óf an | infinite | majes- | -ty;
12 Thine hónour- | -able | true : ánd | on- | — | -ly | Son;
13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com- | -fort- | -er.

Verses 14 to 25. (vv. 14, 15, 24, and 25 *in Unison.*) C. GIBBONS.

14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : O | — | — | Christ;
15 Thou art the éver- | -lasting | Son : óf | — | the | Fa- | -ther.
16 When Thou tookest upón Thee to de- | -liver | man : Thou dídst not ab- | -hor the | Virgin's | womb.
17 When Thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness . of | death : Thou didst open the kíngdom of | heaven to | all be- | -lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.
19 We beliéve that | Thou shalt | come : tó | be | our | judge.
20 We therefore práy Thee | help Thy | servants : whom Thou hast redéemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
21 Make them to be númbered | with Thy | saints : ín | glory | ever- | -lasting.
22 O Lórd | save Thy | people : ánd | bless Thine | herit- | -age.
23 Góv- | — | -ern | them : ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
24 Dáy | by | day : wé | magni- | -fy | Thee;
25 Ánd we | worship . Thy | name : éver | world with- | -out | end.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Verses 26 to 29. T. KELWAY.

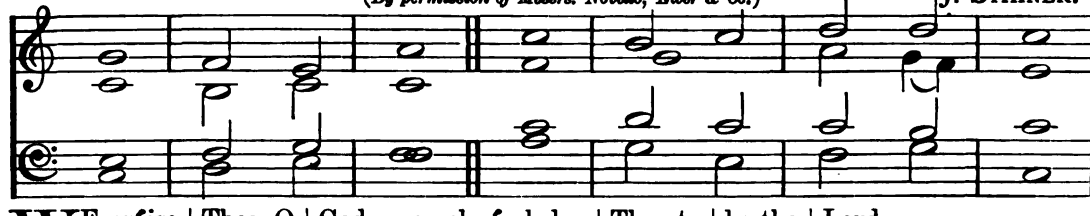


26 Voúch- | -safe, O | Lord : to kéep us this | day with- | -out | sin.
27 O Lórd, have | mercy . up- | -on us : hâve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
28 O Lord, let Thy mércy | lighten . up- | -on us : ás our | trust | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in Thée | have I | trusted : lét me | never | be con- | -founded.

SECOND SET OF CHANTS.

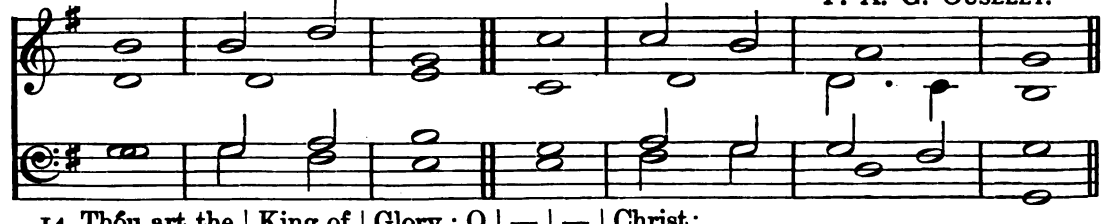
Verses 1 to 13. (vv. 1 and 2 *in Unison.*)

(*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. STAINER.



WE práise | Thee, O | God : we acknówledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the eárth doth | worship | Thee : thé | Father | ever- | -lasting.
3 To Thee all ángels | cry a- | -loud : the héavens, and | all the | powers there- | -in.
4 To Thee chérubin and | seraph- | -in : con- | -tinual- | -ly do | cry,
5 'Holy | holy | holy : Lórd | God of | Saba- | -oth;
6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | majes- | -ty : óf | Thy | glo- | -ry.'
7 The glorious cómpany | of . the a- | -postles : práise | — | — | Thee.
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | prophets : práise | — | — | Thee.
9 The nóble | army . of | martyrs : práise | — | — | Thee.
10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world : doth ac- | -know- | -ledge | Thee;
11 Thé | Fa- | -ther : óf an | infinite | majes- | -ty;
12 Thine hónour- | -able | true : ánd | on- | — | -ly | Son;
13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com- | -fort- | -er.

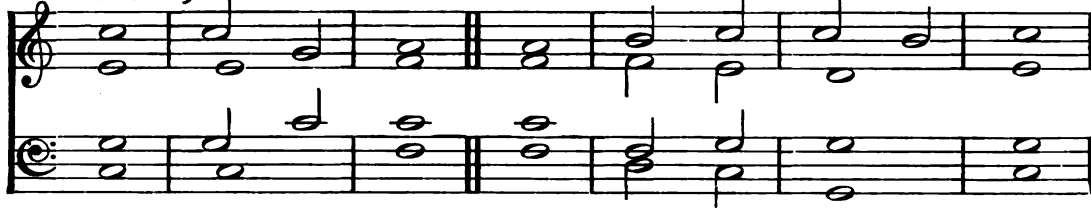
Verses 14 to 25. (vv. 14, 15, 24, and 25 *in Unison.*) F. A. G. OUSELEY.



14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : O | — | — | Christ;
15 Thou art the éver- | -lasting | Son : óf | — | the | Fa- | -ther.
16 When Thou tookest upón Thee to de- | -liver | man : Thou dídst not ab- | -hor the | Virgin's | womb.
17 When Thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness . of | death : Thou didst open the kíngdom of | heaven to | all be- | -lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.
19 We beliéve that | Thou shalt | come : tó | be | our | judge.

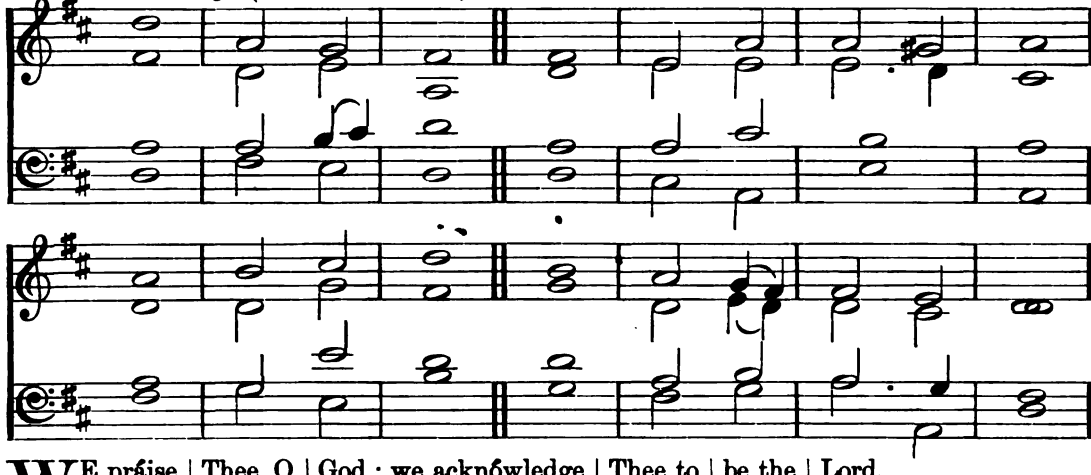
20 We therefore práy Thee | help Thy | servants : whom Thou hast redéemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
21 Make them to be númbered | with Thy | saints : ín glory | ever- | -lasting.
22 O Lórd | save Thy | people : ánd | bless Thine | herit- | -age.
23 Góv- | — -ern | them : ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
24 Dáy | by | day : wé | magni- | -fy | Thee;
25 Ánd we | worship . Thy | name : éver | world with- | -out | end.

T. TALLIS.

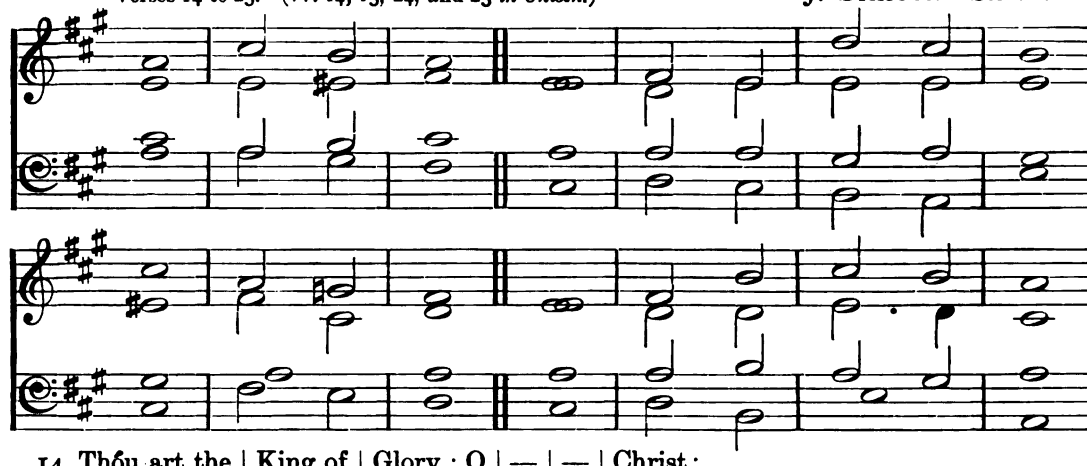
Verses 26 to 29.

26 Voúch- | -safe, O | Lord : to kéep us this | day with- | -out | sin.
27 O Lórd, have | mercy . up- | -on us : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
28 O Lord, let Thy mércy | lighten . up- | -on us : ás our | trust | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in Thée | have I | trusted : lét me | never | be con- | -founded.

THIRD SET OF CHANTS.

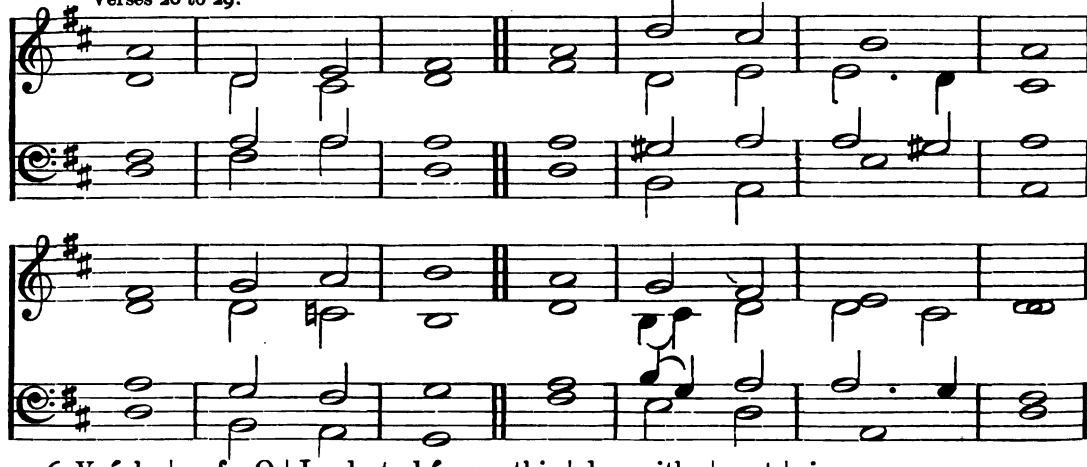
W. BOYCE.

Verses 1 to 13. (vv. 1 and 2 *in Unison.*)

WE práise | Thee, O | God : we acknówledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the éarth doth | worship | Thee : thé | Father | ever- | -lasting.
3 To Thee all ángels | cry a- | -loud : the héavens, and | all the | powers there- | -in.
4 To Thee chérubin and | seraph- | -in : con- | -tinual- | -ly do | cry,
5 'Holy | holy | holy : Lórd | God of | Saba- | -oth;
6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | majes- | -ty : óf | Thy | glo- | -ry.'
7 The glorious cómpany | of . the a- | -postles : práise | — | — | Thee.
8 The goodly féllowship | of the | prophets : práise | — | — | Thee.
9 (*Second part of chant*) The nóble | army . of | martyrs : práise | — | — | Thee.
10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world : doth ac- | -know- | -ledge | Thee;
11 Thé | Fa- | -ther : óf an | infinite | majes- | -ty;
12 Thine hónour- | -able | true : ánd | on- | — | -ly | Son;
13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost : thé | Com- | -fort- | -er.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Verses 14 to 25. (vv. 14, 15, 24, and 25 *in Unison.*) J. STAFFORD SMITH.

14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : O | — | — | Christ;
15 Thou art the éver- | -lasting | Son : óf | — the | Fa- | -ther.
16 When Thou tookest upón Thee to de- | -liver | man : Thou dídst not ab- | -hor the | Virgin's | womb.
17 When Thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness . of | death : Thou didst open the kíngdom of | heaven to | all be- | -lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God : in the | glory | of the | Father.
19 We beliéve that | Thou shalt | come : tó | be | our | judge.
20 We therefore práy Thee | help Thy | servants : whom Thou hast redéemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
21 Make them to be númbered | with Thy | saints : ín | glory | ever- | -lasting.
22 O Lórd | save Thy | people : ánd | bless Thine | herit- | -age.
23 Góv- | -ern | them : ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
24 Dáy | by | day : wé | magni- | -fy | Thee;
25 Ánd we | worship . Thy | name : éver | world with- | -out | end.

J. RANDALL.

Verses 26 to 29.

26 Voúch- | -safe, O | Lord : to kéep us this | day with- | -out | sin.
27 O Lórd, have | mercy . up- | -on us : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
28 O Lord, let Thy mércy | lighten . up- | -on us : ás our | trust | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in Thée | have I | trusted : lét me | never | be con- | -founded.

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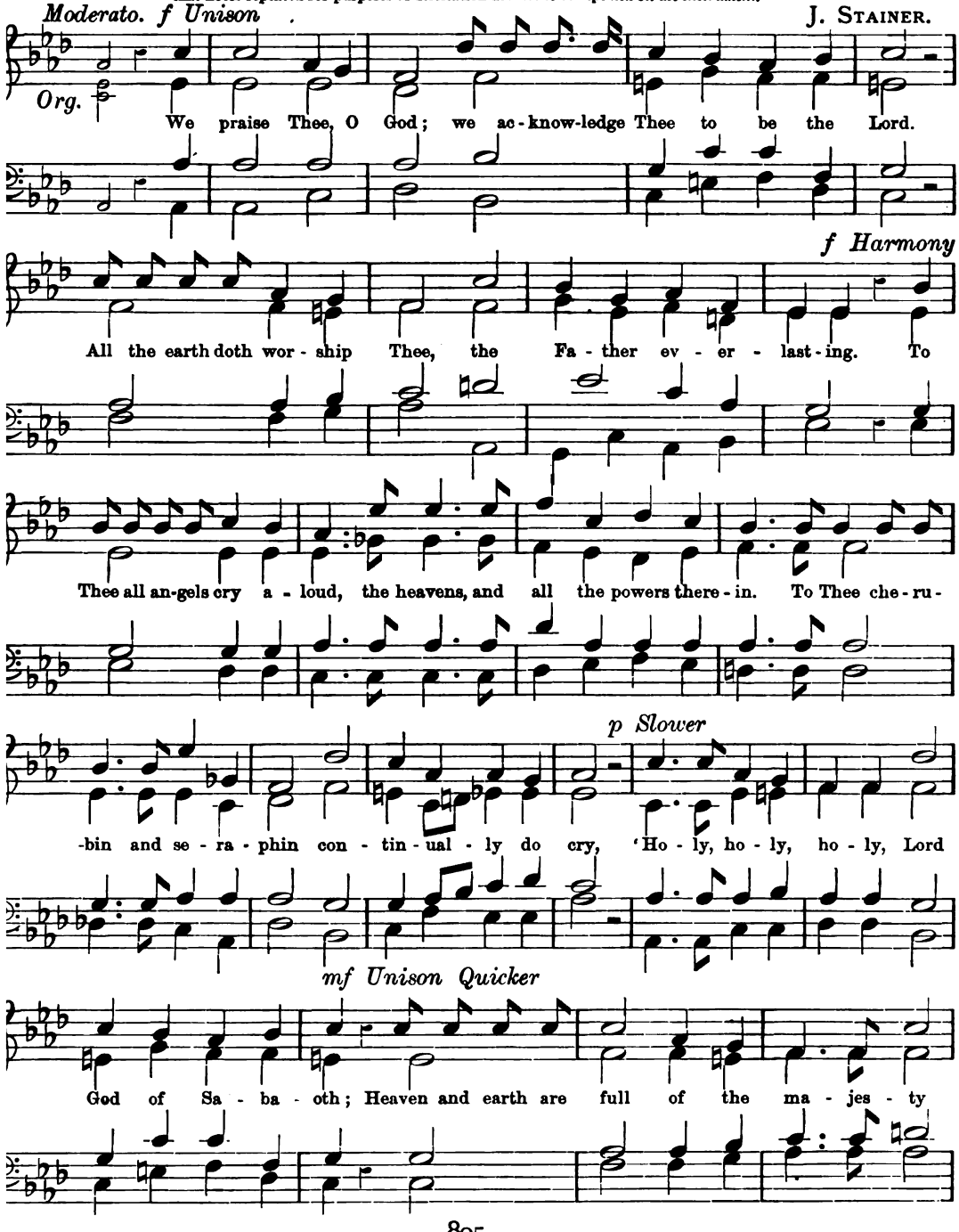
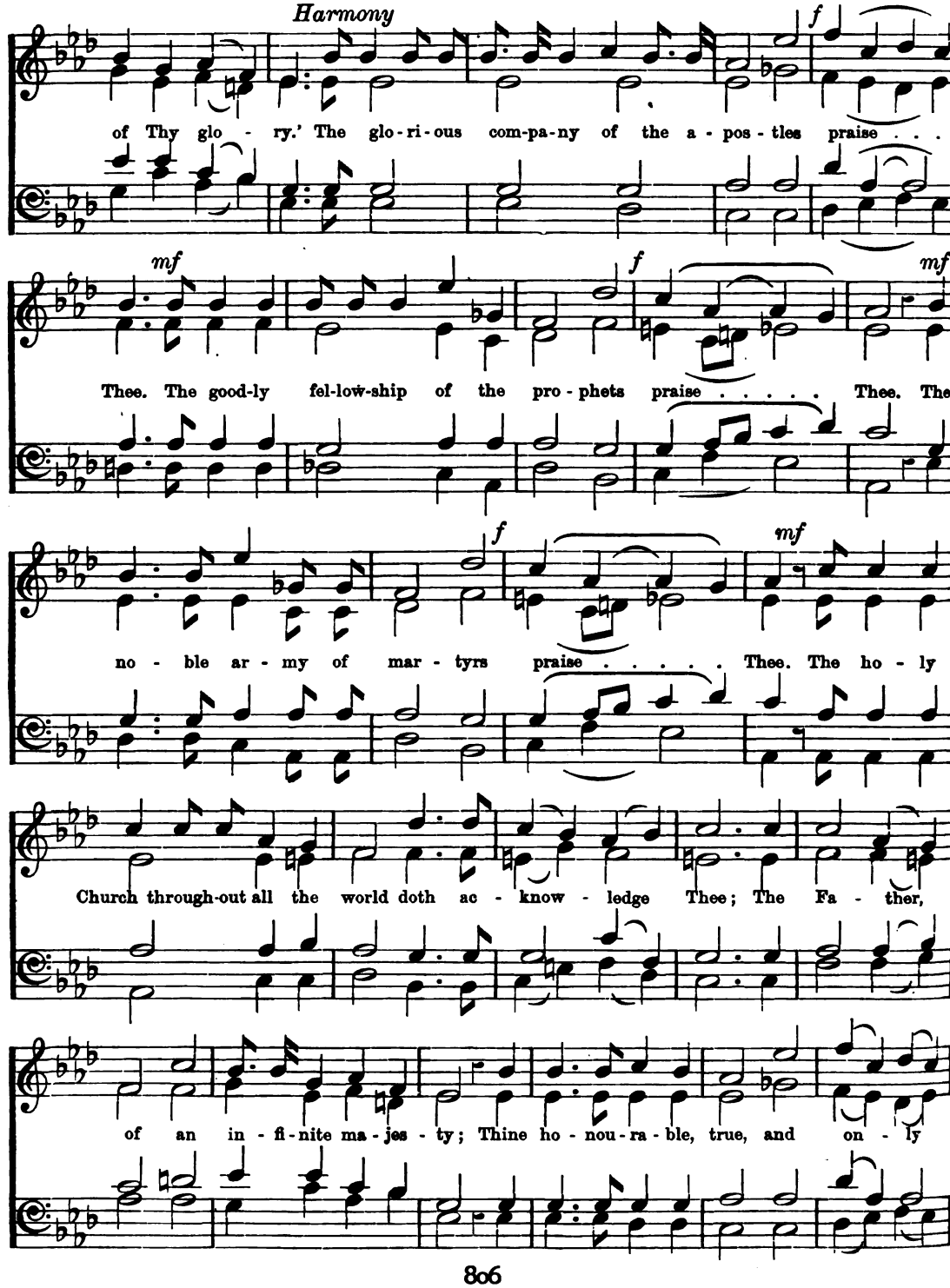
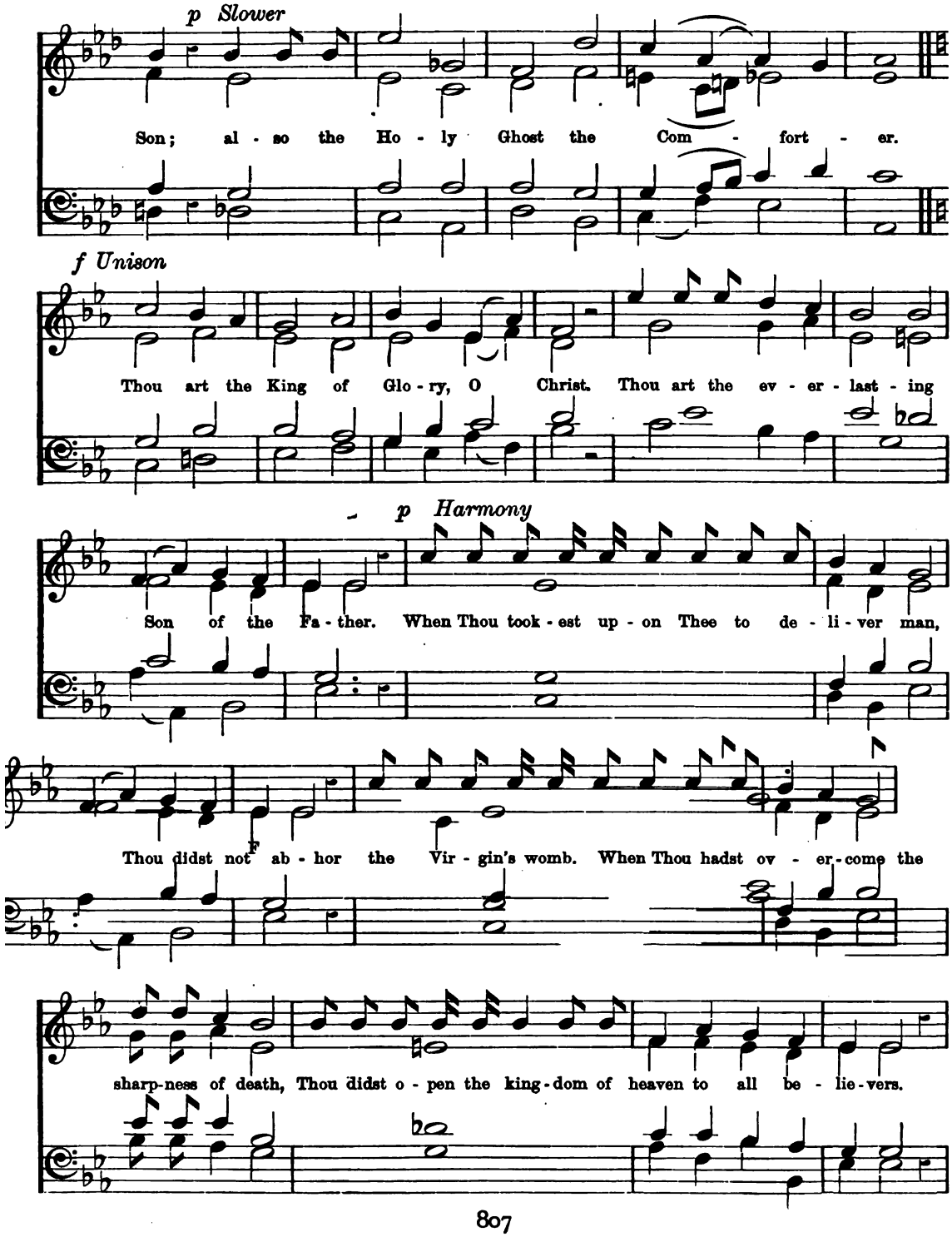
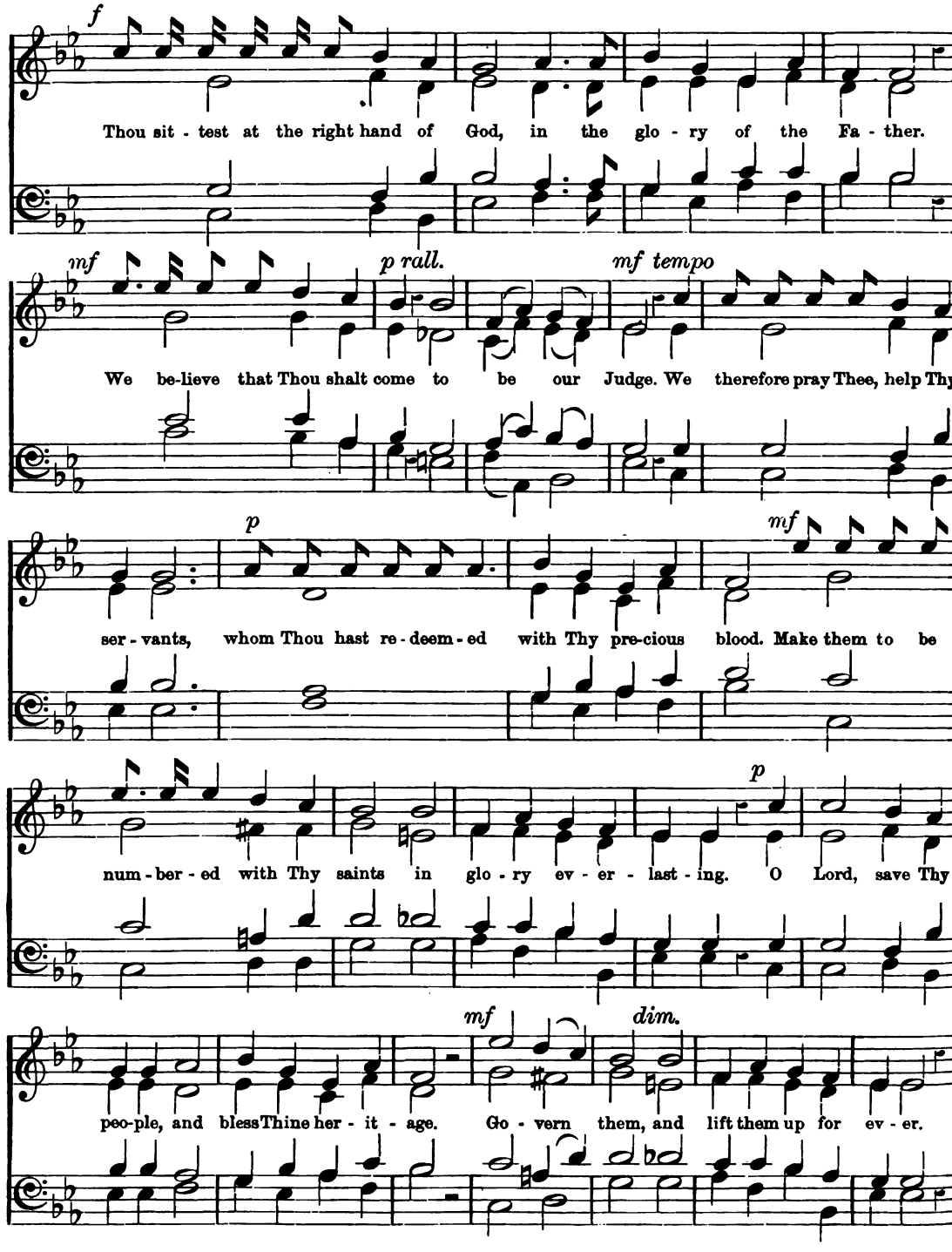
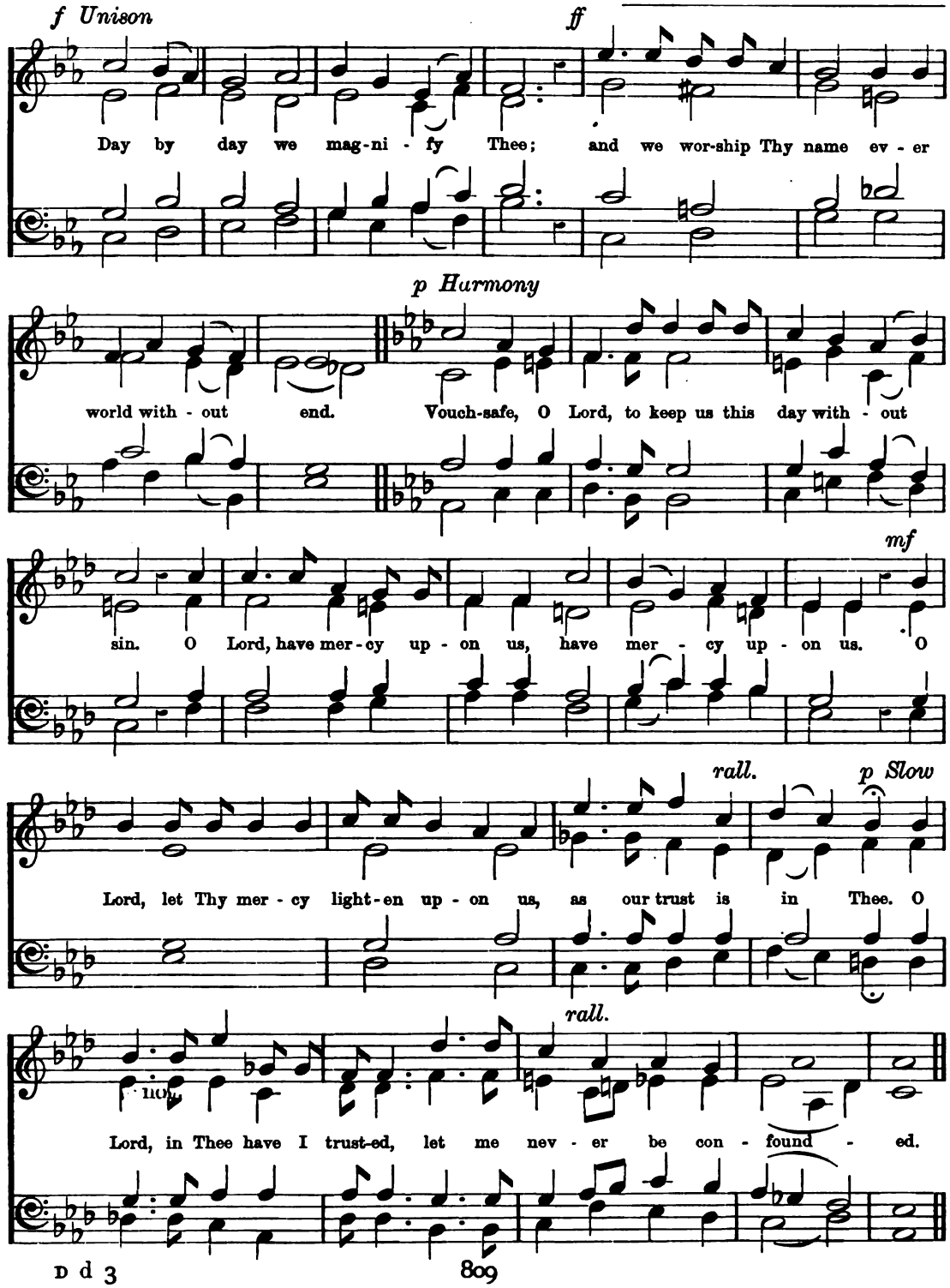
FOURTH SETTING.

When the three lower parts find more than one syllable to a note, the words are to be *pointed as in the Treble.* Organists will understand that notes repeated for purposes of Recitation are *not to be repeated on the instrument.*

Moderato. f Unison
J. STAINER.
Org.
We praise Thee, O God; we ac-know-ledge Thee to be the Lord.
f Harmony
All the earth doth wor-ship Thee, the Fa-ther ev-er-last-ing. To
Thee all an-gels cry a-loud, the heavens, and all the powers there-in. To Thee che-ru-
p Slower
-bin and se-ra-phin con-tin-ual-ly do cry, 'Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord
mf Unison Quicker
God of Sa-ba-oth; Heaven and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Harmony
f
of Thy glo - ry.' The glo-ri-ous com-pa-ny of the a - pos - tles praise . . .
mf
f
mf
Thee. The good-ly fel-low-ship of the pro - phets praise . . . . . Thee. The
f
mf
no - ble ar - my of mar - tyrs praise . . . . . Thee. The ho - ly
Church through-out all the world doth ac - know - ledge Thee; The Fa - ther,
of an in - fi-nite ma - jes - ty; Thine ho - nou-ra - ble, true, and on - ly

p Slower
Son; al - so the Ho - ly Ghost the Com - fort - er.
f Unison
Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ. Thou art the ev - er - last - ing
p Harmony
Son of the Fa - ther. When Thou took - est up - on Thee to de - li - ver man,
F
Thou didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb. When Thou hadst ov - er - come the
sharp-ness of death, Thou didst o - pen the king - dom of heaven to all be - lie - vers.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

f
Thou sit - test at the right hand of God, in the glo - ry of the Fa - ther.
mf
p rall.
mf tempo
We be-lieve that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy
p
mf
ser - vants, whom Thou hast re - deem - ed with Thy pre-cious blood. Make them to be
p
num - ber - ed with Thy saints in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing. O Lord, save Thy
mf
dim.
peo-ple, and bless Thine her - it - age. Go - vern them, and lift them up for ev - er.

f Unison
ff
Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee; and we wor-ship Thy name ev - er
p Harmony
world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out
mf
sin. O Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us. O
rall.
p Slow
Lord, let Thy mer - cy light-en up - on us, as our trust is in Thee. O
rall.
Lord, in Thee have I trust-ed, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

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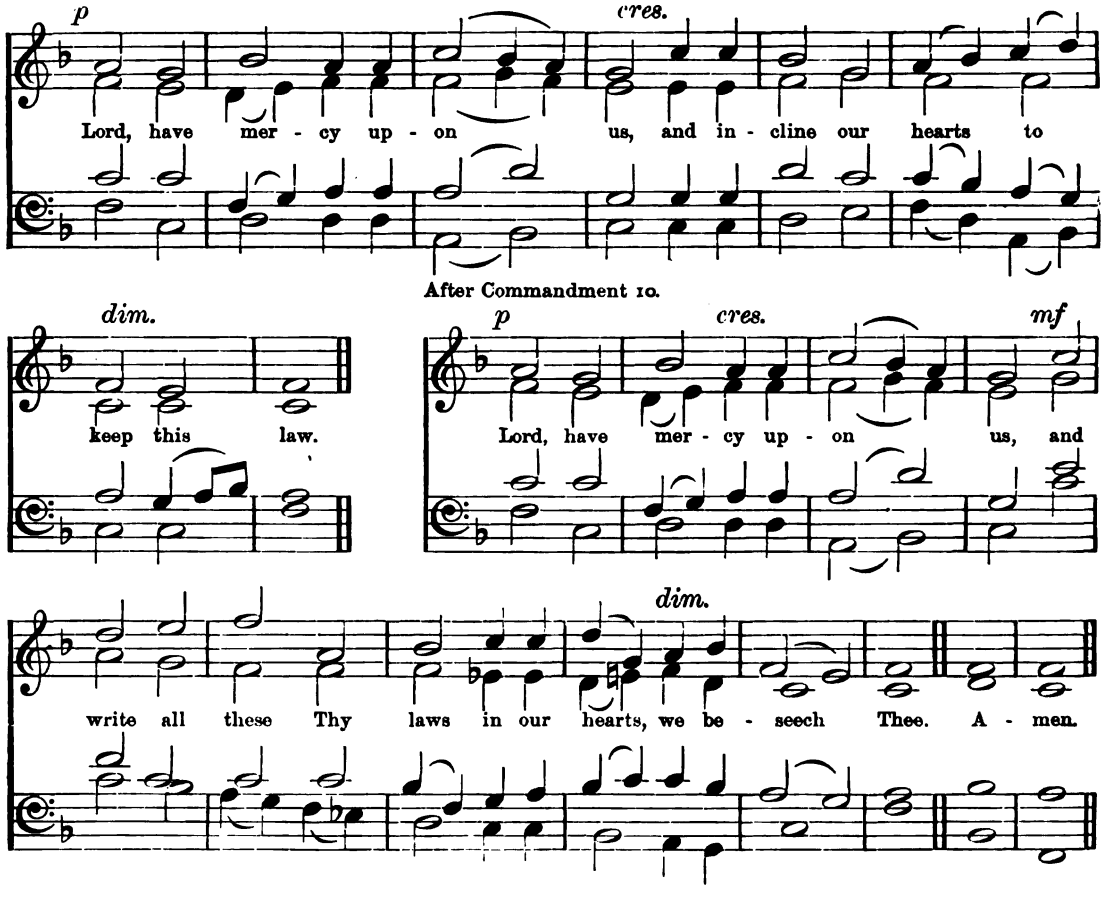
After Commandments 1-9. FIRST SETTING. T. F. WALMISLEY.

p
cres.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to
dim.
keep this law.
After Commandment 10.
p
cres.
mf
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and
dim.
write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee. A - men.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

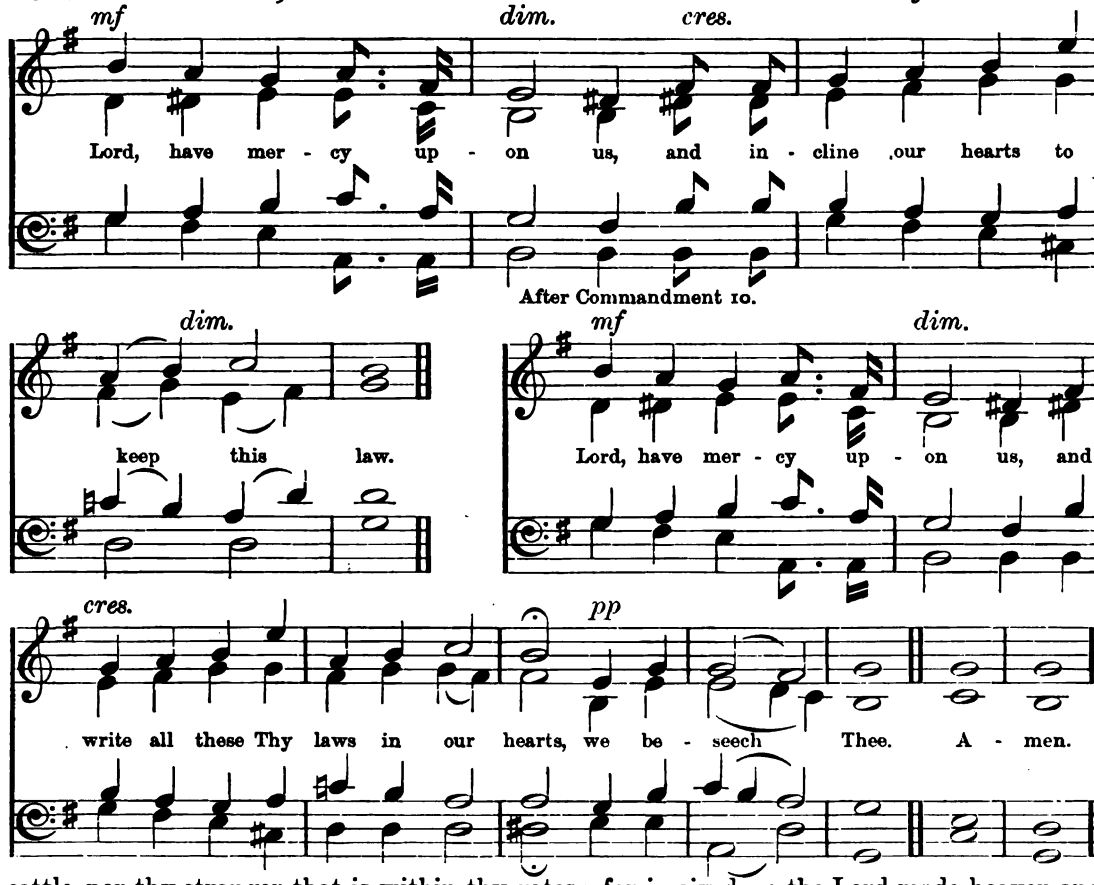
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy

645

After Commandments 1-9. SECOND SETTING. J. STAINER.

mf
dim.
cres.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to
After Commandment 10.
dim.
keep this law.
mf
dim.
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and
cres.
pp
write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee. A - men.

cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not kill.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not steal.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

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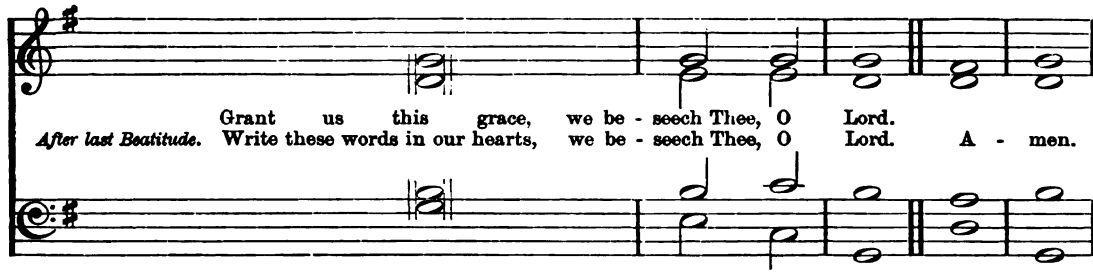
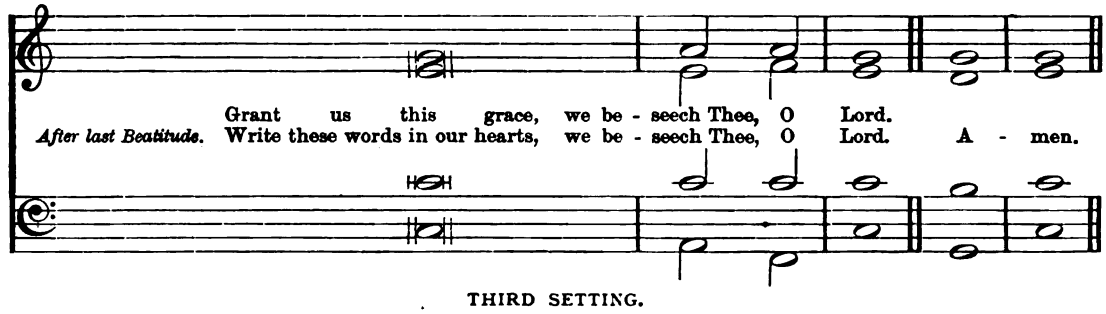
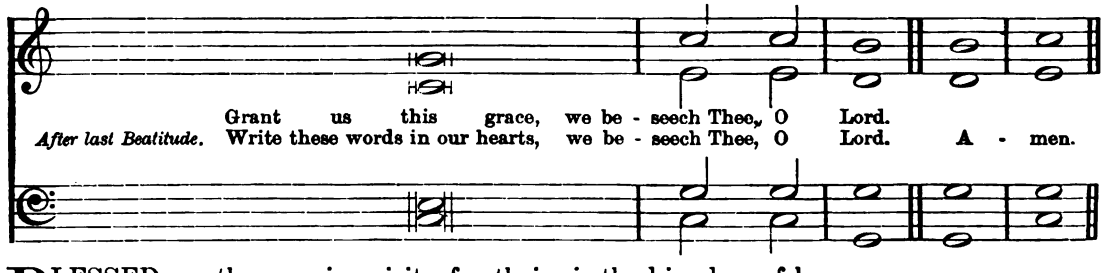
Responses.

FIRST SETTING.


Grant us this grace, we be - seech Thee, O Lord.
After last Beatitude. Write these words in our hearts, we be - seech Thee, O Lord. A - men.

SECOND SETTING.

Grant us this grace, we be - seech Thee, O Lord.
After last Beatitude. Write these words in our hearts, we be - seech Thee, O Lord. A - men.

THIRD SETTING.


Grant us this grace, we be - seech Thee, O Lord.
After last Beatitude. Write these words in our hearts, we be - seech Thee, O Lord. A - men.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

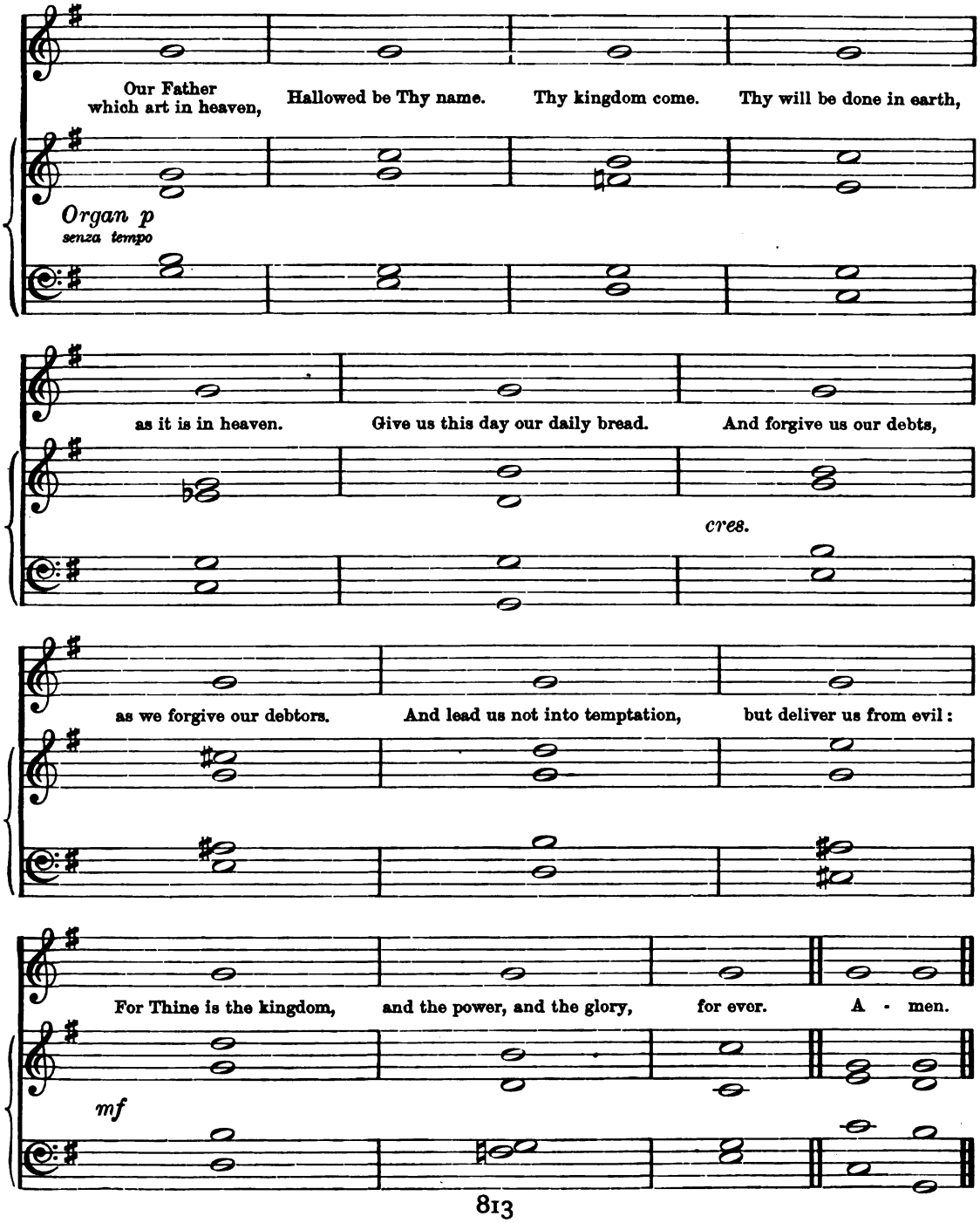
Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

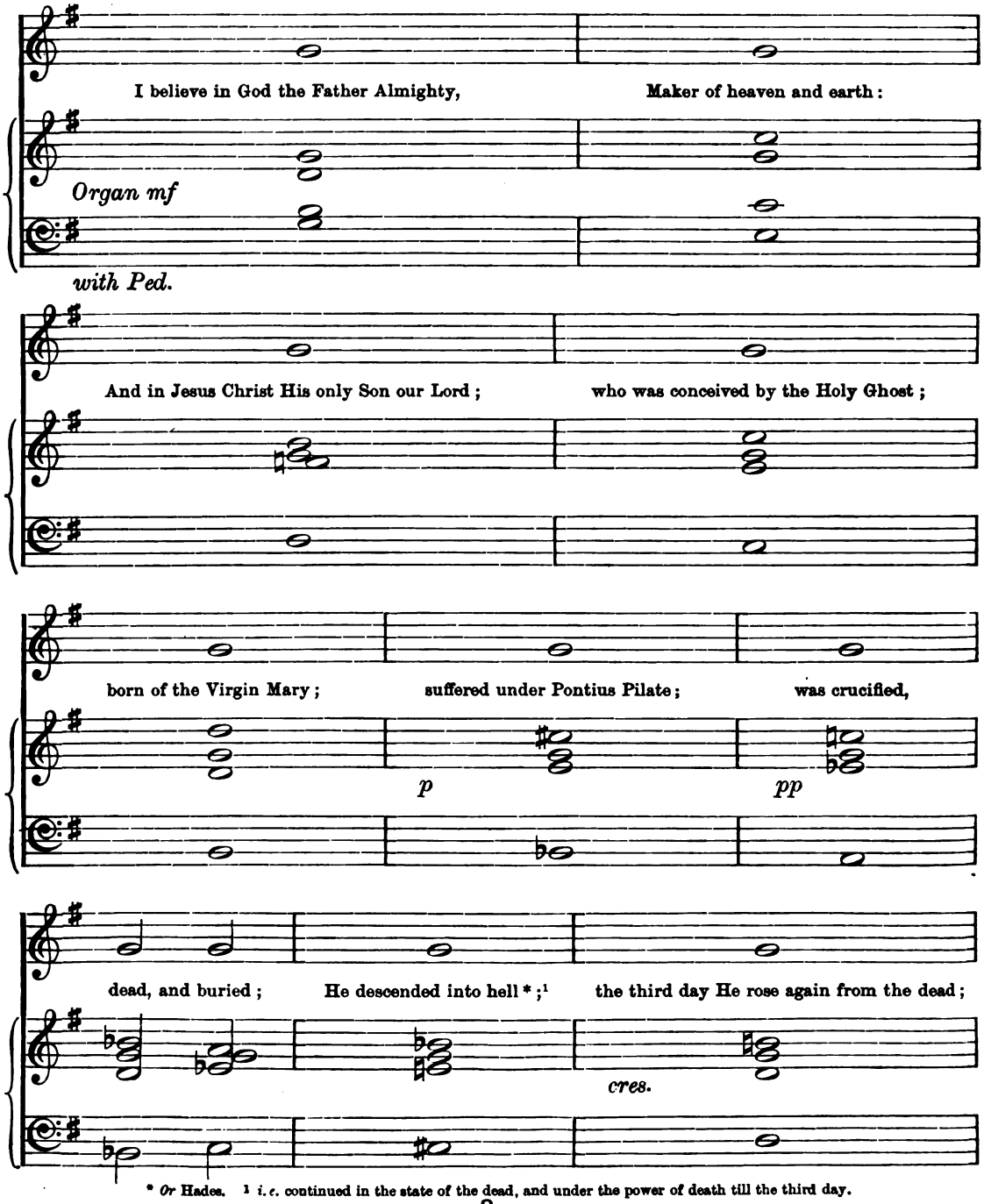
Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee. O Lord.

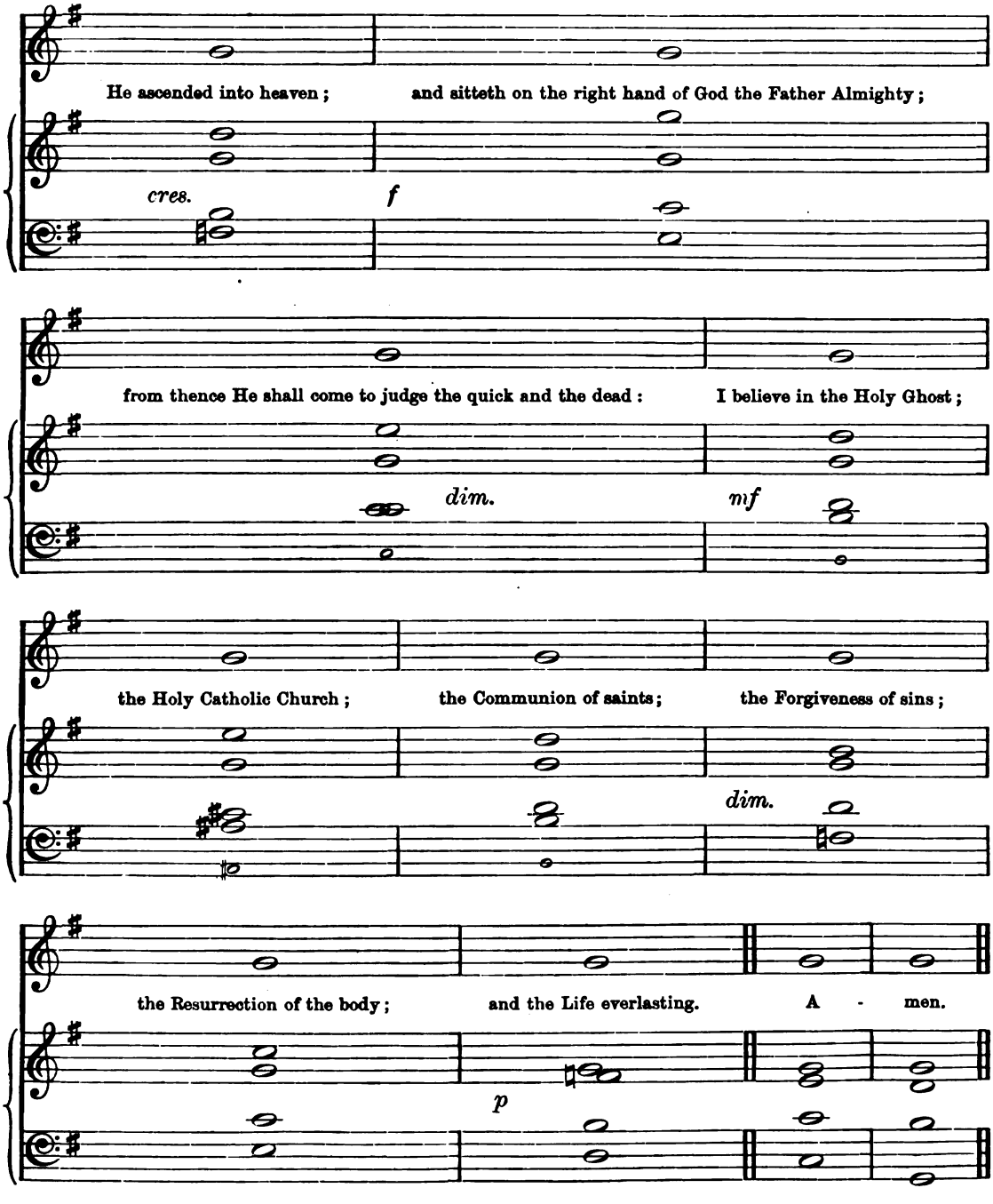
Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Write these words in our hearts, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

647

J. STAINER.

648

J. STAINER.

I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth:
Organ mf
with Ped.
And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord;
who was conceived by the Holy Ghost;
born of the Virgin Mary;
suffered under Pontius Pilate;
was crucified,
p
pp
dead, and buried;
He descended into hell *;[1]
the third day He rose again from the dead;
cres.

* *Or* Hades. [1] *i.e.* continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death till the third day.

He ascended into heaven ; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ;
cres.
f
from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead : I believe in the Holy Ghost ;
dim.
mf
the Holy Catholic Church ; the Communion of saints ; the Forgiveness of sins ;
dim.
the Resurrection of the body ; and the Life everlasting. A - men.
p

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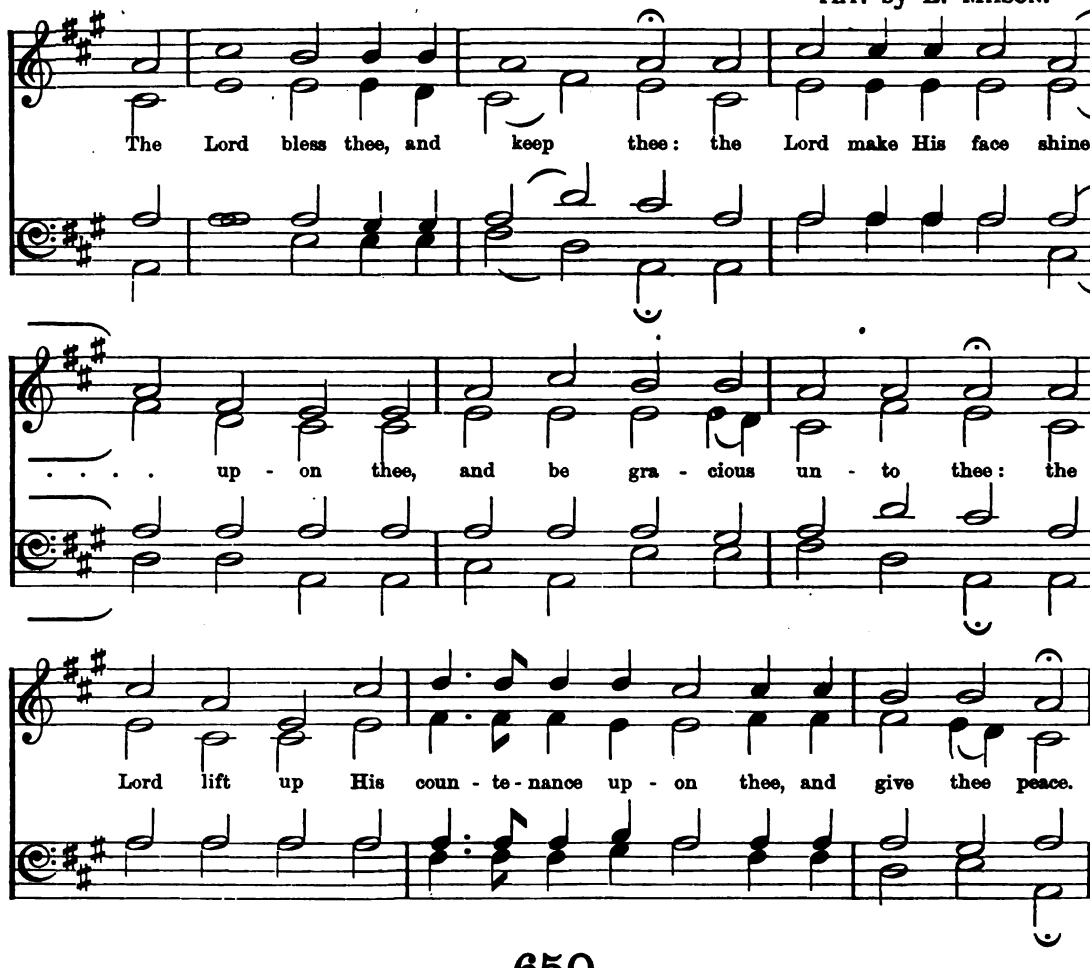
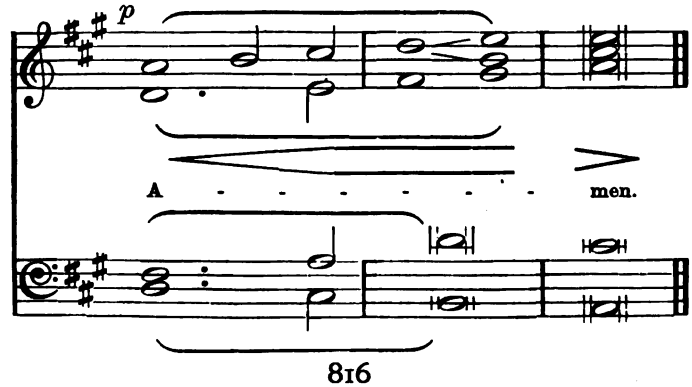
Arr. by L. MASON.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine
. . . . up - on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee: the
Lord lift up His coun - te - nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

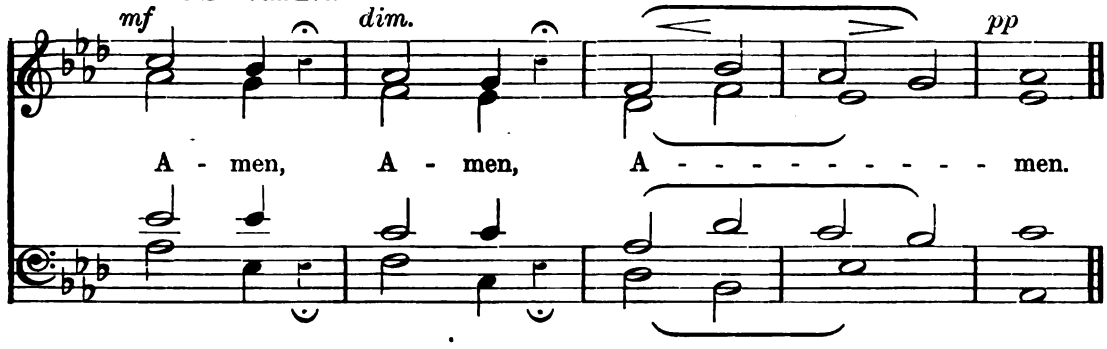
650

DRESDEN AMEN.

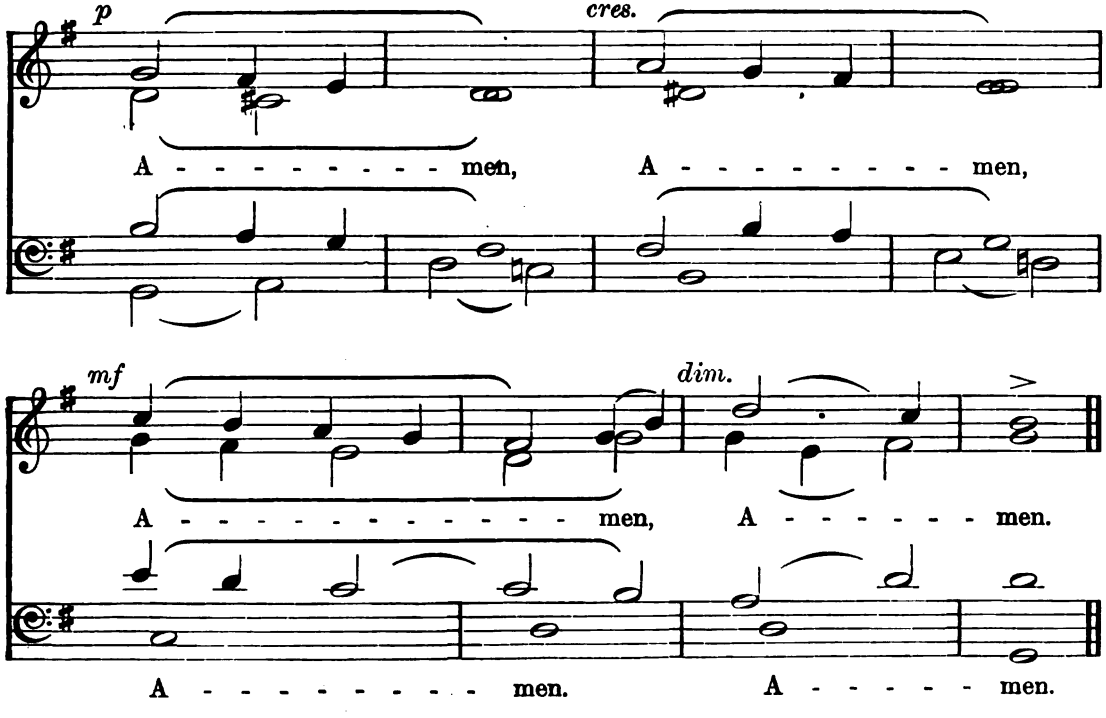


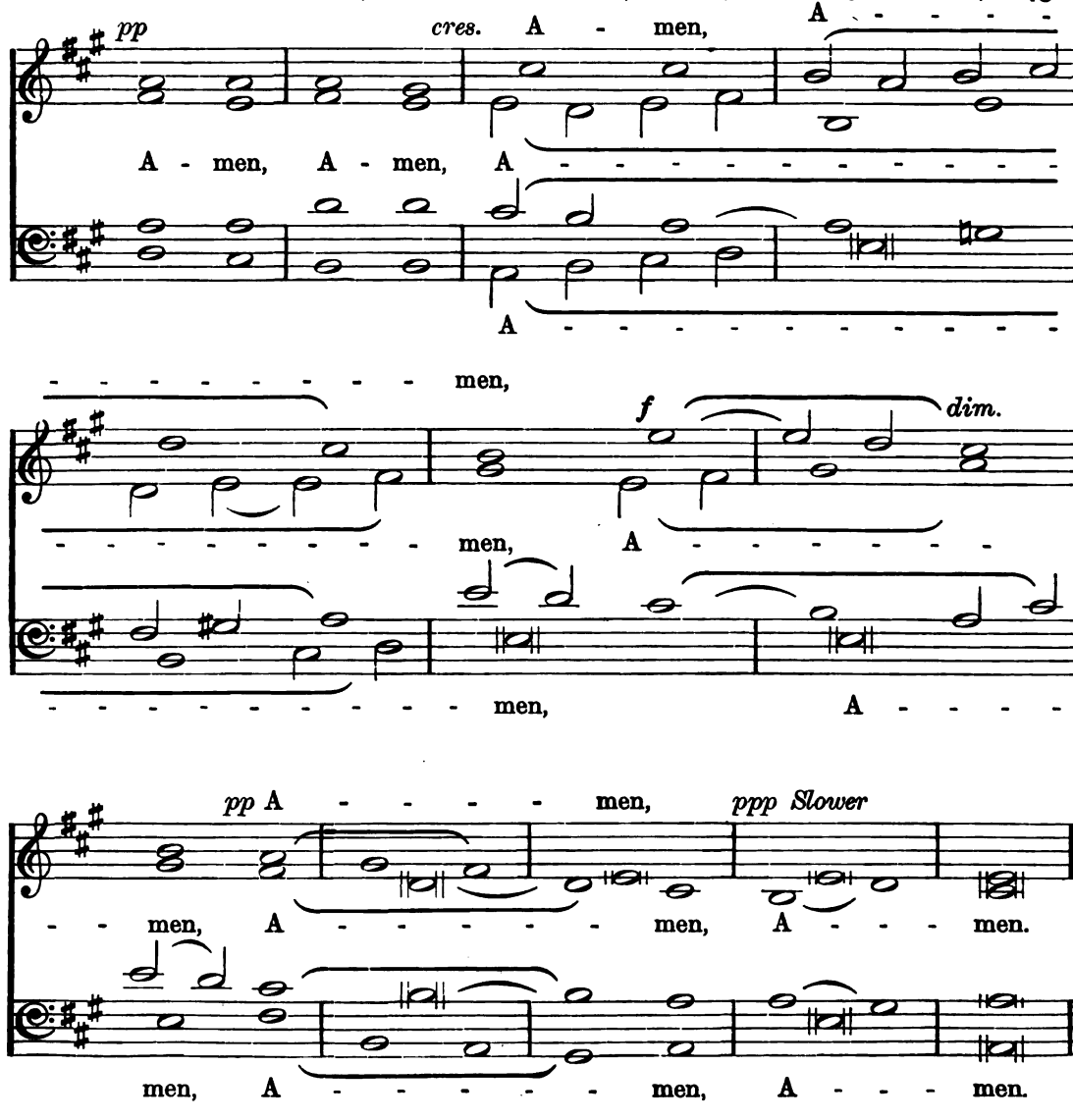
650

THREEFOLD AMEN.

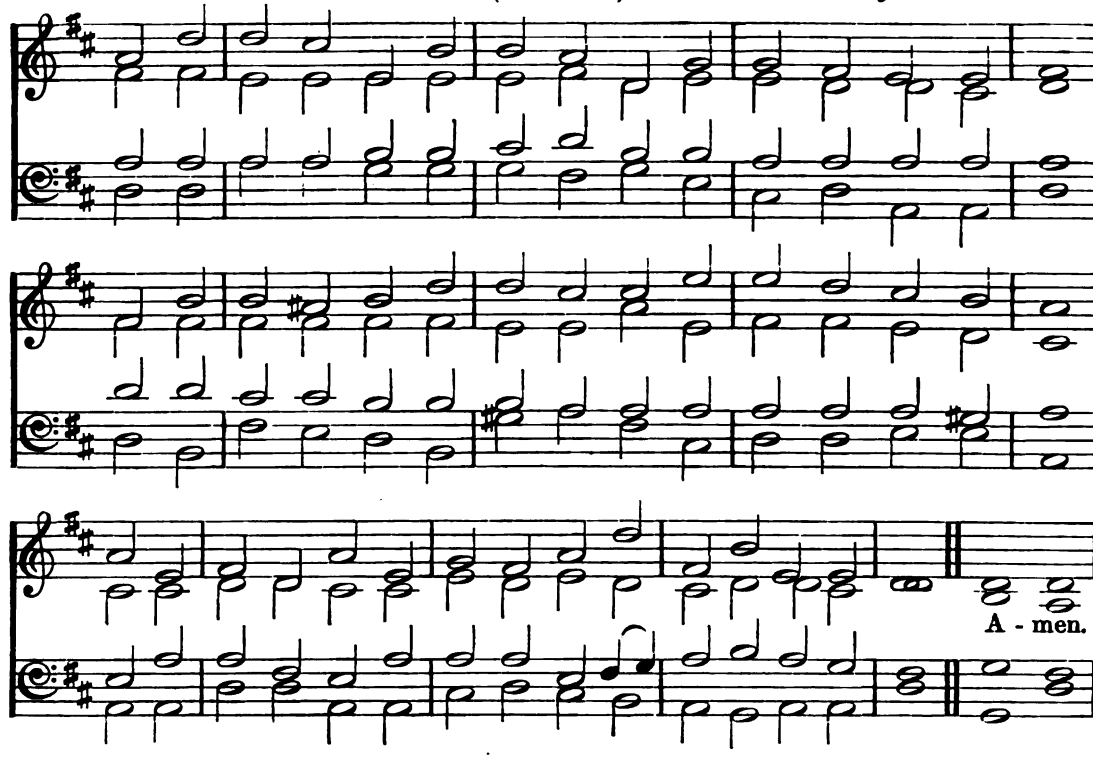


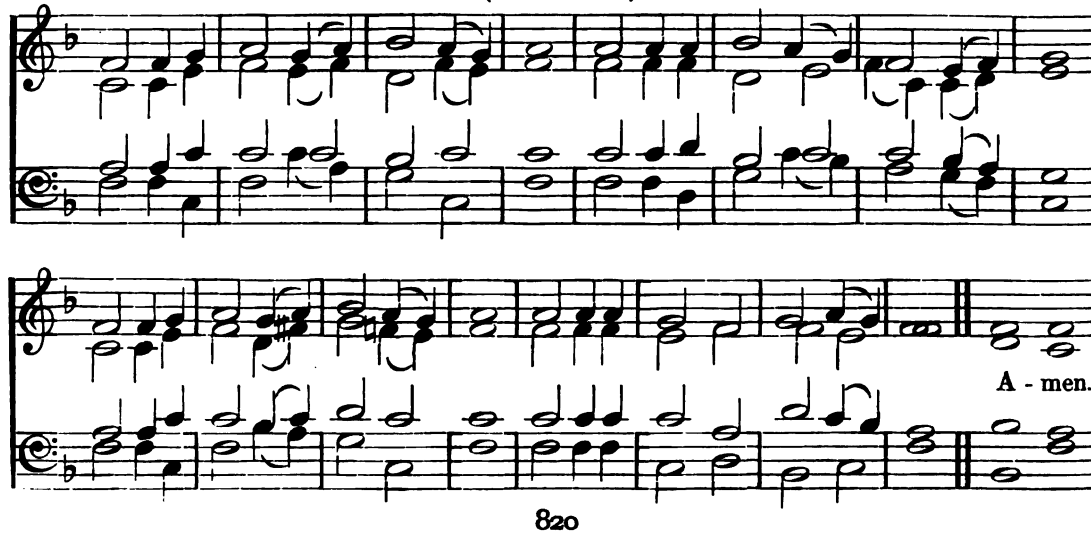
FOURFOLD AMEN.

J. STAINER.

650

SEVENFOLD AMEN. (*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.*) J. STAINER, 1873.

APPENDIX

1

BRAYLESFORD. (HYMN 11) H. J. GAUNTLETT.

2

BOSTON. (HYMN 397) L. MASON.

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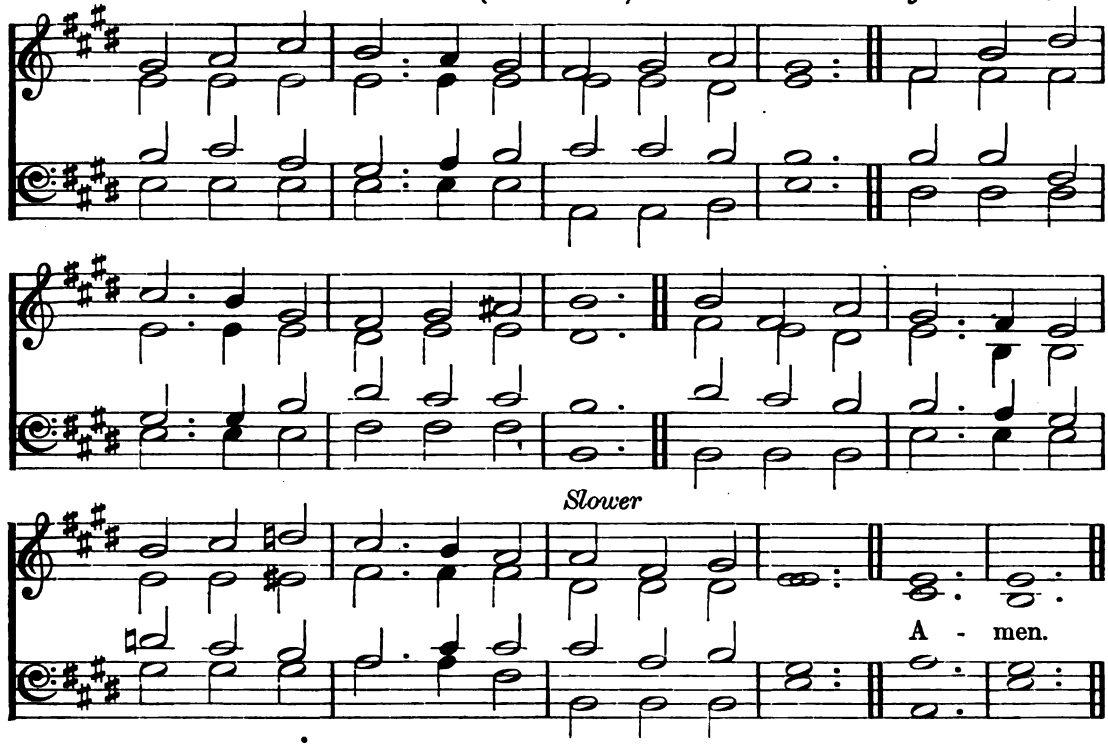
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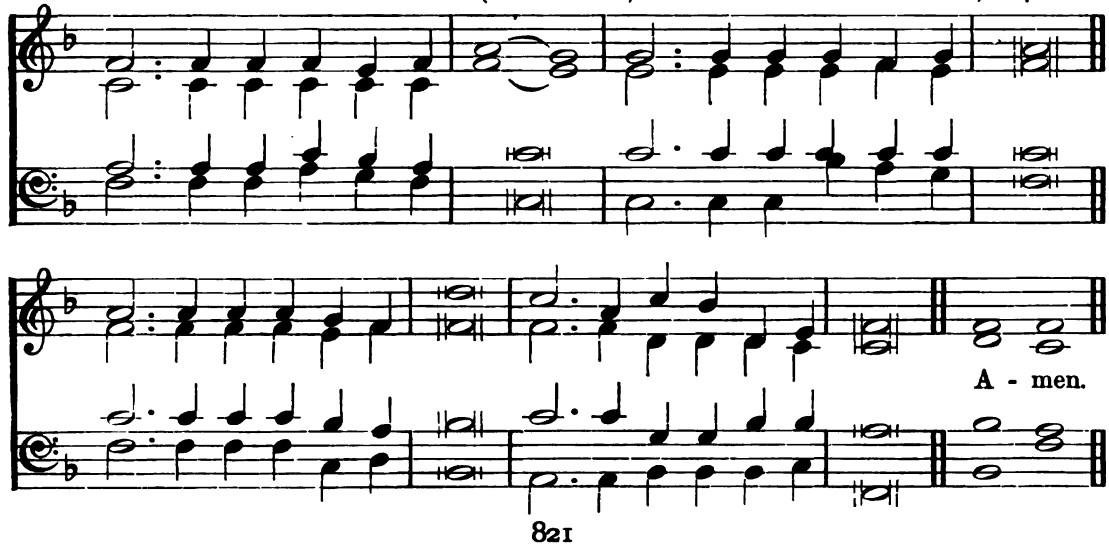
DIJON. (HYMN 554) FLIEDNER'S LIEDERBUCH, 1842.



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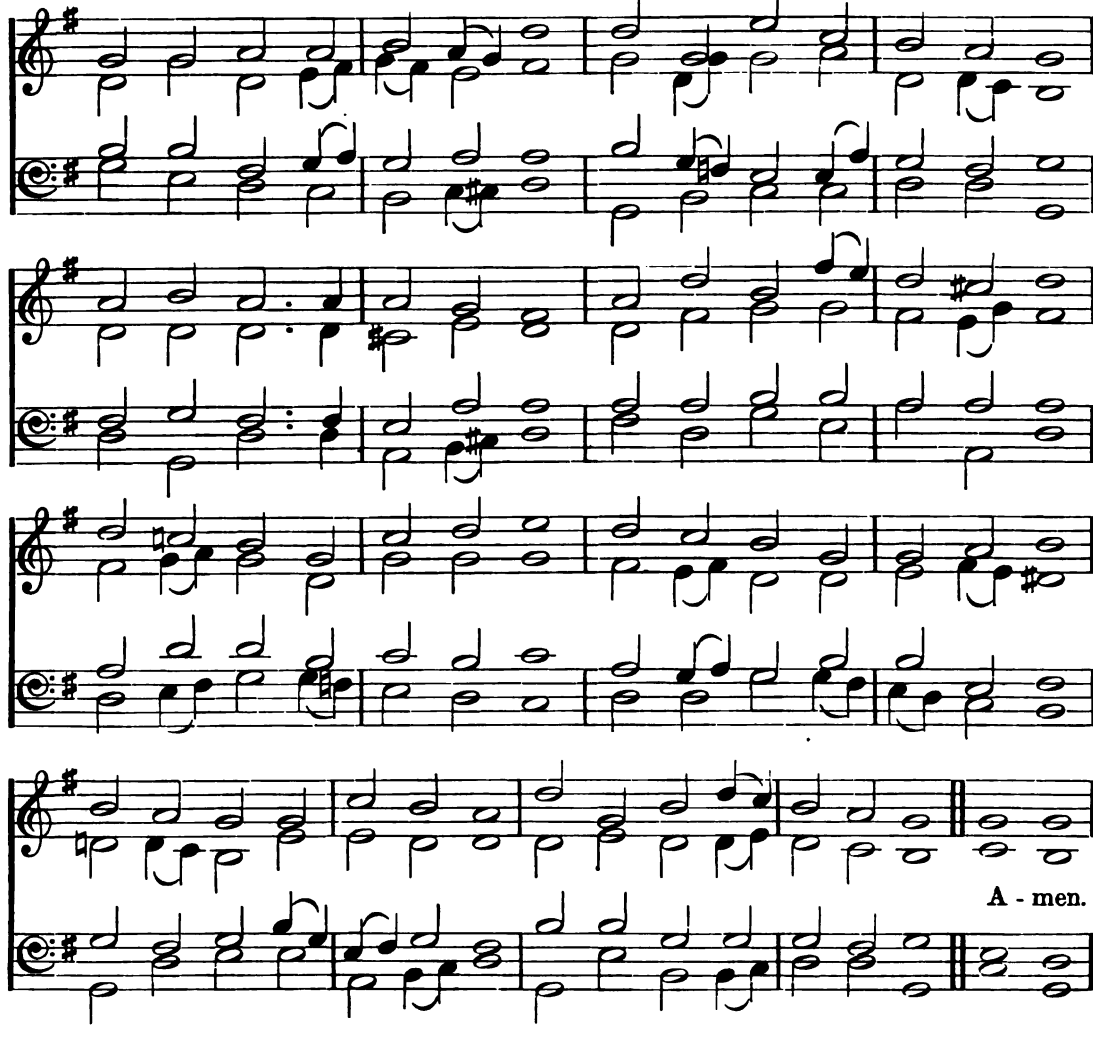
COBURG. (HYMN 87) H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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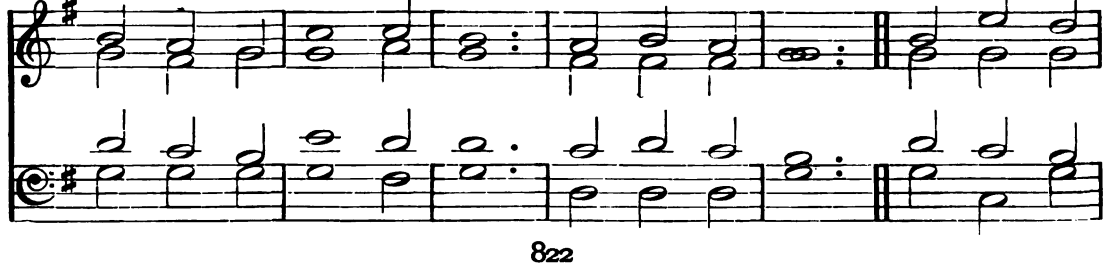
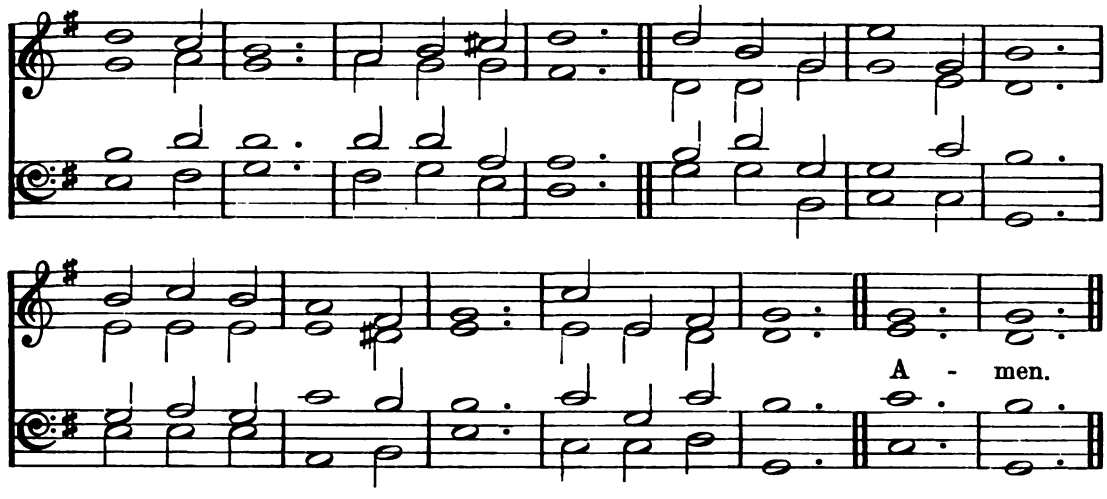
LINCLUDEN. (HYMN 214) W. H. MONK.

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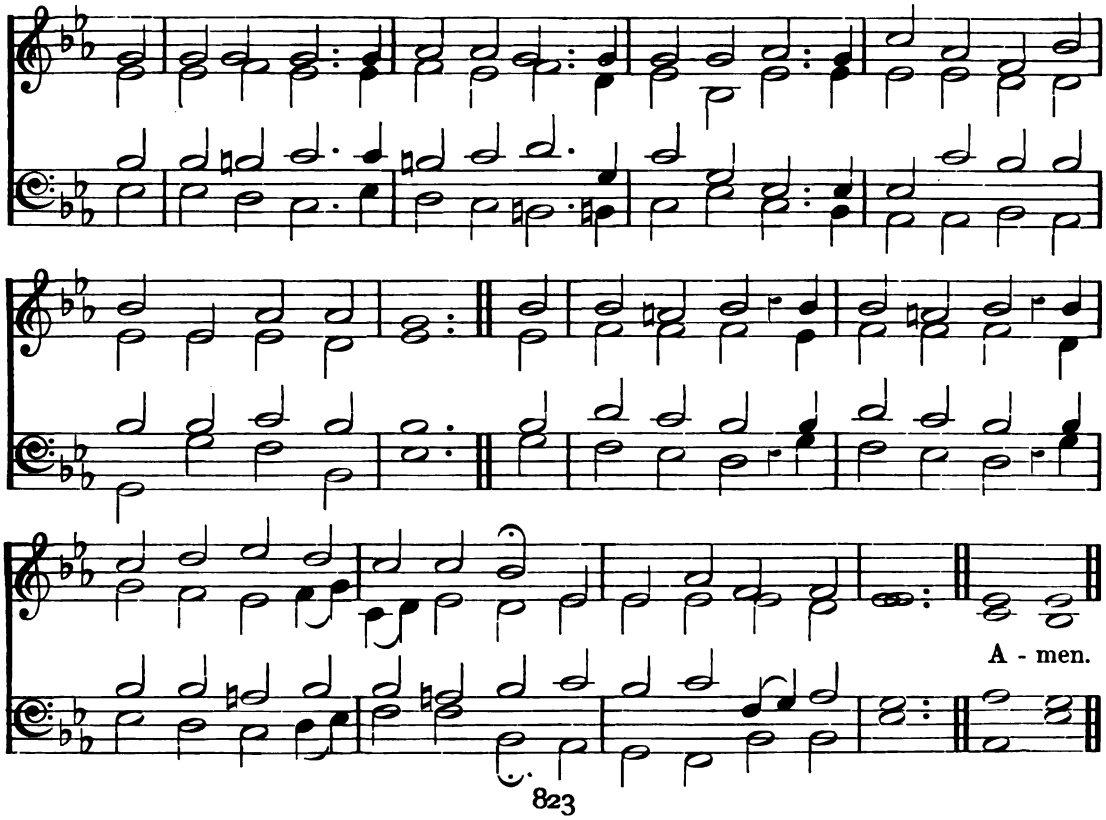
GAUNTLETT. **(HYMN 211)** **H. J. GAUNTLETT.**

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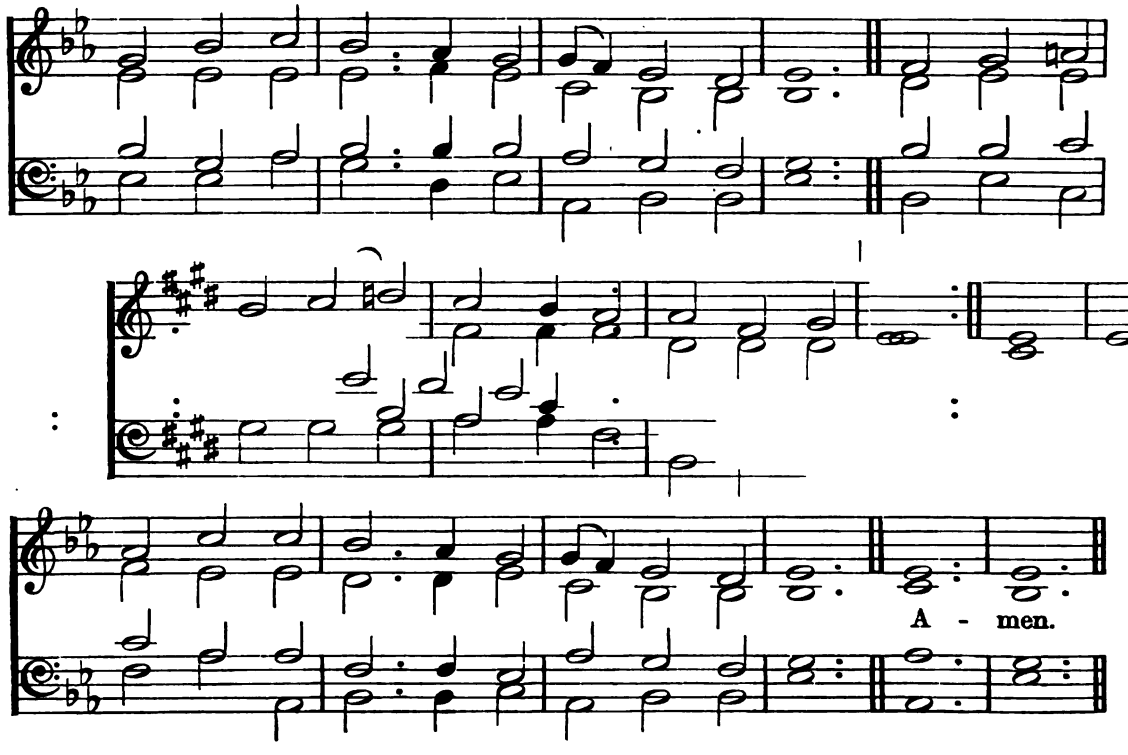
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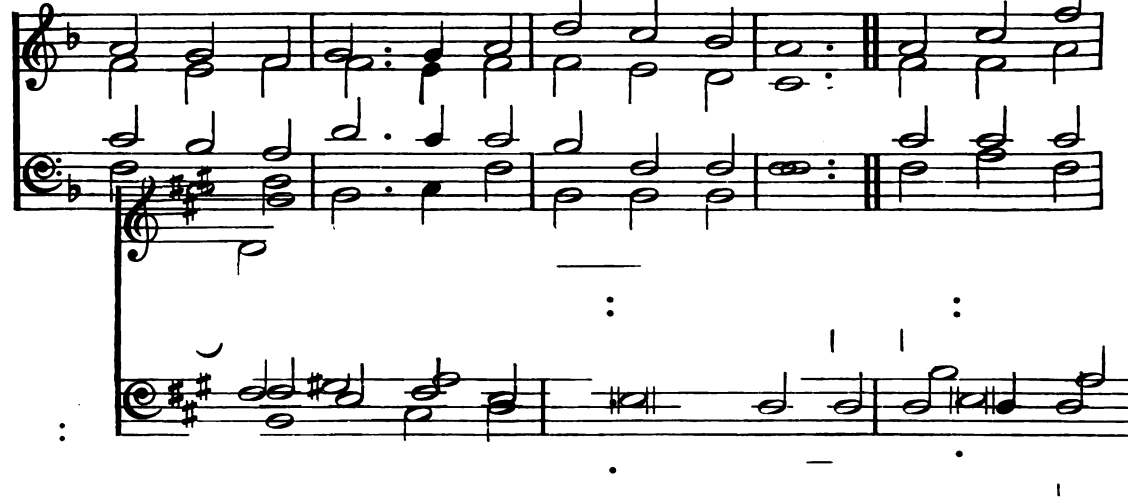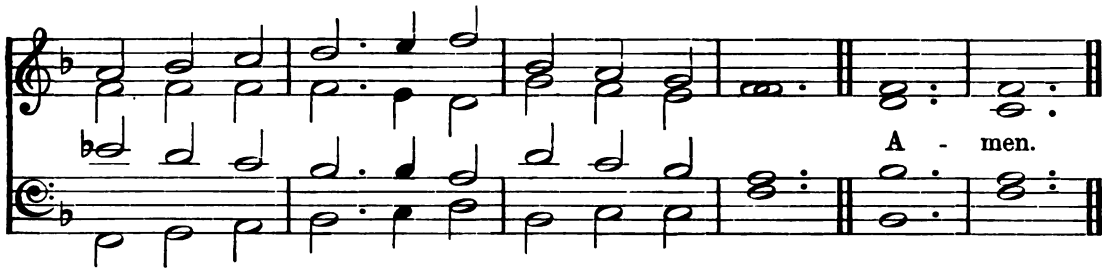
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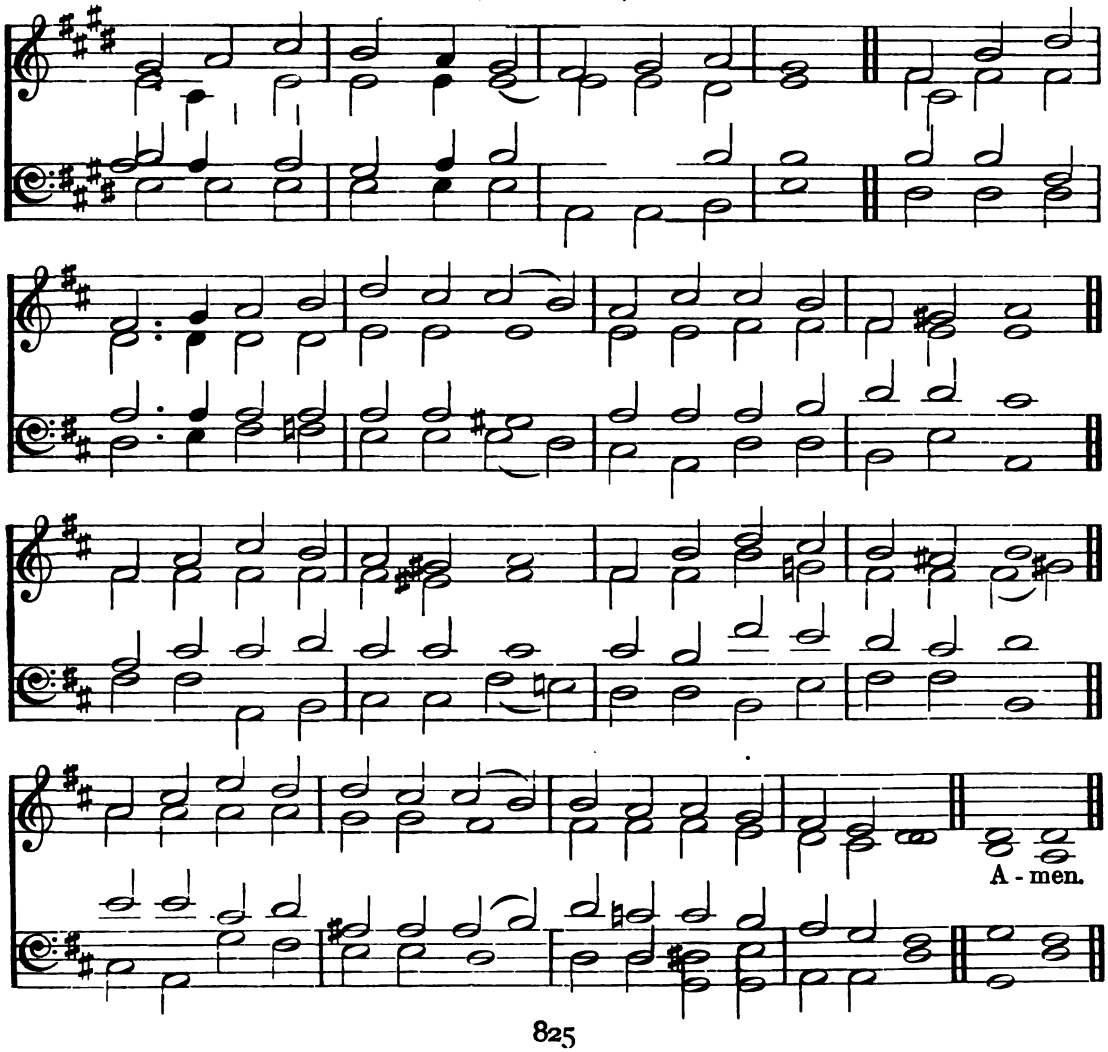
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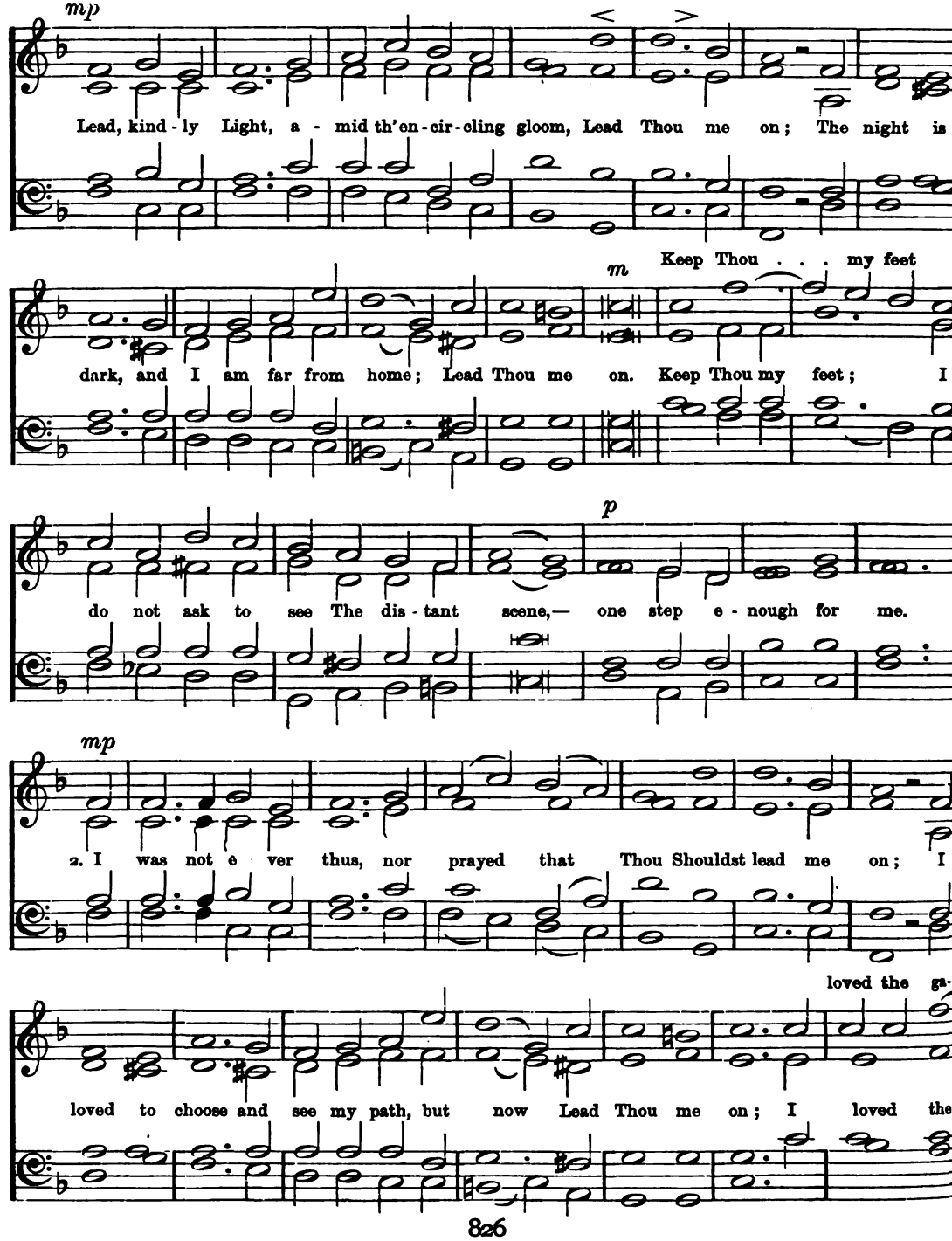
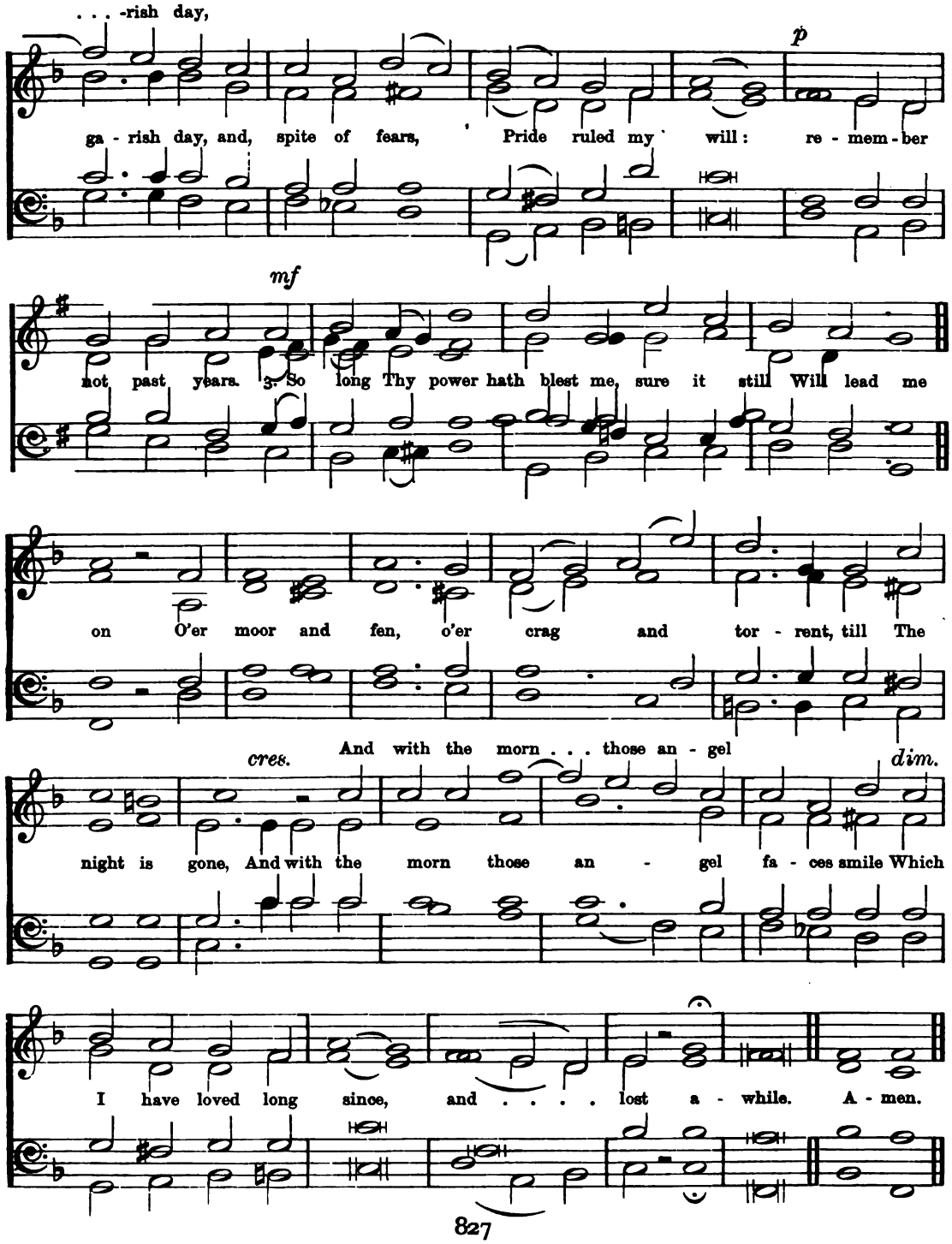
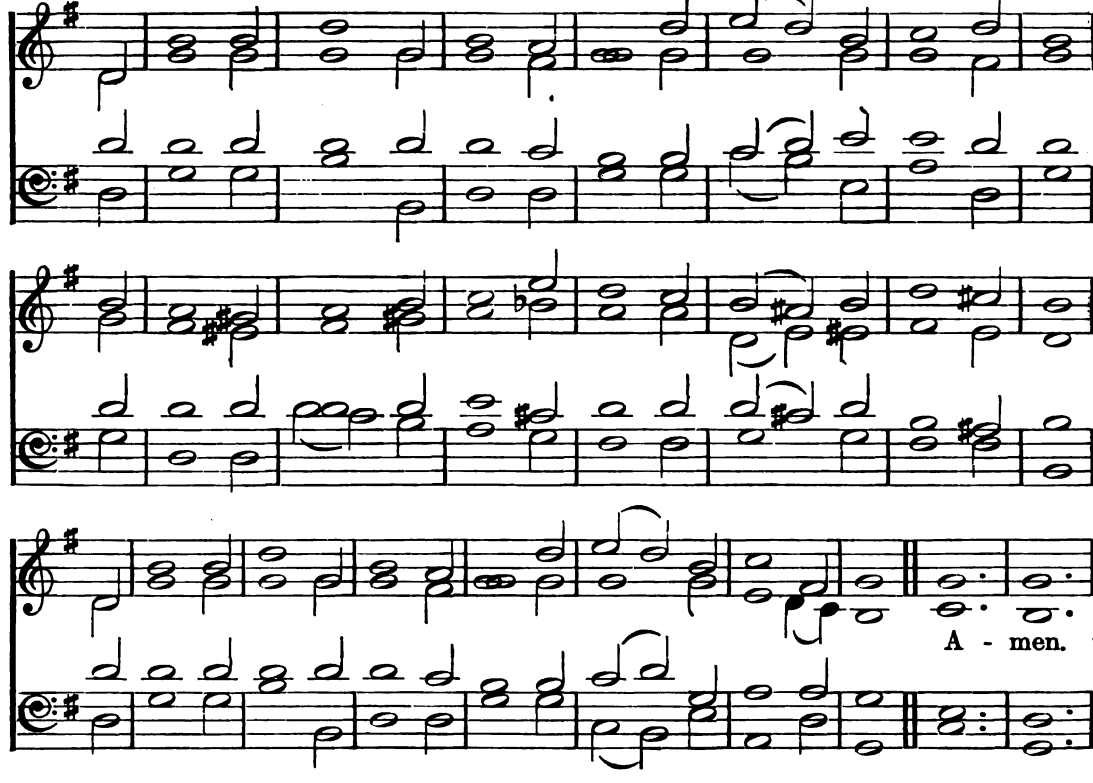

mp
Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
m
Keep Thou . . . my feet
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
p
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,— one step e - nough for me.
mp
2. I was not e ver thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I
loved the ga-
loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the

. . . -rish day,
p
ga - rish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber
mf
not past years. 3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The
cres.
And with the morn . . . those an - gel
dim.
night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile Which
I have loved long since, and . . . . lost a - while. A - men.

12

SPOHR. (HYMN 69) Adapted from L. SPOHR.

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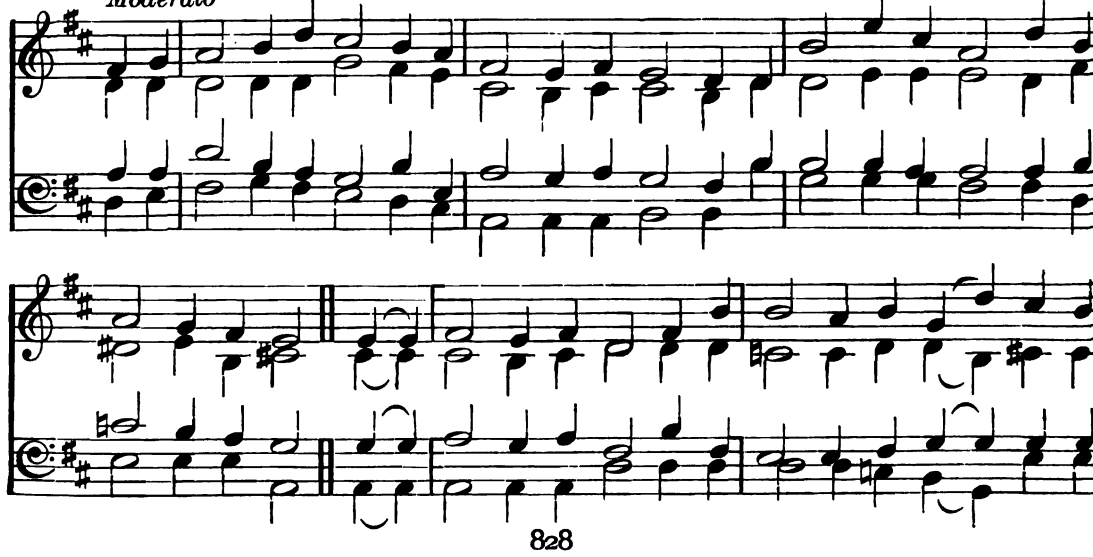
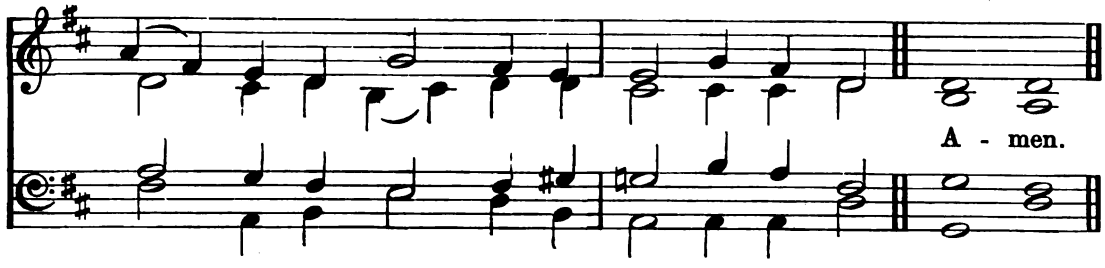
HODNET. *Moderato* (HYMN 322) BATTISON HAYNES.

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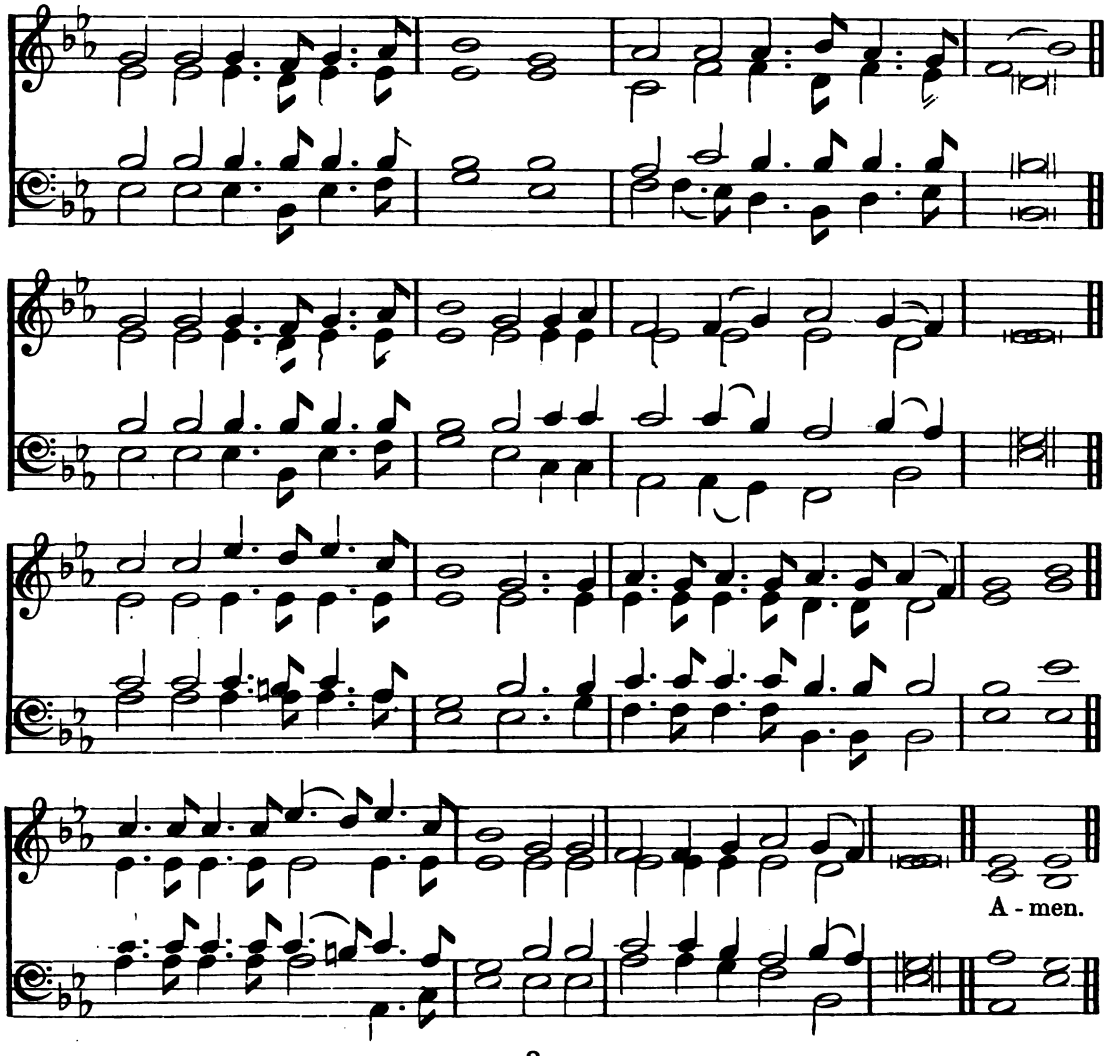
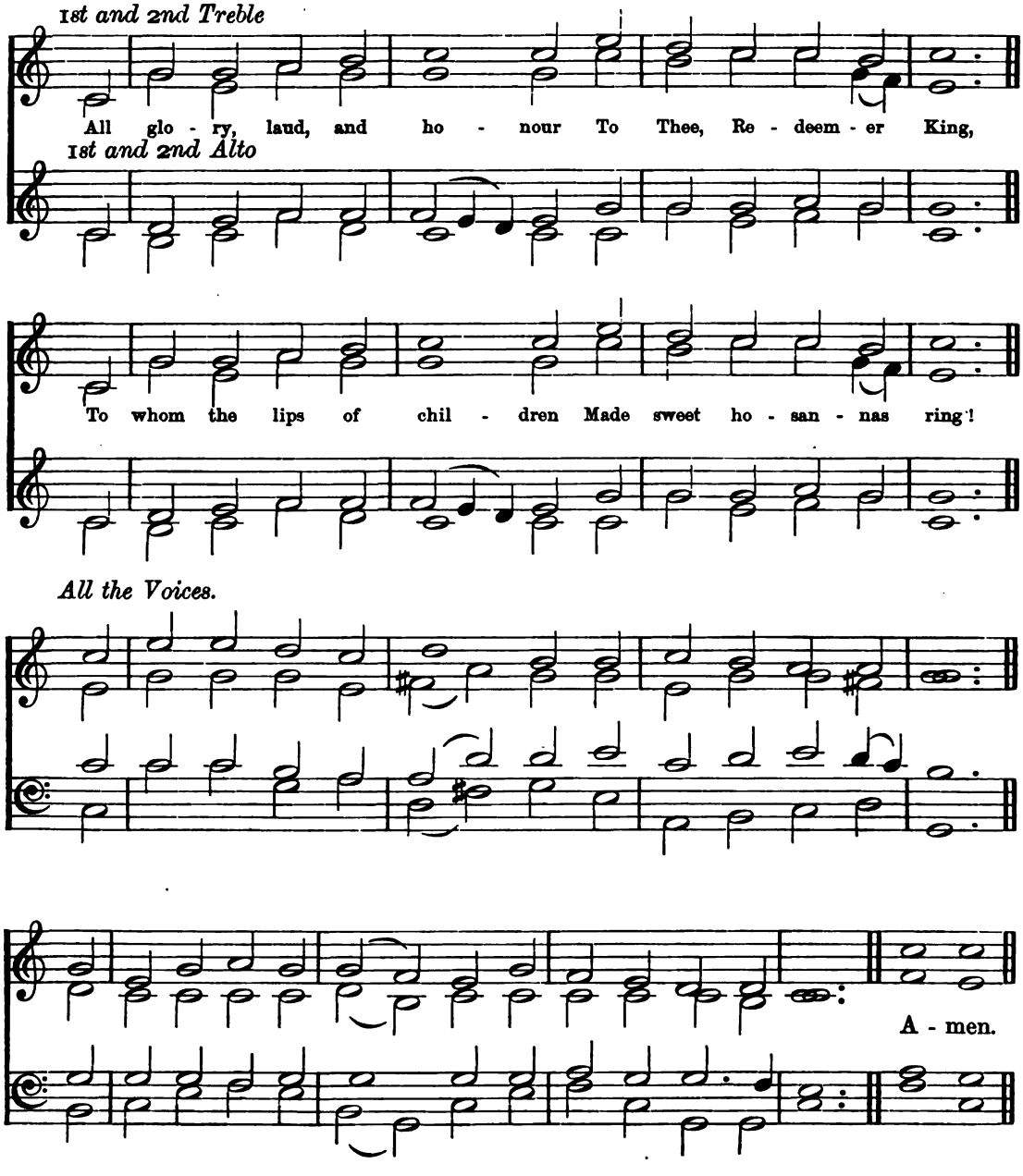
BEAUTIFUL RIVER. **(HYMN 594)** R. LOWRY.

15

ST. THEODULPH. **(HYMN 49)** **M. TESCHNER.**

The first half of this tune, to the recurring words 'All glory,' &c., may be sung by female and boys' voices alone, unaccompanied, as under; the remainder of each stanza being sung in full harmony with organ.

1st and 2nd Treble
All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour To Thee, Re - deem - er King,
1st and 2nd Alto
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
All the Voices.
A - men.

INDEX OF TUNES

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*§ St. Sebald, 556	87 87 87	Cornelius Heinrich Dretzel, 1698–1775. Har. by Sir John Stainer.
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*† Sandringham, 175	88 86	Rev. Frederick Alfred John Hervey, 1846–
Saxony, 121	L. M.	Spangenberg's Gesangbuch, 1568.
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Scopas, 542	87 87 87 87	Charles Hancock, Mus. Bac., 1852–
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Shoreham, 359	88 84	Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876.
*Simplicity, 554	77 77	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840–
Slingsby, 289	86 86 86	Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876.
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*† Sto ad Ostium, 161	76 76 76 76	Sir George Clement Martin, Mus. Doc., 1844–
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*Tenbury, 180	1010 1010	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840–
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*† Ter Sanctus, 4	664 6664	Battison Haynes, 1859–1900.
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For variations from the original or authorized texts, see the 'Notes' in the large-type edition of words.

First lines of Hymns for the Young are printed in Italics.

FIRST LINE	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	NAME OF TUNE
A crown of glory bright	590	PHŒBE CARY	Fidelis.
A few more years shall roll	305	H. BONAR	Chalvey; Leominster.
A little child the Saviour came	397	W. ROBERTSON	Commandments; Highgate.
A safe stronghold our God is still	464	M. LUTHER, *tr.* T. CARLYLE	Ein' feste Burg.
Abide with me: fast falls the eventide	365	H. F. LYTE	Eventide; Troyte's Chant.
Above the clear blue sky	519	J. CHANDLER	Children's Voices.
According to Thy gracious word	410	J. MONTGOMERY	St. John, Westminster; St. Ambrose.
Again, as evening's shadow falls	383	S. LONGFELLOW	Harrow.
Again the morn of gladness	604	J. ELLERTON	Cleethorpes.
All glory, laud, and honour	49	THEODULPH, *tr.* NEALE	St. Theodulph.
All hail, the power of Jesus' name	91	E. PERRONET	Miles Lane.
All is bright and cheerful round us	488	J. M. NEALE	Adrian.
All our sinful words and ways	562	L. F.	Bullinger's Chant.
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	351	T. KEN	Evening Hymn.
All things bright and beautiful	521	CECIL F. ALEXANDER	God in Nature.
All this night bright angels sing	531	W. AUSTIN	All This Night.
All ye that pass by	163	C. WESLEY	Vaughan.
Alleluia! sing to Jesus	92	W. C. DIX	Adoration.
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	620	J. CAWOOD	Jackson.
And now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning	65	ELIZA S. ALDERSON	Commendatio.
And now the wants are told	616	W. BRIGHT	Weybridge.
Angel voices, ever singing	396	F. POTT	Angel Voices.
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	391	J. NEWTON	Spohr.
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	435	W. SHRUBSOLE, Jun.	Truro.
Around the throne of God in heaven	587	ANNE SHEPHERD	Glory.
Art thou weary, art thou languid	159	J. M. NEALE	Stephanos; St. Helen's.
As darker, darker fall around	384	Hymn of the Calabrian Shepherds, *tr.*	St. Ambrose.
As with gladness men of old	35	W. C. DIX	Dix.
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	319	MARGARET MACKAY	Brackley.
At even, ere the sun was set	353	H. TWELLS	Angelus.
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Before Jehovah's awful throne	380	I. WATTS	Old 100th.
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Behold us, Lord, a little space	386	J. ELLERTON	St. Ethelreda.
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Beloved, let us love: love is of God	245	H. BONAR	Grandpont.
Beyond the holy city wall	539	CECIL F. ALEXANDER	Crux Crudelis.
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Blest be the tie that binds	243	J. Fawcett	Doncaster.
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	212	J. Austin	Eastnor.
Blest morning, whose first dawning rays	74	I. Watts and (?) W. Cameron	Crediton.
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	156	C. Wesley	Waterstock.
Bowed low in supplication	515	W. W. How	Sacrifice.
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	414	R. Heber	Eucharistica.
Breathe on me, Breath of God	146	E. Hatch	Veni Spiritus.
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By Jesus' grave on either hand	72	I. G. Smith	Sepulchre.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	225	H. Bonar	Calm.
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Children of Jerusalem	551	J. Henley	Children of Jerusalem.
Children of the heavenly King	299	J. Cennick	Innocents.
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Christ is our corner-stone	467	Latin, *tr.* J. Chandler	St. Godric.
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Christ, whose glory fills the skies	344	C. Wesley	Ratisbon.
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Christian, work for Jesus	258	Mary Hasloch	North Coates.
Come, children, join to sing	544	C. H. Bateman	Madrid.
Come, Holy Ghost, and through each heart	141	Latin, *tr.* E. Caswall	Rochester.
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Come, Holy Ghost, in love	139	Latin, *tr.* R. Palmer	St. Ambrose.
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Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	550	W. W. How	Lochbie.
Come, take by faith the body of your Lord	409	Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale	Cœna Domini.
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Come, Thou Holy Paraclete	138	Latin, *tr.* J. M. Neale	St. Philip.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	107	C. Wesley	St. Nicolas.
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Come, ye souls by sin afflicted	162	J. Swain	Eton.
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Days and moments quickly flying	312	E. CASWALL and others	St. Sylvester.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	222	J. G. WHITTIER	Campfields.
Dear Lord, I now respond to Thy sweet call	177	A. F. FERGUSON	St. Palladius.
Dear Master, what can children do	573	ANNIE MATHESON	St. Joseph.
Do no sinful action	563	CECIL F. ALEXANDER	Warfare.
Eternal Beam of Light Divine	282	C. WESLEY	St. Bernard.
Eternal Father, strong to save	509	W. WHITING	Melita.
Fair waved the golden corn	576	J. H. GURNEY	Holyrood.
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Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	223	W. COWPER	Faith.
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Father, I know that all my life	289	ANNA L. WARING	Slingsby.
Father of all, from land and sea	458	C. WORDSWORTH	Antioch.
Father of heaven, whose love profound	2	E. COOPER	Rivaulx.
Father, our children keep	402	H. BONAR	Protection.
Father, who art alone	506	E. J.	Raleigh.
Fear not, O little flock, the foe	465	J. M. ALTENBURG, *tr.* CATH. WINKWORTH	Hull.
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Fight the good fight	249	J. S. B. MONSELL	St. Crispin.
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For all Thy love and goodness	490	FRANCES J. DOUGLAS and W. W. HOW	Springtime.
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For ever with the Lord	307	J. MONTGOMERY	Montgomery
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For thee, O dear, dear country	333	BERNARD of Cluny, *tr.* J. M. NEALE	Glory.
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From depths of woe I raise to Thee	184	M. LUTHER, *tr.* R. MASSIE	Stettin.
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